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RADIO ROADS *by* RUDY VALLEE

Radio Digest

November

Thirty-Five Cents



Frances Collette
WABC—C.B.S.

CHASING CROOKS BY RADIO

John Masefield · *Dwight Morrow* · *Floyd Gibbons*

THE HAPPIEST YEARS *by* MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK



The mouth of youth is the mouth of health

HOW CAN YOU KEEP IT?

STRANGE to say, the marching years do not alone decide the age of the mouth.

When the gums are firm and healthy, when the teeth are sound and clean—the mouth can smile at passing birthdays

But it requires care to keep the average mouth young. You cannot start too soon to use Forhan's as your dentifrice—for it meets an important need not covered by an ordinary toothpaste.

Forhan's cleans teeth, of course. You can find no finer dentifrice. Gently and safely, it keeps them gleaming with their natural beauty, because its cleansing ingredients were carefully chosen by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

But in addition, when you use Forhan's, you can give your gums the scientific care they need.

Some years ago, Dr. Forhan developed a preparation for his own use in the treatment of pyorrhea. It relieved tenderness, helped to restore soft gums to healthy firmness. Dentists found its benefits so specific that the question was raised, "Why not make it possible for the patient to supplement office treatment by daily care in the home?"

To meet this need, Dr. Forhan perfected his dentifrice. In addition to recognized cleansing agents of the highest purity, it contains the advantages of the treatment he developed in his dental practice.

Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, this special dentifrice tones up the gums, stimulates circulation, and helps to keep them glowing with sound good health.

NOW ON THE AIR!

New Forhan's program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time—Columbia network.

Any mouth may have pyorrhea and at forty the odds are

4 out of 5



FORHAN'S



YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A ★ ★ Clearer, softer skin

Frances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

"YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," I told a charming woman who recently came to consult me. "Keep your skin immaculately clean... Keep it youthful at my six stars... And *you* are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen.

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points starred on my mannequin.

"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

* * *

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

* * *

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't *you* follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.





STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

★ THE FOREHEAD — *To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.*

★ THE EYES — *If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.*

★ THE MOUTH — *Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.*

★ THE THROAT — *To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.*

★ THE NECK — *To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

★ THE SHOULDERS — *To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.*

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. R-110
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

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Radio Digest

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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

November, 1930

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JESSICA DRAGONETTE . . . No dark fears for her at the thought of television, for besides being the best-loved soprano on the air, the diminutive CBS singer is fair . . exceeding fair! The proof's in the picture.



ANNETTE HASTINGS is a cute little Coquette. What we mean, she really is, cause that's the baby star's home program out west at Station KGO, San Francisco. You might know that she would sing soprano!



COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI knows how to flirt that Spanish shawl you see here in the approved manner. Really and truly of the Castilian nobility and possessor of a charming voice which you hear in solos over NBC.



MARIE GAMBRELLI . . . You know her better as Gamby. Remember the days when she frolicked with Roxy? She trips the light fantastic as well as she regales listeners on the air, and that's saying something!

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STUDENTS WORKING ON FILM SCANNING MACHINE OF OUR MODERN TELEVISION TRANSMITTER

LEARN RADIO--TELEVISION TALKING PICTURES in 8 WEEKS

By Actual Work ~~~ In the Great Shops of Coyne

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere $20 or $30 a week. Let me show you how to make REAL MONEY in RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!

THOUSANDS OF JOBS OPEN

Paying $60, $70 to $200 a Week

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying $3,000 to $10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation Work, at $45 to $100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at $1,800 to $5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—THOUSANDS OF JOBS PAYING $60, $70 and on UP TO $200 A WEEK.

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Coyne is NOT a Correspondence School. We don't attempt to teach you from books or lessons. We train you on the finest outlay of Radio, Television and Sound equipment in any school—on scores of modern Radio Receivers, huge Broadcasting equipment, the very latest Television apparatus, Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment, Code Practice equipment, etc. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give you—right here in the Coyne Shops—all the actual practice and experience you'll need. And because we cut out all useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 8 weeks' time.

TELEVISION

Is on the Way!

And now Television is on the way! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS of TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who learns Television NOW can make a FORTUNE in this great new field. Get in on the ground-floor of this amazing new Radio development! Come to COYNE and learn Television on the very latest, newest Television equipment.

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Talking Pictures and Public Address Systems offer thousands of golden opportunities to the Trained Radio Man. Here is a great new field of Radio work that has just started to grow! Prepare NOW for these marvelous opportunities! Learn Radio Sound work at Coyne on actual Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment.

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Coyne Training is tested, proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything absolutely free. How you can get a good Radio job or how you can go into business for yourself and earn from $3,000 to $15,000 a year. It costs NOTHING to investigate! Just MAIL THE COUPON for YOUR COPY OF MY BIG FREE BOOK!

H. C. Lewis, Pres. ***Radio Division*** Founded 1899

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H. C. LEWIS, President
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 80-1E, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

MISS FRANCES COLLETTE, whose portrait adorns the cover of this November Radio Digest has been rather an inconspicuous member of the CBS staff at WABC, New York. Dramatic talent on the Radio stage is better known by voice and character than by name. Miss Collette can both act and sing and takes part in the Forty Fathom Trawlers and the Land o' Make Believe. She has a wistful type of beauty that may receive higher recognition when the television contracts are ready to be signed. The television talent story is something in store for you—but Miss Betty McGee gives you an inkling of it in this issue, tinting the skin for the scan.



* * *

The Radio Follies at WABC has made broadcast actors out of Eddie Cantor and other stars of the Vanities. Dear, Oh dear, poor old Broadway, what are we coming to! That's the lament of some of the theatrical journals. Mr. Cantor was quoted in a newspaper to the effect that he might not be available to the theatre stage for some time. "But when I do go back—if ever—Flo Ziegfeld will be the first man I'll see about it," he concluded.

* * *

In the meantime what about Mr. Ziegfeld the famous folly glorifier? (—Silence!) No response coming from Mr. Ziegfeld we wish to announce that our Miss Lillian G. Genn, who obtained the Schumann-Heink interview in this issue of Radio Digest, has promised a very important interview with Mrs. Ziegfeld, better known as Miss Billie Burke. What a wonderful screen star was Billie Burke—most bewitching mannerisms! Miss Burke is to tell Radio Digest readers what she means by "Making the Most out of Marriage" and she should be one of the most interesting wives in the world. This is scheduled for December by Miss Genn.

* * *

What is Radio talent? Whatever else it may be it is Big Money with capital letters for a score of very young boys and girls who are moving their parents out of tenements to Millionaire's Row in the Big City. Next month you will meet a new writer for Radio Digest—Miss Alma Sioux Scarberry—who will reveal a most astounding story about the Children of the Air. Take for instance Little Rose Marie of the National Broadcasting Company, daughter of an Italian teamster and a Polish waitress, who was "discovered" two years ago at the age of three. She's five now and this year her earnings will be $100,000! Oh, and that isn't all—just read Miss Scarberry's article next month



You've been reading Doty Hobart's human interest Radio articles in Radio Digest month by month for a year now. Mr. Hobart has had wide Radio experience, in the studio and as a writer. Give him almost any kind of a subject with a Radio slant to it and he'll get the right sort of a story. Take for example this month: "What is Radio doing to crime?" he was asked. He went out and came back with the story by Grover Whalen, one of the most famous crook chasers in America. Now he is scouring the country for all the old time stage celebrities who are today reaching their audiences on the air. And you can gamble it will be a whale of a good story when you read it in the December issue.

* * *

"There he goes—ten, twenty—Hallelujah—see that boy run—thirty-five, forty yards—and DOWN!" It takes Ted Husing to work the set-sitter football fan up to a lather. And these are the Happy Days! Suppose you were a Ted Husing—what would you do and how? It's a hard life, mates. Best read Mr. Husing's own story in his own words as he has written it himself for Radio Digest right here in your hands. Oh yes, Ted knows how to punch a typewriter when he gets a chance. But with airplanes and police escorts waiting to snatch him from one field of action to the next it's hard to get the chance—and Radio Digest thinks it was doggawn sporting of him to sit down and hammer out these impressions for you. Thanks a heap, Ted!



* * *

AFTER All . . . it's no more than to be expected that Around the Samovar of WABC should have been picked by Paramount for a sound short . . . Harry Horlick, chief of the A & P Gypsies, could have his tonsils and adenoids removed while Graham McNamee doesn't dare for fear of changing the tone of his voice . . . and Madge Tucker does not imitate the animals you hear in her program, Donald Bain does it . . . the Rex Cole Mountaineers won't accept NBC checks but demand cash . . . Erich Kleiber never saw the U. S. until he came from Germany to direct the New York Philharmonic Symphony although he married a California girl three years ago . . . Heywood Broun started stump speaking for Congress in New York and was able to call such pinch-hitters for his CBS Radio column as John Erskine, Alexander Woolcott, Russell Owen, Franklin P. Adams and H. I. Phillips . . . Freddie Rich, CBS maestro, will manage Young Lyons, light-heavyweight champion of the Navy . . . Stanley Bell, CBS announcer, was attacked by hiccoughs during the Fidac program in Washington and had to be relieved by Bill Doherty of the publicity staff who nervously made his debut over the air on the international program . . . a real live cow was taken to the banquet room of Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, at a dairy convention and mooed obligingly into a microphone.

Vote Four Best Stations for

STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

WHICH do you consider the most popular station in your state? Which stations would you consider as Second, Third and Fourth choice? How do you think your opinion compares with your neighbor's or the majority of other Radio listeners in your state?

It's worth while finding out how your judgment compares with the majority. It's worth a whole lot to the station to get this information.

That's why RADIO DIGEST is presenting this opportunity to declare for a State Championship—something that has never been tried before. The contest was announced last month but as we go to press for November, just as the October number is being distributed to the news stands, we are unable to give any adequate idea as to the nominations that are bound to have been received by the time you read this.

But please do this now: Nominate your four favorite stations. Fill out the blank in the lower left-hand corner of this page and send it to the Contest Editor of RADIO DIGEST. Then fill out the ballot, on the right hand side, and put it where you can find it when the next RADIO DIGEST comes out. Save up your ballots and make them count for the bonus votes described to you in the Rules on Page 122. Then send the complete series of ballots to the Contest Editor at one time.

Remember your vote is eligible only for the state in which you reside although you may really prefer stations that you hear from some other state. This is for a State Championship. We want to find out the most popular stations in each state.

Give the stations in your own state a chance to win a prize. Support your own people. Every station is doing its best within its powers to win your friendship, no matter where you live. But you owe your voting allegiance to the stations within your own boundaries for this occasion. RADIO DIGEST is trying to present an even break for every station in the country.



To maintain a broadcasting station is a costly proposition. Equipment and maintenance is expensive. Good talent must receive good pay. To present fine programs by fine artists a successful station must have advantageous commercial relationships. There are a few, but very, very few, stations which are not dependent on the salability of their time. The most of them must depend upon advertisers. And advertisers, before they invest their money, are generally greatly concerned as to the popularity of the station with which they are to deal. And that is where YOU come in, for this contest.

No station will be harmed. But four stations in your state are going to be helped a great deal by your support. The four stations that win will have something definite to show any prospective advertiser as to their popularity in the state. The advertiser will be able to judge how to reach the greatest number of people and invest accordingly. The station will have more money to provide you the kind of programs that have won your favor. And thus everybody will benefit.

In recognition of your choice of the four winning stations RADIO DIGEST will award four beautifully designed and engraved medallions, each signifying the honor that has been achieved. And with each medallion there will be presented a scroll inscribed with the name of the winner and a memorial of the occasion.

This contest is a service conceived by RADIO DIGEST as of benefit to everybody concerned, and especially in furtherance of its policy to encourage and make possible better broadcast programs for the listener. Tastes are changing continually. A type of program that may have been leading in popularity a year ago may be entirely passé now. But who is going to know what you want unless you indicate your choice? Vote for the station that presents most nearly the kind of a program you prefer and the ballots will tell the tale.

In the case of a state where there are only a few stations, and only slight opportunity to declare a preference your vote should be registered just the same. The number of votes cast may disclose the need of a shift of stations from some of the more congested communities to the area where you live, and where there is a greater need for competitive programs. Nominate your stations and vote anyway.

Next month you will find published the first list of nominations for the State Championship honors. Perhaps a few scattering votes will also be cast by that time. At least there will be a record of the number of nominations each station has received. If you feel especially friendly toward your favorite station there is no harm in mentioning the fact to some of your neighbors and getting them to vote too. The Contest Editor would particularly appreciate a few letters from the readers indicating why they have selected the stations they nominate. Some of these letters will be published as a guide to other listeners in helping them to make their selections.

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state) .....

First (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Second (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Third (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Fourth (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Signed .....
Address .....
City ..... *State*

Number **2**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Second (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Third (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Fourth (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Signed .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....



Rudy Vallee

Whose love for music is second only to his love of making people happy

Radio Roads by

Rudy Vallee

"Heigh-ho everybody! Rudy Vallee speaking." Go over the roads in the big blue car with the popular idol and his Connecticut Yankees and read, in his own words, the story of his trip among the "plain people".

MANY times this last summer while sitting behind the wheel of my big, blue car as we wound through the hills and mountains of Pennsylvania, or through the tall corn fields of Ohio, Michigan and Iowa, while I kept my eyes on my driving, I had ample time to reflect and review in my mind this almost unbelievable success that Radio had made possible for us this summer.

While it seemed so natural to have it so, yet in these moments of soliloquy which often come to me when driving my car, I paused to consider and to analyze the power of Radio.

I was in the process of a tour of almost forty towns. I use the word "town" because we avoided the large key cities. My contract with the Paramount-Publix Theatres and my own common sense told me to leave the key cities for a theatrical tour later on. In such cities as Chicago, Boston, Detroit, and Cleveland, we could easily play at least four and even eight weeks in the Paramount-Publix Theatres of each city.

This tour was intended to bring me to the dancing public of the various states of the East and Middle-West.—that public which will travel in automobiles a hundred miles to a dance usually held in some big, open-air pavilion, or some rustic hall in the woods, on the edge of a river, or possibly built next to the ocean on some beach. Of course a good percentage of our dancing public came from the key cities, but the large, theatre-attending public was still left untapped.

This tour had many unusual features. The man who runs such a large open-air place, and who engages the orchestras, is known as a promoter, very much in the same sense as a fight promoter. He is a man who takes a chance on an attraction which he subsequently advertises to appear at his pavilion or dance hall, and then prays for a good, clear night in the hope of at least breaking even. This last thought was uppermost in the minds of most of the promoters who engaged us—just to break even. We demanded a guarantee of $2,500 for each evening's appearance against 60% of the gross receipts of the evening. That means that should the gross receipts be $6.000 I would receive $3,600 for the evening; should the receipts be only $2,000 the promoter would have to dig down and foot the extra $500 to bring me to my guarantee of $2,500. In certain places we were sold outright at $3,500 with no percentage of the gross receipts. This is an unusual figure for the dance promoters to pay. Whiteman in his early days had received a high guarantee, I believe it was $1,500 per night, but here we were, beginning our tour in the summer of the worst depression that the country had ever known, and the very states in which we were touring were beginning to feel the grip of one of the worst droughts that the farmers had ever known.

IN THE coal mining sections which we played the mines were working on half time; in some places the miners had not worked for a year. Then there was an automobile town in Michigan in which the three automobile factories had been closed for over a year; they were the only means of livelihood for three-fourths of the population of the town.

Possibly some dance promoters felt that they were taking a great risk, but at least they never manifested it to me. My greatest happiness comes from the fact that the majority seemed to feel that it was a prestige to be able to play us, and that, win or lose, the satisfaction of having included us among the roster of bands who had played at their place of amusement meant more to them than making money on us.

But, and this is the most astounding point of all, what could possibly embolden the promoter to guarantee such an unusually large figure for one night's performance when we had never visited, personally, his place of amusement, or perhaps his state, for that matter?

Whiteman built his reputation on a different style of dance music which was brought to the great American public by Victor records; there is no question of that. The press played an important part in his climb to fame by supplementing his records with stories about the man and his band, but it was not his appearances at the Palais Royal in New York City, where he played to maybe five hundred people an evening, and Radio was unknown in the days when Paul Whiteman achieved his phenomenal success.



I know that in my own case my great admiration for him came through word-of-mouth gossip, and his picture on songs which found their way up to Maine, but my real knowledge of the Whiteman who was electrifying New York was brought to me through his Victor records which showed me concretely

that he had really something to give.

For the past year and a half preceding my tour my Victor records had been doing a world of good for me. I am reminded of the motorcycle cop in Pasadena, Cal., who, during the summer when I was making my picture in Hollywood, refused to give me a ticket after I had unconsciously passed a red light, because he and his wife enjoyed our Victor records so much. I had not begun broadcasting for Fleischmann then, and the only way he and his wife could have possibly known of our music was through our records, and since these are broadcast by local stations in California quite often they had come to know us real well.

Without doubt our records have done a lot towards paving the way for the tour which was so successful for me this past summer, and, as in the case of Whiteman, the press, too, has aroused public curiosity as to the individual. Most of the interviews, criticisms, and write-ups had been inaccurate, but at least they created a curiosity. My picture, simple as it was, had developed the story of eight amateur musicians in a thoroughly logical manner, and it made over a million dollars for the producers of it. It had given people a vague idea of what my boys and I were like, and the public naturally had a desire to see us in the flesh. My book, every word of which had been written by myself in an effort to present myself in a sincere and truthful light to those who wished to know something of me and my work, had been syndicated in over forty newspapers and unquestionably those who read it had some desire to watch me work before them.





But I feel quite safe in saying that no one of these things, nor all of them combined, could have brought to these small places the tremendous audiences of eight and ten thousand people, surging back and forth in a frenzy of curiosity and welcome. The fact that it was Radio was easily shown by the opening speech of nearly everyone to whom I was able to talk. Invariably their opening speech was, "I listen to you every Thursday and Saturday."

"Welcome to Rudy" read signs wherever he traveled. Left, the big blue car. Below, a typical mob-scene reception.



Unquestionably Radio can bring the music of an individual and his band much closer and much truer than a phonograph record. The three minute length of a phonograph record at best limits the artist; there is no chance for an informal talk about the music, or to bring the mood of the artist to the listeners. Again, phonographic reproduction may be bad due to a bad phonograph. If the turn table runs too fast the artist sounds effeminate, whereas Radio is controlled by men who know their jobs, and even static cannot do the damage that a turn table of a phonograph running too fast can do.

WHEN I consider that our Fleischmann audiences number between ten and forty million people, then and only then do I realize the tremendous power of Radio. If you have attended a football game in a bowl or stadium containing eighty or even a hundred thousand people, you have probably been amazed at the size of the crowd; but consider that any one Fleischmann broadcast has an audience anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five times the size of the crowd in a great bowl or stadium. That is only considering the United States. I am told our broadcasts reach Cuba, Canada, and even South America, and during the course of that hour it is possible for me to show a many-sided personality in band and individual. I have broadcast nights when I have felt in an unhappy mood; danger threatened or some parasite or group of parasites had succeeded in striking a disagreeable blow. My audience probably felt this and sympathized with me. There is nothing that will carry the mood of the artist quite as accurately as Radio.

Yet I am happy in the ability to throw off any depression that may wish to settle upon me when I begin to broadcast. My cares and woes drop off like a cloak because I am happiest when before the micro-

ne. One of the greatest reasons for my piness is the fact that I know our sic brings comfort and solace to sick ple.

Those who have read my book will say t I am only stressing something of ch I have already spoken, but I have eived so many letters since writing the book, so many that I would like to quote from, that I feel I must mention this



bject again to emphasize my point. At times when I begin to broadcast I el almost like a surgeon beginning to erate—an operation that is going to lieve someone who is unhappy and sick. nd so many of our letters say that our roadcasts do just that thing that I beeve it. Wherever it was possible for nese people to meet us along the way ney did so. In a certain city there was young woman who was a Sister Superior a convent; even she derives satisfaction rom our type of music. To know that ur programs have an appeal for such an nusual type of mind gives me great satisaction.

Crowds we met in countless numbers. specially the little children. On a long oute from Portsmouth, N. H., into Boson, a route which was printed in a promiient Boston paper and conducted under heir auspices, there were hundreds of people lined along the streets to wave is I went through. Many of them were nly children, tiny children, and to feel hat they too enjoy our work is the crownng happiness of any person whose artistic efforts bring him to the hearts of children. He may well feel proud and happy.

BUT my feeling of work well done was greater after we had played the oil and coal fields. There were those who predicted hostility and trouble in these particular places; the mining element is usually quite rough and very quick to manifest disapproval. However, I had no misgivings when we got to these particular localities.

I carried with me a fifteen piece band, composed of the seven original Connecticut Yankees with eight extra men. They were the best that I could find in the country, men who knew their instruments







Westport, Maine, greets its favorite son. Left, Rudy, Mother and Dad. Below, broadcasting from Peoria, Ill.

and who wanted to work. My boys usually played for an hour or an hour and a quarter without me. The dance started at nine and they gave the dancers plenty of dance music till I arrived on the scene at ten or ten-fifteen. The psychology of a late appearance is that the crowd is more expectant and impatient by the time the feature attraction arrives. In the second place they have had enough dancing and are willing to stand and listen to the concert if there is one.

Directly upon my arrival I unpacked my instruments and appeared on the stand. My opening speech was very much along the lines of a Radio talk, introducing first and collectively the augmented Connecticut Yankees, and then mentioning some personal details relative to the town in which we were appearing. Usually it held a certain interest for me: or if I had happened to have played there or visited there in my earlier days I mentioned that fact.

I then proceeded to tell them about the fifty-minute concert which was about to begin. Several of the numbers they would be unable to dance to; the program was really made up of old Radio favorites and a few new tunes, and I hoped that they would

(*Continued on page 12*)



Crooks Don't

Radio is Relentless in Pursuit of Lawbreakers and Uncanny in Ferreting Them From Their Hideouts

By

Grover A. Whalen

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In this article Grover A. Whalen, former Police Commissioner of New York City, makes it very plain that even though he retired from that particular office to go back to an active business career he still retains a lively interest in police work. He is especially desirous of awakening public interest in crime prevention.*

ELMIRA RUBEN didn't look exactly wicked. He was a thickset yellow-skinned Filipino with a rather high forehead. His hair was black and bushy. He met your gaze freely with black eyes that peered at you through the latest model octagon-shaped rimless glasses. Ruben was well-read and a good talker. You would have taken him for just another student sent here from his island home to get a college education.

Perhaps that is what he came to the United States for originally. I don't know. We are not particularly interested in what his intentions were prior to his activity as a forger.

On November 7th, 1928, Ruben was indicted by the Grand Jury. The charge was grand larceny. With a forged check on the Harriman National Bank for $1500, Ruben had obtained an equal amount of negotiable travelers' checks from the American Express Company. When he was apprehended by one of our detectives he called himself Joe Manalo. This was a good alias, as aliases go, but it didn't take very long to discover that Joe Manalo and Elmira Ruben were one and the same person.

The case was set for trial early in December and Judge Fawcett set the bail at $3500. With the aid of friends, Ruben was able to secure the services of a professional bondsman.

The case was called on December 7th. Ruben failed to appear. When detectives were sent to the address of the bondsman that gentleman was also among the missing. The bond was forfeited and Elmira Ruben automatically became a fugitive from justice.

This fugitive was not in any sense of the word a clever criminal. That is, he wasn't clever in covering his tracks. Perhaps his inexpertness at playing the part which the underworld calls a "hideout on the lam" made it possible for him to do the thing which no professional criminal would have done. Ruben repeated his offense!

He forged another check, the amount of which was $5000. With the forged check he purchased from an agent of the Dollar Steamship Line in New York City five thousand dollars worth of American Express Travelers' Checks!

Not until December twentieth did a special agent of the American Express Company inform the New York Police Department that the company had been swindled by a Filipino by the name of Jose Encarnation.

THE similarity of the two cases charged to Elmira Ruben and Jose Encarnation made the Department officials suspicious. A picture of Ruben was submitted to the agent of the steamship company who had sold Encarnation the checks and he immediately identified the picture as that of the person who had made the purchase from him. Ruben now had another alias. It was not his last one as we were to learn shortly.

The travelers' checks which Encarnation had cashed were traced to Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City. Remember, the police department did not learn of this last escapade of Ruben's until December twentieth. After that date things happened rapidly.

The Express Company cooperated with us in our man hunt. It was their money which Elmira Ruben, alias Joe Malano, alias Jose Encarnation was spending. Now, when an Oriental heads West with a pocketful of cash it usually means one thing. He is homeward bound. We acted on that assumption.

San Francisco is the natural port of embarkation for those returning to the Orient. The travelers' checks had been cashed by a Westward bound Encarnation and we decided that San Francisco was the likely place to apprehend our man.

The police chief of that city was wired on December twenty-first. A picture of the fugitive was already in his files, as photographs of Ruben had been sent out the previous week to the police departments of large cities throughout the country. The wire which the chief received requested that he check with the ticket agents of the steamship companies to see if a ticket had been sold to any person resembling the man under suspicion.

In less than an hour we had a wire from the San Francisco police! By a lucky coincidence the man detailed to the job had struck the trail at the first ticket agency he visited.

The clerk was positive she had sold passage on the Steamship Koreamaru to a young Filipino who resembled Ruben. But the name of the purchaser, according to the passenger list, was Constantino Querubin! Another alias. This traveler had paid cash for his ticket.

The clerk further stated that the Filipino had shown her his passport and that it was made out in the name of Constantino Querubin. This was the last alias we ran into, and because of the passport we assumed that Querubin was not an alias but was his real name.

When was the Koreamaru due to sail?

It had sailed. That very day.

Our man was on the high seas, probably congratulating himself that he had been a very wise young man in coming to the United States, where it had been so easy to pick up a few thousand dollars without working. We could picture him on the deck of the steamship dreaming of a future of delightful idleness in some island paradise.

But the fugitive was reckoning without the knowledge of what the air waves about his head were saying at that very moment.

The Radio operator on the Koreamaru received a message from the American Express representative in San Francisco. It was addressed to the Captain and it asked briefly if a passenger by the name of Constantino Querubin was on board.

The next morning the following message was delivered to me:

t Like Ether

Captain of Koreamaru has wirelessed that Querubin on board photograph can be radioed Honolulu if desired."

The message was signed by the American xpress representative in San Francisco.

As soon as I learned the date on which the eamship was due to arrive at Honolulu, I nt Sheriff Gleason of that port the following essage:

"Arrest Jose Encarnation Filipino twenty-five years five feet six one hundred thirty-five yellow complexion bushy hair may wear glasses Grand Jury indictment charges grand larceny forgery bench warrant issued is passenger aboard Koreamaru name Constantino Querubin due Twenty-sixth will extradite wire—Grover A. Whalen, Police Commissioner"

As a further precaution I ordered that the icture showing the side view of Ruben's face e radioed to Sheriff Gleason. This was lone.

There was nothing more that we could do ntil we heard from the Sheriff at Honolulu. And hear from him we did. This was the nessage which came to Police Headquarters n the afternoon of December twenty-sixth:

"Encarnation alias Querubin arrested being held twenty six hundred and eighty one dollars found in possession advise what action you want—Sheriff Gleason"

The sheriff was advised to hold the fugitive in custody. In spite of an attempt on the part of a local lawyer to prevent the extradition of the prisoner, Detectives Kelly and Fitzgerald of the New York force made the trip to the mid-Pacific and returned with a much dismayed culprit.

RUBEN was returned to New York and jailed on February sixth, less than two months after he had jumped his bond. He was convicted and is now serving out his sentence.

The officials of the police department are rather proud of this particular case. We were elated, not because of the capture of a hardened criminal, for Ruben was anything but that, but because of the up-to-date methods used in making the capture. It was, I believe, the first time that the photograph of a fugitive from justice was sent via Radio.

In this progressive age in which we live



Grover A. Whalen, former New York Police Commissioner

criminals as well as honest folks are aware of the uses to which science can be turned. They are quick to utilize scientific facts and methods in the commission of crime. It is up to honest citizenry, and especially police departments, to keep not only abreast of the times but just a jump or two ahead in order to combat the menace of the underworld. Science gave us the automobile and every crook, from stick-up man to bank robber, immediately accepted this form of transportation as the quickest and safest means of escape. It is impossible to keep the motor car out of the hands of a criminal but its value to him has been somewhat curtailed by a vigilant motorized police force. Indeed, the police cars of western cities, like Detroit, equipped with Radio, have been doing very splendid work in capturing hold-up men and automobile thieves. Such cars contain a receiving set tuned in on the police broadcasting station. Thus an instantaneous report of a crime reaches the cruising police officers, who are then able to give their immediate attention to the business of apprehending the fleeing criminals.

PERHAPS you wonder, inasmuch as the Police Department of New York City has its own station, why it has never made use of Radio in the way other cities are doing.

When the station was first installed some years ago, Radio, as it is known today, was an unborn child. The station was then equipped for wireless work of short range sending and was used to aid in the control of harbor traffic. It was also found to be an efficient means of directing the fireboats whenever an alarm came from ships in or near the harbor.

Today, although the station's work covers a larger territory and includes a much longer sending and receiving radius, it is still much the same as it was at the time of installation. The City Boat, "Macon," has also been equipped as a Radio station. At all times it is in direct communication with the land station and serves as a representative of the municipal station in our great harbor, teeming with commercial traffic.

We have made several experiments with receiving sets in police cars but have been forced to abandon their use. Radio is impractical for police work in New York in cars under present conditions. Present day sets function erratically in this city of skyscrapers. There are many "dead" areas which we have been unable to penetrate with our present police broadcasting station system. This condition is not alone the fault of the low power of the station. Set owners living in these "dead" spots complain bitterly because they cannot bring in the entertainment programs from the high-powered stations.

The Chief Engineer of the Department, Mr. Thomas Rochester, has spent many hours toiling over a map on which he has these areas checked. It is his contention that six or eight stations, properly located throughout the city, in a chain hook-up, broadcasting one report from the key station, will eliminate the "dead" spots, as far as police broadcasting is concerned. The chances are that this system of a city chain of police broadcasting stations will be tried in the near future. May I add that the Department has requested the federal Radio commission to assign a special wave length on which to operate these stations. Reception on the wave length we are considering would require the use of special sets.

To illustrate the unholy uses to which the lawbreakers may put the products of science and inventive genius, it is interesting to note that Radio has not escaped their attention. Only a few months ago

A RADIO RUM RING!

The underworld is using Radio for its own ends! Rum-runners illicitly set up $10,000 broadcast stations to flash news to waiting contraband ships.

Read How These Criminals Are Being Tracked By Their Own Instruments In

DECEMBER RADIO DIGEST

the New Jersey federal authorities located a fully equipped broadcasting station which rum-runners were using. An elaborate set of code signals emanating from an unknown locality on the Jersey coast first caught the attention of the government's watchdogs. They were unable to decipher the code, but they did know, that the efficiency of the coast guard cutters as rum-chasers in some mysterious way had been practically eliminated. When the federal men finally succeeded in centering their activities on the neighborhood from whence the mystery signals came, they discovered a rather pretentious but lonesome house on a little hill. They raided the place only to find it had been abandoned. There was no sign of life about the house. But once inside they were well rewarded for their labors. The very efficient broadcasting apparatus which had been used by the bootleggers to warn their runners of the whereabouts of the coast guard cutters and federal men was revealed. To supplement the Radio there was an extensive arsenal including revolvers, sawed-off shotguns and two machine guns!

Perhaps, my readers may be interested in another case in which Radio played a part in a tragedy, in the spring of 1926. For some months, residents of Brooklyn and Long Island had reported the loss of receiving sets by burglary. The facts in each case were the same. The thief had entered the house in the early evening hours after the occupants had gone out. Although silverware was usually taken, the Radio set was always listed as missing. The men on the force spoke of the thief as "the Radio burglar." Special men were detailed to hunt the man down and on March twenty-fifth, two detectives saw a man enter a home in Richmond Hill shortly after the family had left the house. The peculiar actions of the man had attracted the attention of the plain clothes men a few minutes before. He did not look as though he belonged in the neighborhood and appeared to be a suspicious idler.

Waiting until the suspect was inside the house, the two detectives approached. When the thief, who had forced a window to make his entrance, boldly opened the front door and started to walk out with a receiving set in his arms the detectives rushed forward to seize him. The burglar dropped the set and pulled a gun. In the exchange of shots that followed both officers were wounded and the man darted away.

Patrolman Arthur J. Kenny, on whose post this had occurred, heard the shots from a distance and came running toward the scene of action. At the corner of the street he nearly collided with the fleeing burglar. Kenny made a grab for the man and caught him, but before the patrolman could get the gun away from his captive, Kenny was shot and killed. The burglar escaped.

THE wounded detectives, however, had obtained a good look at the thief and a search through the rogues' gallery revealed the identity of the murderer. A comparison of the fingerprints on the receiving set he had tried to steal, with those in the bureau, made the identification positive. The man was a petty thief and drug addict who had already served two terms. He was apprehended on April thirteenth by two detectives assigned to watch the crowd at the opening game of the baseball season at the Polo Grounds. He reached for his gun but was quickly disarmed. His trial resulted in a quick conviction on the charge of first de-

murder and in June of that same year was placed in the "hot spot," as the electric chair is called by offenders of society. It may seem strange to the majority people that a petty thief will resort to rder in order to escape the law. A e number of them are drug addicts. criminal with his mind dominated by drug has a false courage that makes reckless. A gun in the hand of a p-head" is a hundred times more of a nace than in the hand of a normal nan. We could wipe out at least fifty cent of the crime in this country if traffic in drugs could be controlled. e elimination of the drug addict is one the first steps in crime prevention. other obstacle to the control of crime lack of public interest in the punishnt of criminals. We are prone to give le publicity to the commission of me, but relatively little to the punishnt. Newspapers in England give but le space to a crime until a conviction s been obtained. en the crime is viewed and stress ced upon the punment awarded. It my firm belief that story of the punment would serve a real deterrent. ghly colored acunts of a criminal's reer, tend to prote. rather than disurage, criminality. Moreover, don't ve everything to e police, who form ur first line of dense against the onughts of the underrld. Many phases police work need d demand the active operation of outle agencies. Chief hong those outside encies is the honest citizen. No police partment can function efficiently when nest citizens are apathetic.

When the Bureau of Crime Prevention as inaugurated as an active branch of e Police Department of the City of New ork, on January sixteenth of this year, was most gratifying to note the keen terest displayed and the many offers of sistance made by social agencies work- in the field of prevention and welfare.

WHAT every well governed city needs most is a socially-minded ublic. There is an old adage to the fect that what is everybody's business is obody's business. It is particularly true crime prevention. New York has a opulation of seven millions of people and e and one-half millions of daily trants. Thus the police of our city come daily contact with eight and one-half illions of people. The cosmopolitan nature of our city further complicates the police problem. Therefore I felt that every citizen of New York should pledge himself or herself to assist in the solution of the all-important question of crime prevention.

In order to get this message to the people of New York, I wanted to find the best possible medium for my appeal. Arthur B. Reeve, the well known criminologist and author of the famous Craig Kennedy detective stories, suggested the Radio. The National Broadcasting Company was approached with the suggestion that a crime prevention program be added to the already long list of sustaining hours.

The suggestion was welcomed and in June of this year a series of half-hour programs were broadcast. To our great surprise and satisfaction this program was given a feature spot in the evening hours and was broadcast over a national hookup covering most of the United States.



Rogues' Gallery pictures of Elmira Ruben, Filipino tracked down by persistence of Radio

The importance of this work must not be taken lightly for the solution of the crime problem can be found in crime prevention.

A rather interesting side light on the interest which certain malefactors have taken in these Radio programs came to light the other day. It happened shortly after an especially dramatic exposure of racketeering methods had been broadcast.

The programs are under the personal supervision of Mr. Reeve and three distinct, unmistakable overtures from the gentry "outside the law" were received by him. These overtures suggested that it might be worth his while to consider an offer to "chisel in" on their rackets. The figure was most alluring! A thinly veiled explanation was that he would be an invaluable ally in covering up their activities because of his ostensible connection with the forces of law and order.

The creator of Craig Kennedy expressed his appreciation of the left-handed compliment but declined the offers. He grinned from ear to ear as he said to me, "Say, this is great. Now I'm sure this crime prevention idea is a success. When those racketeers give anything a tumble, it must be good."

But we have sought to do more than merely educate the public to protect itself from the criminal. Our crime prevention program goes far beyond that phase.

Primarily crime prevention means attacking crime at its source. It means surrounding the delinquent child with good environmental and occupational influences and destroying the vicious influences which breed crime.

CRIME prevention in its broadest sense will result in making a delinquent child into a normal, healthy member of society, who at maturity will be able to take his or her place in our community life.

Billions are spent each year by the municipality, state and nation upon the suppression of crime. The yearly budget of the New York Police Department is over $60,000,000.00. Added to this large expenditure of public funds for crime detection are the enormous amounts required for the upkeep of the correctional institutions made necessary by crime. How much better it would be if a large portion of this money were applied to the elimination of crime at its source. Our present method is to protect society through elaborate crime detection machinery. Our future method will undoubtedly be the perfection of crime prevention machinery resulting in untold good to the city through the destruction of the breeding places of crime.

The situation is particularly serious today because, though we always have had crime, and perhaps always will, we never before have had such youthful criminals. Until recently little official cognizance was taken of this most distressing and alarming fact. A sense of individual responsibility must be felt in order to foster a larger sense of community responsibility.

Many breeding places of crime are licensed amusement resorts open to the thrill-seeking public. Because of the disappearance of the older bonds of conventionality, the youth of today rubs elbows with the criminal. While I am modern enough in thought not to desire

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The



Mme. Schumann-Heink, who finds life more enjoyable after fifty.

I AM SIXTY-NINE years old and I am living the happiest years of my life!

I smile when I remember that as a young girl I believed one couldn't know any happiness at fifty. It seemed to me, as it does to the young lady of today, that it was a time to be dreaded for its emptiness and loneliness—a time when shining hopes and ambitions, pleasures and activity were all gone and there were only memories to feed upon—a time when one walked with stiff joints down the hill into the dismalness below.

Then when I realized I was not enjoying my youth, there would be a stab in my heart. "Ach," I thought to myself, "it is no use. Your life was not made to be a happy one. If you are not getting any fun from life now, surely yo cannot expect it at the decrepit age of fift Didn't even the poets and writers deplore th tragedy of age?"

But now that I look back upon the lon rough road behind, I say it not only for my self, but for women in general, that the hap piest years of life are those after fifty. An this is true even of the one who has had mor advantages than pleasures in youth than I had Take it from Mother Schumann-Heink tha youth is not as happy and as enchanted period of life as the poets and writers woul have us believe. In reality it is more a tim of many painful experiences.

FOR example, the youn haven't sense enough to value the advice o their elders or to be guided by it. They ar certain that they know everything. Even m grandchildren inform me that I know nothin about life. Ach, how time flies! It was onl yesterday that my own children were tellin me: "Mother these things may have bee true in the last century, but you don't know anything about today!"

And in another fifteen years my great grandchildren will also be imparting this wis dom to me. That is youth. It won't believe that since you have already lived your life yo can help it to choose the better way. No. i must learn for itself. So it is continually mak ing mistakes and bumping its nose.

And the things that particularly worry th young girl! There is no end to them. She worries about her looks and her figure. She worries about her love affairs and whether she is going to get married. It takes a mere word to cause her a heartache. The least little dis appointment sends her into deep despair. Ach I can recall now the salty tears I shed because someone criticized me. And how black life was because I could not go to a dance.

The young do not know the things that bring true happiness. They dash after pleasure and good times only to become bored and dissatisfied. They want to grab everything from life that they can. They haven't learned as yet that it is only in giving that one finds happiness and satisfaction.

The young have wonderful ideals; far too wonderful for this world. Consequently they suffer from bitter disillusionment. They see that the world isn't a perfect place; that glowing success isn't so easily obtained or that the career isn't what they are fitted for. The sweetheart days are brief. Ach, so brief! It does not take long before the young girl finds out that marriage does not contain

Happiest Years



Lillian G. Glenn

By Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink

as told to Lillian G. Glenn

"Joy comes to us after we reach fifty. Youth is not as happy as poets and writers would have us believe."

all bliss and romance and that her mate is far from a Prince Charming. There are difficult adjustments to make; bills to worry about and sleepless, troublesome nights when the babies arrive.

And so as the years pile up, the woman finds that there are many problems to encounter and troubles to shoulder. She worries about her children and frets about losing her youth. The appearance of a wrinkle or a grey hair sends a chill to her heart. Then she begins those tiring efforts to preserve her beauty and youth. Fortunately for me I never had to worry about losing my looks. My face and my figure were such that I knew from my early days they were hopeless to bother about. And so I could devote all my time and energy to my children and my career. God knows I needed ever bit of energy I had, for the years were full of hardships and struggles. But, as you know, a woman need not have eight children and a career to make her back bend. Even if she is a millionaire's wife there will be things to scar her soul.

GRADUALLY, though, the pace is less feverish and the emotional turmoil dies down. The years of fifty have come and it is the beginning of a delectable life. That is, if you are sensible enough to accept your age. The trouble is that the average woman starts to act foolishly. She spends the precious time in which she could be enjoying life in frantically pursuing youth. She goes to the beauty parlors to be massaged and to sit in reducing cabinets. She pinches her feet in tight shoes. She starves herself to be thin and tries to imitate the young. And what does she get for her pains and her efforts? Does she get youth? Does she win happiness? No, she only succeeds in making a thin, nervous, undernourished spectacle of herself. On the other hand, if she would serenely and optimistically face her age, she would find not only that life isn't over for her, but that new joys and pleasures await her. The years after fifty can be a woman's happiest.

For the first time in life you can sit back and relax. And believe me, it is a marvelous feeling. Your children are out of the house and your responsibilities and tasks are ended. If you are not ashamed of your age, you can stop the foolish dieting and exercising to keep slender and begin to eat a more substantial meal. You can dress for comfort. The dress that I am wearing right now is eight years old. That is a fact! It is wonderful not to waste your time and money in shopping, shopping, shopping, and to free yourself from the tyranny of style. Furthermore, you are free to do as you please and go where you want without wondering what your family and your friends will say about you. No one takes Grandma to task.

YOU find, too, that your whole outlook upon life has gradually changed. You aren't afflicted by needless fears and anxieties because you have learned that in the course of time things will right themselves. You take each day as it comes and you do your best with it and do not worry about tomorrow. You are through with experiments and trials. You know the good from the bad and the bad from the good; you have knowledge of life and your values are clearer. After you have struggled and suffered and collected some wisdom, you build up a philosophy that makes the years after fifty seem sweet. You would not want to give it up for anything. Not even for the shining freshness of youth which is still blindly bumping its nose. No, not Mother Schumann-Heink.

You see, the truth of the matter is that you do not begin to go down hill after fifty. You merely take a turn in the road and walk along one that is smoother and greener and without any dangers or risks. Of course you cannot run or dance as you did in your youth, but then, you have no desire to do it either. You are quite content to choose the shady path and to make your way more leisurely. But don't think for a moment that this path holds no interests and excitements for you. Ach, there are many of them if your mind is on the present and not the past.

So long as you do not attempt to imitate the things that the young do, you do not feel old. I know that many people are frankly surprised that my step is youthful, my spirits gay and my mind keen. But why shouldn't they be? If you look at life with a bright eye, if you do work you love and that keeps you planning for the future so that you forget the years, and if, most important of all, you have faith in the Father, you will remain young and buoyant until the final curtain is rung down.

Of course, if you have dissipated your vitality in your early years, and wasted your energy on parties and foolish amusements so that your health is failing, it will not be easy for you to maintain youthfulness and vivacity. For the physical condition of the body will react negatively on the mind and will destroy your spirit. The wise woman who is approaching the fifties will realize that she cannot keep up the pace of youth without having it take its toll from her health. She has to give heed to the changes of Nature and take care of herself. She has to eat the proper foods and see to it that she gets sufficient hours of sleep.

I have been following a common sense living regime for many years and that is the reason why I not only possess my voice today, but great vitality as well. It means nothing for me to travel several times a year from California to New York and back, to sing on the operatic and concert stage, to sing at the NBC studios, study my music, make victrola records, answer my mail, play with my newest great-grandchild and direct my household affairs.

ONE of the reasons why people think the body and mind must deteriorate is that they remember how their mothers and grandmothers tottered around feebly and helplessly. So they think it must be a matter of course with them. It is this belief which makes them dread age. We must realize, though, that our mothers and grandmothers did not know anything about the laws of health and hygiene; that they did not have any opportunities to do work which would keep their minds alert. These poor women had to sit by the fireside with folded hands waiting to be released from their empty lives. Naturally, mentally and physically they began to vegetate so that by fifty or sixty they were useless.

But we are living in a different age—one that gives women a chance to lead not only a healthy life, but an active one even when they are great-grandmothers. They should appreciate this opportunity and make the most of it. Let me tell you that I go on my knees every night and thank God I can still work and give a little sunshine to others. What especially touches me these days is that I am now able, through the Radio, to sing to vast numbers of people who could not afford to hear me at the concerts and opera. I am a daughter of plain people and I like to sing to plain people. Ach, I know how they need music in their lives. They and the wounded soldier boys whom I never forget. In times of despondency and grief, music always gave me deep comfort. That is why I am grateful to be living in this age of Radio so that I can be one of those to bring cheer to its wide audience.

Another ambition of mine that I will realize this year, is teaching and coaching forty young promising singers. I have long wanted to do something for the young singers of America—to give them something of what I have learned through fifty years of hard work and experience. There are many difficulties in the way of young singers who want to make a success of their profession. I want to make it a little easier for a few who have real talent. I want to use the years that I have in helping them.

However, a woman does not need a voice or talent to make herself useful. If I could not sing, I would find plenty to do. For example, I would teach young girls how to cook. Yes, I mean it! So many marriages are failures today simply because wives don't know how to make a meal. One can't thrive on delicatessen and restaurant food. What is more, if you give a man good home cooking, he will not want to stray from his hearthplace. As for the wife herself, she will not be so restless and irritable. It will mean more happiness for her if she will learn how to cook rather than to play bridge or golf.

There are many other things a woman can do if she only has the desire. Certainly the greatest joy in life comes from being useful, not only to your dear ones, but to the community at large. On every hand there is work to be done. Political clubs, social service organizations, community centers and women's leagues of every type, which have worthy ideals, will eagerly welcome the woman who not only has the leisure, but to whom the years have brought judgement and understanding.

You see, there are blessed years of living after fifty—blessed in every sense of the word. A glorious life is in your hands provided you do not stand with your eyes on the past. If the choice were offered me, I would want to have more years of life today rather than any years of youth. For there is little that youth has to offer which can equal the freedom, the happiness and the serenity of age.

* * *

Mme. Schumann-Heink started her illustrious career more than fifty years ago in a little town in Austria. Her father was a Bohemian and a poorly paid officer in the army and her mother was an Italian. The parents had an exceedingly hard struggle to clothe and feed their large brood of children. When Ernestine was twelve years old she was sent to the Urseline Convent at Prague and it was there that a nun discovered her remarkable voice. She allowed the child to sing at mass and everyone was overwhelmed by the beauty of her voice.

A YEAR after that Mariette Le Clair, the great French prima donna, happened to visit the convent. When mass was over Mme. Le Claire sought Ernestine out and told her that her voice could develop into a great contralto. She offered to give her lessons for nothing if she could come to Gratz, where she lived.

Ernestine wrote to her father and at first he refused permission. He did not want his daughter to go on the stage. But she managed to secure his consent and a well-to-do army officer provided her with some funds. She made a successful concert debut in Gratz and then went to Dresden to study under Franz M. Wuellner. It was not long before she made her operatic debut as 'Azucena' in "Il Trovatore" at the Dresden Opera. She was there about three years when she married. A year later, when her first child was born, she lost her position at the Opera House. Those years were very hard ones for the singer. She could not always procure en-

(*Continued on page 122*)

Learn About Matrimony From

BILLIE BURKE

Fifteen years ago this famous and captivating star married Florenz Ziegfeld, creator of the Follies and one of the most sought-after men in the country. Broadway predicted the romance would not last. But it did!

How she made her marriage a happy one is revealed in an interview with Miss Burke on

Making the Most of Matrimony

DECEMBER RADIO DIGEST

A RADIO COLUMN

By HEYWOOD BROUN



In which the famous columnist and candidate for Congress broadcasts intermittently over the Columbia network, discusses Bright Boys, Doctors and the Kitten that Came Back.

GOOD evening. I remember when I was in school we voted just before graduation about each other— You know . . . the handsomest and the best dressed and the brightest pupil and so on. I didn't get any votes in any of those three classes. Nobody seemed to know that I was running for "handsomest".

But I did get elected in two things. I was voted the best all round—that didn't mean the most globular. At that time I was tall and slim—fairly tall, about six feet two. I was only seventeen and I hadn't got my growth yet. I had begun to smoke cigarettes the year before. I don't believe I weighed more than a hundred and ninety pounds in those days. But I was the centre on the football team and the centre on the basketball team and the editor of the Horace Mann monthly. That was the year the February issue didn't come out till June.

I GOT voted the best all round and the laziest and only one of those has worked out true to any extent. You can't tell so far in advance. If Mr. Edison were a betting man I'd like to make him a wager about his recent competitive exam to find the brightest boy. At the end of twenty years I'll bet the boy who comes forty-ninth in the test is of more real use to the world than the one who finishes first. Questionnaires are like that. People who do terribly well in examinations in school and college sort of peter out. It's a little bit like some fighters who look very impressive when they are training and boxing around with sparring partners and then don't do anything at all in the ring—on the night of the big fight. Sporting writers have an expression about a boxer like that—they say, "He left his fight in the gymnasium." It seems to me that some pupils leave their brains in the examination room.

I am not trying to encourage people to flunk all their tests but I get a lot of letters from young men and women, terribly woebegone because they haven't done well in school or college. They are ready to call themselves stupid (I pronounce that stoopid when I am not careful). Some youngsters feel sure they will never succeed at anything just because they didn't get by in Latin or plane geometry. And here's another contributor —I don't know whether it is a man or a woman—suffering from an unfounded discouragement. She says or he says (E.H.B.) —"I am a patient in a sanitarium and there seems to be among us a good deal of scepticism as to whether one is fit for anything worthwhile after being afflicted with tuberculosis. It would be encouraging if you would point out a few of those who have made a success of life after regaining their health."

Now, of course, there are hundreds and thousands of those. The greatest of American playwrights and another man, who seems to me our best short story writer, are both men who came to their great success after winning their fight with tuberculosis.

A very large proportion of Radio letters come from people who are shut-ins, for some reason or other. They make a fine audience because after listening to the night nurse for an hour and a half almost any diversion is welcome. Naturally I mean just some night nurses. There are nurses and nurses and I have known some that I would gladly listen to hour after hour. A few. I remember I had one during the great influenza epidemic of 1918. Maybe she wasn't a regular nurse. Anybody who could fill a hot water bottle was a nurse in those days. While I was convalescing she used to sit by the side of my bed and read to me. But the book she chose was one of my own works. I was never so bored in all my life. Besides she always laughed in the wrong places. And it wasn't supposed to be a funny book. It was a very sad story. And naturally it wasn't a story in which I took much interest, I knew how it came out.

I have never been exactly shut-in but I had a nervous breakdown once that ran along for pretty nearly three years. I could do my work but I didn't get any fun out of it. I used to get very despondent. I wouldn't have given a nickel for my chance of ever going to a speakeasy again. But I did get better. It is very mysterious how people get cured. I believe in doctors. I ought to—I have been to enough of them in my time. They are nice to have around. They can tell you what you have got—or what you haven't got. But mostly people cure themselves . . . and generally quite suddenly. Everybody knows about the crisis in pneumonia and diphtheria and things like that but it's just the same in nervous breakdowns and other ailments that take longer. There is a crisis—a peak—a turning point. You go to bed sick and in the morning you wake up—well. I don't mean that necessarily you can get out and turn handsprings, but you have the feel of being well. You are off the side road and on the main highway at last. And that can happen any morning at all. It could be tomorrow.

I GOT cured in a peculiar way. Anybody can tell I am a neurotic—that is the chief symptom. We all want to get a chance to talk to somebody about our own symptoms. That is really the chief appeal of doctors. They have to listen if you pay them. But it wasn't a doctor who pulled me through the crisis. I was a cardiophobe—that is, a man who thinks he has heart disease.

(Continued on page 110)



Ted Husing in action with his "announcing board"

Ted

Famous Announcer's inside story on the mechanics of broadcasting the big game—Radio Digest's schedule of important games on the air this fall.

"SAY, you bum! Who ever told you you knew anything about football? I heard you broadcast during the ——— game, and you hardly even mentioned ——— and the great work done by ———, but continually talked about the wonderful playing of ———. Of course, everybody knows you favor ——— over any team they happen to be playing, and that ——— is your little tin god. How much are you getting out of it?"

There, ladies and gentlemen, is a sample of a letter that I received from an irate football fan following the broadcast of a certain football game two years ago, with the names of the teams and players mentioned deleted by myself. Isn't it sweet?

I might add that the letter isn't reproduced exactly as written. There is a law of the land which forbids the sending of offensive reading matter through the mails, and this little *billet doux*, which was signed with a fictitious name anyway, had to be slightly expurgated.

Well, that's just part of the lot of a sports announcer, or a sports reporter for a newspaper for that matter. I'm proud to say that I don't get many letters like that, but anyway I've long since stopped worrying about them when I do. The term "fan," I understand, is an abbreviation of "fanatic," and no fan is as blindly and unreasonably and unbelievably partisan as the football fan. The first whiff of smoke from burning leaves in the fall affects the average American citizen like a shot of dope. Everybody talks, eats and sleeps football between the first of October and the last of November. Everyone, in fact, becomes a self-appointed expert, and honestly feels that nobody knows as much about the game as he does.

And that's all right. It's what makes football the thrilling and intoxicating thing that it is. I can't rail at the public for their enthusiasm, because football affects me in the same way.

But it is because football fans are so rabid, and as I said before, at times so unreasonably partisan, that I do my level best to make every report of a football game an accurate one. I may get excited—as who wouldn't when somebody rips off eight yards through the line, or flits eighty yards through a broken field—but if I can tell listeners exactly what is going on during every minute of the game, I firmly believe that I am pleasing the majority of listeners most of the time.

Now, by accurate broadcasting I mean describing in detail every play, as it takes place. That means telling when and how the teams line up; the formation of the backfield; any shifts in the formation that might take place; the name of the player who receives the ball from the center; when and how he runs with it, or whom he passes it to; who tackles him; how many yards he makes or loses; the location of the ball on the field at the completion of the play; what down it is, and how many yards to go for first down.

That doesn't sound so difficult, does it? I know the answer is that it doesn't, and I would wager that the readers, if any, of this article, would swap a right arm and maybe a leg or two for the job of announcing football games over the air, and would feel perfectly certain that they could do it without any trouble. Well, they couldn't!

"Ha! That fellow Husing certainly has a high opinion of himself," I am sure everyone will remark after that last statement. But let me explain myself a little further. I maintain that no one could give an accurate play-by-play description of a football game all by himself. I know that I couldn't. It's an impossibility without the aid of an expert observer and operators.

I HAVE the same "team" working with me right through the season. In fact, some of our most important work is done long before the season starts. My observer for the 1930 season, who was a star football player at college, and has had a good deal of coaching experience since his graduation, certainly knows football. But just knowing football isn't enough. He has to know enough about the style of play and general ability of the individual players, especially backfield men, of the teams on our broadcasting schedule to know what to expect of them—to be able, almost, to anticipate what they do before they do it. He has been busy since late in the summer learning about these players, and if possible

Husing Tells How He Broadcasts Football

visiting with the teams at their training camps.

The observer's job is perhaps the most trying and exacting of all. Of course, I endeavor beforehand, to familiarize myself with the players' appearances, and as far as possible memorize their numbers. But when I'm chattering away at perhaps a rate of 250 words a minute, I can't stop to think whether No. 6 who carried the ball is Smith, and No. 11 who tackled him is Jones. I must depend absolutely on my observer for those details—details which offhand seen unimportant, but to me mean the difference between a good and a bad broadcast. I feel that anyone interested enough to listen in on the game in the first place is familiar with the players and their particular style of play beforehand. He hears the announcer say, "Now the ball is on the seven-yard line. It's last down and goal to go. No. 6 is going back to take the pass from center. The ball is passed, etc., etc.

NOW there you have an exciting moment in the game. Seven yards to go for touchdown! If the listener is at all familiar with the teams and players, he wants to know who is going to receive that pass from center. If the announcer says that Smith is going back to receive it, he probably knows that Smith is noted for his line plunging ability, and that he is going to make a desperate attempt to smash his way through for the touchdown. On the other hand, if the announcer says that Zilch is going back he immediately thinks, "Aha! Zilch is a sharpshooter on forward passes. He's going to try one over the goal line." In other words, in order that the listener may really visualize what is being described, the announcer must give him every detail of the play—before it happens, not after.

The old system of keeping the announcer informed on details of the game called for two extra observers, usually an incapacitated member of each team, who knew by sight the members of their respective squads. As the play got under way one or the other would call out the name of the player to the regular observer. He in turn would whisper it into the ear of the announcer. That system was bad for several reasons. In the first place the extra observers were very apt to get excited during a close play, and either yell out the wrong name or forget to say anything at all. Even if that didn't happen it was annoying for the announcer to have the observer constantly whispering something in his ear, especially when, as was frequently the case, the announcer knew who was carrying the ball or making the tackle anyway. In any case the whispering disturbed his train of thought, and made it almost impossible to talk uninterruptedly.

We have a new system now, which I devised myself, and which was worked very successfully last year. For want of a better name I call it the announcer's announcing board. It consists of a small board with red lights running down one side and green lights down the other. Alongside each light is a small card carrying the name of each backfield man—red for one side and green for the other. This board is attached by wires to another board in front of my observer.



They pack 'em in at the Yale bowl on the day of the big Army - Yale game. © Ewing Galloway



Grant P. Ward, new WLW announcer

with cards bearing corresponding names alongside buttons instead of lights. The observer has a pair of specially made field glasses with which he watches every play. Here is a sample of the way it works.

". . . The teams are lining up now, and Harvard has the ball on Yale's twenty-five yard line. It is third down and still eight yards to go for first down. There's a man going back now. It's (red flash alongside Smith's name) Smith and he starts toward right end. But suddenly he stops, wheels, and makes a lateral pass to (red flash) Brown. Brown takes the pass, but instead of running with it he hesitates a moment and then makes a long toss to (red flash) Green, who has cut over and is heading down the side toward the Yale goal. There's a Yale man covering him. It's (green flash) Jones. Jones leaps for the ball. He's got it! The tables have been turned now, and Jones is twisting and dodging up that side line. He's gotten past two men and has reached his own thirty yard line. He's gotten past another one, but now he's been forced outside about on his own thirty-five yard line as he is tackled hard and cleanly by (red flash) White."

THAT is just a sample, and maybe not a very adequate one. But I hope it gives you some idea of how the system is worked. There is no delay, and scarcely any hesitation, in giving the listener a picture of what is going on, when it is going on. That is, there is no hesitation or delay with a trained observer, and I want to say a bit more on that subject. If that rather feeble illustration of mine gives you some idea of how valuable, how absolutely indispensable, my observer is to me, then I feel that I have accomplished something. The observer, and the operators of whom I will speak later, are the men behind the man behind the gun. They are, figuratively speaking, the interference that takes out the opposing tacklers so that the man carrying the ball can romp to touchdowns and glory. Besides the signalling device that I have just described the observer has another board, with a gridiron charted out on it, upon which he manipulates colored-headed pins to show the position of the ball on the playing field, what down it is, and how many yards to go for first down.

The task of the operators, who complete our football broadcasting "team," includes the preliminary work of installing the broadcasting equipment, arranging for the positions of the microphones, etc. We usually use four microphones beside the one into which I talk. These pick-up mikes are placed in front of the rival cheering sections and bands, and it is upon the operators whom I must depend for most of the color and sound effects, as well as for the proper transmission of my voice over the air. They must be prepared at any time to switch the pick-up mikes on or off for the sounds of cheering or singing, and must know how to regulate them so that "color" will come in loudly enough to be distinct but not so loud as to drown out my voice. These mikes are numbered, and we have a system of hand signals so that when I say, "——the injured man is leaving the game, and is being assisted from the field——the Stanford cheering section has risen as one man and is giving him a tremendous hand," I hold up three fingers, and the operator switches on No. 3 microphone in front of the Stanford cheering section. With other movements of my hand I can signal him to fade it out or bring it up full.

Broadcasting a football game is about ninety percent plain, ordinary hard work. I am frequently asked whether I enjoy the games that I broadcast, and my answer is that I enjoy the broadcasting but not the game. I often can't remember most of the details of a game, and occasionally friends will compliment me on the way I described a certain play that I have no recollection of ever having seen.

And our work is not ended with the final shrill blast of the referee's whistle. Before we have a chance to relax and forget what has happened, we repair to our hotel and hold a little informal meeting, where each of us has the opportunity to tell the others how good or bad they were. I am no longer the leader of our little "team" when we assemble at these meetings. Everyone is on a par with the others, and is free to speak his own mind. There is no sparing of feelings as each points out what he believes to have been mistakes on the part of the others. A cue wrongly given, a signal misunderstood, a microphone badly placed—every little wrinkle is smoothed out with the idea of forestalling any recurrences of the incident in future games. Those little meetings aren't always pleasant, but we all leave them with a little better idea of how, or how not, to broadcast a football game.



Coach Fielding H. Yost of Michigan

Football Coaches Make Forecasts Over WLW

ADDED interest is being given several of the games broadcast over station WLW, WOR and WMAQ by the Football Forecasts program every Friday at 6:30 P. M. E. S. T.

Coaches of the Big Ten and Big Three Conferences, including Zuppke of Illinois, Yost of Michigan, Stagg of Chicago, Stevens of Yale, Roper of Princeton, Horween of Harvard, and possibly Rockne of Notre Dame, on the nights before the biggest games of the season are talking to audiences of "Quality Group" stations.

Each man gives his own ideas of the approaching games and talks about the men on his team.

To add to the college atmosphere that is being created, glee clubs, bands, and orchestras from the universities are on hand to furnish the same music that spurs on the teams in the grid struggle.

FIELDING YOST of the University of Michigan was the first coach on the air. On Friday, October 17, less than 24 hours before his eleven met the Ohio State team at Columbus, Yost told about it from the latter city. Hal Totten, veteran sport announcer of station WMAQ, went to Columbus, Ohio, to present Yost to the Radio audience. The Scarlet Mask, dramatic organization of Ohio State, furnished additional entertainment.

Bill Roper, of Princeton University,

faces the microphone on Friday, October 31, in Chicago in advance of the game between his team and the University of Chicago. The Princeton Triangle Club, famous dramatic organization that included Booth Tarkington as a member, will share honors with the glee club of the Chicago school on this forecast.

Bob Zuppke will forecast the prospects of his University of Illinois team against Army on Friday, November 7, in a talk from one of the New York studios used by WLW.

ALONZO STAGG, "The grand old man of football," will forecast the Illinois-Chicago game on November 14 as his big maroon team waits to engage Zuppke's Illini.

Arnold Horween, Harvard football coach, will precede the Yale-Harvard game on November 21. For his broadcast, the microphone probably will be set up at his camp at Haverford, Connecticut.

Final arrangements have not yet been made for the forecast on November 28, although the place tentatively is being held open for Knute Rockne whose Notre Dame team will meet Army the next day. This final broadcast will be in the nature of an all-college celebration, including music for Army and Notre Dame and for other of the Big Ten and Big Three.

For WLW's broadcasts of the Ohio State football games, a new sports announcer will make his appearance on the Radio horizon. He is Grant P. Ward.

RADIO DIGEST'S FOOTBALL BROADCAST SCHEDULE

Here is your ticket to the big football games to be broadcast by the national chains. Keep this for reference.

National Broadcasting Company

GAME	AT	KEY STATION
Saturday, November 1, 1930		
Dartmouth-Yale	New Haven	WEAF
Princeton-Chicago	Chicago	WJZ
Kentucky-Alabama	Lexington	WHAS
Saturday, November 8, 1930		
Harvard-Michigan	Cambridge	WJZ
Pennsylvania-Notre Dame	Philadelphia	WEAF
Saturday, November 15, 1930		
Navy-So. Meth.	Annapolis	WJZ
Yale-Princeton	Princeton	WEAF
Saturday, November 22, 1930		
Yale-Harvard	New Haven	WEAF
Navy-Maryland	Annapolis	WJZ
Thursday November 27, 1930		
Columbia-Syracuse	New York	WJZ
Cornell-Pennsylvania	Philadelphia	WEAF
Saturday, November 29, 1930		
Dartmouth-Stanford	U. Stanford	WEAF
Army-Notre Dame	Chicago	WJZ
Saturday, December 6, 1930		
Navy-U. of Penn.	Philadelphia	WEAF

Columbia Broadcasting System

Saturday, November 1, 1930		
Princeton-Chicago	Chicago	WABC
Saturday, November 8, 1930		
U. of Illinois-Army	New York	WABC
Saturday, November 15, 1930		
Yale-Princeton	Princeton	WABC
Saturday, November 22, 1930		
Wisconsin-Minnesota	Madison, Wis	WABC
Thursday November 27, 1930		
Penn-Cornell	Philadelphia	WABC
Saturday, November 29, 1930		
Army-Notre Dame	Chicago	WABC
Saturday, December 6, 1930		
Penn-Navy	Philadelphia	WABC

recognized all over the country as one of the greatest students of football in the United States. Although he has been since 1927 a member of the Ohio House of Representatives, Ward abandons his law practice temporarily each fall to visit all the Western Conference football games to get material for the authoritative and interesting articles he writes about gridiron prospects.

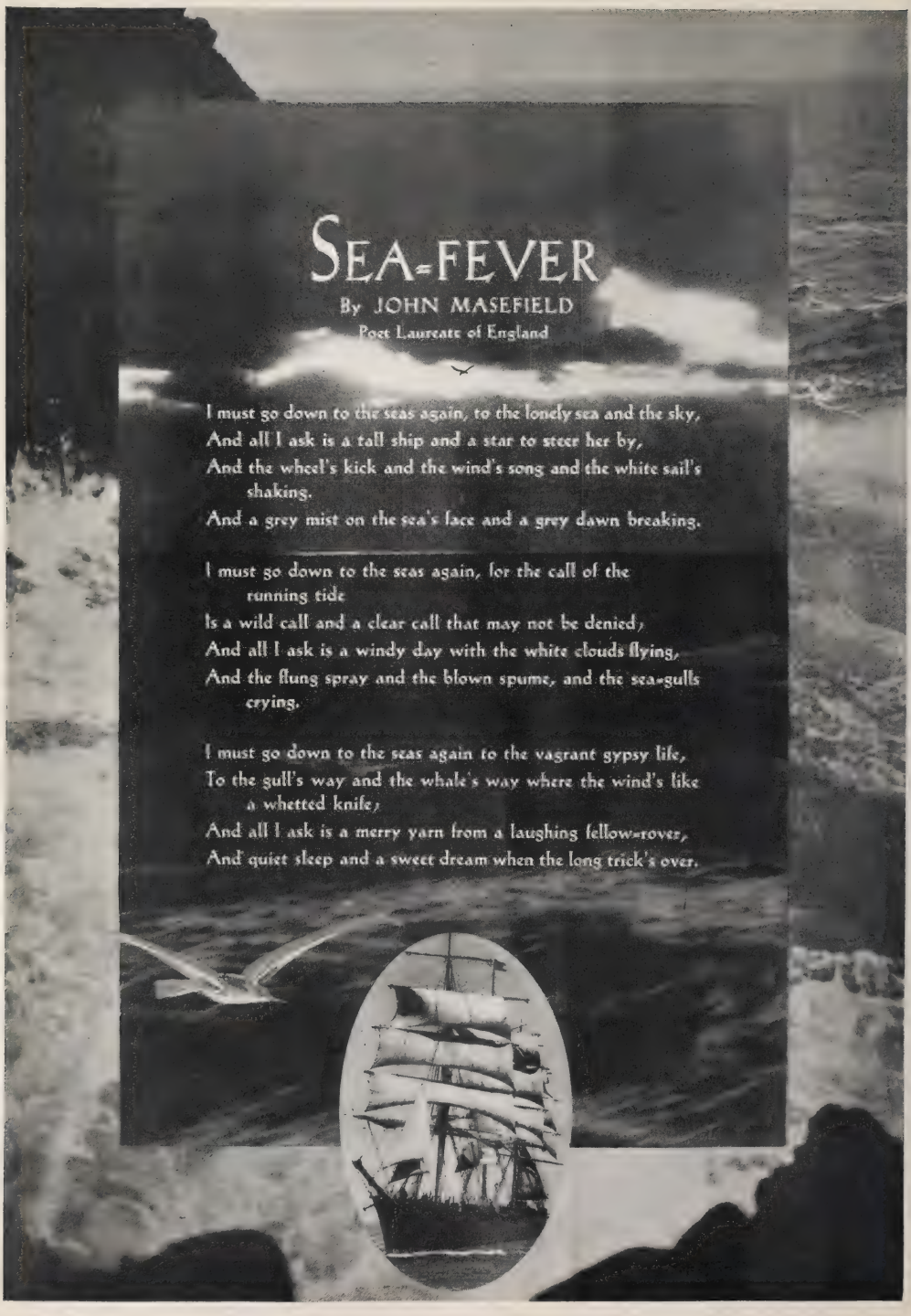
FOR ten years Ward was chief scout and assistant football coach at Ohio State University. He loves the game. He is said to have a remarkable faculty for sizing up players and retaining the mental notes he makes on the abilities of all he sees in action or reads about. As a dopester on the outcome of games, he has few peers. In 1920, he forecast correctly the outcome of 60 out of 62 games, and his record in this field for other years is almost equally astounding.

Genial, personable and sincere, he won a most favorable response in 1929 as a broadcaster of games played in the Ohio stadium. Not a showman, but a quick thinking and deeply interested student of the game, he gave the stay-at-home football fans a straight-from-the-shoulder account of the battles he witnessed. So well did he register with fans that a newspaper in Columbus (not the one for which he was writing) devoted nearly a column to praising his skill as a football broadcaster.

Radio critics already are forecasting a great future for Grant P. Ward.



Ted Husing and his "team" of assistants and observers broadcasting a play by play story



SEA-FEVER

By JOHN MASEFIELD

Poet Laureate of England

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking.
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

The Poet's FRIEND

Radio is Kinder to Spoken Lyric than the Cold, Silent Typeline, Says Mr. Masefield

By John Masefield
Poet Laureate of England

Speaking on the subject, The Possibilities of Poetry in Modern Life, John Masefield tells Americans in trans-Atlantic broadcast that the modern poet has an advantage in being able to reach the public audibly. He recites his famous poem, Sea Fever, as an illustration. It appears on the opposite page, from John Masefield's Collected Poems, by permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company. Copyright by the Macmillan Company. The broadcast was conducted by the Columbia Broadcasting System.

FRIENDS—those few whom I have met and those many thousands whom I have not met—through the genius of man, I have an opportunity to speak to you across thousands of miles of stormy water, across the roaring cities and quiet country places, about the possibilities of poetry in modern life.

I am speaking to you in the heart of London, at half past five on a rather overcast September afternoon which is inclined to be wet. To you I suppose it is now very nearly middle day in that far continent.

I speak in a place haunted by poetry and by the possibilities of poetry and the memories of poets. Undoubtedly Chaucer must have been here singing his poetry many times. He married his wife possibly within these precincts. Shakespeare undoubtedly was here. Just down the road Dr. Johnson wrote. Across the road Savage got drunk. It was near here that William Blake, our poet and engraver and inventor and mystic, lived and died. Tennyson used to frequent a tavern almost within sight. Turner, our great landscape painter, was born just across the road and passed his childhood here. It was here that Lord Byron used to box with the champion boxer of England, and the champion boxer of England was quite a good water color painter.

In more recent times, there were Yates and Francis Thompson who sold matches in the street within a few yards of this building; and James Thompson sold his articles for what they would fetch and then bought Irish whiskey.

Then, quite close to this place, Charles Dickens, as a little and unhappy boy, rinsed wine bottles for some unhappy months. The whole district is peopled with the ghosts of great writers. However, we are not conscious of those ghosts at the present time. We are only conscious of two young friends who keep telling me that if I sneeze fifty thousand people will be immediately deafened. I will try not to sneeze.

But I am here tonight to speak to you about the possibility of poetry in modern life. Perhaps I had better define poetry. Poetry is an art in which the artist by means of rhythm and great sincerity can convey to others the sentiment which he feels about life. As Wordsworth said, poetry is the overflow of powerful feelings. Wherever such feelings exist, they will come out of the hearts of human beings. Another has very well said that poetry should be a friend to soothe the tears and lift the heart of man.

But poetry is infinitely various, and this generation, through various contrivances and discoveries of man, should produce an infinitely greater variety of poetry than any generation of man which has existed upon this planet before.

In times past, poetry was the delight of every member of the community. The community was small, very simple, and all ranks and classes of men met together in the King's Palace in the great living room or in the market place or at the athletic gatherings, and the poet sang or spoke to all and was listened to with rapture by all

OF COURSE, that became more complex later. There were more living rooms in the King's Palace, and the poet no longer addressed the whole community.

Then there came the printing press which at first was thought to be of great benefit to poets. I think that it has become a detriment to the poetical art though priceless as a distributor of knowledge and a preserver of knowledge.

It has had this result—that it has put away the poet from his public. Formerly the poet met his public face to face. But when the poet was kept away from his public and wrote his poems in secret, his

work was then handed to some other man who printed it, and the man who printed it handed it to someone else who sold it. And so the man who bought it might not be at all suited to it. He might not understand the poet, he might not care about the poet, and he might particularly want the poet to be there and get his meaning by the inflections of his voice and the passionate energy of his soul.

SINCE the printing press came, poetry has ceased to delight the whole community of man; it has become the amusement and delight of a limited few. People have given up listening to poetry. The poetical play has almost been banished from the stage throughout the world. The minstrel has ceased to be. He no longer goes about singing, chanting his verse. And, though a good deal of poetry is written and read, no one could pretend that it is one of the delights of life or that it can compete with the boxing match or the cinema or traveling fast in a motor car.

I speak to you this afternoon in the hope that poetry will again become one of the main delights of life and really compete once again with the other delights of the market place. It may be that broadcasting may make listening to poetry a pleasure again, though this can only come about with difficulty and with a great deal of hard work because I feel that poets will work better at verse if they work before an audience whom they can see so that they may know when their work fails and why.

Before I stop my speech this afternoon, I was asked to read to you some of my verses, but before I do that, let me thank you for the way in which you have listened to me. You have given me the impression that all my audience has been listening to me breathlessly.

Let me say this about the possibilities of poetry in modern life—that we over here look to America to produce poets greater than any yet Europe has known.

. . . .

The poet concluded by reading Sea Fever.

With a few exceptions, great poets have had lowly beginnings, and John Masefield, recently crowned Poet Laureate of England, is not among the exceptions.

At the age of fourteen he went to sea on the training ship, "Conway," and there is no doubt that the tang of the sea which pervades his poems had been preserved since this youthful experience.

At the tender age of seventeen he struck New York Harbor. Here he roomed with an Irishman, Quinn by name. It is not known if the traditional fare of poets—dried herring (and beer?—hush) was the steady diet of the budding poet, but the menu must have been slender and meagre. The divine spark, however, reached out for food and was fed plenteously for the youth knew his wants.



John Masefield, Poet Laureate of England and Mrs. Masefield.

Then came one of life's grand moments—an opportunity to earn the munificent sum of One Actual Dollar and Five Cents per day. The job was in a rug factory in Yonkers, a city famous by reflection—the grandeur of New York graciously allowing its shadows to fall on all towns skirting its edges.

"I went to Yonkers," said Mr. Masefield, in an interview several years ago, "and worked that day in a factory. At first I worked with a tin opener, a little instrument like a fork without tines, to keep straight the tin tubes on the spools of wool from which the carpets were woven. If this were not done, the carpets were irregular. I used to do forty sets a day for forty carpets. Then I got a raise and gradually my salary crept up to $8.50 a week.

"THEN I was mistake finder. I used to take a new carpet and compare it with the pattern for faults of setting or design."

One can picture Mr. Masefield earnestly going about his work in this factory with busy hands—the while catching bright visions here and there and tucking them away in the folds of his mind.

Friday was pay day for "Macy," as he was familiarly called. Dickens once said that his greatest thrill was buying a brand new outfit of clothes at one time—suit, shoes, hat—(even collar buttons—or their primitive ancestors).

But Masefield's greatest joy was to drop in at the William Palmer East Book Shop and buy volumes of poetry.

One likes to imagine young Masefield in this dusty bookshop (that is, it should be dusty to make the setting just right) fingering tenderly the pages of great works, communing here with Shelley on

(*Continued on page 123*)

Turkey Day in STUDIOLAND



By

Evans E. Plummer

THANKSGIVING DAY, in the United States, a day, usually the last Thursday in November, set apart as an annual festival of thanksgiving for the year's blessings."—Standard Dictionary.

How'd you like to have a Radio Thanksgiving this year, my listeners, and celebrate it the way your favorite air celebrities are planning to do? Of course, 1930's general conditions may not have been so inspiring to many to give thanks, but yet it could be worse.

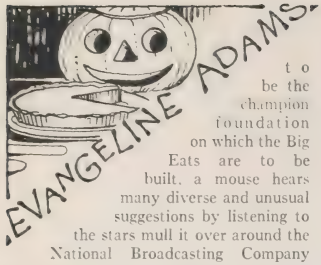
At least we have had a banner Radio program year to be thankful for, and the featured mike entertainers themselves are grateful for the talents they have been given and for the remunerative pinnacles to which Radio has raised them.

The stars are truly glad you like them, and just by way of showing their thanks to you, they have told me all their favorite dishes and recipes for Thanksgiving delicacies just so that I could tell you. Now let's all get busy and plan a big Radio Thanksgiving dinner a la mikesters' formulas, and by way of helping unfortunates to be thankful too, we'll invite to the fest all of our friends to whom the bugaboo Unemployment has been unkind.

Your loud speaker favorites, who in these B. T. (before television) days don't really have to diet but do so anyway, will for the most part toss their caloric calculations aside for a day. The day, of course, is Thanksgiving and the reason is that turkey, after grace has been said and pumpkin pie eaten, is still turkey, and anyway, what is the use of dieting all of the time if you can't break out of bounds every once in a while and add a few pounds so that you can start in dieting again?

It was Johnny (G. W.) Johnstone, boss glorifier for the NBC system—who incidentally has never been known to diet and looks it—that observed that things aren't any different in the Radio studios from other segments of American family life as the time for slicing the white meat approaches. The relative merits of chestnut stuffing as compared to oysters or onions and nutmeats, are roundly debated out of hearing of Mike and recipes for the tempting side dishes are swapped right and left.

While the run-of-mine, never-to-gobble-again, roast turkey is generally conceded



to be the champion foundation on which the Big Eats are to be built, a mouse hears many diverse and unusual suggestions by listening to the stars mull it over around the National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System key studios.

Shhh! Here comes Countess Olga Albani, one of NBC's most charming sopranos, whose excellent cooking is excelled only by her beauty of voice, face and figure. She has a new way of cooking turkey which I understand she picked up in France. Let's ask her about it.

"Take a turkey," (and who wouldn't?) said the Countess, "and put it into saucepan on a bed made of strips of fat bacon, sweet herbs, onions, carrots, thyme, bay leaf, salt and pepper, nutmeg and spices.

"Then blanket the bird with the same conglomeration," she continued. "Cover the pan tightly and let it cook for three or four hours. Then take it from the pan when cooked and remove the bay leaves and herbs, strain the liquor through a fine sieve, and serve, pouring this gravy over the turkey."

"Umm, umm, ain't dat sumpin'," I managed to get out through the moist lips of my watering mouth. "What do you call it?"

"It's name is 'Turkey en Daube'" the Countess replied, "and next day when it is cold this gravy becomes a thick, delicious jelly."

AT THIS point we were interrupted by Will Rogers, who came walking into the group arm in arm with a chap named Rudy Vallee—imagine that!

"Wall, I reckon," drawled the miking, writing, screening, acting and gum-chewing cowpuncher-at-large, "that no meal is jest what it ought to be 'nless you have at least one big, steamin' bowl of real high-seasoned chili con carne present. Even Thanksgivin' without that thar chili would be as strange and lonesome to me as Hoover would be without a few commissions hangin' 'round."

"And carameled sweet potatoes," Vallee crooned in the rhythm of the discussion. "What is a big dinner without carameled sweets. Down in Westbrooke, Maine, we used to put a cup of brown sugar and a half a cup of butter in an iron saucepan with just enough Sherry wine (address not supplied by Rudy) to dissolve the sugar. Then we'd add the mess of peeled sweet potatoes cut in half lengthwise, after covering and cooking them slowly for one hour, and turning them often so that all sides would be carameled, yum, yum!"

Rudy probably meant, "yam, yam," but before I could correct the extremely popular batoneer, along came Fiddler Toscha Seidel, the CBS violinist.

"You may talk all you want to about

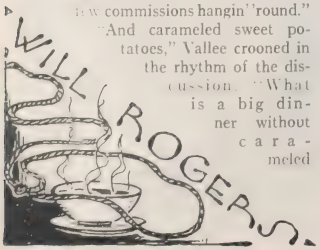


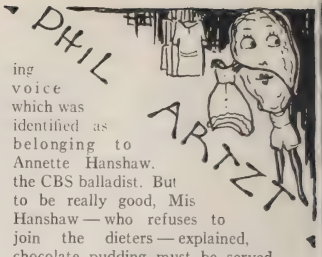
Will Rogers, all set for that big, steamin' bowl of chile con carne.

turkey and its trimmings," Toscha cut in, "but as for me, I prefer the sweetmeats at the end. There are four I like so well that I can't decide which one I like best. There's baked Alaska, crepe suzette, hot apple pie with a generous portion of creamy American cheese, and pistachio ice cream.

"You seldom see any crepe suzette except abroad or on one of the liners that ply between here and France," the wielder of the bow continued. "It's a pancake made very thin and rolled. It is served with a coating of sauce of an insidious orange flavor and a fluffy coating of powdered sugar. Baked Alaska is a paradox in sweets, for it is all hot and cold at the same time. I like nothing better than to see this steaming confection coming to the dinner table, and then to break unrighteously into the crust and extract the ice-cold cream."

"And chocolate pudding," was the dessert addition suggested in a "blues" singing voice which was identified as belonging to Annette Hanshaw, the CBS balladist. But to be really good, Mis Hanshaw — who refuses to join the dieters — explained, chocolate pudding must be served with copious gobs and daubs of whipped cream.





Darkness fell strangely on the growing group of Radio worshippers of Epicurus. With only the thunder and lightning missing, the general atmosphere portended rain. But someone was all wet; it was only the arrival of a blackface pair known as Amos 'n' Andy.

"Ah doan' know much 'bout cookin'," Amos Jones chimed in. "but I do know sumpin' dat is been. Dis here Thanksgibin we ain't gonna do no moah eatin' up at de house ub de poah sister ub Madame Queen. No sah!"

"And," quoth Andrew Brown, president ub de company, "Check and double check!"

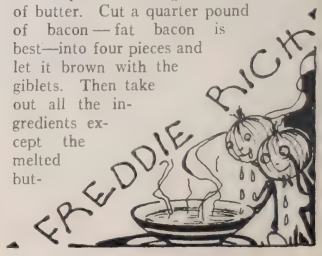
As a matter of fact and not script, it developed, Messrs. Correll and Gosden are planning a pleasant little joint family dinner together on November 27 in one of their twin and adjoining cooperative apartment homes up on Sheridan Road in Chicago.

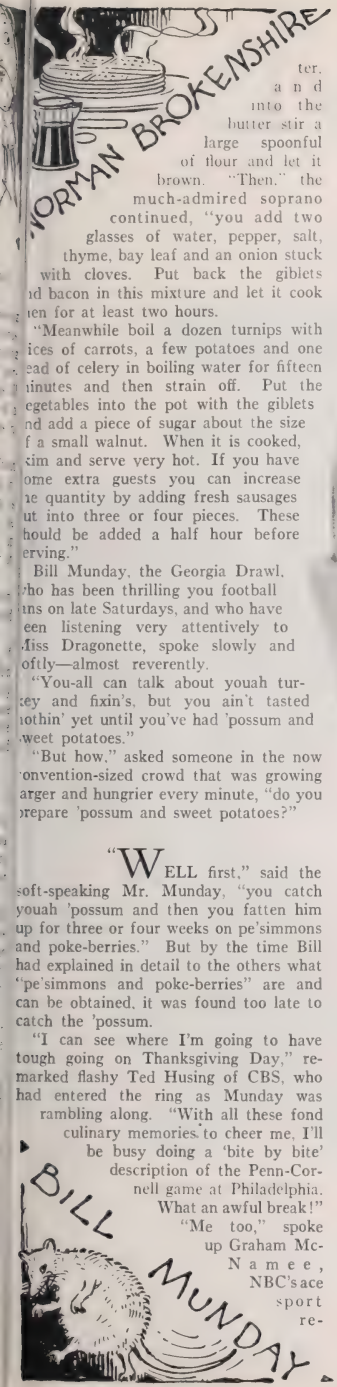
THEN Jessica Dragonette, the economical as well as pretty prima donna of NBC's Cities Service concert, contributed a suggestion for the day after Thanksgiving.

"Hash," declared Miss Dragonette, "will be just as inevitable on November 28 as a crush at the exchange counter of a department store on December 26. But there's something better than hash. The French call it 'abatis de dinde'."

The petite Jessica is of French extraction and knows. But please pardon the interruption.

"You take the giblets of the turkey, being careful to singe the wings and crush the legs, and throw them (easily) into a saucepan containing two ounces of butter. Cut a quarter pound of bacon — fat bacon is best—into four pieces and let it brown with the giblets. Then take out all the ingredients except the melted but-





ter, and into the butter stir a large spoonful of flour and let it brown. "Then," the much-admired soprano continued, "you add two glasses of water, pepper, salt, thyme, bay leaf and an onion stuck with cloves. Put back the giblets nd bacon in this mixture and let it cook ien for at least two hours.

"Meanwhile boil a dozen turnips with ices of carrots, a few potatoes and one ead of celery in boiling water for fifteen ninutes and then strain off. Put the egetables into the pot with the giblets nd add a piece of sugar about the size f a small walnut. When it is cooked, xim and serve very hot. If you have ome extra guests you can increase ie quantity by adding fresh sausages ut into three or four pieces. These hould be added a half hour before erving."

Bill Munday, the Georgia Drawl, who has been thrilling you football ans on late Saturdays, and who have een listening very attentively to Miss Dragonette, spoke slowly and oftly—almost reverently.

"You-all can talk about youah tur-ey and fixin's, but you ain't tasted othin' yet until you've had 'possum and weet potatoes."

"But how," asked someone in the now onvention-sized crowd that was growing arger and hungrier every minute, "do you repare 'possum and sweet potatoes?"

"WELL first," said the soft-speaking Mr. Munday, "you catch youah 'possum and then you fatten him up for three or four weeks on pe'simmons and poke-berries." But by the time Bill had explained in detail to the others what "pe'simmons and poke-berries" are and can be obtained, it was found too late to catch the 'possum.

"I can see where I'm going to have tough going on Thanksgiving Day," remarked flashy Ted Husing of CBS, who had entered the ring as Munday was rambling along. "With all these fond culinary memories to cheer me, I'll be busy doing a 'bite by bite' description of the Penn-Cornell game at Philadelphia. What an awful break!"

"Me too," spoke up Graham McNamee, NBC's ace sport reporter, who had just arrived from his weekly task of synchronizing his voice with a news film release. "I'm chalked up for the same tilt, but I think I'll take along a box lunch of turkey legs and cranberry sauce to nibble between the halves.. And purée of chestnuts—

"Say, people usually think of chestnuts as a stuffing for the turk," McNamee continued, "but they make a great side dish, and I don't know of anything I like better than a purée of chestnuts.

"As well as I can remember," he explained, "you soak the chestnuts in water overnight and then boil them in salt water. You can add an onion or two while they

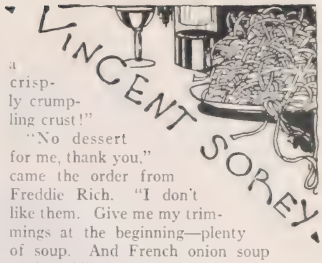


Bill Munday's mouth is jess a-waterin' for that 'possum in the corner.

are cooking, and then when they are quite soft, press them through a large colander or sieve. You put the whole thing into a saucepan with a lump of fresh butter, stir in a cupful of milk, warm, and there you are."

The gathering was growing so large that it was decided to adjourn to one of the larger studios not then in use. Howard Barlow, Evangeline Adams, Norman Brokenshire, Vincent Sorey, Nell Vinick, Nat Brusiloff, David Ross, Joe and Vi and Freddie Rich had appeared at the end of CBS rehearsals and were bound to speak their pieces on the extremely interesting subject—to us all—of food.

"The meal should end with the salad course," said Astrologer Adams, "But I can see by the stars in the heaven above that I was born under a constellation that cannot, on Thanksgiving Day, forego the pleasure of luscious pumpkin pie with a crisply crumpling crust!"



"No dessert for me, thank you," came the order from Freddie Rich. "I don't like them. Give me my trimmings at the beginning—plenty of soup. And French onion soup preferred."

"Please pass me the waffles, a couple of chickens cooked rarely, and about eight or ten good-sized potatoes," said Brokenshire, "and I'll not ask for more. After Radio broadcasting as my first choice, I love first, food, and second, more food."

Vincent Sorey, director of the Gauchos, was not pleased. The menu was all wrong, he asserted. "What you want," he said, "is spaghetti with plenty of wine, assorted fish and meat." But Howard Barlow, Philco batoneer and literary man as well as musician, also had his own ideas.

"My Thanksgiving dinner," he said, "will be prepared according to the directions supplied by Huysmans in his dissertation on spices and their relation to esthetics. That is important."

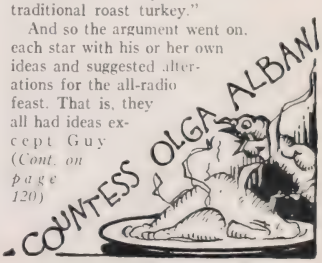
But a modern note rang out when Nell Vinick, the CBS beauty advisor, spoke. "Moderation will rule my feast," she said. "The traditional dinner is all right—plum pudding and all the twenty-odd things grandmother used to make—but I think, for the sake of beauty, that every course should be served in small portions."

"I'm in favor of that kind of a meal, too," David Ross gave testimony. "Except for the small portion plan. I really like large portions, if the dinner is cooked by Mrs. Ross. I'm particularly fond of cranberry sauce and dressing."

"PASS me the same," said Nat Brusiloff, "but be sure to give me the chestnut dressing."

"You're wrong," insisted Phil Artzt, who directs the Henry-George orchestra. "It should be oyster dressing. In fact, I'd just as soon have fried, stewed or raw oysters in preference to the traditional roast turkey."

And so the argument went on, each star with his or her own ideas and suggested alterations for the all-radio feast. That is, they all had ideas except Guy



(*Cont. on page 120*)

John Garland



"You're the last one saved!"

A DOZEN lanterns showed him the sea-stained, rotting steps. A chorus of hoarse, cheerful voices bade him welcome. A score of willing hands dragged him through a cloud of spray on to the wave-swept, creaking jetty. Then, as he stood for a moment to regain his breath, from somewhere behind in that thick, black gulf through which he had journeyed came the sound of a dull grinding, the crashing of timbers, the hideous, far-off shrieking of human voices. A rocket went hissing up into the darkness, piercing with a momentary splendour the black veil.

By Heaven, she's broken in two!" a voice cried. "She's gone!"

The rescued man turned sharply round. The light of the rocket was waning, yet he was just in time to see the slow heeling over of the huge, indistinguishable mass which a few hours ago had been a splendid liner.

"You're the last one saved," someone muttered at his elbow. "The boat's going back, but it will be too late. God help the others!"

The rescued man nodded solemnly.

"There are less than half-a-dozen left," he said, "and they had their chance. It was a big jump into the boats," he added. "Queer little cockle-shells they looked, too, from the deck. I've stood there for the last two hours, worrying the people in. I've thrown over a dozen, who dared not jump."

A clergyman pushed his way through the group. He was drenched to the skin, bare-headed, and breathless. He carrie an old-fashioned lantern in his left han His right he extended to the drippin man, who stood there looking like a giar amongst them.

"I've heard of you, sir!" he exclaime "You're John Waters, I'm sure. Yo did a man's work there. There's mother up at the vicarage now, with h two children saved, sobbing over the

The Deliverer

She lived alone in a secluded fishing village in England—the sea cast the strange giant upon the shores and he won her heart

By E. Phillips Oppenheim



and blessing you. You rigged up a windlass, they tell me, and let them down. I only wish that I had room at my house for you, sir, but the whole village is packed."

"You're very good," the man answered. "I'm used to roughing it, and any place'll do for me. Somewhere near a fire, for choice; your salt water's chilly."

The clergyman raised his lantern and looked anxiously around the little circle of faces. "We're seventy souls in the village," he said; "it's nothing but a hamlet, and we've found beds for over two hundred. We'll fix you up directly. I've one or two names left yet upon my list."

A slim woman's figure came battling her way along the jetty. She heard the clergyman's last words, and laid her fingers gently upon his arm. He turned sharply round to see who it was.

There were not many women about that night, and this one seemed so frail and small to battle her way alone in the storm.

"My dear Miss Cressley!" he exclaimed. "However did you get here?"

"I couldn't rest at home," was the quiet answer. "It was too terrible. And I had no one to send. I want to be of use. Can't I take someone in—a woman, or some children? I have a spare room and a fire lit ready."

The clergyman gave a little exclamation of relief.

"My dear lady," he declared, "you are just in time. Here's our last man, and I was at my wits' end to know what to do with him. A hero!" he whispered in her ear. "He has saved no end of lives there. Bless you for coming, my dear, brave Miss Cressley," he added. "It's just like you—just the sort of thing you would do."

She gave a little start, and looked doubtfully at the tall, dripping figure. In his soaked clothes, his short brown beard, and his hair tossed wildly all over his face, he presented a somewhat singular appearance.

"My dear madam," he said, in his deep bass voice, "don't please refuse me because I am not a woman or a child. I'll give you less trouble than either, I promise you. I won't smoke or swear. I'll do whatever I am told, if I can only see something to eat, a bed, and a fire."

She held on to the railing of the jetty with both hands. Her voice sounded thin and quavery against the background of the storm.

"I shall be very glad to take you, and to do what I can," she said, a little doubtfully. "I mentioned a woman or children because I know more about them and their needs, and because I live alone. Will you come this way, sir?"

HE TURNED and followed her, waving his hand in answer to the chorus of "Good-nights." They passed down the sea-soaked jetty between a little line of curious, sympathetic faces, and reached the village. She led the way up the steep street, and looked into his face a little timidly.

"My cottage is close here, sir," she said. "It will only take us a few minutes."

A gust of wind swept her off her feet. He put out a great protecting hand and steadied her.

"One moment," he said. "Let me help you. So!"

He turned for a last gaze seawards. There was no sign of light or life upon the black chaos of waters—nothing save the clouds of white foam, flung up almost into their faces, and the sullen roar of the breaking waves.

"God help the rest of them!" he said, with a sudden note of reverence in his tone. Then he turned to his companion.

"Madam," he said, "I am ready."

Together they climbed to the summit of the hill. She gently disengaged her arm from his.

"I AM so much stronger than I look," she declared, apologetically. "Really, I can manage quite well alone. My cottage is the last upon the left. You can see the light. We shall be there in a moment."

He walked by her side in silence. She wondered, with a sudden perturbation, whether he were offended. His face was invisible: she could not tell that he was laughing softly to himself. Perhaps he was mistaken in her years. He had taken her for sixty, at least.

They reached a little wooden gate, over which he calmly stepped while she fumbled with the latch, passed up a trim garden path, and into the tiny hall of the tiniest cottage he had ever seen. Despite her warning, he bumped his head upon the ceiling. She turned up the lamp, and he looked around him a little ruefully. His size made the place appear like a doll's house.

"If you will step upstairs," she said, bravely disregarding his dripping state, "I will show you your room."

He looked at the stairs, with their neat carpet and shining brass rods, and he looked down at himself.

"Look here," he said, "haven't you a back kitchen where I can strip and have a rubdown? You'll have to lend me a blanket while my clothes dry. Good Lord!"

He was looking at her in blank surprise.

"Is anything—the matter?" she asked frightened.

He burst out laughing.

"Nothing!" he answered. "Only I thought that you were a little old lady!"

SHE blushed desperately, and thrust back the curly waves of fair hair which had escaped in the wind. She was certainly not more than thirty or thirty-five, slim, with nice features, and grey eyes, colourless, perhaps a little unnoticeable.

The laugh died away. He stood and looked after her as she turned to ascend the stairs, as one might look at a ghost.

"There are some clothes here which belonged to my father," she said. "Will you go into the room on the left? It is the kitchen."

"It is the little Cressley girl, of course," he said to himself, as he stood on the red tiles and reached out toward the fire. "Little Mary Cressley! Shy little baby she used to be."

Suddenly the smile spread once more over his face.

"Great Scott! I kissed her once!" he muttered. "Good thing she doesn't recognise me!"

She came back in a few moments with a bottle and an armful of clothes. He decided that she had been practising a severe expression in the glass, but she avoided meeting his eyes.

"My father was a minister," she said, "and he was not quite so large as you; but you must please do the best you can with these clothes. There is a bottle of brandy here, and some hot water in the kettle there. When you have changed your clothes, if you will call out, I will come and get supper ready."



He laughed, "Why, I thought you were a little old lady!"

He looked at the clothes, clerical and severe in cut, with a grin. She turned her back upon him and went out. He helped himself to the brandy and hot water, and then commenced to strip off his things. All the time he laughed to himself softly. He remembered the Rev. Hiram Cressley very well indeed, and the idea of wearing his garments appealed to his sense of humor.

He called out to her as soon as he was ready. She kept her face averted when she entered, but he could have sworn that he saw the corners of her mouth twitch.

"If you would step into the sitting-room," she said, "I will prepare supper."

He shuddered at the thought of the sitting-room.

"I'm, such a clumsy fellow," he said. "I shall break half your pretty things. Couldn't we have supper in here?"

"Just as you like," she said, struggling to hide her relief.

He dragged the table into the middle of the room.

"Come on," he said; "I'm going to help."

In the night, the wind died away, and the storm passed down the Channel, leaving behind a piteous trail of disasters, small and large. John Garland opened his window, and looked out with a little exclamation of amazement.

THE sky was a soft deep blue; the sunshine lay everywhere upon the picturesque village, with its red roofs and grey cottages, its background of hills and rolling moors. From the little garden below, all ablaze with colour, came sweet rushes of perfume—of lavender, of roses and pinks, all dashed and drooping with their burden of raindrops, glittering like diamonds in the sunshine. Garland drank it all in with delight.

"England at last!" he murmured, as he began to prepare for his ablutions. "Lord, what a doll's house this is! I feel as though I were going through the floor."

He dressed rapidly and hurried into the garden! Miss Cressley was there, busy tying up some of her storm-dashed flowers. She started a little at his hearty greeting, and avoided his eyes. All night long her conscience had been troubling her. The memory of that supper was like a delightful scourge. She had been much too friendly. She had quite forgotten the impropriety of the whole thing, and had laughed and talked almost like a girl again. With the morning reflection had come—reflection like a cold douche. And with it other things! The perfume of the flowers, the soft west wind, the aftermath, perhaps, of the joyous evening, were creeping into her blood. Had she done anything so desperately wrong after all? It was the vicar himself who had sent this man to her. As she well knew, every cottage in the village was full. Still, her cheeks went furiously red at the sound of his voice.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "forgive me!

Then "Good morning" he greeted.

Her eyes questioned him.

"You look different, somehow," he explained. "Forgive my noticing it. I've been so long in a world where manners don't count, that I've forgotten mine."

Her cheeks burned. She could not remain unconscious of what he meant. She had arranged her hair differently—she was tired of the old way—and her white dress was certainly her most becoming one. The cluster of lilac, too, which she had drawn through her waistband—it was so seldom that it pleased her to wear flowers!

"Won't you come in to breakfast?" she said, shyly.

"Breakfast! Hurrah!" he answered. "I'm afraid I'm eating you out of house and home, Miss Cressley."

She led the way into the sitting-room, which seemed to him more than ever like a chamber in a doll's house. He sat very gingerly upon his chair, and was afraid even to move his legs. The moment the meal was over he escaped into the garden and produced a pipe.

"I'm off to the village," he announced, "to see some of the people. Won't you come?"

"Thank you," she answered, "I have things to do in the house."



Miss Cressley was in the garden, busy tying up her storm-dashed flowers. She started at the hearty greeting and avoided his eyes.

"I'll do the marketing," he announced. "I'll send some things up for dinner."

"It is not in the least necessary," she declared, with her chin in the air.

He laughed in her face.

"Necessary or not," he declared, "either I do the marketing or I dine at the inn."

He was an impossible person to argue with—so big and strong and forceful. The things he said seemed somehow right because he said them. She gave in, and the magnitude of his purchases amazed her. He brought them up himself, wearing a ready-made suit of fisherman's clothes, and carrying the clerical garments in which he had started the day, in a parcel under his arm. He took not the slightest notice of her protests, and he spent the next hour between the kitchen and the garden, strolling about with his hands in his pockets and an air of being absolutely at home.

Three days passed—four. As yet he had not even alluded to his possible departure. At first she had wondered, had been gently troubled as to what the villagers might be saying about her entertainment of this good-humoured, easy-going giant. Gradually the place was being emptied of its unusual crowds. Surely, she thought, he must speak soon of his departure! And, with a sudden start of mingled shame and alarm, she realized that she dreaded the very thought of his absence.

She fled into her room and locked the door. With blurred eyes and beating heart she looked out seawards and fought against this folly—this folly which seemed to her so egregious, so unmaidenly. For ten years—ever since her father's death—she had lived there alone a life of prim and delicate orderliness, quietly useful to many people—a life, it seemed to her now, colourless, flat, impossible. She looked in the glass. Yes, she was a young woman still! Her cheeks were still pink, her eyes bright, her hair soft and full. With trembling fingers she took it down, rearranged it more after the fashion of her youthful days, and pinned a ribbon around her throat — ribbon of the colour which matched her eyes. After all, she was a woman. She had not sought this thing — it had come unbidden, undesired, she told herself, breathlessly. She had a right to do what she was doing. Nevertheless, her cheeks were hot with shame when she saw him again.

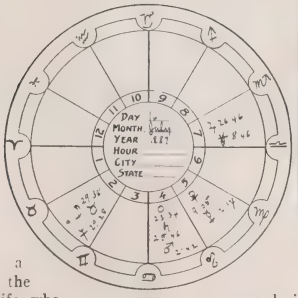
He was standing in the garden, reading a telegram, with a frown upon his face. She went out to him shyly, and he looked at her for a moment in amazement—as one might look at a ghost.

"Why—why, what have you done to yourself?" he exclaimed. "You grow younger every day! If only I could do the same," he continued, with a twinkle in his eyes, "you might remember the farmer's son as well as I remember the minister's daughter!"

WHO is John Garland? And what is the disaster from which he delivers Mary Cressley? Read the surprising end of this romance in December RADIO DIGEST.

Floyd Gibbons *and his* Stars

by Peggy Hull





In or out of his uniform, Floyd Gibbons' horoscope (Left) forecasts a charmed life.

THERE IS hardly a man or woman in the ordinary walk of life who has not looked upon some successful person at some time or other, and wondered how he got that way!

We have all stood, with mingled feelings of curiosity and resentment, before the evidences of another's good fortune and asked ourselves how he happened to be so lucky. Why did he go straight to the top, while we, similarly endowed with ambition, determination and talent, were still struggling for recognition?

Probably in no other profession is there a more outstanding example of such a peculiar streak of luck than that of Floyd Gibbons, known to Radio fans as the famous headline hunter of the Literary Digest, whose nightly broadcasts are heard over WJZ of the National Broadcasting System, New York. Before he became identified with the Radio he was the most famous of all war correspondents, not excluding the eminent Sir Philip Gibbs of London.

Why was this? The average man will answer without hesitation, "He was better than any of the others." But a close analysis of Floyd Gibbons' stories during the war, and those written by a hundred other war correspondents will reveal that his articles were by no means unusual. As a writer it has been generally conceded that Floyd Gibbons has no particular gifts. Then why, in competition with the most talented and gifted writers of the age was this Chicago newspaper man enabled to reach heights of public acclaim denied to them?

Fifteen years ago I could not have answered this question, but today it is easy, because I have before me a small sheet of paper, curiously blocked and covered with strange symbols. It reveals the reason.

Floyd Gibbons' birthdate of July 16, 1887 takes the mystery out of his particularly fortunate career. Through the medium of that age-old science, Astrology, which is once more assuming an important place in the affairs of men, it is a simple matter to read the fate of this famous Radio star.

The Sun, giver of Life, is in the sign Cancer, which is the home of the people. Men who have had unusually successful public careers invariably have one or more of the stronger planets in this sign. The vibrations coming through this zodiacal position apparently stimulate the affection of the masses for the individual concerned. In other words they take to him, without asking any questions, or stopping to reason why. Calvin Coolidge, former President, is a splendid example of what the planetary aspects prove. His very taciturnity exercised by any other man in his position, particularly if that man's sun had been posited in the lordly sign of Leo, would have aroused the indignation and dislike of the masses. They would have felt that he was, in the parlance of the day, high-hatting them.

SO we see that Floyd Gibbons didn't have to make any special gestures to win the loyalty of the public in general. It was his from the very beginning.

There are other indications in Mr.

(*Continued on page 116*)



Bernadine Hayes

Queen of the Air

America's Most Beautiful Radio Star

HAIL the Queen!

All broadcasting stations in the country were invited to send photographs of their most beautiful feminine stars to the Court of the Radio World's Fair in New York. From these photos it was announced a queen would be chosen to reign as America's most Beautiful Radio Star.

"Oh what a cinch for our Bernadine!" chorused the people of the WBBM principality in Chicago. And a cinch it was. "Come on to New York and take your throne," chimed the judges en banc as they held Bernadine's picture up above all the rest. So fair Bernadine tilted her royal chin, stepped majestically into a Pullman and hithered Easterly where she was acclaimed amid great Pomp and Circumstance while all the great Princes, Lords, Knights and all the Little Squires of the Radio Realm waited on bended knee. She'll reign for a year and a day. Long live Queen Bernadine!



Annette Hanshaw

NOT so very long ago some of our Nicest People took rather a snooty attitude toward Sir Mike and haughtily declined to have anything to do with him. Now all that is changed. There is none too proud to stand up and take him by the ear today. And here comes Miss Hanshaw from the Exclusive Set up Westchester Way to sing and make merry with the Mikes at WABC, New York. And, take it from the Mikes, her dulcet contralto voice is a treat for All Kinds of People.

Edith Meiser

REMEMBER that Gala Program of the Theatre Guild a few weeks ago? And do you remember the Columbia announcer introducing to you Miss Edith Meiser of the Garrick Gaieties? And do you remember how you wished you could see her face to face? Well, here she is. No wonder you wanted to see her because you never would have imagined she could have been motionless long enough to have had such a dignified picture taken. Great voice and very nifty on her toes. Hope you'll be hearing her again soon.





Marion Keeler

OH HUM, Monday's wash day—but never mind here comes Marion a singin' in the suds. Or maybe not quite so literal. She's on the Maytag hour from the NBC Chicago studios. And Maytag—well, they sure do get a lot of fun out of these motor tubs. Miss Keeler is a Broadway bred contralto and an ex-Roxy Gangsterette.



Virginia Karns

WHAT'S the use of stuffing yourself into a smelly little dressing room and going through an ordeal of costumes and grease paint for musical comedy when you can get a hundred times greater audience and better remuneration for Radio broadcasting? That's a great big question a little bitta girl answered when Miss Karns joined up with WLW at Cincinnati.



Harry "Mac" McClintoc

EVERYBODY knows "Mac" as the Grand Old Man of the West Coast Radio. He has been strumming and humming his way into the hearts of the young and the old from the beginning of the listening era. The Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree with Mac and his Haywire Orchestry just couldn't be without "Mac" and his guitar.



Mountaineers

RADIO has enriched the general appreciation of true American folk songs that have been handed down from generation to generation. Above are the Rex Cole Mountaineers heard over the NBC net from WEAF, New York, daily (except Sunday) at 5:45 p.m. EDT. Their Hill Billy songs are becoming as familiar as The Sidewalks of New York.



Cuckoos

WELL, well, well, what's this thing that seems to have climbed into the Cuckoo's nest at NBC and which Ray Knight, Cuckooishly known as Professor Weems, seems to be holding so gingerly? It's a bear! Gr-rrr! This program goes as far west as WREN, Kansas City, Mo. The Wrens like the Cuckoos.



Raising Junior

PETER DIXON who has written many interesting articles of Radio celebrities for Radio Digest is becoming something of a celebrity himself. Here he is with Mrs. Dixon, formerly Aline Berry, and Junior, who is the motive for the new serial, Raising Junior. It is heard over the NBC network from New York.



Edna, Helen, and Marie Buck

AS YOU go dialing and come to Pittsburgh do not make the mistake of passing the Bucks. Here they are, (above) the three sisters, Edna Mae, Helen and Marie, who invariably delight the regular audience of KQV. They are in five programs a week and you are just as likely to hear them with their stringed instruments as you are to hear their excellently blended voices.



Jimmy M'Callion

WHATTA Boy! Imagine starting out on a professional career and numbering your regular audiences by the millions at every performance at the age of ten! But that's the record of Master Jimmy M'Callion (left) who is heard regularly from the New York studios of the National Broadcasting Company in Toddy Party, Bon Ami, Lady Next Door and other programs.



Lucille Wall (left)

SOMETIMES we slip around to the studios and peek behind the curtains to see who's what on all sorts of programs, but we never yet happened to catch Adventures of Polly Preston in the act. We had great curiosity as to the thrilling heroine. And along comes this NBC picture of Miss Lucille Wall who is none other than Polly herself.

Eloise McAllister (right)

UNDERNEATH the sheltering palms —that's where we would all like to be two months from now. So let's ask Miss Eloise McAllister who sings at WQAM, Miami, to kindly step over an inch or two and let us help hold up that tree. And, Eloise, what is the rest of that song, you know, about the sheltering palms— Umm—umm!





FIRST prom gowns for young things! Two peplums, a heart-shaped back and pink flat crepe taken all together make them the acme of innocent sophistication.

A LOVERS' knot! A long, almost-trailing skirt! A bolero! They all combine to make this simple flat-crepe evening gown perfectly devastating.

THE young lady in the close-up, right, who so cleverly shows her curls beneath her tight-fitting hat, knows her high fashions; as witness below her short black astrakhan jacket, worn with a black cloth skirt . . . and a white wool-lace blouse!





THE sheerer the wool the smarter the wearer. And when you add a white crepe gilet to these twin green marita cloth frocks, your result may double for afternoon or sport.

All photos courtesy of Best & Co.



Peggy Norris

THEATRE audiences are already acquainted with Miss Peggy who was prima donna in such successes as The Fortune Teller, Mlle. Modiste, Going Up, and No, No, Nannette. But now she is a Radio star and provides a very good reason for stopping your dial on WOV, New York.



Grace Hayes

THE H—ayes have it—in our picture section this month; Bernadine and ıow Grace. Miss Grace Hayes, of course, has been famous in musical :omedy for several seasons. Recently you heard her as guest artist on the Nestle's program from New York over a nation-wide network.



Mary Brian

DO smile, please, Mary! She won't. And could you really believe that this little old fashioned maiden with her hand on her chin is our dashing Mary Brian, so famous on the screen and in Radio? But this is her latest photo taken at the RKO broadcast over the Columbia system from New York this autumn.

A Modern Cinderella

Bernadine Hayes

Radio Queen Rises To Sudden Fame

By

Janet Dublon



Bernadine Hayes, Copperhaired Radio Queen

THE most beautiful Radio Star stopped between sips of coffee to answer the questions of the tireless reporters.

Photographers, armed with their cameras, were in the adjoining room impatiently waiting to take more poses.

Bernadine Hayes, the Radio Queen, had stood up, sat down, crossed her legs, twisted her head in different positions, stood up, and sat down again—all to satisfy the cameramen's inordinate desire to take her picture—and still they were waiting in the next room although it seemed there just wasn't another pose left for her to take.

To lend a bit of variety to the pictures, Lady Beautiful had even slipped into a pair of bewitching black satin pyjamas which had a generous flair that swayed gracefully back and forth as she tripped daintily from one room to another.

Her very body breathed rhythm. There was just that delightful swing and spring as she walked, turned her neck and moved her head.

A delightful buoyance of spirit, a personal charm, a well-modulated voice, and a beautiful face, crowned with copper tresses—all of this and a trunkful of lovely lace and silken gowns were packed on the Twentieth Century from Chicago when the magic word came.

BABY sisters and brothers, eight in all, clapped hands and chuckled as only younger brothers and sisters know how to chuckle, at the fairy tale come true. Oh, the glorious dreams and fancies, the elves, and the pixies—they are all real! The Red, Yellow, Green and Orange Fairy Books never yielded such thrilling stories as this.

And Mother and Father, bursting with parental pride, just know that there is nothing too good that can happen to Bernadine. Who can tell what dreams they had for her when she was just a little tot?

"It is all so wonderful," said the Radio Queen, "that I'm afraid I shall wake up any moment to find that it is only a dream. Happy! My joy is indescribable. I am happy because at last I have been able to repay Mother and Father in some way for the tender care they gave us. As soon as I received the wonderful news I telephoned to my parents, who were in St. Louis at the time.

"YOU can do anything if you are just determined. Of course, there have been moments of discouragement when I thought I'd never amount to anything. But I never entertained these depressing thoughts for long. I'd shake them off and start again with a renewed vigor."

The Radio Queen had a mature philosophy for her tender years—she is only twenty-three.

"I have always had to figure things out for myself. Perhaps that is why I seem to be older. I have had to take care of my younger sisters and brothers, and they depended upon me.

"What is your recipe for beauty?" was asked.

(*Continued on page 123*)

"Thrills"

Graham McNamee And Phil Cook Tell of Their Greatest Moments

Read About the Greatest Thrills in Floyd Gibbons' Life in December Radio Digest.

GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen of the Radio Digest audience, this is Graham McNamee speaking from his office in the National Broadcasting Company, and I am going to tell you of the two hundred and thirty-four thousand thrills I have had during my eight years of Radio announcing.

Well, you may think that that number is a little bit exaggerated, but, oh boy, if you could have been with me at the seventy-five football games I have reported by air, thirty-eight world series baseball games, or the fifteen championship prize fights, or even the four crew races, you would believe me when I say I must have lost track of at least an additional 1,000,000 spinal column tingles.

Yes, of course I am, by nature, about as enthusiastic as a school boy over everything in sports, always have been, and I hope I always will be, but how in the world could anyone see little Albie Booth push giants aside as he dashes over a gridiron like a drunken jack rabbit, or recall the wild dashes of Red Grange, or see Frankie Frisch scoop up impossible balls and turn them into world series victories, or recall Jack Dempsey at his best, and remain blasé?

Nope, it just wouldn't be human, that's all, to be a part of the indescribably spectacular and colorful crowds that attend our sporting events and just pass it off with a shrug of the shoulders.



Graham McNamee, the Demon Announcer, gets a big kick in talking to Andy Cohen of the Giants.

Well, it would be almost impossible for me to tell you what has been the greatest thrill I have had since I became a Radio announcer in May of 1922, during the noon recess of a trial on which I was a juryman. I say since I became a Radio announcer, because before that time, I didn't know much about thrills. I was just another baritone.

But boy, oh, boy, you should have been with me at any one of the sporting events that I have covered and you would know why it is that I am so wrapped up in Radio. Why it is that I say that the powers-that-be in the National Broadcasting Company office would have to kick me out bodily before I would consent to give up broadcasting.

Believe me, it isn't altogether the money I am getting out of it—though, of course, that helps a lot—it is the thrill upon thrill that I am getting out of the work. Work? Why, it is a real pleasure!

Rubbing elbows with kings and knaves, prize-fighters and princes, queens and quacks, cardinals and commons, presidents and passers-by—that has been my lot for the last eight years, and every day has brought me new thrills before the mike.

I can't drive out of my mind—and I hope I never forget—the Benny Friedmans, the Albie Booths, the Red Granges, the Paul Sculls, the Frankie Frisches, the Tony Lazzeris, the Babe Ruths, and the Lefty Groves that have made my last few years just one pleasure after another.

Benny Friedman throwing a long pass that means victory to that other famous Benny — Oosterban, 'oy Benny to Yah Benny—Oh Boy! The four horsemen and their picturesque shift that always meant yardage for Notre Dame; Grover Cleveland Alexander shuffling into the

Leonard Stewart Smith Writes Down the Most Vivid Impressions of the Air Notables Who Have Had Tingling Experiences



Jack Dempsey at the mike, while crowds of interested onlookers almost crowd Graham and the pugilist out of the picture.

box to fan Tony Lazzeri for the last out and the long end of the World Series money!

Gee. willikins, Memory—don't ever blot out the picture I carry in my mind of little Albie Booth; or Paul Scull playing his last game against Cornell, or Chris Cagle, snaking his way through the Stanford Huskies—or Light Horse Harry Wilson almost winning the last Army and Navy game in the dark of Soldier Field, in the last few seconds of play with the score tied at 21 to 21.

No, No, Memory, you can't take these pictures away from me—not the picture of the Lindbergh reception—when Vincent Callahan got me the famous "pass Graham McNamee anywhere, anytime" card from the Washington police authorities, and permitted me to broadcast from Lindbergh's side throughout the ceremonies. Memory cannot dim the supreme thrill of seeing Howard Ehmke pitch the opening game of the 1929 world series, the greatest pitched game I have ever seen —between the Philadelphia Athletics and the Chicago Cubs—and the hot dogs they passed to me in the midst of the game —or the day that Al Marsters was hurt—ending the Dartmouth star's brilliant career.

Nothing that could possibly happen to me from now on could dim the recollection of my broadcasting from a plane that kept continually circling 5,000 feet above my home at 106th street and Broadway, New York, while I was in communication with Frank M. Hawks, the transcontinental lane speed record holder. I pictured my wife, who always listens into my broadcasts, both listening in and watching the plane in which I was riding, as it circled above my home. Gee willikins, how that thought thrilled me. I wasn't talking to the millions of listeners-in that night. I was talking to Mrs. McNamee.

Yes, sir, I am right in heaven. Red Grange has the ball,—he's through—ten yards, fifteen, twenty—twenty-five—it would take a machine gun to stop that boy—it's a touchdown! Oh, boy, that was some run—let me tell you about it.

They're off! Gallant Fox is trailing! He takes the lead. What a race!

The seventh round of the second Dempsey-Tunney Fight in Chicago. Tunney is down. One—Two—Three—Tunney is out—No. What a thrill! I thought I would never recover from the excitement of that occasion. Or even the first Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia—the rain—

Here comes someone out of the bull pen—it's Alex—none other than Grover Cleveland Alexander—Old Alex—he's going to pitch to Tony Lazzeri—push 'em up Tony—Strike one—oh, boy, Alex is sure pitching his head off—two are out—the bases are loaded—and all the Cardinals have to do is to get one more man out and they will collect the winners' share of the world's series proceeds. Strike two—gee willikins, that cut right through the heart of the plate—Tony swung and if he had hit that ball the game and series would be over—the pitch—here it is—strike three—he's out! Alex struck him out—boy, oh, boy—

Here comes a little fellow out of the Yale bench—yes, its Booth. None other than Albie Booth. All right. Yale is in a huddle. They are lining up now. Booth is off—ten—they've got him—no, he's up again—snaking his way through that field—twenty-five yards—He's down—yes, sir—I don't believe he will be able to get up after that tackle—he was thrown hard —there Booth bounced up like he was a rubber ball. He was thrown hard enough to knock out a Dempsey or Tunney, but not hard enough to knock out little Albie Booth! No sir.



Grief for Phil Cook fans! His biggest moment will be when he puts his fifteen personalities in the box and takes up the silent paint-brush.

EHMKE is pitching the game of his life—He has made these big swingers of the Chicago Cubs look like inmates of the old soldiers' home. Al Simmons—it's a home run—those Athletics have staged their famous seven run rally —pulled the game out of the fire for the world series.

Say I could go on forever with reminiscences of the—say, I said it was 234,000 —but if I said a million it would be closer to the truth.

Listen folks, isn't it equal to a thousand or more thrills the way I broke into Radio? Here I was, just a juryman out during the noon recess—I stepped into the office of WEAF at 195 Broadway—they gave me an audition as just another baritone—they signed me up—and holy mackerel, eight years have passed and here I am still at it——

And think of it, think of it, folks—this year and the next I will have the unequalled pleasure of telling all you people about maybe hundreds of other sports events before I finally fold up my tent like the Arab and silently steal away.

Before the year is over I'll probably be telling you about the latest exploits of Albie Booth describing how he dashes down the field like a bat out of—the blue sky.

Before the year is over I'll be carried away with the spectacle before me a hundred or more times—and make a hundred or more mistakes—but who cares about mere details—whether Booth or Gentle or "Trick" Bennett, Jackie James of Princeton, Josh Williams of Pittsburgh, McClelland of Yale, Siano of Fordham, Vic Harding and Wood of Harvard, Link Fogarty of Brown, Charley Greene or Warren Gette of Penn or Martin Brill or Monaghan of Notre Dame fumbles or gains—is thrown for a loss—

I will have seen Al Simmons and Mickey Cochrane and Frankie Frisch and Lefty Grove—what difference does it make whether they fizzle or star—

Most Radio listeners miles away from the scene of major sporting events look to me to convey them there in imagination, to give them color, the feel of the crowd, the intensity of the atmosphere, the gaiety. They're interested in the essential drama of the situation and in the sidelights quite as much as they are in the matters of how many strikes have been called and how many yards have been gained or lost by Yale, dear old Rutgers, Notre Dame or Army.

Phil Cook

ACCORDING to Phil Cook, it was a long time between unforgettable moments.

Some fourteen years ago the Philip Cooks, Mr. and Mrs., found they had five hundred dollars in the bank. That represented savings from the small salary of $35 a week paid to a commercial pen and ink artist. Just a member of a staff of a not-too-famous advertising agency.

For more than three weeks they made daily visits to automobile row—such as it was in those days—in Newark, New Jersey. They looked at Packards, Cadillacs, Haynes's and other famous, high-priced cars of the day. They looked at them and hoped that some day they could own one. Then they carried their savings to the agency handling the Dodge four—then a funny little car, a step removed from a Ford, and with a most unorthodox gear shift. So they paid out $425 of their $500 as the down payment on the car; some $15 more for a license; $2 for gas and oil, and drove the car away. That car gave Phil his greatest thrill.

The first night the Philip Cooks of Newark had their new car they drove to down-town Newark, parked the car beside the curb in front of a motion picture theater, stood admiring it for about ten minutes and then went into the theater. Five times during the first hour Mr. Philip Cook, artist, came out of the theater to see if the car was still there. After the fifth hasty exit, the Cooks decided that they didn't want to see the show, but that they wanted to take a long ride in the country around Newark instead.

When he discovered the

LACONIA

Sinking Beneath His Feet

And he rushed to his state room for his neversink suit

Floyd Gibbons

Felt a Thrill but *Not* His

Greatest Thrill

You'll read what that was in the

DECEMBER RADIO DIGEST

"I kept reminding Philip that the sign pasted on the windshield warned the driver that the car was not to be driven faster than 25 miles an hour for the first 500 miles," Mrs. Cook told me.

"And I wanted to see how fast she could go," Phil chimed in. "'But dear,' she said to me, 'the sign on the windshield says . . .' And I kept saying 'gee, I wonder how fast.' I got her up to 35 miles an hour, but I was afraid."

We skip 14 years. Because nothing much happened, except that Philip Cook obtained a contract to do a series of cover illustrations for Collier's Weekly, and won third prize in an art exhibit in Newark, competing against such world-famous artists as Treadler and Penfield Fancher, and had a salary boost to $5,000 a year.

We find instead of Philip Cook, commercial artist for an advertising agency, a man who has become known the world over as Phil Cook, still a commercial artist, but the ether waves have superseded the paint brush—and he is "commercial artist" in the parlance of Radio broadcasting. He is now the earliest Radio comedian in the world—he starts giving his comedy to the world at 6:30 in the morning—and he has become one of the highest paid artists in the world— He is now receiving as much for a week's work as he did for a whole year's work at the time the story opens.

He is now Phil Cook, the Lon Chaney of the Air, receiving $2500 a week!

We come now to the second and greatest thrill in the life of Phil Cook—the birth of his first baby!

"At first," Phil said, "She was more of a scare to me than a thrill. But now, she is now almost a year old, she is a thrill a minute!"

"BUT tell me," I asked. "Doesn't your Radio work thrill you? Didn't your recent broadcast during which you imitated 15 persons in six minutes give you a thrill?" I asked.

"Not a bit," he replied. "I have been rehearsing my Radio work for years. Studied it as I did my art, earlier in my career. That is too commercial. Just a means to an end. There is no thrill in that except that I am fast acquiring a bankroll that will enable me to retire before I am forty—I am thirty-eight now—and spend the rest of my days just playing with Phyllis—we named her Phyllis——and drawing when I want to."

"In other words, Mr. Cook," I asked. "you plan to retire from the Radio within two years?"

"Yes," he replied most definitely, "Within two years. At present my contract—with Quaker Oats, if you don't know that—has almost a whole year to run, with an option for renewal. After that goodbye Radio—except for occasional appearances!

"Then I will return to my art—the career I had cut out for myself when I was a boy, in Coldwater, Michigan.

"It's a funny thing, but music and entertaining have cropped up at various times to check my desire to draw. You see, mother was a musician. But I had never had any musical training.

"Notwithstanding, when I was sixteen, a member of the Elks' Club of East Orange had heard me sing, and had offered me $10 if I would entertain that club at a smoker. I did give up music for all of 12 years. Then friends advised me that I ought to go into Radio."

Rockefeller's MAGIC

RADIO CITY

Up from the Dust Clouds of Crumbling Walls will arise Marble Palaces—a Dream Come True

By Bruce Gray

THOMAS A. EDISON after numberless experiments finally put a bit of cotton thread in a vacuum tube set it aglow with electric current—and thus was born the first incandescent light.

From that lamp arose a genie more important and powerful by a million times than the genie slave of the lamp controlled by Aladdin. What would the Aladdin of the Thousand Nights imagine if he could roll back the curtain of his long sleep and behold today the scene in the heart of New York where hundreds of workmen with sledges and picks are crushing down the walls and floors of whole blocks of buildings to erect the architectural triumph of the age to be known as Radio City, an evolution of the electric vacuum tube.

For Aladdin it would seem just another dream—a great vision to vanish like a mist with the morning sun of reality. But to the modern American listener it soon will be a miraculous fact. When Radio Digest first announced the sketchy outlines of the plan earlier in the year it seemed almost too fantastic to become an actuality.

But out of the clouds of flying dust and mortar will arise this prodigious enterprise of solid, concrete, limestone and marble walls. The demolition of existing buildings is in itself a great undertaking.

They are tearing down acres of brownstone houses, office buildings, restaurants and shops on an area, three blocks square, in the heart of New York City. Many famous old land-marks are being sacrificed on the altar of human progress. Phoenix-like, there will arise from the ruins a great cultural center that will far surpass anything of its kind in the world.

Radio City will be entirely complete by the fall of 1933. It will be financed by the John D. Rockefeller Jr. interests and will involve a total investment of over



Merlin H. Aylesworth

$250,000,000. The construction work is expected to alleviate to no little extent the unemployment in New York City.

This new cultural center, devoted to Radio's progress in the fields of sound and vision, will be complete in every respect—truly a city within a city. It will be erected as a complete architectural unit of great beauty and utility. It will include: four theatres, a large symphony hall, twenty-seven broadcasting studios, a sixty-story office building and numerous other structures, notably an oval building of moderate height and beautiful design, which will be located on the Fifth Avenue side of the development.

The plot on which Radio City is being built extends from 48th Street to 51st Street and from Fifth Avenue to Sixth Avenue—three square blocks the real estate value alone of which is staggering. It is this plot that was originally assembled by the Rockefeller interests and offered to the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company for an operatic and musical center, which was to have included a new opera house—a thing New York City has needed for years. However, something went awry and this site for the operatic center was abandoned.

Mr. Rockefeller subsequently broached the subject of a Radio City to David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, believing that the Radio industry was the logical one to be so represented. Mr. Sarnoff admitted that such an enterprise had been a dream that he had nurtured for years. Mr. Aylesworth of the NBC and the R.C.A. officials were enthusiastic about the idea, particularly in view of the fact that the amazing growth of the lusty infant, Radio, has made it practically impossible to obtain adequate quarters in which to house her. However, definite announcement of the plan was withheld pending the acquirement of the necessary property on the Sixth Avenue side of the development, so that exits and entrances might be provided from that side.

FRONTING Fifth Avenue and forming the central structure on that side of the development will be the oval building, previously mentioned. On the first floor will be located many fine shops. The second floor will be occupied by a large banking institution. On the roof there will be a restaurant, with an outdoor promenade running around the entire building. This oval building will extend to a magnificent garden plaza, which will be cut through the development and will run parallel with Fifth Avenue, from 48th Street to 51st Street. No expense or effort



Aladdin wouldn't believe his eyes to see the real thing!

will be spared to make the plaza, which will be almost as wide as the average city block, the most impressive boulevard of its kind in the world. Fountains, statuary and beautiful garden plots will add a decorative touch.

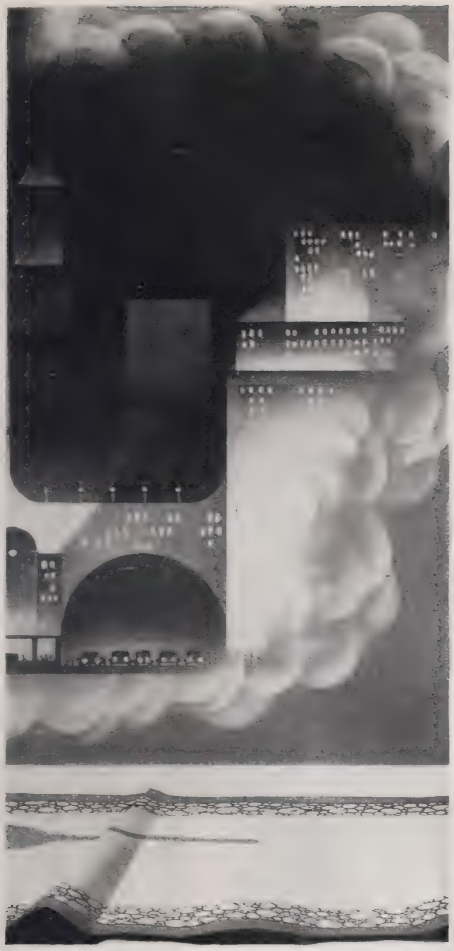
A huge sixty-story office building will tower over the entire development and will extend from the west side of the plaza through to Sixth Avenue. From this central office building a grand corridor, about three stories in height, will run to the other surrounding office buildings. All of these structures, incidentally, will be in architectural harmony with the rest of the unit. Over a million square feet of space will be leased in the various office structures by the Radio Corporation of America, the National Broadcasting Company, the RCA Victor Corporation of America, the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation and its subsidiary, Radio Pictures, and RCA Photophone, Inc. The Radio Corporation will have its executive offices in the sixty-story office building.

The 27 broadcasting studios will also be located in the sixty-story building. The technical and artistic experience which the National Broadcasting Company has gained in years of operation will be embodied in these studios. Some of the studios will be two or three stories in height and will, in effect, be concert halls. Ten of them will be designed for photography and recording, inasmuch as television looms on the horizon. Ample provision will be made for Radio fans to see the artists at work.

Of the four theatres to be included in Radio City, one will be devoted to variety, a second to sound, a third to musical comedy, and a fourth to dramatic productions. In leasing and operating these theatres the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation purposes to use the technique of all the arts in the creation of its entertainment programs.

The theatre devoted to variety will seat over 7,000 and will introduce many new ideas in variety entertainment, according to Hiram S. Brown, president of R-K-O. Among the innovations will be new lighting effects made possible by recent electrical progress and a stage, built upon an engineering principle, that will make it visible from all parts of the house.

The second theatre, which will seat about 5,000, will be especially designed for sound motion pictures. Heretofore, all theatres have been built upon the acoustical and visual principles of the older forms of motion picture entertainment, although sound has since been



added to all the larger theatres. In this instance, however, a beautiful theatre will be built around the Radio and electrical developments that have recently revolutionized the motion picture art.

The third theatre will be especially designed for musical comedy productions. Sound has welded music to the screen. In this theatre creative talent will be developed and public experiments will be conducted looking to the presentation of better screen entertainment.

Finally, there will be a theatre devoted to dramatic productions of a selective character. It will be used in much the same manner as will the one for musical comedy. All of the theatres will be equipped for the broadcasting of sound and, eventually, for the broadcasting of sight directly from the stage.

The streets surrounding the new development will be widened, giving the new structures fronting them more light and air, and will also provide better curb facilities for shops and buildings. Transportation arteries from every direction will lead to and from the new Radio City, but the traffic problem will be reduced to a minimum by huge underground bus terminals and by subterranean parking arrangements that will take care of thousands of cars and will form underground boulevards for automobile traffic. In addition, plans are now being drawn for a great parking tower to give additional facilities for motor parking. All deliveries within the Radio metropolis will be effected from underground.

The architects working on this project are Reinhard & Hofmeister; Raymond Hood, Godley & Fouilhoux; and Corbett, Harrison and MacMurray.

It is not difficult to picture what a tremendous part Radio City will play in the cultural life of the city and the nation. From the decorative standpoint it will give New York City a stupendous architectural monument that will fittingly mark the rise of the Radio industry from the status of a doubtful experiment to one of the country's greatest public servants and, as President Merlin H. Aylesworth, of the National Broadcasting Company, so aptly expresses it, "the recognized means for the syndication of entertainment, education and information on a nationwide and, at times, a worldwide basis."

Furthermore, Radio City will radically alter the skyline in midtown New York and will establish new standards of city planning. It will provide an interchangeability of service and technique that should do much to advance all of the arts encompassed. It will furnish facilities for all artists who deserve a wide audience. It should prove a tremendous boon to Radio broadcasting and the screen by giving them added reservoirs of dramatic, musical and entertainment service which are not now available.

In short, Radio City will undoubtedly prove a veritable Mecca for all artists who have a legitimate claim to public attention and, likewise, to the ever-curious laymen who will likely make pilgrimages from many miles around to see this mighty Temple of the Arts.

John R. Todd, of the Todd, Robertson & Todd Engineering Corporation, New York, who acted for the John D. Rockefeller, Jr., interests in concluding negotiations with president David Sarnoff, of the Radio Corporation of America, looking to the establishment of Radio City, says:

"A development of this character, which would at once create an architectural unit that would typify American progress in city planning and would provide a center for the radiation of the best type of entertainment and of musical culture, has long been the dream of those connected with the project.

"The new electrical arts, which have enormously extended the fields of sound and vision, promise for the entertainment and educational arts the greatest possible service to the greatest possible number."

Roxy for Boss?

WILL S. L. Rothafel ("Roxy") be the master mind of the new Radio City? It has been strongly rumored in Radio circles that he will give up the management of the Roxy Theatre in New York at the termination of his present contract and that he will become actively identified with the National Broadcasting Company as supervisor of productions.

If ever there was a man whose achievements have been a chronicle of turning fanciful dreams into material realities Roxy is the man. His trail on Broadway is a row of palatial playhouses.

Roxy recently left for a two-months' trip to Europe. His rise in the entertainment field has been predicated to no small extent on the popularity he gained through Radio broadcasting, in which he was one of the pioneers. It goes without saying that the vast Radio City will require an executive head who is accustomed to dealing with tremendous projects. Roxy seems to fill the bill in every respect. Perhaps his trip to Europe may have special significance in the development of this plan.—EDITOR.



Mr. and Mrs. Morrow

Hail and FAREWELL!

By
DWIGHT W. MORROW

American Statesman Greets Countrymen from Mexico as He Bids Sister Republic Adieu During the Collier Hour

Address of Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow in Collier's Radio Hour Sunday Evening September 14, 1930.

I AM grateful to Collier's for the opportunity to speak to the large Radio audience of the United States on this, my last Sunday evening in Mexico.

Three years ago Mrs. Morrow and I came to Mexico. We have been very happy here. We have received many kindnesses at the hands of the Mexican government and at the hands of the Mexican people. As the time comes for us to say goodbye, we feel how deeply we are going to miss Mexico.

Those who have resided in Mexico for some time realize that the spell of the country enters into one's blood. It is partly the unexcelled climate. It is partly the charm of the oldest civilization in the western hemisphere.

Mexico offers delightful weather for twelve months of the year. It is cool here in summer; it is warm in winter. Flowers are everywhere. There is sunshine every day in the year. The Mexican people are hospitable and instinctively courteous. They have a native artistic gift which expresses itself in every kind of handicraft, in pottery, in weaving, in wonderful toys, and in gay songs. The land is adorned with countless old churches and other buildings, which show the artistic genius of the people.

One may see impressive remains of ancient civilization in the valleys of Mexico, in Yucatan and in Oaxaca. The landscape is marvellously beautiful. One's first sight of a little town like Cuernavaca, only fifty miles from Mexico City, lying like a golden bowl of color and sunshine at the foot of two giant snow-capped volcanoes, is never to be forgotten, nor is the first glimpse of Tecoco, a hillside town in Guerrero, its red roofs built above high precipices of red stone and rising from them a great church with a dome of orange, green and white tiles, in the bright

ght looking just like a huge flower. r tourists who make long journeys ss favored parts of the world are ting a wonderland which lies at very door and is easily accessible. e may stand in the Ameri- mbassy tonight and speak the telephone to New York and have his voice broad- by Radio throughout the d States. One hundred ago—before we had the raph or the telephone or the o. it took more than one h to communicate from the al of the United States to apital of Mexico. Today two countries are literally to face.

WE MUST not isled, however, by the growth hese mechanical appliances. increase of machinery by h man communicates with does not necessarily mean understanding will be better e future than in the past. is too often assumed that tific inventions prevent mis- rstanding. Machines, how- do not understand each r. Man may make a perfect hine, but it will still depend man himself whether the hine shall be an instrument derstanding or not.

we could all get clearly into minds that other men have uch pride in the dignity of nations as we have in our the solution of international lems would be less difficult. is the duty of every one of diplomatic representatives to reign nation to defend faith- the proper interests of his ntry and of his countrymen. t is his legal duty and his al duty. If he fails in that , no other success can com- sate for that failure. But it so the duty of the representa- of the foreign country to nd his country and people. We can best defend the rights our own country when we erstand the rights of other ntries. It is upon that funda- ntal principle that interna- al law is built.

We were told before we came Mexico that the essential g in a foreign country is to to understand how foreigners *er* from ourselves. There is nothing of value in that ad- e. But at the end of three rs, it seems to us that the ential thing to do in a foreign ntry is to study the *likenesses* men rather than their differ- es.

When it comes to the profound experiences of life, the men and women on this small earth are not very different. When it comes to the death of parents or the birth of children, or the straining of eager eyes for needed rain, or the rising and standing uncovered of great groups of people when a national anthem is played, the men and women and children of this earth behave in much the same way.

We are more like each other than we are willing to admit to one another.

There is an old story which might well be remembered by those who go to foreign lands. A religion grew up in Asia some three thousand years ago. A particular group of learned people devoted themselves to keeping that religion pure and undefiled. They observed its law. They subordinated themselves to its ritual. They carried the forms of that religion along until the appointed time had come when it might transform western civilization. And yet, by the arrogance of one man, the sect of the Pharisees is popularly judged today, not by the epistles of St. Paul, but by a single prayer to the Lord.

Could there be anything more tragic? A Pharisee and a publican pray side by side—for two thousand years their prayers have come down to the people of the world wherever the story is known. The very word Pharisee has become a byword and reproach. In the pulpit, in the study of the scholar, in the market place, on the street, the Pharisee is condemned. And everywhere, the publican is pitied or even praised!

The Pharisee, who was educated, who was efficient, who kept the law and the statutes, dared to stand erect in the presence of his God and thank Him that he was unlike other men. The publican, who had broken the laws, lowered his eyes in the presence of his God and asked for forgiveness of his sins.

ONE man exalted himself; the other humbled himself. The difference is a difference in standards. The Pharisee compared himself with other men, and boasted of his strength. The publican compared himself with his God—and asked forgiveness for his sins.

It is our fundamental likeness to other men that enables us to understand them, and to live in peace and friendship with them.

Is it too much to hope that some day the nations of this earth may pray: "Lord God of Hosts, we give Thee thanks that Thou, in Thy wisdom and Thy mercy, hast made us like other men!"



Dwight W. Morrow has been heard on various occasions over the Radio. Note his genial smile.

Percy Grainger

Famous Composer Says "Inspiration is Only a Form of Health"

NUMBER Seven Cromwell Place is just another address in White Plains, New York.

This simple house has no special sign of distinction to indicate that one of the greatest contemporary composers lives there, but that is the way with houses. They reveal nothing. They are like the covers of great books, indifferent to the great truths that sound throughout their pages, or like some of the dull rocks unaware of the brilliant diamonds that sparkle in their bosoms.

Now a dwelling that houses a great musician like Percy Aldridge Grainger might reflect some of the inspiration that throbs with such a vital force within its wooden limitations. It might devise whimsical inventions so that passers will know that here lives an immorta an individual through whom races a nations find their way to song.

The shingles might hum a little tune vagrant winds pass over them, and stairs might trip by each other merri The creak of the hammock should certa ly be able to catch some of the songs th take flight and should reproduce th when the zephyrs go for a little jaunt.

But, no. There is the house. And li every other house it is just content serve its only purpose of shelter. windows are like a blind man's emp sockets. They stare blankly at one. to be at the very heels of immortality and to remain impervious!

The cabman left me at the foot of t steps and murmured, "Oh, Mr. Grainge house."

I ran lightly up the stairs and rang t bell.

"Mr. Grainger, please," I said to t butler with a tone feigning an everyd speaking acquaintance with great compo ers.

Mr. Grainger came out to meet n He wore a white sweater and a pair tennis trousers, and looked more like athlete than a musician.



Percy Grainger, known as "Only Cheerful, Sunny Composer Living"

HE HAD the appearanc vigor and spirit of a man of thirty though he had just passed his forty-eigh birthday—all of which goes to show th birthdays are indeed no ideal measur ments of age and are, therefore, co veniently ignored by certain of my sist writers and others who refuse to bud at the onslaught of birthdays, once the are entrenched at thirty-five.

Perfect health, Mr. Grainger believe is an important element in an artist's lif "I think the vigor of one's heart beat a strong determining factor in artist inspiration," he said. "If all musician walked very fast for two hours a da they would all be more inspired. Inspir tion is only a form of health.

"Chopin and Beethoven were gre walkers in their youth. Wagner was tree climber." (This fact is no assuranc

Chats

with

Anne B. Lazar

ver, that Wagnerian genius flows gh the veins of the present-day sters who have taken to tree sitting means of achieving great heights.)

nd," continued Mr. Grainger, "when ng man, Bach walked sixty or eighty each way to hear Buxtehude, the ist."

r. Grainger has a great admiration physical prowess. It is said that he hed with glee three men laboriously g a heavy piano on a hot day and g to get it around a little old stair-

It is also said that Mr. Grainger often open a door with his foot just n outlet for his energy. The story stirred my curiosity.

personally did not have the privilege eing him go through this performance, ough I was secretly hoping that I it enjoy such a sight.

NEITHER did the famous poser slide down the enticing banisters he was leading me to his fireproof n in the cellar.

nd what a treasure house that was! shelves on each side of the room fairly groaning under the weight of products of genius, jacketed in music es and in tile portraits.

ne set of shelves was marked, "Ella". is Mrs. Grainger—and here are ed her paintings. Everything was ly wrapped and piled up on the ves. Mr. Grainger displayed a very sense of order. He did not nervously off wrappers and fling them just any-re, but untied precious little bundles repacked them meticulously.

Ir. Grainger took out his manuscript, a Nordic Princess," so that it might reproduced for this page. This com-ition is dedicated to his wife and was ved for the first time at their wedding ch was held in Hollywood some two rs ago. It was again presented on of the recent programs over the Na-al Broadcasting Company. The in-ption, or program note, which appears the music sheets, has an ineffable ten-ness:

Now and then in Scandinavia may be



This Bridal Song was a Wedding-Gift to Mrs. Grainger

met a Nordic type of womanhood, half boyish yet wholly womanly, whose soft, flawless loveliness is like that of a fairy tale princess; whose wondrous radiance makes real for us the sun goddesses of the nature of myths; whose broad shoulders, amazon limbs, fearless glance, and freedom of deed and bearing recall the Viking chieftainesses of the sagas; whose cornfield hair and cornflower eyes awaken thoughts of the silent fruitfulness of the soil and of the lowly lives of land tillers: whose graceful ease in riming, painting, singing, dancing, swimming, is the all life-embracing giftedness of an unspoiled nature race.

Such an uncrowned princess may be found in castle or cottage, in town or country-side, amongst high-born or low-born alike; for hers is dead-rock aristocraticness of race, not mere top layer aristocraticness of class, culture, and breeding.

"To meet her is to have all one's boyhood fairy-dreams and hero-dreams come true.

"Such a one is my sweet wife-to-be—Ella Viola Ström—and to her this bridal song is offered as a wedding-gift and fondly honor-tokened in pride of race and personal love."

Yes, "the silent fruitfulness of the soil" expresses Mr. Grainger's own life. The words effortlessly flow from his lips and I am sure that there is the same silent rising of song within him. Neither does the sun *thunder* its largesse onto this little planet of ours.

While we were in the fireproof room,

(*Continued on page 117*)

Suspens

By Arthu

Illustrated by
Gordon Samsta

Some Deep Intangible Fe
Gripped the Mothe
Heart—Bit by Bit h
Suspicions Seemed
Confirm Her Thoug



THE dining room of the Mortimers' house was by no means an apartment reserved only for meals. It was the centre of the family life, where Alan Mortimer, its nominal head, read his newspapers, scribbled his infrequent poems and articles, or burnt the notes from editors that accompanied their rejection; where, moreover, the wife and daughter of the genius enjoyed what comfort they could in such corners as were not littered with manuscripts; and to which Edward Mortimer, the rising hope of the house, returned as little as was conveniently possible.

Just now it presented a very characteristic appearance. At the head of the large table sat Mr. Mortimer, senior, his forehead supported on his hands, forgetful of the world in his rapt perusal of a copy of the Evening Register, one number of which he had selected from a pile of others at his elbow. Among the matters to which he was blind was the fact that Miss Irene Mortimer, assisted by the maid, had arrived at that point of the table-laying for supper when it could be carried no farther while he occupied his present position.

"Let me see," Irene was saying to herself just under her breath. "Mother and father, that's two; me, three; Mr. Gibbs, four; Miss Trixie, five; and Mr. Edward, six." She made a hurried calculation. "And for to-night, Amy, as it's his party, you must lay Mr. Edward at the top, where father is."

Amy faltered. "I didn't like to disturb the master."

"I'll do that," said Irene, with the calmness of efficiency. She placed a hand upon the velvet-coated shoulder of her parent.

"Father!"

Mr. Mortimer grunted impatiently, without looking up.

"Father, dear," continued Irene, "I don't want to disturb you but you really are quite dreadfully in the way there."

At this the other raised his head, revealing a pale and thought-clouded face under a profusion of neglected hair streaked with grey. It was this, together with the absence of collar, and the velvet jacket, which combined to produce in Mr. Mortimer a vaguely "artistic" appearance, upon which his family rather prided itself.

"Eh?" he muttered. "I'm sorry, my dear, I didn't notice."

"Nobody's going to be cross," said Irene, "so don't look miserable. Here come over here for bit." In her pra tical way she h shepherded him a chair beside t fire before he h time to protes "Now you're right. And there are the rest of yo papers, though why you should want

Trixie Wanted the Diamond, Edward was a Trusted Employe in the Bank and—He Had to Please Her

u ckersley



"Never mind what he says, it's what's here in the paper about him."

d five at once beats
!" she exclaimed.
'My dear!" Touched on his enthusi-
n, the spirit of the elder Mortimer was
used to instant activity. "It's this won-
rful new series of articles that I told
u about yesterday——"
"I believe," said Irene, "you did men-
n something of the kind. Are they nice?"

"They're wonderful! There are to be six altogether, ending to-night. That's why I've been running through the first five again before the paper-boy comes. He's about due now."

Irene was instructing Amy in whispers, and gave but a half-hearted attention to her parent's rhapsody. "Are they funny?" she asked, absently.

Mr. Mortimer acknowledged this only with a glare. "The title," he said, "is 'Personality and Crime.' Of course, that's old enough. But it's the point of view. There's one passage here that I was reading to your brother that seems to me absolutely inspired. Whoever wrote it is a genius."

"Don't they give the name?"

"No." Mr. Mortimer was turning over the pages. "It's only the last that is to be signed. We might know any minute now. Ah! here it is. Speaking of temptation, he says——"

But what he said was not destined to be read aloud just then, for at that moment Amy, who had opened the door, stepped back to admit the enthusiast's wife. Mary Mortimer was a woman who might once have been beautiful, and whose face, lined with years of struggle and anxiety, had still both charm and dignity. Her manner was quiet to repression, but every now and then a keen observer might have detected signs in it, a catch in the voice, or a nervous movement of the hands, that betrayed a great and growing anxiety.

"MR. EDWARD isn't back yet, is he, Amy?" she asked, as she entered.

"It's only just past his time, mother," Irene interposed, before the maid could reply.

"Of course, dear. Still, if he should be at all late we can wait supper a little."

Irene scouted the idea. "As if Ned would be late to-night, of all nights!" she cried.

Here Mr. Mortimer, who was suffering from the natural irritation of the frustrated reader-aloud, broke in peevishly.

"What on earth is to-night that there

should be all this great fuss about it?"

"Father!" Irene turned upon him with mock indignation. "You don't remember that it's the birthday of your future daughter-in-law!"

"You mean what's-her-name?"

"Exactly. In other words, Trixie. The future Mrs. Edward. This banquet is in her honor. She's coming, and young Gibbs from Edward's bank. It's a party."

MORTIMER groaned. "Oh, dear!" he complained. "I suppose that means a collar, eh?"

"Well," Irene favored her parent with an ingratiating smile. "If you could rise to that display of magnificence——"

As usual she gained her point. "Humbug, I call it," said Mr. Mortimer. But he rose as he spoke. "Don't let the boy pass while I'm upstairs, that's all," he commanded, at the door.

Mrs. Mortimer had seated herself by the fire. At the last words she looked up quickly, almost suspiciously. "What boy?"

"Oh, nothing. Only, you know how Ned is. He's the wonderfullest person in the world, of course. But he is a bit vague for a bank clerk, isn't he?"

"You ought not to say things like that, Irene."

"Sorry, mum. But you know how often Edward gets moods. Last night for instance, when father would read aloud to him out of the Evening Register. He looked so queer. Almost as though he were frightened of something."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Mortimer rebuked her daughter with unusual sharpness. "Why should he be frightened?"

"That's what I say. But he did go perfectly white. When father was reading

upset Edward far more than he sh
One of his friends proving a thief!
they used to see a lot of one anoth
one time. Poor little Hughes! He w
altogether a bad sort, either. It
have been terrible for his people!"

"Oh!" Mrs. Mortimer answered
and her voice was startling in its su
passion. "That's what one always
without realizing in the least wha
means! Can you fancy them, as I
done lately, that evening when he d
come home? All night they waited,
he didn't come. And in the morning
was a telegram telling them what
happened. Up till then they might
saved him. Perhaps one may even
suspected, and not dared to speak.



There was a
ment's pause
Irene tore the
velope.

"Oh, nothing," said Irene. "Only the evening paper. Father's so queer," she added. "Reading seems to him quite as if it mattered."

The elder woman had relapsed again, and was staring into the fire. "Your father's an exceptionally clever man," she said, with mild reproof.

"That's what's the trouble," answered Irene. "If he wasn't a genius he'd be able to do something. And Edward's just such another. How long d'you suppose he'll stay at that bank?"

"Irene!" Once again Mrs. Mortimer looked up quickly, and this time the sudden fear on her face would have been patent to anyone less absorbed than the girl. "What—what do you mean?"

that bit about criminal temptation."

"Temptation!" it was the face of Edward's mother that was white now. She screened it from the girl with a hand that shook ever so slightly.

"I THOUGHT perhaps Edward was ill," continued Irene, thoughtfully. "Because come to think of it, he hasn't looked himself lately. Perhaps they work them too hard at that bank. He never tells us anything that goes on there, does he?"

"No, nothing," said Mrs. Mortimer, without turning.

"I believe," went on Irene, "that that affair of poor young Hughes running away

then it was too late. He was disgrac
his very name was to be hidden a
out of their lives and forgotten, or, i
was mentioned by accident, to becom
shameful thing, a thing that hurt. Th
what it means!"

"Why, mother!" Irene had recei
the outburst with bewildered astoni
ment. Then in her practical way
added, "I don't believe people rea
things like that if they're quite well."

Mrs. Mortimer had recovered her s
command: she seemed anxious to m
the girl forget its momentary loss. "I
all right, dear," she said, quickly. "O
sometimes things like that come home
one, that's all. And as for what's keep
Edward, he may have gone to call

e himself, and will bring her on."
f course," declared Irene, "and they'd
ure to come the longest way, being
ged."
was in the midst of the relief dif-
l by this theory that the front
bell was heard. "That can't be
," said Irene. "Ned wouldn't
"
Who—who can it be?" At the
d, all Mrs. Mortimer's re-
red calmness had deserted
her face had become
n.
You are a jumpy old thing, mother!"
hed Irene. "You're worse than Ned."
listened. After a moment a man's
e was audible in the passage. "I
ght so. It's young Gibbs from the
k; he'll liven us up."

IT WAS clear that the
ng gentleman who was immediately
rwards announced was of a character
to belie her words. Mr. Gibbs, albeit
tender years, and just at present a
erer from slight nervousness, was
rly one accustomed to shine in so-
y. He shook hands briskly with
two ladies.
"Hope I'm not too early," he said.
ut I knew old Ned would be here
how."
"Then you knew wrong," said
ne, archly. "Edward hasn't got
k from the office yet."
Mr. Gibbs was astonished at



"Oh dear me, no! Nobody brought me."

they sent him off as soon as he arrived."

"I didn't know you business men got holidays like that," said Irene.

"We don't as a rule, worse luck. But of course this time there was a reason for wanting the clerks out of the way. Someone from headquarters to go through the books. What you might call a surprise party!"

Mrs. Mortimer had been considering him attentively.

"Did they suspect anything wrong?" she asked now, in such an unexpected tone that Gibbs started.

"You never can tell with these chaps," he said. "They get ideas, that's where it is. Perhaps it would be some little wrong entry they'd find; perhaps nothing at all. But they're never satisfied."

"Thank you." She turned away as though the subject were closed. But on Irene's attention being distracted by the entrance of Amy, Mrs. Mortimer again approached the visitor. Her manner now was oddly timid, almost appealing.

"Forgive me, Mr. Gibbs," she said. "But will you tell me something quite honestly? How does my son get on—with them?"

The kindly Gibbs looked his embarrassment

"Why," he protested, "Mortimer's a rare clever chap; we all know that in the office. And one of the very best."

"You mean"—her eyes searched his face—"that they don't like him?"

"Oh, not so strong as that. But—well, I suppose we all have our little prejudices."

"But you know of nothing definite that they could have against him?"

"Certainly not," protested poor Gibbs. "What could there be? Oddly enough, though," he continued, becoming communicative, "Now Ned isn't here, I was going to ask you if he'd had any little bother on his mind lately."

Irene had again joined the group. She was the charming hostess.

"Edward is engaged to be married," she announced, proudly.

"I meant worse than that."

"Well, really, Mr. Gibbs!"

"Oh, of course, I didn't mean—" The visitor had become pink with confusion but friendship urged him forward. "Only two or three of us noticed that he's been looking sly and—and anxious these last few weeks."

"THERE, mother!" Irene was beginning. "What did I——"

But to her great astonishment Mrs. Mortimer interrupted her.

"It's kind of you to ask," she said; "but, indeed, we know of nothing."

"Well," answered Gibbs. "I'm sure I'm pleased to hear that. It can't be anything serious, or you'd have noticed before anyone."

"Yes," said Edward's mother, earnestly.

(Continued on page 126)

his
ews.
"Not
ack?" he
epeated.
That's queer."
"Why?"
"Well, only be-
ause he's had all day
o get back in." He ex-
plained: "You see, it was
his way. I was out at the office. When
I turned up about four, I heard that Mas-
ter Ned hadn't been at the bank all day;

A Plea for Continued

"*DAMN the torpedoes, go ahead!*" "*Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes!*" "*Till the last man falls!*" "*Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!*"

History keeps its hold on the interest of generation after generation through the drama of individual heroism personified by momentous phrases that breathe the very living spirit of courage. The great material accomplishments of man often sink low by comparison with the great intellectual inspirations of leadership.

Far be it from the editors of this magazine to assume a rôle in behalf of the great Radio public which has not been duly won by popular acclaim; but equally far be it from us to refrain from pointing out paths for service which readers of our magazine may take up and develop into close-to-holy crusades. The one great thing about Radio is that it is always dealing with people and with what they are getting out of life, spiritually as well as materially. With audiences vaster by many millions than any other means of communication either so immediate or so intimate, no one, however great or small, can approach a microphone without a real fee'ing of reverence—without an impressive realization of the mighty power he or she is wielding for better or for worse on human beings.

It matters little the type of mission, so long as the purpose is worthy. Entertainment that is clean and that brings enjoyment into the lives of people of all ages, sexes a races is indeed a God-like service and is not to be laugh off lightly as relatively inconsequential. Making peopl sick and well—feel happy is a service as worthy of hon rolls and decorations as are the more conventionally rec nized services of great educators, statesmen and batt scarred warriors. We do not live for wars, for sorrows a for drudgery. We live for pleasure of body and mind, a our teachers of religion, culture and enjoyment are at c in helping attain the pleasures of life minus only th follies which are at times erroneously labelled pleasures

Until now Radio has supplied its own censorship a from the standpoints of both morality and non-partisansh it has performed in a manner that places it head and sho ders over moving pictures and the press, both of whc majority virtues have been sullied somewhat by a minori salaciously inclined. To be sure there has been some ta as to whether Radio broadcasting is becoming dominat by too much outright advertising but that issue is practic and not ethical in nature. Moreover in the end, Radio pr grams whether sponsored or sustaining must meet wi popular approval or die of their own deadliness—again matter of practical control.

But what guarantee has the American people that th same effort at cleanliness and the same impartiality on co troversial subjects will continue to endure? What insu ance has the public against abuse of a power already gre and steadily growing greater in the number influenced, the degree of influence and in the variety of life-matters i volved? May not the greedy eyes of monopolists, keen conscious of the rapidly increasing commercial possibiliti in the broadcasting business, soon seek to create monop listic control—openly or if need be covertly?



MAY not great financial or industrial interests soon reco nize in domination of broadcasting a new and poter means of extending their power? May not religious grou with tremendous resources, or fanatical but well financed fa tions (such as the Reds of Russia) see in Radio domination new, relatively inexpensive but very effective means c backing their chosen "cause"? May not political power that-be or even sinister influences such as bootleggers an racketeers behold in Radio an insidious means of inocu lating an unsuspecting public with infectious propaganda

The threat of such things may not be imminent, but th threat should not be overlooked because of a temporary feel ing of safety. The time to guard against evil is before th devil has done his work; for then it is often too late.

The press of America in times of peace has never beer subject to official censorship of any kind—praise be. It ha always possessed leaders of men so that here in America nc policy such as now obtains in Russia and in Italy has ever been contemplated. As a result, the publishing business has grown into a great and honored profession with a deep sense of its own responsibilities to the public. Publishing has prospered because of this freedom of the press. Publishing,

Freedom of The Air

withstanding the few degenerates who have tried to soil reputation, has grown into a mighty influence on the es of people. All viewpoints on all subjects have found outlet and the press, thank God, has never been domin-d at the source by monopolistic control. Anyone of any lt, creed or race with the inspiration and a moderate iount of capital can publish a magazine or a newspaper—d his success or failure depends on ability to serve the blic in a manner it approves.

When monopolistic possibilities appear on the horizon, in the recent case of newspaper buying by the Inter-tional Power & Paper Co., not only the public but the overnment and the newspaper profession itself rises up in ger to thwart any possible hidden control of the press. so with a view to providing against monopolies the nited States Postal Law provides that every six months vners of magazines and newspapers enjoying the second ass mailing privileges must publish a sworn statement of vnership showing in detail the identity and address of ondholders and stockholders owning one per cent or more. iblishers are criminally liable for any failure to present e true facts with respect to ownership and control.

WHAT has all this to do with Radio? Just this: Before a lot of well meaning but for the most part illy informed id meddling politicians take it into their heads to crusade gainst possible monopolies in broadcasting, the present wners of broadcasting stations should develop enough adership—passionate if necessary—to regulate their own fairs along such lines as will positively insure the Ameri-an public against even partial monopolies in broadcasting nd which will provide the Federal Radio Commission with nuch valuable and sound help in the matter of renewing roadcasting licenses so that as a matter of good public olicy true freedom of the air will be preserved.

It would perhaps be presumptuous on our part to lay own a code of principles, but the very subject of this edi-orial compels us to make these few suggestions: (1) Every roadcasting station should publish in a newspaper in the ity in which it is located, at regular six months' intervals, complete statement of ownership such as is now made by ewspapers and magazines. This same statement should be iled with the Federal Radio Commission and broadcast ver the station at a prescribed day and hour every six nonths to the Radio audience. (2) No company or interest hould be allowed to own more than a certain number of tations. (3) No one chain should be allowed to buy or ease over a given percentage of the total time of any given station. (4) No station should be allowed to lease out more than a given amount of its total time to chains, regardless of the number of chains, but this percentage should be higher than the amount leasable to any one chain. (5) No station should place more than a fixed percentage of its time in the hands of any agency or selling organization to sell unless it be an exclusive selling agency handling only a limited number of widely scattered stations.

We could go on, because there are many phases of possible monopoly which need conscientious and highly intelligent study for the good of broadcasting and for the good of the public. Radio broadcasting is not like the press in that the total number of stations licensed must be limited and the total amount of time which can be sold—and particularly the most sought-after hours—are definitely limited. All of which means that anti-monopoly measures are needed even more in broadcasting than in the press. Here's believing that the owners of broadcasting stations will do full justice to their own responsibilities in this matter of monopolistic control. Here's offering them the full help and cooperation of RADIO DIGEST and its great Radio audience in the realization of every high-minded objective. But if there be subtle undercover efforts to arrive at monopolistic ends on anybody's part, here's promising the full and fiery lash of an organ of the press which has chosen as its inspirational function the serving of America's great Radio public and protecting of the honor and reputation of broadcasting.

Let's hope that broadcasting will produce its own Deweys, Hales and Farraguts and its own Franklins, Roosevelts and Lincolns to carry on by deed as well as by inspiring words of leadership against the possible invasion of hoary-headed monopoly.

RAY BILL



Good Diction

Radio Demands Perfect Articulation, Says Dagmar Perkins, Expert Advisor on Committee for Diction Medal Award

By BEATRICE LEIGH

HAVE you ever stopped to consider why you like your favorite Radio artists?

Why does the busy housewife cease from her toils long enough to hear the banter of Amos 'n' Andy, the guides to shopping, the hints for beauty? Why does the speeding tourist slow down so that Rudy Vallee may be heard from the portable set? And why does the husband cancel his engagement when he suddenly remembers Floyd Gibbons?

Believe it or not—if these and many other popular artists did not know how to put their voices to work as instruments of expression, their programs would fall on deaf ears.

This is the opinion of Dagmar Perkins, President of the National Association of American Speech and member of the Committee of the American Academy of Arts and Letters which presented the 1930 Gold Medal to Alwyn Bach, NBC announcer.



Miss Dagmar Perkins, Exponent of Perfect Diction

THAT the Radio audience is receptive to pure speech is evidenced by the enormous audience which tunes in on Miss Perkins' daily programs over Radio Station WGBS, New York City. Her silver-lined voice, her effervescent personality, and her cheerful disposition, combined with her faultless diction, have been the keynote of her success.

"The rapid growth of Radio," declared Miss Perkins, "has done more than any other agency to arouse the American public to an appreciation of good speech.

"Granted the speaker has something to say—and if he hasn't he should not be allowed to annoy the public"—(neighbors, please heed)—"the first requisite on the Radio, especially, is clarity of diction so that the listener may hear clearly, without strain, whatever is being said.

"The second requisite is good tone of voice to please the ear of the listener."

This second step in the direction of good diction is a very important one. Frequently, lectures, speeches, sermons and readings "do not reach that thing whereto it is sent" simply because the voice is faulty in one way or another.

"Then come the other branches of vocal technique," continued Miss Perkins. "There is the change of pitch which is so essential, for even a good voice may become monotonous unless the pitch is varied. Then there is the inflection or shading of the voice, the tempo which changes as the subject or occasion demands, the emphasis, and last, but not least, the choice of words."

Miss Perkins has long been recognized as an authority on the subject of good diction and it is interesting to note that she was invited to coach the voices in the Winthrop Ames' productions, "Iolanthe," "Pirates of Penzance" and other shows. The results of her instruction and training were so successful that in many instances, librettos were not necessary.

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, former American Ambassador to Italy, and Member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, who appeared on one of Miss Perkins' programs had this to say about her work:

"I AM deeply interested in the unique work in speech production and Radio broadcasting which Miss Dagmar Perkins is carrying on so successfully. Nothing is more important in education, or more neglected than good speech. Miss Perkins' own voice and diction are so beautiful that one could wish she might be heard by every teacher and pupil in the public schools and by everyone who has occasion to address the public vocally."

Hamlin Garland of the American Academy of Arts and Letters says:

"That the Radio is making us ear-

(*Continued on page 124*)

Washington talks to the Nation



Senator Arthur Capper from Kansas

Some Senators and Congressmen quail before the mike—Others like it.

WILLIAM H. DOHERTY

THE microphone now is deeply imbedded in the consciousness of public men as a medium for moulding public opinion, and seems destined to eliminate the lecture platform except in the cases of those who require the stimulus of personal, intimate reaction for them to exert their best efforts.

And the number who demand this personal touch with their hearers is growing smaller, at least in this writer's opinion. There are many reasons for this, but the greatest, or at least the one demonstrated most forcibly in recent months, is the convenience of the little metal discs as compared with tedious, time-wasting journeys.

WHILE Radio engineers are striving to bring television to the point where all may witness as well as hear programs, Senators, Representatives and government heads probably would prefer the development of a system whereby they might see their audiences. The fear of the microphone usually vanishes after the first appearance, but it is difficult for the average speaker to construct his audience in his mind's eye.

Senator Capper of Kansas is one man who does not need the stimulus of an audience. His Monday morning talks for feminine listeners have been a regular feature since Congress convened.

Senator Borah of Idaho, one of the most noted orators in Congress, is known to dislike the microphone, not that he does not realize the importance of speaking to a nation-wide audience, but because he receives no inspiration as in a personal appearance.

Oliver Owen Kuhn, managing editor of the Washington Star who introduced Senator Borah when the latter initiated the National Radio Forum series a year and a half ago, said Senator Borah's "dislike in speaking at a mere piece of metal is evidenced during the course of his addresses, but as all Radio listeners can testify, there is no better Radio speaker in America today. He does not dread the microphone so long as a great audience is before him. He then feels the personal touch—gathers all those strange inspirations that come from the audience to any speaker."

Andrew Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, has an opposite reaction to the mike. Diffident, almost shy, Secretary Mellon actually speaks better over the air than before audiences.

To those who, like Senator Borah, are not at their best unless inspired either by friends or hecklers, Senator James E. Watson of Indiana, the Republican leader in the Senate, has a method that might be commended to Radio speakers.

"I usually think of a baseball park at a World Series game," he said, "then magnify the audience as far as the eye can reach."

FOR Senators Pat Harrison of Mississippi and Hiram Johnson of California the ether waves at first proved a difficult medium for conveying their ideas. Now they can look the microphone in the eye and orate with all the vehemence and gesticulations common to their technique in debates on the Senate floor. Practice is the answer, and their present success probably will be matched by others who are certain eventually to acquire a confident microphone manner.

Two of the most forceful addresses

(*Continued on page 124*)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

MADGE TUCKER, small and blonde, whom Radio audiences know as "The Lady Next Door," is certainly well named. For no matter when or where you are in the NBC studios, Miss Tucker is pretty sure to be "just next door". In addition to "The Lady Next Door", which she originated, writes, directs, and acts in, she has charge of all juvenile Radio activities at NBC. And if there is anyone who doesn't think that auditions, rehearsals and broadcasts involving more than 100 children a week between the ages of four and fourteen is enough to keep one person busy, Miss Tucker cordially invites them to change places with her for any day in the week.



Madge Tucker, "The Lady Next Door"

Personally, she loves it. As I watched her rushing about the studio at a rehearsal of "The Lady Next Door", among a room full of noisy young actors, she seemed to be having the time of her life. And she was. "It's all such fun", she confessed afterwards, "even if it doesn't leave me much time for anything else".

Since she first came into Radio work, six years ago, she has led hundreds of thousands of children to the mike. Seeming little more than a child herself with her ever bubbling enthusiasm and perpetual delight in living (and she isn't so much more, even as Father Time records such things!), she has discovered more juvenile stars than any other person in the country and many of her pupils have achieved fame not only on the air but in the Broadway theatres and the Hollywood studios as well.

She is continually looking for new child actors for "The Lady Next Door". Personality is the primary requisite. Of course, the child must have a good Radio voice, but the mere ability to sing or recite well counts for little with Miss Tucker. She writes her sketches especially to fit the children who are playing in them. Throughout the series of "The Lady Next Door" the children are called by their own first names, and it is Miss Tucker's theory that if a child reads a line wrong twice in rehearsal, it's the line that's wrong and not the child. Accordingly the line is rewritten then and there to suit the youthful artist. "I want them to be just what they are supposed to be," declares Miss Tucker, "a group of children acting naturally."

Miss Tucker's original ambitions were toward the theatre. She was born in Centralia, Ill., and graduated from George Washington University, Washington, D. C. As soon as she was out of college, however, she rushed to New York and enrolled for a course at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. That completed, she found her first opportunity in a stock company in Washington. Then, just as she was comfortably started toward a stage career, along came the Radio. At first Miss Tucker didn't take the new medium very seriously. But like most members of a stock company she had no objection to picking up a few extra dollars. She appeared on a few programs at station WRC in Washington. Then she directed a children's program. Then another. And another. Almost before she knew it she was completely out of the theatre and into Radio, for better or worse.

It soon proved to be better. When NBC was organized Madge Tucker became the first official woman production manager. For a long time her work was mainly in the continuity and production departments. Then she began going on the air herself in connection with various children's programs, and a year ago last September she scored an outstanding success with "The Lady Next Door". In addition she conducts the Sunday Morning Children's Hour and appears on several morning programs.

For the few hours that she is permitted away from the studio she has two hobbies. One is reading in bed and the other is attending first nights in the theatre. When her work will permit she never misses a New York opening, and in the summer when shows are opening out of town she will cheerfully ride for miles in order to catch a new production on its try-out night. For months after she became "The Lady Next Door" she was robbed of her other hobby because she had to devote all of her spare reading time to children's literature. She is not married.



Peter De Rose

Ludwig Laurier

LUDWIG LAURIER, who sends graceful dinner music to you each evening except Sunday over WEAF, and soothing slumber music each night over WJZ, came to America to be a druggist. When the quiet, smiling man with the gentle eyes and the iron grey hair was a lad of only thirteen he left his native Speyer-on-the-Rhine and came to this country to join his brother and brother-in-law. They were engaged in the drug business and young Ludwig was supposed to follow in their footsteps. He brought the violin he had been practicing on since he was eight years old with him, however, and by the time he was seventeen he was out of the drug business and in the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra. Somehow he never got back to the drug counter.

For awhile he remained in the Buffalo Symphony as second violinist. Then he became first violinist. Later he left Buffalo and went to Saratoga where he became associated with an orchestra conducted by John Lund and possessing a then unknown 'cellist named Victor Herbert. When he left Lund other offers came to him, but by this time Laurier had decided that music was to be his career. In that case he needed more training. And where else for a German to get musical training but in his native country?

In Berlin he became first violinist with the Philharmonic Orchestra. For several years he remained in Germany, playing and studying, and then, the training completed, he was faced with another problem. Where to spend his life? Europe the old world, he decided, was the proper place for training, but America, the new world, was the place to build a career. Accordingly he returned to New York.

He was fired from his first job, but he laughed when he told me about it.

"Fired?" I repeated.

"Yes," he explained, "It was with the Metropolitan Opera. They employed me as one of the first violins. And they kept me for sixteen years. It was during Toscanini's time and for six years I was manager of the orchestra. "Then,"—he chuckled merrily—"they fired me."

I forgot to ask him if they gave him a letter of recommendation first, but at any rate he didn't seem to have much trouble finding something to do. Within a very short time he was associated with Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld at the Rialto Theatre in New York. Reisenfeld probably did more than any other man to introduce good music into the moving picture theatres and Laurier was his right hand man. It was work that he liked, for Laurier has never cared for jazz. As a boy on the banks of the Rhine it was the melodies of Rubinstein, Beethoven, Wagner, Strauss and Mozart that filled his dreams.

In the Berlin Philharmonic and at the Metropolitan those dreams were fed and with Reisenfeld they began to bear fruit. When he came to Radio three years ago as conductor of the NBC Slumber Hour he brought them with him, and the thousands who tune in at eleven o'clock each night for an hour of soothing rest and beauty have justified his faith in them. A year and a half ago he became conductor of the Black and Gold Room dinner music which he conducts along the same lines.

He is married and has a nineteen year old daughter. He lives in the city, but whenever he can find the time he hurries out of it to go fishing, or for a long tramp in the woods.



Ludwig Laurier

May Singhi Breen

FIVE-FIFTEEN in the evening in Studio F at NBC. Outside the heavily curtained windows, the towers of New York in the soft light of the sinking sun. Inside, the big, bare studio with the blue and grey walls. In one corner a baby grand piano and a man and a woman.

First the woman. She is sitting on a high stool in front of a microphone with a ukulele cuddled in her arms. As she sings softly into the mike she strums the ukulele with a master touch. For she is May Singhi Breen, of Breen and de Rose, whose popular ballads go forth over the air five evenings a week, and she is probably the greatest "uke" artist and authority in the country.

According to the story current around NBC she first saw a ukulele when a friend gave her one for Christmas in 1922. At that time May was so little taken with the gift that she tried to exchange it for a bathrobe. It was only when the store refused to agree to her little plan that she decided she might as well learn to play the darn thing. But that was only the beginning. Shortly after she had mastered the instrument herself she originated the now well-known ukulele arrangement in diagram which enables persons with no knowledge of music to strum out almost any popular tune. For some reason she was not murdered.

Instead she prospered. Music publishers were cool toward the diagram when they first saw it but finally one of them agreed to take a chance and gave her one of his poorer new numbers to try it out on. The number became a hit almost over night and her reputation was made. She opened a regular office for making ukulele arrangements and transcripts and soon had the largest ukulele class in the country as well as the position of ukulele instructor in several fashionable schools about New York City.

She entered Radio seven years ago with a girls' orchestra. Soon after that she met Peter de Rose. She liked Peter's playing and Peter liked her. The team of Breen and de Rose was formed, and then May became Mrs. de Rose in private life.

Shortly after she became famous as a ukulele artist she made a tour of the country playing vaudeville and moving picture theatres. Because she had a strange middle name, Singhi, and played a ukulele, snap-judging theatre managers advertised her as a native of the South Seas. Later they had some tall explaining to do when the "Ukulele Lady" turned up with blue eyes and a light complexion. As a matter of fact, she was born in New York City of Italian descent, and Singhi was her mother's family name.

She began playing the piano at the age of four and made it her profession until the kind friend presented her with the famous Christmas present. She was educated in private schools in New York and Europe. When she isn't busy playing or rehearsing, she makes ukulele arrange-

(Continued on page 124)



And May Singhi Breen

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

HAVE you the loose ends of an unfinished romance tucked away in your heart? If you have, take courage and listen to the story of how Radio united a young couple after a long separation. Young Cupid had begun winging darts between John Seagle and Helen Peters when they both attended high school in Glens Falls, N. Y. Then each went to a different college. When John emerged with cap and gown from the University of Missouri, he had to set about the important task of buttering his own bread. Helen, on the other hand, with her wider interests, formed new friends and associations and in a short while they had drifted apart. But time exuded its balm and healed the broken hearts. Then one day Helen heard a solo over the National Broadcasting Company, and who was the singer but John himself. It was a song she knew well and for which she had played the accompaniment many times years before. After the program he received a long distance telephone call from Helen. The wedding was held not very long ago in Glens Falls. Continue to listen to the Radio programs, you upon whom love has left its scars, and some day—well, you never can tell.

* * *



Mrs. John Seagle

NOW, V.R.S. how could you? Just for that affectionate letter, here are Al and Cal Pearce of KFRC. They look as if they had something original up their sleeves. Al has a hand in the Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree. This program has aided much in making Monday a rainbow day. Al is evidently the business manager of the partnership as it is largely through his efforts as an active worker that the Pearce Brothers have climbed to the top in Radio fame on the Pacific Coast. For they're Barnacle Bill, the Sailor. Al is also Master of Ceremonies of the Impromptu Happy Go Luck Hour. It's harmony and personality plus.



Al Pearce

Cal Pearce

PAGE 114 of this magazine, Miss A. B. C., contains more than a little sumthin' of your Mystery Announcer. Ballots from every nook and corner of Pennsylvania, voting for him as the most popular announcer, have flooded the offices of Radio Digest ever since our contest started last March, and he has received 35,039 letters during the nine months of his broadcasts. So watch page 114.

* * *

JERRY WILFORD, known as "The Vagabond of the Air," has endeared himself to his many thousands of listeners. He handles the "Midnight Hour" over KSL, Salt Lake City, and during this program his remarkable deep bass voice booms out across the states—yes, he's the man "who keeps Western America awake!" Jerry was invited by the Victor Phonograph Company to record "When It's Springtime in the Rockies," the ballad that has won for him nationwide fame.

* * *

IT IS my pleasure, T. E. O., to refer you to the October pages of Radio Digest for a full-fledged account of Arabesque. Reynold Evans takes the part of Achmed.

* * *

WALLACE BUTTERWORTH, Chicago announcer of the NBC, earned his first money by selling shoes in a store at Wallingford, Pa. It is hard to believe, Alice M., that this is the man who substituted for Bill Hay as introducer of Amos 'n' Andy, while Bill was vacationing. He obtained funds from his job as clerk to train his voice and with his weekly salary bought two phonograph records and a seat for the performances which would be held in Philadelphia by the Metropolitan Opera Company. He used to run for blocks to get a glimpse of Caruso when the latter made frequent visits to the Quaker City. Butterworth has a very fine baritone voice. He made two successful concert tours through the eastern part of the United States and Canada. Then he became concert manager in Chester where some time before he had studied in the Victor recording laboratories. One day Butterworth stopped in at the NBC studios in New York to visit a friend and was persuaded to have an audition. He was hired and was transferred to Chicago shortly after that. Quite a career, eh, what? And then—of course—there's the prominent part he played in the



John Seagle



Jerry Wilford

broadcasts of the endurance-flying Hunter brothers and in the National Air Races programs.

* * *

CARRIE, by this time you've seen all about "Sarge" Farrell in October's Marcella. Sarge contemplates visiting seventy Radio stations in that many cities and I expect to get his schedule so that his followers will know where to tune in.

* * *

THE Radio field is a veritable marital mart. Here's another of those things, by Jove. It's Herbert Polesie, behind the fun of the Van Heusen Program over CBS. The young lady in question is a society girl from Weehawken. Herb himself hails from Hollywood—and was it Kipling who said "East is East and West is West, but never the twain shall meet"? Herb is also one of the creators of program ideas at the Judson Radio Program Corporation. He is best known as "Henry" of the "Henry-George" series over the CBS.

* * *

THIS news is for you, Elizabeth. It's John B. Gambling, the only man who knows how to get people up in the morning. The sleeper may be aroused by an alarm clock when it sounds the dreaded hour, but he can always reach out lazily for it and silence its voice, and then turn over on the other side. But when Uncle John's cheerful, sunny voice is heard, all of slumber's resistance is broken and the daily dozen is performed. Thousands of letters have been received by Uncle John, Physical Director of WOR, from persons who used to agree with Sir Harry Lauder—"Oh, it's nice to get up in the mornin', but it's nicer to lie in bed." And won't Uncle John's voice be especially welcome on these cold and murky mornin's?

AVEZ-VOUS *faim—Madame, Monsieur?* All of which only means that if you are hungry, ladies and gentlemen, and that if talking about food helps any, just make the Radio acquaintance of the Premier Chef (Charles Premmac). He's on the CBS every Tuesday evening.

* * *

ELIZABETH, did you say you wanted more gossip about announcers on WOR, NBC, CBS and WCAU? Just stop, look and listen! Lewis Reid, come forward. Drama is his middle name. He studied dramatic technique and prepared himself thoroughly for a stage career, adding to his long list of accomplishments, singing and playing the piano and trombone. And he was even among the talented group of performers who accompanied Elsie Janis on her triumphal coast to coast tours of the United States and Canada a few years ago. His resonant voice has been heard regularly over WOR since February 1928. And when he is not before the mike, he is pounding off Radio plays on the old typewriter.

* * *

THIS is about Eddie Thorgerson of the very big voice, Mrs. L. S. No—he's not married. His has been a storm-tossed career, having sailed for many years on the restless seas. He was also employed as a cow hand on Nevada, New Mexico and California ranches and served as a tourist guide and newspaper reporter. Eddie was born in Elizabeth, N. J. in which state his parents are still living. He is twenty-six years of age and has decided to settle down to a career in Radio. Wave lengths are, after all, less turbulent than the seas.



Upper: Wallace Butterworth, Edward Thorgerson
Lower: John Gambling, Frank Singiser



Charles Premmac

* * *

FRANK SINGISER is one of the youngest announcers over the NBC. Did I hear someone say that Radio was no place for a minister's son? Well, Frank's father is a Baptist minister, and not only that, but Frank also is qualifying himself for that noble profession by attending the Newton Theological Institute in Massasetts during the winter. It still remains a question as to which will have the stronger calling—Radio or ministry. At the age of ten Frank circled the world with his Dad and since then he has lived in most of our forty-eight states. He started his Radio career as a continuity writer and announcer over WGY, two years ago, and his work there won such recognition that he was drafted into the New York studios of the NBC. Among his wide range of occupations I find that he was physical instructor at a boys' camp, store clerk, ranch hand and that he ran a laundry route. At Brown University, he distinguished himself in his studies, dramatics and soccer. He is twenty-one and unmarried.

* * *

Word has just come from Boston that Howard Butler, formerly with WEAF and WOR is now announcing at WNAC Boston. His dainty little wife, Edith Thayer, commutes every week from Boston to New York just to do Show Boat. She has been Jane McGrew with this feature for 'most a hundred and twenty weeks!

Hitting The High Spots With Robert Brown

The Flying Announcer

By Natalie Giddings

IF ONE announcer were to be selected from among the independent Radio stations as most truly representative of the adventurous life the average listener imagines for every announcer, Robert Brown of the Crosley Radio stations, WLW and WSAI, probably would edge out all comers.

THE average Radio listener invests announcers with the same cloak of glamour that covers policemen, railroad engineers and firemen in the eyes of little boys. Men and women who sit at home in a quiet living room listening to broadcasts from airplanes, from the Washington monument, from submarines, from motor boats, from race tracks, and from ring-side seats at world championship prize fights, picture every Radio announcer rushing about in a world that holds only such pulse-stirring events. Few announcers, however, as most of them will tell you with tears in their eyes, ever have any excitement at all! Few of them ever get outside the quiet—if not peace—of a Radio studio, for not all of them are fitted by temperament or ability to fill the demands of "spot" broadcasting . . . reporting events as they occur.

Robert Brown of WLW and WSAI, is one of the few announcers whose life is a succession of exciting broadcasts. WLW listeners, in fact, have come to associate Brown with excitement to the extent that whenever he announces the station's call letters, nine out of ten listeners think WLW is about to put on a stunt of some kind. At WLW for three years, he has had more "breaks" than all the other announcers put together, always excepting the football and baseball dramas at which Robert Burdette officiates.

The reason for this undoubtedly lies in the fact that Brown is never at a loss. Most loquacious of all the Crosley announcers, he never fumbles for words. When he is not on the air, he talks just for the pleasure of hearing words come tumbling out of his mouth. The larger the words and the faster they tumble, the happier is Brown. He is irrepressible. On or off the air, he talks at top speed, and almost at top voice. He has an amazing fund of information on every subject imaginable. He has an additional fund of information even more amazing because it quite evidently comes out of his own head. For a year he studied French to improve his pronunciation. Now he is bi-lingual, and lapses into long harangues in a mixture of English, French, "pig latin", and Polish, which he picked up while an announcer in Buffalo. He can embroider any incident into an anecdote.

It did not surprise anyone, therefore, when Powel Crosley, Jr., president of the Crosley Radio Corporation which owns the two stations, selected Brown to go with him to Sarasota, Fla., to help him broadcast the landing of a giant tarpon in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico on June 18th.

At the microphone in Mr. Crosley's fishing boat, equipped with radio transmitter and appropriately christened "Little WLW," Brown talked constantly for almost an hour. Listeners and critics immediately dubbed him "a new MacNamee" and heaped upon him all sorts of praise for his glowing description of the scene and of the struggle with the fish that finally was pulled into the boat. Both stations WLW and WIL in St. Louis carried the story.

(*Continued on page 125*)





Robert Brown of WLW. Right, broadcasting from the cockpit of a plane in the National Air Races.

ımous Playwright On Air at WLW

"Hoosier Editor" whose human ıts on events and personalities are very Friday over WLW, Cincin- far from a newcomer to the public brother of Judge Kenesaw Moun- Indis, czar of big league baseball, k Landis belongs to a family ıas played a distinguished part in of Indiana and of the nation. He in Congress, and later won fame uthor of "The Copperhead", which a sensation on Broadway and as a picture, both times with Lionel ore as the star. He also wrote a n Theodore Roosevelt, of which stinguished American said: "This icture of me as president by which my family to remember me."

* * *

)W of Oakland held an all night ıst and party Saturday night, Au- nd, dedicating the new auxiliary in the L. H. Schrader Building, completed at 24th and MacDon- enues, Richmond. Manager W. L. n announces that the major part of oadcasting will still be done from kland studio.

* * *

)W is going into the talking pic- All this fame has come through Bill ns and his California Cowboys, re heard every afternoon at 3:30 his station.

and his boys entertained recently Salinas rodeo and sang for the news The result was so successful that were asked to make a ten-minute for distribution throughout the y. The boys will go "on location" o some ranch near Mt. Diablo, with of the KROW artists to assist as here.

* * *

dison, Wis., and the staff of WIBA. ross the street from the State Capi- e glad-handing Harold T. I. Shan- who has joined them as director of ms and commercial manager. With w increase of power to 500 watts ıe facilities of the University of Wis- and the State Capitol at Mr. on's disposal, folks in Wisconsin big things from this live executive.

Lansing, once of WJJD and WLS, go, takes Mr. Shannon's old place as am director at Station WHBY. Bay, and says that he likes the swept prairies better than the wind- boulevards of the lake front.



Laura C. Gaudet, staff pianist of Station WTIC of Hartford, Connecticut, who has been a member of the New England station's staff for more than five years. She is an Acadian who received her early training in Quebec and who studied piano in Europe under the tutelage of several eminent teachers in Paris and Rome.

Old Man Superstition Is Thrust Aside at WBBM

WBBM, key station for the Columbia Farm Community network, is no place for the superstitious these days.

The organization is in the midst of its third expansion within a year. Carpenters and electricians are everywhere, and he who goes from department to department must flaunt Old Man Superstition by walking ladders—not one ladder, but several ladders.

Formerly the occupants of the major portion of two floors in the Wrigley building, WBBM and the Chicago division of Columbia is now preparing to take over a large section of the main floor. While the expansion cannot be completed for several weeks to come, the miles of wire and the intricate equipment that must be moved necessitate an early start.

* * *

Dick Dixon, KGER program manager, wanted to be an artists' model. But he grew short and stumpy so that was out. So he took up the study of piano and organ.

Boyhood ambitions of others on the KGER staff . . . Kitty Brown, comedienne, took a pre-medic course, and she still knows most of the joints . . . Manager Bill Ray wanted to be conductor of a street car but the hoss-car went out of fashion before the ambition was realized.

* * *

Elvia Allman, titian haired KHJ songster, and Wesley B. Tourtellotte, organist, were secretly married early in August at San Bernardino but the news didn't leak out until September. Now they are living as cheaply as one in a Mediterranean style apartment house right next door to a Spanish garden pee wee golf course. Miniature golf, miniature radio sets, miniature motor cars . . . are new . . . miniature apartments, though, have already been well established.



Horse-Fly and His Wranglers doing their stuff

"Horse-Fly" Shakes A Leg Out West at KNX

Every night out on Marathon Boulevard in Hollywood, from one-hundred to four-hundred spectators watch "Horse-Fly" and his wranglers go through their tricks, to the accompaniment (perhaps) of sharp cracks from their six-shooters. They are real cowboys from Arizona, "no foolin' ".

Who lured them to Hollywood? No, it wasn't Bebe Daniels or any other screen vamp. It was a fellow named Sanders who owns a ranch out in wild and wooly Arizona, right near Horse-Fly's own headquarters. He tempted them with fat salaries and put them to work adding local color to his restaurants, which are all decked up to imitate a patio. Program Director Pierre Mellonino of KNX drove through one day and ordered "ham and" and decided that the Wranglers were *not* hams. He put them on the air early in August this year, and their popularity is growing by leaps and bounds. Apparently, they have an inexhaustible repertoire of the old time range tunes and Hoe-down melodies.

ALFRED MEUNIER, CJOR favorite, has had a long and varied career. Born in Portugal, with later study in Germany and Italy, his first American visit was in '22 and he has been here ever since.

A brief period in piano classics in the east was followed with theater conducting in California and finally in Canada. Now he is being heard fairly frequently over the Vancouver station, not only in orchestral directing but also in piano solo work.

Forrest E. Williams is the only man on the Radio who can tell his audience where to go and get away with it. But that is his business. He is the Kyanize Road Man of WBZ-WBZA. Morning and night, day in and day out, he instructs listeners on motoring matters. They hear all about preferred routes, avoidable detours, picturesque rides for an evening or cross-country trips, and the places to stop by tuning to his two-a-day broadcasts. Owners of radio-equipped cars are strong boosters for him!

THE other day a rare rug mad the mysterious Mayo Indians of sister republic to the south, ar at KNX, Hollywood—a gift to N Rogers, director-manager. J. H. Kno Tucson, Ariz., was the donor of the rug.

An engineer, Mr. Knost was force buiness exigencies to leave his wife little sick daughter to visit a mine in wilds of Mexico. No telegraphs, no mercial Radio stations, no telephone short no means of communication ex by courier for a distance of hundred miles existed where Knost was callec his task.

The little girl's illness was approac a crisis and the distracted father appe to Mr. Rogers.

"ISN'T there some way announcer can let me know how daughter gets along?" Knost pleaded. I depend on ordinary mail and n couriers, it might be a month or more fore I would learn about the child. I can take a Radio receiver and tun KNX."

Mr. Rogers agreed to aid the fa and on several nights a bulletin, spec prepared, was broadcast. Add to wonders of Radio—Knost's mind heart were relieved, for his child better and eventually quite well healthy.

With the rug, gift of the grateful K came a letter saying that such articles made by the Mayos for their own and are not sold. It is a black and w affair, quite soft to the touch, yet h woven on primitive looms and as w able as iron.

Snakes Alive! Rattlers Broadcast from Denver!

he words of the circus ballyhooer, and only time! Real live snakes their rattles for the edification of listeners." It happened out in r, at Station KLZ. Theodore h, who spent the last thirty years with wild animals, and is consid- n authority on natural life, was re- ble for the broadcast, on September Two live rattle snakes, who had not deprived of their poison antenna, a musical rendition to accompany Tausch. One had a high pitched while the other's deep-throated made it eligible for the bass. Al- h Master of Ceremonies Tausch as- his audience that he had them under t control, listeners nevertheless took g (if they had it) to protect them the effects of the virulent poisons l Annie and Joe decide to bite.

* * *

arlie Wellman, KHJ's "Prince of left the station Labor Day to spend me in the field of free lance Radio.

* * *

arlie K. Lindsey, first director of KNX orchestra when that station on the air six years ago, now directs Mariners concert orchestra and The liers dance group for KGER. Some- told Charlie that "Absence makes air grow longer." So he took some off. But the gag didn't work, so he went to the studio and his be- music. "Anyway," said Charlie, vas a swell idea even if it didn't "

* * *

phen Gaylord, formerly manager of V, now acts as studio director for and is writing more popular songs tone poems on the side. Love ms, Waiting, Sleepy Moon, A Canoe You and lots of others have already from his facile pen and, wonder of lers, Steve doesn't like to be photo- hed without a hat. Is he bald? No, ust be some other reason, but nobody is to be able to ferret it out.

* * *

ish I could add another job or two my present duties, sighs vivacious thy Irvine, twenty-three year old \ "utility" girl. She does the book- keeping for the station, is its secretary and chief clerk, even writes a few continuities to order, gives the women's forum program over the air, sings contralto when sufficiently urged and does a bit of drama for the studio players' weekly broadcast.

Miss Irvine was secretary of the Spokane branch of the Drama League for some time and has a cultured, Radio voice.

* * *

Ted R. Liuzza, WSMB, Does Rescue Act

Ted R. Liuzza, announcer of sports, markets and news for The Item and The Morning Tribune over WSMB, New Orleans, was one of the leading participants in the rescue of a drowning youth recently on the roof of Loew's State Theatre.

A 14-year-old boy was pulled into a high-pressure suction pipe while he and three other youths were swimming in a tank of the cooling system atop the theatre building. Seeking relief from the mid-afternoon heat, the boys climbed the fire escape to the top of the theatre building, disrobed and hopped into the tank. Then, tired of wading in the shallow water, the boys prepared to get out of the tank when one of them sat down upon the open suction pipe. Instantly the youth was sucked into the pipe until his chin rested upon his knees and all but his nose was under water.

HE screamed for help and his companions rushed to his assistance, but the pressure was too great. Two of the boys hurried into their clothing and scurried down the fire escape to summon aid.

Ted Liuzza, the announcer, and an official of the theatre, were standing in front of the playhouse discussing a program feature when they were attracted by the boys' cries for help. The boys explained the plight of their companion.

Liuzza hurried to the top of the building and realizing the situation, disrobed, and jumped into the tank. Unable to free the lad from the pipe, he instructed the theatre official and the other boys to keep the imprisoned boy's head above the water. Putting on his clothes he descended the long line of stairs, ladders and runways to the basement and instructed the engineer of the theatre to turn off the pressure.

In the meantime, a squad of firemen were summoned, and a joint in a 16-inch pipe beneath the tank disconnected before the boy was released.

Having done his act of mercy, Ted, wet as the proverbial hen, disappeared in the crowd and hurried to WSMB to do his news broadcast.



Jack and Bill of WSM, Nashville

KJR Snaps Back After Hard Luck



Henri Damski of KJR

FINANCIAL storms have caused a great deal of disturbance to many of the nation's most important broadcasting stations. One of the notable examples of how some of these stations have recuperated is the story of KJR at Seattle.

This station with its 5 kilowatt transmitter had served an important place in the Northwest, bringing the news of the world and presenting some of the most desirable programs of the country. A year ago KJR ran out of funds and was placed in the hands of a receiver who had nothing to go on.

For the first week the station was not only glad to get records but appreciated the kind consideration of friendly interests which loaned them for it did not even have the money to buy records.

The plight of the station was recognized by talented persons in Seattle and gradually they volunteered their services so that within three months time a very competent staff was organized. Feeling and loyalty for the station grew. A corporation was formed and late in November it was acquired by the present owners. Its merit was recognized by the Radio commission and by the first of the year it was a daily broadcast schedule of twenty hours—the heaviest schedule for any one station in the Northwest.

Honor for achieving this success divided by the Three Mikeroteers—A Pierce, Thomas F. Smart and H Damski, the musical director. There is operating staff of 125 employees now the KJR payroll and it is outstanc for its enterprise.

Among the most popular features the Imperial Grand Orchestra, the N politan Orchestra, Light Opera Hour ten other musical ensembles. Popu music is provided by Vic Meyers' cording Orchestra, the Harmony Aces. Whirlwinds and the Six O'clock Stepp

* * *

Although Ginger Rogers often sings Got It but It Don't Do Me No Good Radio audiences don't seem to agree. neither do studio program directors. "It" brought about her recent enlistm in a new feature entitled "A.S. Beck Br ties" which will be chock-full of the star's stuff.

* * *

Ilima Islanders Now at WTIC, Hartford

The Ilima Islanders, who twang Hawaiian songs over the wave-length WTIC, Hartford, are newcomers to C necticut. They have given up Broadw and plan to stay in the insurance c permanently. The "Islanders", led Mike Hanapi, hail from and are nati of tropical islands in the Pacific. Th bring the alluring music of the South S to Western climes . . . and were actu the first group of Hawaiian musicians perform a national network. Before th entrance into Radiodom they played New York under the direction of Vinc Lopez at the St. Regis, a season at Mount Royal in Montreal, and three w ters at the Baltimore, in Miami. I Hope they don't find the rigors of N England winters too stern after tropi nights!

* * *

Young Dan'l Cupid shot not only bow but a whole sheath-full up in northwest at KJR. It seems as thou Sydney Dixon sort of started the hia when he was married to Guinevere Bo ford just a day or so before he left KJ in Seattle, to go with KYA at San Fr cisco.

Then more knots were tied . . . G U. Munjar, assistant manager of Northwest Broadcasting system, w picked out Betty Woodward, of KE Portland, as his life's mate.

John Pearson, announcer, was hitch to Mae Lowther . . . Glen Eaton, ten to Madeline Kinney . . . Donald Johnston, continuity writer, and Ja Deetken . . . and Isadore Schaefer, p licity impresario, and Yette Eisbert.

Cupid did a pretty good job and n takes a well earned rest.

WQAM Puts on Program for Santo Domingo Sufferers

WQAM, "The Voice of Tropical America", at Miami, Florida, was the first Radio station in America to come to the relief of the storm sufferers in Santo Domingo with a benefit broadcast. Two days after the hurricane struck, WQAM had raised over $500 in cash to be sent for relief work.

Musicians, artists and speakers donated their services during the four hour program and contributions were acknowledged over the air as phone calls and telegrams arrived. A draft for the cash was sent to Theodore Roosevelt, governor general of Porto Rico, who in turn delivered it to Montgomery A. Stuart, head of relief activities in Santo Domingo.

* * *

The power of Radio in police work, as demonstrated by the Fargo police department and WDAY, Fargo Radio station, is shown in a report just compiled by Inspector Andrew Quam, who handles the police bulletins for the Fargo department.

During July and August—the period covered in the report just issued—36 cars were reported stolen locally. Of this number 22 were recovered by means directly traceable to the Radio announcements, Mr. Quam says.

During the same peroil 29 persons were reported missing and 23 of these were found directly through the Radio announcements.

* * *

Gene "Frenchie" Ticoulat of KROW is gaining a world-wide fan following during his tour of Europe. He is broadcasting from all the prominent stations on the Continent.

This month Gene is singing over VITUS, the Eiffel Tower station in Paris. Later this summer he will be heard in Monte Carlo and over RFN in Leningrad, Russia. This is a 50,000 watt station as is also VITUS.

oodlesockers
urlesque
nnouncers

UT to set a record as the "goofiest" program on the air, the Doodlesockers at the Crosley o station, WLW, have succ-d in getting their program nny that they can't perform

dney Ten Eyck, morning an-cer, writes the continuity for program which is broadcast :30 A. M. every week day at 12:30 Saturday night. hiatrists reading the lines suggested that Ten Eyck r is a master comedian or quite bright. Some of the are so funny that the Doo-ckers, intent on being seri-go off into gales of laughter ad of playing.

e Doodlesockers are Hor- Rose, pianist, George Hall, nist, and Carl Clauve, banjo er. Ten Eyck introduces individually as Purlosa, well, and Cletus, with the ctive title of Jugheads. It ficult to decide from the fan which is the more popular, announcements or the Doo-ckers' special brand of syn-ted harmony.

ey burst forth every morn-with "Hail, Hail" as their e song. Ten Eyck says it is en from the celebrated opera ffa Can,' from the pen of the d Russian composer, "Drink-ki". Another favorite selec-is "from the ptomaine scene e opera, "La Cafeteria". Still her, suggested "by the deep nasal tones of a hibernating tempered with the sweeter ings of a reindeer at day-k" is "a folk song of ancient umbria."

THIS introduc- to a love song, recently pped the broadcast for 40 sec-s:

The Doodlesockers' program ld never be complete without it of well-baked banjo music n that old medicine show r, Cletus. In order to use successfully in a broadcast, s first necessary to gag him.



The Doodlesockers, left to right, are George Hall as "Duckwell" (he really is not cross-eyed), Hortense Rose as "Purlosa", and Carl Clauve as "Cletus". . . . cuckoos all!

"Vun dollar vor you, Karl," says Henry (Heinie) Schneiders. "Thanks," shakes Herb (Karl) Feierman of WOW, Omaha.



His deep abiding love for violets and daffodils prompted the playing of 'Only a Rose'."

* * *

Leo Mannes continues as KMPC's most versatile performer and adds the new studio organ to the list of his accomplishments. He plays several string instruments, piano, sings and now the organ.

* * *

Eddie Holden, who fashioned the Radio character of Frank Watanabe, has moved bag and baggage from KFRC down to KNX in the south. Eddie doesn't like to drive in city traffic, so he immediately sold his family chariot and hired an apartment right across the street from the studio. In seven minutes he can dress, gulp down a cup of coffee, firmly grasp a hunk of toast in his pudgy fist and amble over to KNX.

* * *

Heinie and Karl Give "Choiman" Skits

Feierman and Schneiders, two good old German cognomens, give authenticity to the "Heinie and Karl" fifteen minute interludes of fun, "Choiman" and English songs and comic poetry that go out from WOW at Omaha.

Henry Schneiders (who takes the part of Heinie) writes the entire continuity as well as the poems. He sings "denor" und is der virst denor of the Omaha Kiwanis Quartette, which drafels all over dese Unided States to sing at conventions and over the Radio.

Herb Feierman (Karl in the act) is an accomplished pianist and for the past four years has been conductor of the Krug Park Orchestra in Omaha. He speaks only "United States" in the act; for the German dialect is taken by "Heinie", who can also double as impersonator. Although four characters are often heard in the act, thorough search of the studio would only reveal two people near the mike . . . the other two are hidden in Mr. Schneiders' vocal cords.

WBAL Celebrates Fifth Birthday Anniversary



Elise Lee Cohen Recitalist



Edward Jendrek Operatic Singer



Jane Kirby Soprano



John Lederer "Marylander" Leader



Henriette Kern Symphony Soloist

WITH everything and everybody at Station WBAL taking part, Baltimore's only high power broadcaster celebrates its fifth birthday anniversary this month and, according to advance program announcement by Frederick R. Huber, director, this is going to be a gala occasion for Radio listeners—one which they are not likely to forget for many moons. WBAL will begin its fifth birthday celebration just one hour before midnight on November 1 and run it over to one A.M., November 2.

Every member of the staff has been recruited for this two-hour broadcast and each one has been notified to come prepared to put a brief program on the air. Not only are the individual soloists to appear, but various studio groups of entertainers—the "Baltimoreans" (who are to open the program), the "Romany Trail," the "Masqueraders," the "Merry-Makers," the WBAL Concert Orchestra, the WBAL String Quartet, the "Calvertons," and the "Marylanders" (scheduled to close this broadcast)—will also be heard in brief programs; and there will likewise be special features by those who appear in "Around the Melodeon" and "Musical Memories" programs.

One of the features of the evening will be the presentation of an anniversary poem written especially for WBAL's birthday by Sally Bruce Kinsolving, a Baltimorean. Mrs. Kinsolving will present this reading herself. The speaker of the evening will be Herbert A. Wagner, president of the Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power Company, which owns and operates WBAL.

WBAL is the station which, in 1925, made a public announcement of a no-jazz policy. That, when the air was full of practically nothing else, was considered a radical step indeed. However, Frederick R. Huber, Director, remained adamant in the face of a storm of protest against this unique policy, and soon after the first furore and torrent of opposition had passed and the station had begun to get its feet, so to speak, the no-jazz protestants turned to praise the programs broadcast from this station, with the result that WBAL gained a national reputation. Now jazz is not banned, but only the best goes out from WBAL.

* * *

The afternoon program supervisor at WBAL is Elsie Lee Cohen, and she does a good job in securing and arranging the various features for daytime broadcasting. But that isn't all that she can does do. She is a widely known recita having studied voice culture and drama in New York and London. While liv abroad, she frequently appeared as g artist for various fashionable teas salons, one of her European appearan having been at a garden tea given Lady Beck at Monte Carlo. In spite her venture into society, she doesn't e attempt to high hat the rest of the st

The dramatized short stories which on the air from Baltimore every so o are broadcast by Miss Cohen in t entirety. She assumes the role of e person whose voice is heard in the st

* * *

Henriette Kern, soprano, is one WBAL's stars in constant demand concert work. Mrs. Kern has alwa sung, but never gave her voice mu serious thought until one evening a frie called to see her who hadn't been arou for some time. In the course of evening there was some musical ent tainment, and Mrs. Kern's voice ma such a deep impression that the frie immediately went to the telephone a made an appointment for her with Geo Castello, a member of the Faculty Peabody Conservatory of Music.

"And, more to please my friend th anything else, I kept the appointment the next day, and so enthusiastic w Mr. Castello regarding my voice that immediately started to study music se ously," Mrs. Kern says.

* * *

If you went downtown to one of t big churches in Baltimore every Sund you would recognize the tenor soloi voice as one that has been heard re larly from WBAL. For two years E ward Jendrek has been dividing his ti between that station and serious musi endeavors in oratorios and Baltim operatic productions. He is married a wouldn't change the freshly scrubb white steps of his home for the marb entrance to a mansion.

* * *

She came "near as a hair" not bei a singer at all—we mean Jane Kirb soprano at WBAL. In fact, she h fully determined to be a professio dancer and was studying the terpsichore art with that idea in mind when t music teacher at school heard a love clear soprano voice rising high above the others in the large assembly!

He investigated and "discovered" Ja Kirby. Through his enthusiasm and terest, Miss Kirby commenced to stu singing, and it wasn't long before s had decided that her voice was her r career. Yes, she still dances—loves in fact, but now devotes practically of her time to singing.

Steamboat Whistle is Station Call of KTRH

HROUGH the blue and grey ether a long, deep, resonant steamboat whistle penetrates and the announ- voice comes through with something his: "Good evening, everyone! This RH, the station owned and operated e Rice Hotel, Houston's welcome to world." And you wonder why a boat whistle was chosen to sym- this new Radio station.

uston, Texas, is located on the is Ship Channel that converted ton into one of the most important l ports of the world; and perhaps a large factor in making Houston econd largest city in the South. ton feels that if it hadn't been ble to hear those deep-throated boat whistles as their ships plied Channel, they couldn't be so proud eir new population. In consequence, steamboat whistle was selected by H as their station call.

e station is owned and operated by Jesse H. Jones interests, who, of e, needs no introduction to Radio st readers. He is the man who ght the Democratic National Con- on to Houston, and was largely re- sible for the gigantic Sam Houston ention Hall, where the seething po- l activities of the Nation's Demo- took place. In addition to owning Rice Hotel, he has erected miles of rapers in New York as well as in ton. In the days of the Republic exas, Houston was the capital city the Rice Hotel now stands on the ric spot that was the site of the ol; which is indeed a far cry from modernism as a Radio station.

* * *

he scene is laid in the studios of RH.

ou peek into the studio and for a ent you believe that you must be sported to the realms of Mother se Days, for there is the Old Woman he Shoe with so many children she 't know what to do. But upon her investigation, you discover that it young lady, somewhere in her twen- surrounded by children. She is t Pat, and when she thrusts aside role about the studio, you find that is Margaret Britton, Assistant Pro- n Supervisor of KTRH.

he can jump into a dramatic sketch do exceptional work whether in char- r parts or as a sweet girl graduate. one play, she enacted the part of a ng girl's mother and in one spot where young girl was supposed to sing a song, Margaret Britton changed from role of a stately mother to sing a song as a seventeen-year-old girl ld sing it.

* * *

Guy Savage, young and blond, is wn over the air as the "Whispering Tenor," but around the studios as an announcer. Guy conducts all of the morning programs and has one of the most popular features on the station, during his broadcast, which is the KTRH Mothers' Program. This feature is dedicated to "Your Mother and Mine" and Guy receives a heavy average of letters each day requesting dedications to mothers or to their memory.

An incident of his broadcast is the quarter-hour ring of an alarm clock with the supplement of "Time to get up," followed by a strain of "Reveille" as further inducement to greet the sun.

Guy says the only hard part about this is that there is no wide-awake announcer to persuade him to get up!

* * *

KTRH has an operatic star on its calling list. One Mary Carson, who like a thin flame shot up in European Opera and expanded into a resplendent fire of dramatic ability and voice perfection.

Miss Carson studied in Milan, Italy, under several of the foremost maestros until she was prepared for opera. After her début, she sang in opera in all the important cities of Italy, England, France and Germany, and at one time she was with Max Rabinoff and Anna Pavlowa's Boston Opera.

* * *

The Texas oil fields have contributed to KTRH two harmonizers of the first degree, who have won a wide following by the perfect blend of their voices. Sloan and Threadgill, whose names have appeared on many Brunswick Phonograph Records, are the gentlemen in question. Jerry Sloan, tall and slender, and Frank Threadgill, not so tall, are inseparable friends as well as singing partners. If the fame of Damon and Pythias, the Gold Dust Twins and Check and Double-Check are measured by their devotion as friends, then this harmony team should be added to the list.

Jerry and Frank met each other in 1913, and since that time have remained friends in harmony, both figuratively and literally. Frank's father was a Methodist minister and it was from him that Frank inherited his musical tendencies.

Both of these boys work at Baytown, Texas, and when KTRH programs demand a harmony team for a spot, a wire is dispatched post-haste to "Sloan and Threadgill" at Baytown, and the mistake of addressing them individually is never made by a wise program director! Jerry and Frank sing "Countryside Style" songs.



Guy Savage
Announcer



Mary Carson
Soprano



Jerry Sloan
Harmonizer



Margaret Britton
"Aunt Pat"



Frank Threadgill
Jerry's "Pard"



Tom Breneman of KFVD

Tom Breneman, who accepts full responsibility for the Tom and Wash team, moved from KFVD over to KFWB and, just a few days later rushed eastward on a wild goose chase of some sort. But back he came and began to do his two characters all over again. Although some of the skits are available a la electrical transcription, Breneman is doing the KFWB noonday programs himself.

* * *

Elsie Taylor, San Diego and Los Angeles Radio artist, has joined the KJR and Northwest Broadcasting System artists' staff. She will be heard in concerts over KJR regularly hereafter. Miss Taylor became known to California listeners by her appearances over KFSD.

Marillah Olney Comes to KTM from Stage

Marillah Olney, director of KTM's Little Theatre, Los Angeles, is just another proof that Radio is making a deep in-road into the theatrical profession, taking for its own many of the stage's most talented artists.

Beginning her stage career in Salt Lake City in 1926, Miss Olney played in stock there until the summer of that year when she went to Los Angeles. She got the idea that she wanted to be a business woman, so went to business college for six months, but the call of the footlights was too great, and her brief quest of a business career ended, and her stage triumphs in Los Angeles began. She has appeared there in many parts, in roles varying from that of the sweet, demure little homebody to that of a hardened woman.

Then she switched her allegiance. Marillah Olney has been with KTM since December, 1929, and her play productions over that station every Thursday night are among the most popular features of that type on the Coast. AND—Believe it or not—Marillah Olney is only 22 summers young!

* * *

We have many women entertainers, serious and frivolous, but few women in the Radio world have attained the heights that Grace Raine, WLW, Cincinnati, assistant musical director, has reached. Besides being in charge of all vocal music for that station and WSAI, Mrs. Raine conducts the Crosley Concert program frequently. Before WSAI was taken over by the owners of WLW, she was musical director of the former station. In that capacity, she accompanied many orchestras that played at the station, always directing, however, from her seat at the piano. For some time she has been studying orchestra conducting with William Stoess, musical director of the two stations, who has turned his baton over to her for some of the Sunday night concerts.

* * *

Julian C. Riley, KOA traffic manager returned from rod and reel vacation days with a weirdly fantastic tale about catching a fish with his hands when the pool broke.

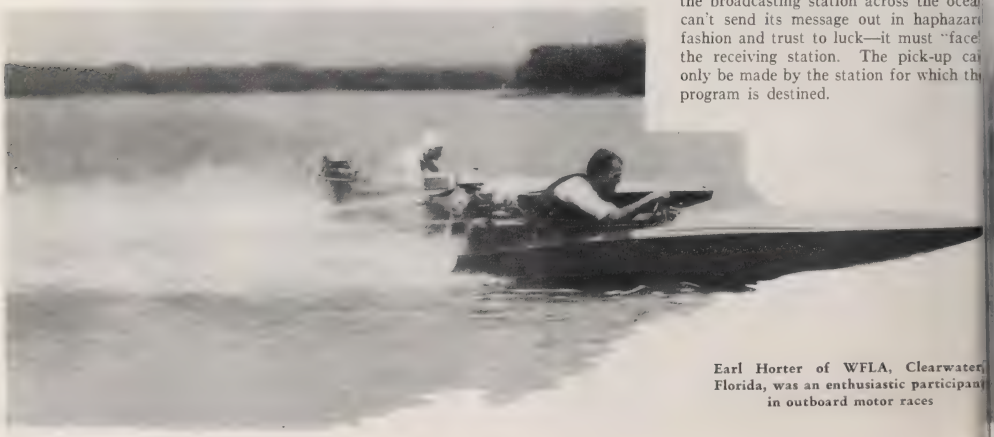
Riley later explained to intimate friends that, after all, the pool was shallow and besides the fish was blind in the lee-side eye.

* * *

We hung the flag out down here at Radio Digest's offices the other day, for a distinguished visitor. Our caller was none other than Major William C. Borrett, of Station CHNS, Halifax, Nova Scotia. He believes that television will remove the romance from Radio, but then, it will give Canadian listeners-in the pleasure of meeting this gallant gentleman in person as we did. Mrs. Borrett, who often appears on their Women's Programs, accompanied the Major and said that although New York and The Radio Show were very exciting, Halifax is the place to live.

* * *

The broadcast of the Canadian Marconi Company on October 1st, which was relayed from Station 2LO, London, England, employed the "beam" system, rather than the wave system. That means that the broadcasting station across the ocean can't send its message out in haphazard fashion and trust to luck—it must "face" the receiving station. The pick-up can only be made by the station for which the program is destined.



Earl Horter of WFLA, Clearwater, Florida, was an enthusiastic participant in outboard motor races

Goes to WTAM

ughn de Leath, the "original Radio
, is at it again . . . that is to say,
de Leath, one of the leading stars
ne Radio world, has broken through
network pastures of New York and
d herself for the winter to WTAM,
eland. Inventive as usual, she is
dcasting programs of her own pattern
full assurance of station officials that
may pioneer to her heart's satisfac-

er appearances over WTAM do not
id New York broadcasts, and so
e under a twenty-six week's contract
WTAM, in which she is heard as a
ured artist on evening programs, she
neys back and forth to keep various
ern engagements. In addition to her
York and Connecticut residences
now maintains a Cleveland home
g Lake Erie in the exclusive residen-
district.

his former star of the Firestone and
r NBC programs is as exhaustive and
icular in arranging and presenting her
dcasts as a surgeon making ready for
peration of major importance. The
ful attention to study and business
has characterized the career of Miss
Leath is largely responsible in helping
to attain her present success. Distin-
hed as a Radio artist, she is also
gnized as one of America's leading
nen composers today. Her first com-
tion at the age of thirteen was sub-
ed by mail to a large publishing
se and immediately accepted without
concern being aware that the author
still a child. Miss de Leath has made
ings for several extravaganzas and has
tten an Arabian Suite, but likes best
do songs for in them she can delight
rers with story and melody.

trangely enough, Miss de Leath, orig-
or of the style known as "crooning",
ects to being called a "crooner".



Vaughn de Leath

Two Real Indians Go On Air in Oklahoma

It's a far cry from the blood-curdling war whoops of their ancestors to the pleasant, dulcet tones of Wesley Robertson and Eli Wamego. Where do they hail from? Oklahoma, of course . . . the Heap Big Injun state.

Wesley Robertson, who sings his native songs in five different Indian languages over WKY, Oklahoma City, is a half breed Choctaw, with an allotment of rich farm land that goes with such a birth, and revenue from said farm has been used to cultivate his beautiful baritone voice. This Indian not only knows how to dress in his native costume, but wears evening clothes with the suavity of Mayor Jimmy Walker. He does not smoke or indulge in cocktails. He has a wild sense of humor; drinks iced tea with cream and



Wesley Robertson

no sugar, and Lillian Gish is his idol both personally and on the screen. Otherwise he cares little about the girls.

* * *

Eli Wamego, Pottawatomie Indian tenor, has been featured over Radio Station KCRC at Enid, Oklahoma, for more than a year. He joined the staff of this station as a member of the "Champlain Indian Service" in September, 1929.

He possesses a most unusual and pleasing tenor voice, that registers perfectly over the microphone. Mr. Wamego sings in 6 different languages besides English—



Eli Wamego

German, Italian and Sioux, Ojibwa, Pottawatomie, and Chippewa Indian tongues—and is a graduate of Haskell Institute, the largest Indian school in the United States. He also took work in the Fine Arts Department of the University of Kansas. For a time he was on Chautauqua; later he toured with an "all Indian" orchestra, in which he not only sang, but played saxophone and violin.

* * *

What makes the Marylanders' dance programs so different? It's the views of John Lederer, conductor of that popular Tuesday evening feature of Station WBAL. He is one of the few modern dance orchestra conductors who believes that syncopation is not necessarily jazz. He claims that the best dance music is quietly rhythmic rather than noisily jazzy. Of course, lots of dance fiends would disagree . . . but many listeners as far away as Canada and Cuba like his stuff. Mr. Lederer is also a pianist and sometimes steps down from the conductor's dais to broadcast a piano recital all "on his own." He was one of the first Radio dance orchestra conductors on the air. (Picture on page 78.)

* * *

Lou Bode, Jr., a member of the Band of a Thousand Melodies heard every afternoon on an NBC program, needs a "boarding-house reach" to perform his duties. He plays three instruments, the saxophone, clarinet and the baritone saxophone during the performance and is kept very busy reaching for each.

We'll All Be Russian

Fashion takes a hint from the Bizarre Tzigany Gypsy and the Picturesque Cossack

By Jeanne duBois

NO. THE U.S.S.R. won't be in power in the old U.S. this year. But, Shades of the Cossack and the Russian Gypsy and perhaps the Samovar Hour over the Radio! According to what we hear over the ether, fashions have certainly gone Russian with a vengeance this year. There is the long tunic blouse with the high belted waistline that is so reminiscent of the jacket worn by the former Czar's wild horsemen. The long tunic may be of the same shade as the full skirt which peeps out so coyly for six or eight inches beneath its hem, or it may be of a contrasting shade. And when the tunic takes unto itself fur collar or a fur band at the bottom, it is ever so smart, and still more really and truly "Roosian".

Another straw that shows that the winds of fashion blew over the vicinity of old St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, is the big loose sleeve, caught in at the wrist with gay peasant embroidery or smocking. It's really awfully colorful, becoming and an interesting relief from the always-the-same tight sleeves of the past few seasons.

Coats, which have taken on a flare, use astrakhan . . . black, grey or beige, depending upon the color of the fabric which you choose . . . and usually belt themselves. With the high, stand-up collars so many of them affect, they look as if they could stand the rigors of long, cold winters in Siberia, but they are just too precious-looking to be cast to the wolves! (By the way, take heart if you need a new cloth coat this year. From several sources of information, it seems that coats with fine furs will be more reasonable than ever this year. After the market crash, prices of raw skins went way, way down, and this enabled the manufacturers to use furs in great plenty and still keep their smart coats at prices kind-to-the pocketbook.)

ABOUT the only things not Russian are hats. No tight, straight caps for us. We wear instead tight little "bunnits" that come way, way down to cover those just-a-growin' locks or those cute little "buns" and show all of our foreheads except, perhaps, a corner. But no matter how much hat there is, it never is big, because it must not collide with our coat collars. If you'll look at the pretty picture on our Rotogravure Fashion Page 45, you'll see the only proper way to wear these new hats. You must show your curls. Bring them out in orderly little waves on your forehead and then cram the "bunnit" down in bewitching fashion.

Another thing which you'll see on that page, although you catch only a glimpse of it, is the wool lace blouse that has just come to the forefront. What a paradox that is—wool, which one associates with warmth and heavy sports clothes, and lace, which brings to mind pictures of frothy afternoon and evening frocks. Well, because clever designers have evolved this delightful new fabric, they've had to come to a compromise about its use. Blouses and frocks of this fabric, because they're wool, may attend all but the roughest of sports functions. Because they're lace, they may appear at office, bridge, luncheons, or even tea.



Best & Co.

Black crepe tunic frock with crisp grosgrain collar.

IF YOU are looking for a practical dress—one that is actually very, very swanky-looking and yet has almost all the virtues of Mother's gabardine which she turned four times, take this recommendation. Buy a wool crepe or any of the variations of the thin wools or thin tweeds that are appearing now. They don't crush, they are sheerish and swirl gracefully; they can approach the rather formal afternoon dress if you want them to, with intricacy of cut and line; they are warm and comfortable but not at all bulky. See the dark green marita cloth dress with the lovely, flattering white vest on Page 45.

Just one more look at that page before you lose your place. Notice carefully that black astrakhan jacket, because you're going to see a lot of those short fur jackets this winter. It doesn't matter what fur they utilize . . . caracul, beaver, lapin (which is French for rabbit, if you don't know it, but ever so flattering even if it is inexpensive), astrakhan or squirrel. Some of them have belts, some haven't, some have peplums (those little flares from the waist), and some are even so short as to take on the proportions of a bolero jacket. Brr! you say. How can I be expected to wear one of those pretty, but not very protective jackets when the snow is on the ground and the wind is whistling through my skirts? Here's a secret . . . many of them are made so that they can be donned *over* one's winter coat. So if you're smart you'll have one which can be used in spring and fall by itself; in winter, perhaps, ice-skating, with a warm skirt: and *over* the furless coat which you'll bu

This Winter!

Tunics *Flare Skirts*

Dolman Sleeves *Stand-up Collars*

accompany it.

If you're one of those fortunate souls o has a husband who insists (at your uest) on seeing his wife warmly clad furs so that she'll not catch pneu- nia; or if you've saved up enough ney for a brand new fur coat this nter, you'll want to know all about at's what. In furs, there is nothing w. It's the same old line-up of flat and nost flat furs; caracul, broadtail, mink, tria, beaver, squirrel (that's coming in its own this season), lapin, Persian nb, astrakhan, leopard-skin and of urse, raccoon for young sorority mem- rs. But be very careful of the cut of ur new coat. It should flare ever so ghtly so as to suggest the natural waist- e; whether or not it is belted will de- nd upon your figure and the bulkiness the fur you choose. Its collar should me high around your neck and fasten some novel way not quite like anything u saw last season . . . a scarf which mes in and out, a little rolling collar, cape collar of fur. In length, it should long enough to be one or two inches low your dresses.

BY NOW dress lengths ve been straightened out and that it s been a question of the survival of e fittest. Paris now turns up her se and says that her couturiers nev- said we should wear the wispy un- en "rags" and the extremely long day- me frocks that so many extremists went for at first. You can believe her or t, as you choose, but dress lengths this ear look mighty like the result of a firm and on the part of the American woman. his year one's daytime skirts come only a moderate length below the knee. ports dresses can be an inch or two be- w, more formal frocks four, five or six, s you please.

But—have you a favorite evening or ance frock from last year? If you have ears, prepare to shed them, because un- ess you were very lucky and extremely dvanced, you'll find it short compared o this year's frocks, no matter how long t seemed last year. Just put it on and ou'll see that though it may be long in ack, it allows a good deal too much of our shapely limbs to be seen in front. his year's dresses are absolutely even ll around, and just as demurely long as they can be, covering the very ankle! Look at the prom frocks for young things and the crepe evening gown on Page 44. Don't they bear out these words? But perhaps if you're clever with the needle or know a smart little dressmaker, you can save . . . not the day . . . but the evening.

Everything else about the offerings for Christmas and New Year festive gatherings remains much as it did last year. Fabrics are stiff moire or taffeta, glittering lame or gold or silver cloth, soft velvet, crepe or satin. What to wear out in the frosty night over these so-long confections? Anything from a little short "bunny-wrap" of white fur if you're very young; to a sophisticated, draped wrap that is almost as long as the dress itself. And anything in between is just as good, too, just so long as it is flatteringly furred and charmingly feminine.

That's the word for these new things we've talked about . . . charmingly feminine. Remember that when you take that fat little pocketbook down to the stores and if you look that way when you "try on" . . . don't search any further. Take the article of clothing unto your bosom and keep it. for you'll be both attractive and smart if you do.

* * *

PYJAMAS are still very much the thing, and you can wear them (if you have nice enough ones) to make your friends envious next time you entertain at a bridge, or at home to loll around in at your ease. They are much more inexpensive than they were at first, and if somebody asks you what you want for Christmas, have some little bee whisper in that person's ear, "py-jamas!"

Transparent velvet 'jamas are much the latest thing, but flat crepe, rayon crepe and milanese rayon are just as good. You usually run across them in the shops with cute little yoke tops on the 'trous" or often they will tie at the side with a big bow. Indulge your taste for wild gypsyish combinations of colors as freely as you please, for the pyjamas one sees combine black and orange, pale green and bright green, and other color duets we can't normally use.



Best & Co.

Deep Cossack cuffs of black persian lamb, a frame-the-face collar and a wide, wide flare label this coat "Born Fall 1930."

Lessons in Loveliness

The Modern Girl is Not Nearly as Black as She is Painted—Nor Even As Pink

By Nell Vinick

CBS Beauty Advisor

MAKE-UP is the final aid to facial beauty and its purpose is to make one look more attractive *naturally*.

It has been my observation that the younger girls usually use entirely too much make-up and thereby often make themselves look "cheap", and that the woman of mature years—the woman past her first youth—generally uses little or perhaps no make-up and thus often looks faded. Neither extreme is commendable nor up to date.

Make-up for the Young Girl—Perhaps the most common fault in selecting the three principal items of make-up—powder, rouge and lipstick—is to use something because you like the package—or because a friend uses it or because it is endorsed by your favorite screen star. What if it is? You may be an altogether different type; you may have a different coloring, a different personality. In selecting make-up the question is: will it bring out your best points—will it lend expression to your eyes—will it give a tempting curve to your lips—or will it make them look like a bloody gash? There are thousands of beautiful "extra girls" in Hollywood, striving for recognition, who never get to be anything except "extras"—because they "come by the dozen" so to speak. They have no distinction—no individuality. The ones who become stars are usually featured because they are *different*—because each is a distinct type. So if your eyes are dark, don't use a blue eye-shadow even if blue does happen to be the vogue. Dark eyes can be made more alluring with a brown eye-shadow. And don't use cherry, raspberry or any other vivid shade of rouge and lipstick if you are the brunette type.

Here is another thing to consider, make-up for the stage and for the screen must necessarily be different than make-up for personal use. It must be applied more heavily to give a natural effect across the foot-lights and through the movie camera, and those who tell you so are the biggest stars of the stage and screen—some of whom you may have heard on the air with me last season—and who will be on the air with me again quite soon.



A true example of loveliness and wisdom in the art of personal make-up. Bernice Claire, First National Studios' Star

MAKE-UP for the Older Woman—We are not so very far away from those days when any lady who used powder and "paint" was whispered about—yet I find quite a few of my Radio friends of sophisticated years who are reluctant to use any rouge or lipstick—or even powder—and consequently they do not do justice to their appearance. There are few skins so flawless—few complexions with enough natural color in cheeks and lips—that they can do without the protection of a good face powder and the vitalizing warmth of a bit of good rouge and lipstick. Since a bit of good rouge will lend depth to your eyes and expression to your lips and emphasize the beauty which is truly yours, why not use it? No woman is condemned now for vanity—for beautifying herself. She is really under an obligation to do so—society requires that she improve her

(*Continued on page 121*)

(Editor's Note)—*Miss Vinick is among the foremost recognized authorities on cosmetics and beauty-care. Her help on your personal beauty problems is now available to our readers. Address her at 130 West 42nd Street, New York, enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope and she will reply confidentially.*



Courtesy Moore, Ind.

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By
Catherine
Adams

da Bailey Allen Talks "*Turkey*"



Photo Courtesy Good Housekeeping Institute

A CONVERSATION I had recently with a charming old set me to thinking our modern way of rating Thanksgiving. o, my dear, Thanksg is not what it was y day. Why, I reber cooking three big ys once, and I fixed allon of cranberry , and twelve pumpies. Oh, we had a elous feast."

Well," I said to her, "if is what you mean, I Thanksgiving is not it once was. But you think the modway of celebrating the ion might be just as as the old?"

t's a disgrace," she "You never serve than you would for a Sunday dinner. That's way to celebrate ksgiving! You should heaps and heaps of . Of course, you can't t all, but it looks right —and it's proper."

THANKSGIVING DINNER MENU

Mixed Fruit in Apple Cups
Pimento Bisque Toasted Crackers
Sweetbreads and Mushrooms in Potato Cases
Roast Turkey Stuffed with Oyster Dressing
Mashed Turnips Baked Tomatoes
Cranberry Sauce Celery Olives
Endive with Roquefort Dressing
Thanksgiving Pudding with Hard Sauce
Nuts Fruit
Cider Coffee

All measurements are level. Recipes proportioned to serve six.

Pimento Bisque

2 tablespoons butter	2 cups white stock	Few drops tabasco sauce
2 tablespoons flour	1 small can pimientoes	1 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk	Few drops onion juice	⅛ teaspoon pepper

Melt the butter; add the flour; and blend. Gradually add the stock; and stir until the mixture thickens. Add the milk. Put the pimentoes through a fine sieve; and add to the sauce together with the seasonings. Serve in cream soup bowls; and garnish with whipped cream. Serves six.

Thanksgiving Pudding

3½ cups flour	2 teaspoons baking powder	½ cup chopped candied orange rind
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon	½ cup chopped walnut meats	½ cup molasses
1 teaspoon ground cloves	1¼ cups chopped raisins	½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt	3 cups currants	⅓ cup melted shortening
¼ teaspoon soda	½ cup chopped figs	1 cup sour milk, 1 egg

Sift the dry ingredients together; and add the nuts and fruit. Mix the molasses, sugar, milk, and egg together; and combine with the first mixture. Transfer to an oiled and floured mould or several small moulds; and steam an hour for individual moulds, three and a half hours for a large mould. Serve with hard sauce.

It seemed to me from what she said that there must have been considerable waste in her method, and there might be some reasons for the change modern women had effected. And so I decided I would find out what they were from one who would really know. I would interview Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home-Makers Club, who talks over the Radio to hundreds of thousands of women every week.

"Why of course things have changed," said Mrs. Allen in answer to my first question. "Things have changed radically. And I'm glad they have. Women used to spend so much time preparing huge quantities of food for Thanksgiving that they never had any enjoyment themselves; and often they lost the real spirit of the occasion. But I'm sure modern home-makers still celebrate Thanksgiving—they just express their

gratitude differently—the spirit is the same.

"Don't you think that the proper setting of a table has a great deal to do with the spirit of Thanksgiving?" I asked.

"Yes it has, and I am going to give you a few directions: When serving with one maid, put a dinner or service plate on for each person, in the center of the space allowed to them. Arrange the forks needed for the meal in their order of use from left to right, at the left-hand side of the plate; put the spoons and knives in their order of use, from right to left, at the right-hand side of the plate—placing them all within a half inch of the edge of the table. Put the water glass or goblet at the tip of the knife, the bread and butter plate at the tip of the fork, with the bread and butter spreader placed across the lower edge horizontally. Put the napkin at the left; if it is a large dinner napkin, and it should be, fold it over into oblong shape. Allow a set of salts and peppers for each two persons, or for more formal service, allow a set apiece, using individual size.

WHEN the meal is announced, whether for home or company service, the water glasses should be filled, and the ball or tube of butter should be on each bread and butter plate with the bread or crackers needed for the first course.

"The appetizer, if cold, should be already served on a small plate set on the service plate. If the appetizer is hot, it is placed after the guests have been seated. Soup is always served from the pantry. The turkey is usually carved by the host, the waitress standing at the left taking the plates. When the turkey has been apportioned, she then passes the vegetables, either in a double compartment vegetable dish or separately. Whenever passing any food, a folded napkin should be between her hand and the dish. The dish should be held at a height convenient for the guests to help themselves. For small articles, as cream and sugar, a little tray may be used, but a doily should be placed on it, so that the dishes cannot slide around.

"Serve to the left," Mrs. Allen continued. "When foods are to be passed, as a plate with turkey or salad, it may be either from the left or right according to the convenience of the guest. If two guests are sitting side by side and are talking, for instance, leaning toward each other, it would be necessary to place a salad at the left of one and the right of the other to avoid interruption.

The waitress should replenish the butter and water without being reminded to do it. A good waitress need not be told anything by the hostess during the service of a meal. She should watch to see what is needed, and when guests have finished any course, she should clear the table and serve the next course. A side or serving table, on which can be put extra water, butter, relishes, and food for succeeding courses, will save many trips to the kitchen or pantry." With one of her characteristic gestures, Mrs. Allen finished.

"But the decorations! How about those?" I asked.

"Oh, Joan Barrett, our Interior Decorator, has corking ideas. Go down there and ask her for them."

I dropped into Miss Barrett's cheerful office and asked her what she considered of prime importance in Thanksgiving table decoration. She replied without hesitation, "Cranberry sauce."

Then she explained that at the home where she has visited for twenty-two Thanksgivings, the hostess one year forgot to put the cranberry sauce on the table—an oversight which apparently made Miss Barrett miserable. She hated to embarrass her hostess by asking for the missing dish, which might, she reasoned, have met with an accident in the kitchen. Nor could she very well leave the table to ransack the refrigerator. Searching for a means of introducing the subject, Miss Barrett began detailing the story of a Thanksgiving comic strip she had noted in the paper, emphasizing the food angle, especially the cranberry sauce. With a shriek that echoed through the dining room, the hostess jumped up and ran to the pantry, where the dish had been since its preparation the day before, and with profuse apologies for the oversight, brought it to the feast. Since then the Thanksgiving table has each year held two bowls of cranberry sauce, one for the guests at large, the other for Miss Barrett.

"Seriously though," Miss Barrett said, "I have one very strong opinion about Thanksgiving table decorations. I think that they should be dignified. Crepe paper strips, Jack o'lanterns, orange and black paper caps and the like are perfectly appropriate for Hallowe'en. But Thanksgiving dinner, if it is of the traditional sort, is a more solemn feast. Happy, yes. But never frivolous."

"Could you suggest a few such arrangements?" I asked.

"Why, yes," Miss Barrett replied, "although I do think that settings should vary to suit the hostess' linen, silver, and glassware, and the size of the table.

"One of the most effective treatments I have seen was arranged upon a large, oval table, spread with a green tinted damask cloth. The centerpiece consisted of a graceful, opaque black glass bowl with solid, ear-like handles projecting at each side. The bowl was heaped with vivid green and purple grapes. Somewhere the hostess had procured a twining spray of grape leaves that she hung from one side. This she balanced by placing a small, wedge-shaped bunch of grapes on the green cloth at the base of the bowl. Four tall, bright silver candlesticks, with concord purple candles flanked this group. Gleaming silverware, black glass service plates, and crystal goblets with black bases complete a study at once chaste and forceful.

WITH a white cloth you might use old English china. The sort that pictures pastoral scenes in green on an ivory background is newly popular. With this pale green but bled glassware, a centerpiece of any old-fashioned flowers that can be obtained, such as, delphinium, painted daisy, columbine, asters, and baby's breath

Thanksgiving Pudding

Hard Sauce Garnish



THANKSGIVING SUPPER MENU

Toasted Giblet and Bacon Sandwiches
Cabbage and Pineapple Salad — Cheese Crackers
Peanut Brittle Mousse — Cookies
Tea

All measurements are level. Recipes proportioned to serve six.

Cabbage and Pineapple Salad

2 cups canned, drained, shredded pineapple
2 cups finely shredded white cabbage
1/8 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup sour cream
Juice 1/2 lemon
1/2 teaspoon salt

Combine the cabbage and pineapple, and marinated with the sour cream, lemon juice, salt and pepper, mixed together. Serve in nests of lettuce.

Peanut Brittle Mousse

1/4 pound peanut brittle
1 pint heavy cream
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
1 teaspoon gelatin
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Grated rind 1/2 orange

Crush the peanut brittle by putting through the food chopper; and add the orange rind, sugar, and vanilla. Soak the gelatin in one tablespoon cold water, then melt over steam. Combine with the cream, whipped stiff. Fold into the first mixture; and transfer to a mould. Pack in equal parts ice and salt, and bury for three hours, or freeze in an electrical refrigerator.

Toasted Giblet and Bacon Sandwiches

1 cup cooked minced chicken giblets
1/2 cup finely diced celery
6 slices chopped crisp cooked bacon
1/8 teaspoon salt
Hot buttered toast
Mayonnaise to blend mixture
1/4 head shredded lettuce

Combine the chicken giblets, bacon, celery, and salt; and blend with the mayonnaise. Spread on slices of hot buttered toast; place shredded lettuce on each, and cover with a second slice of toast. Serve hot.

nged in a green bowl would be effec-

My own ideal for a Thanksgiving table," tinued Miss Barrett, "would be the sort ch the pilgrims probably used; a crude . trestle table, either bare or covered a handwoven red and white cloth pew- utensils and wooden dishes. The food ld probably serve as the only decora- . I'd have the traditional sort; a e browned turkey; bowls piled high n maize, potatoes, creamed onions, and ash, two kinds of pie and—cranberry ce."

"WHAT is new in the of dinner cloths?" I asked.

That is the question that ran through head recently as I hunted through eral of the New York shops," Miss rnell replied. "I had half expected to something startling and bizarre in ign or color. But apparently, the ex- and unusual is no longer in favor. tead, I found prominently displayed st exquisite examples of fine linens. broidered or trimmed with beautiful s of lace.

"My choice was a handsome cloth, de from the most delicate quality of sh linen, the threads so firmly and sely woven that it lay like a smooth rror on the table. Rectangular in pe, the edge was bordered by a deep d of hand-made filet lace. At the ners and along the sides the linen had n cut away and heavy lace represent- baskets of flowers and fruit had been in. These motifs in turn were em- asized and adorned by graceful sprays embroidery and small curves of cut- rk.

"Conservative in effect, beautifully cuted, this cloth would form a rich ckground for the silver and china of y formal dinner."

I left Miss Cornell to go down to the tchen-Laboratory of the National dio Home-Makers Club and watch Miss ace White, Club Dietitian, beginning eparations for Thanksgiving. She was aking out a menu for Thanksgiving nner, and one for Thanksgiving supper. e gave me both, and I came away forti- d against all questions that anyone can k about how the modern home-maker ll celebrate the original American holi- y this year.

* * *

AND while the turkey is eaming away in the oven and the cran- rry sauce is set out to cool, there is a ysterious shuffling in the garret—sup- essed laughter—gasps of excitement— apping of hands. What is happening? Although roast turkey, cranberry sauce d plum puddings are very important in ohnny's and Mary's Thanksgiving Day, eir crowning glory is dressing up like own folks. Father's suspenders myste- ously disappear, mother's Sunday dress



Underwood and Underwood

Three Generations gather at the bountifully set Thanksgiving board.

is missing and big sister's best pocketbook suddenly develops legs.

And hearing great shrieks of glee, the family put their heads out of the window only to find the younger generation, wrapped up in the family's best and parading themselves along the avenue in elegant style.

There is Suzy with the rim of her mother's hat flapping against her freckled nose as she is making vain efforts to hold up the folds of the wide dress to keep from tripping the hundred and fifty-first time.

Then follows Timothy, Jr., rigged up in a harlequin's outfit that bespeaks the ingenuity possible at a dozen years. How he rigged up the costume remains a mystery forever to Time's family, but there is no mistaking the clown's suit. Of course, Sister will find next summer that her white Sunday dress is off its hanger and she will be deceived into believing that she left it at the seashore, quite forgetting that Tim's Thanksgiving disguise conveyed to her a resemblance to something faintly familiar to her.

Such an array of patches, costumes and designs would stagger any style specialist. And they topple over one another in a splash of colors and get up again with a surprising poise and self-possession.

And here comes Fido, barking away in his greatest of holiday spirits, and rushing merrily against a mass of colored petticoats only to have this avalanche fall over him; and tugging at Mary's ruffled pantaloons and tearing off its lace edges.

What has your garret to yield to the curious youngsters? Already they may be half bent over old trunks chuckful of cherished memories. At this moment Margie may be half buried in a pile of stuffs which she has taken out from one of the old trunks and opening and shutting the faded pink parasol with its rows of ruffled edges, with Buzzie, the cat and her family of well-cleaned kittens staring with open-eyed wonder at this modern spectacle.

And if there are no garrets, you may be sure that the smallest corner of the house even though it be a tiny cupboard will contain a mountain of ecstasies for the children.

A cartoon of several years ago comes to mind of two little boys on the street on Thanksgiving Day. The one, dressed up in Daddy's clothes with the legs of the trousers trailing behind him and the coat-tails reaching the ground; the other boy, dressed up in his brand new outfit, being helped into the great big automobile by his nurse maid. Each boy looked at the other wistfully.

But it can be said with certainty that the little masquerader was infinitely happier that day than the little rich boy.

THE roast turkey, the cranberry sauce and puddings are important for Thanksgiving Day, but if the Maries and Johnnies and Suzies and Sadies, especially those of the city, could not masquerade, it jes' wouldna be Thanksgivin' for 'em.

Feed the children up on brown roast turkey, stuffed with bread crumbs and oysters, on the cranberry sauce, the salad and olives and all the varied trimmin's that go with a grand and glorious Thanksgiving dinner; but don't forget that they need the fun of masqueradin' as well as the pleasures of the festive board.



Dad Dailey, known to Radio pioneers as One Bulb Bill.

Menus *for* MEN

Dad Dailey answers the Eternal Feminine, "What shall I have for Dinner?"

ARE men coming into their dietetical own?

For the first time in the history of Radio the masculine palate is being catered to from the viewpoint of actual masculine taste. Every Friday morning at 9:45 during the Hecker program, "Care and Feeding of Men" over WABC and a special network, Dad Dailey advises housewives on the plain menus their husbands most enjoy.

. . .

During a long period of time, in the interest of his brothers and their long neglected desires for certain dishes, Dad made a study of this subject, eating in restaurants and dining clubs which exclude women patrons, ferreting out masculine preferences, cajoling the cooks into revealing the secrets of their preparations and then probably in the quiet of his home concocting these tempting delicacies. One can imagine Dad stirring the ingredients in a variety of pans, and sniffing at this and tasting of that.

Some two years ago Dad Dailey got to playing around with a manuscript that he called Dad Dailey's cook book and which, he insists, contains many helpful hints on the care and feeding of men. It also lists about one hundred masculine menus for these virile creatures.

He dedicated this literary effort to the millions of men who have been sacrificed on the altar of the feminine viewpoint. In its foreword the writer states that he has but one ambition in life and that is to answer the questions which millions of women put to their husbands every morning, "What would you like for dinner tonight, my dear"—a question which ordinarily elicits an incoherent, unsatisfactory grunt, or a carefree "Oh, I don't care, any old thing will suit me", and then the "any old thing" would turn out to be last Sunday's roast beef in disguise, or the leg of lamb incognito.

While the manuscript of this some-day-to-be-famous cook book was in the making, Dad conceived the idea of carrying his message to the women of the land over the Radio. With the advertising instinct that motivates his every thought, he said to himself, "Why not make this a commercial Radio program?"

In July of 1929, Dad Dailey broke loose on the air at Station WODA in Paterson, N. J. The results of his broadcast proved interesting in more ways than one. He was flooded with letters from women who were interested in keeping their husbands at the home table. He gave menus that erased the furrows in the feminine brow, and his listeners applauded him for standing alone midst the mighty army of feminine broadcasters on food.

That is why Dad Dailey and his new line of chow chatter is booked for a lengthy stay on a split network of the Columbia Broadcasting System, every Friday morning at 9:45. This program is sponsored by the millers of Hecker's flour.

Dad receives in his voluminous mail letter after letter requesting recipes of the many oven delicacies which he now includes in his menus for men. And it seems fair to predict that Dad is going to shame many women back into the old-fashioned occupation of home baking, for Dad is telling the wives that nothing will give greater delight to men, husbands in particular, than a batch of hot rolls or biscuits for dinner, and that every big-hearted woman in his audience need only try it to prove it.

So if any husbands who have long been patient in enduring the wares of the delicatessen shop will ask their wives to tune in on this program, they may find a radical change in the next dinner at home.

One of the courses might even be ham baked in milk which is one of Dad's latest creations.

Dad Dailey is really Wm. J. E. Dailey who for many years has been a conspicuous figure in the advertising agency business.

Seven years ago Bill, as he was familiarly known, built—that is his wife built—a one-tube Radio set. In those pioneer days of Radio, Bill would go to his office after listening in most of the night on nearby and distant stations and dictate to his secretary his impressions of the Radio programs. These impressions finally developed into full-grown comments which found their way into the columns of one of New York's leading newspapers. And so he became known to the pioneers of Radio as One Bulb Bill. He claims credit to the distinction of being America's first Radio columnist, and so far there have been no other claimants to this honorable title.

And now Dad Dailey stands alone on the battlefield, engaged in a single-handed warfare in bringing men back into their dietetical own and in placing the sovereign crown again on the home-made biscuit's brow.

"What will you have for dinner, my dear?"

"Nightingales tongues trimmed with Queen Bee's honey and scalloped with fresh cut orchids."

WITH Dad Dailey's interpretation she will now know exactly what that means.

MAKE-UP for TELEVISION

By Betty McGee



John Gihon, production manager of WMAQ and W9XAP, makes up Dorothy Drum of "Artists and Models" for television. First a base of grease paint in a warm, deep ivory tint, spread out over the face. Then brown eye-pencil. Last . . . imagine it . . . chocolate-brown for lips!

HORRORS!" exclaimed Betty McLean one night in early ember in the studios WMAQ and its attentelevision station. XAP, Chicago. "How I ever go through my act like this?" nall wonder that Betty distraught. There in mirror she saw that usually creamy skin taken on a pale green-brown hue, her nose actually shiny, and lips were unmistak-, hideously green! nd that, my dears, the fate of all who ld appear beautiful—is, those who would ear beautiful in tele-on receiving sets all wo months ago. No, unately, it was not a mical change in the lermis of the indi-ual. Merely a unique type of make-which television brought into being. ing the past two months, however, preparations have been made which not a whit less unique but more in oing with the usual standards of hu-n, especially feminine, beauty. But e of that anon.

TO RETURN to the plight Betty McLean. We were speaking of night of her first appearance on a chronized Radio-television broadcast ough WMAQ and W9XAP. Of course was not the first time Betty had had horrid stuff on her face. Not at all. had endured it many times when she been a subject for make-up experi-nt. But it was one thing to have ious peculiar colors dabbed on one's e for purely "experimental purposes" quite another to be nonchalant in face of an audience, though unseen, knowing that your looks would put a circus freak to shame. Betty confessed afterwards that she had had no idea that she would feel so, oh, so—sea-sick. Something psychological about the green probably. Of course it only lasted a minute, and then she remembered how she would appear on the screen in soft sepia tones.

Betty's experience is probably typical of the effect of the green make-up on the average entertainer. Temporarily, at least, it is poise destroying. I visited the W9XAP dressing rooms when five or six Radio entertainers and show-girls were making-up for a television try-out. They dabbed the green paint on daintily, surveyed themselves in the mirror distastefully, and sat around self-consciously awaiting try-out. Not until they had applied the good old red and white paint where it belonged did they become their usual vivacious selves . . . True enough that the girls don't like it, but ask any woman if *some* make-up isn't better than *none*, and you'll have the answer to the question as to whether or not make-up for television will last

When the directors of WMAQ turned to television they discovered, as have many others, that television often does strange things to the human face. Primarily, the great difficulty is that the features are apt to appear blurred through television. In experiments it was discovered that sometimes a nose was completely lost, and we'll all admit that a face without a nose is not a thing of beauty; sometimes blue eyes seemed to have faded away into almost no eyes at all; sometimes the outline of the whole face was indistinct.

THEN the production manager, John Gihon, and the casting director, Vinton Haworth, put their heads together and said, "Let's do something about this. The whole thing is in an experimental stage. Why not experiment with make-up?" And they began their experiments in earnest. A number of make-up experts were called in and Davis Factor, who is said to be the foremost make-up authority in Hollywood, tore himself away from the movie stars to study the problem of television make-up



Jean East and Carol Lynn, the Honey Girls, appear over WIBO and W9XAQ. Imagine these darlings daubed with green!

He began with powders, running the gamut of shades and textures from the thinnest white to the deepest, heaviest ochre. His conclusion was that powder was definitely out since it produces a too dry and flaky surface. After trying seven different kinds of grease paint he discovered one that produced very satisfactory results. It was a light brown with a green cast and one that did not create too decided high lights.

"The whole problem of television make-up is a red washout," explained Mr. Factor. "Television takes the natural red from the skin, changing it into black. Therefore the idea is to cover up all reds. The grease paint acts as a mask, completely covering the face."

WHEN Mr. Factor hit upon green as the ideal color to superimpose on ruby lips he levelled quite a blow at feminine vanity. However, when he returned to Hollywood to put his chemists to work on some new preparations for television he took into account this weakness usually accredited to the female sex. The new make-up evolved is a grease paint of a warm, deep ivory tint—this for women. That for men is two or three shades darker, running into the browns. There is, too, another dark shade which is used to bring high lights where they are needed, as for instance, around the nose. For the lips he created a nice chocolate brown paint which is, to the unaccustomed eye, hardly alluring but far more pleasing than the former green.

Now as to the application. It takes about an hour to apply the make-up properly. First you put on a base of the panchromatic grease paint—a little dab on the cheeks, the nose, the forehead and chin. (And by the way, girls, the paint that the men use is a far nicer color than that for the women.) You spread this coat out over the face with plain, unadulterated water — always moving your hands in the same direction. This is a half-hour job in itself. The base must be very smooth, very even and very thin. On some faces it is a good idea to use high lights on the nose, gradually darkening the color as you reach the outer cheeks. This is to prevent the possible "loss" of a nose too small to take distinctly.

After this is done, you line your eyes slightly, according to individual requirements, and pencil your eyebrows with a brown pencil. Black is too dark. Now, everybody knows that the proper way to pencil your eyebrows is to use the deepest color near the nose, and gradually lighten it as the eyebrows narrow. For television, they do just the opposite—barely touching the eyebrows close to the nose, and using the pencil more heavily as you go outward. The reason for this is that television sometimes plays tricks with the eyes and eyebrows, making eyes look crossed if the brows are too close together. If your eyes are blue you place a dash of brown under them, to bring out their depth, but no eye shadow is used. Mascara, if you wish, although it is relatively unimportant.

If your face has a tendency to be a little too broad you will dab a little white paint on either side just above the jawbone. If it is thin you place a little of the darker paint there instead.

And now we turn our attention to the lips. The chocolate brown is applied quite lavishly, emphasizing the natural curves, as television requires over-emphasis.

And there you have the story of the application.

Many people who have been experimenting with television rather extensively feel that make-up is not worth the expenditure of time and money. The results they have had are satisfactory enough and would not be materially affected if make-up should be eliminated, they s

"I suppose that make-up for televis cannot be reckoned a necessity," s Vinton Haworth, casting director WMAQ and W9XAP. "Its reason being is an artistic one and we feel t it is a very important factor in the velopment of the new art of televisio

MR. John Gihon, p duction manager of the station, belie that the promoters of television groping around to discover just the ty of thing that it is best adapted to, a he is confident that some particular fo of entertainment will become the "te vision program."

"We are continually bringing beaut of the theatrical and Radio world bef the microvisor in an endeavor to find t best types for television. Undoubted there will be a distinct type known as t 'television beauty' but it is hard prophesy just what type she will Generally speaking, the girl with a rath broad face and clearly defined featur will take well.

"The 'television beauty' will not ha a rosebud mouth. It is certain that s will be a strong, vigorous type, and s will probably be characterized by flashi eyes and a flashing smile."

The development of television w bring about many changes. For one, new type of beauty expert will arise. new vanity case, resembling an artist palette will be added probably to t feminine television artist's accessories.

"Oh, dear, don't you think that n nose needs a little more green?" will the oft-repeated question in studios. Ar who knows but that our flapperettes w follow suit with green noses and blue lips



Marcella Lally of Station WMAQ. No, those aren't soap bubbles behind her . . . they are the "eyes" of the television microvisor.

Why Look Like a Wife?

"Any woman can be lovelier . . . simply by never looking unattractive, even to herself."

"THIS is the beginning of a series of articles by the well-known consultant on care of the skin. You may have a booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", by writing to Miss Ingram in care of this magazine, or if you have some special beauty problem, Miss Ingram will be very glad to advise you by letter.—EDITOR.



By

FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on care of the skin, who broadcasts regularly over CBS.

HOW to be lovelier. This question is put to me in every one of the hundreds of letters which come to me each week. These letters are from young girls, middle-aged women, grandmothers—all of them interested in the same subject—how to be lovelier.

I doubt if all these women who ask this question know just why they want to be beautiful, but after all, that is important. The reasons for wanting to be attractive are so natural that I'm sure many women have never expressed them even to themselves. The point is, there is no woman who would not improve her appearance if she knew how.

Perhaps no woman is more interested who has a more pertinent reason for wanting to be beautiful than the wife. After all, men do like beauty—they always have. Men see in beauty an ideal—an inspiration—and as beauty does mean so much to men and to the world, I think it follows that it's a wife's privilege as well as duty to be as attractive as she can.

MANY weeks half of the letters I receive are from wives. The following is typical:

"I am thirty-five years old and the mother of three children. Since I've been married, I haven't had time to bother about anything so trivial as my appearance. I have sacrificed myself to my husband, my household duties, and to my children. I've given them the best years of my life. But my husband seems to have lost all interest in his home and me. He spends very few evenings at home and he doesn't tell me where he goes. Of course, I imagine everything. You can't blame me. I could be more attractive if I only had the time. And from now on I'm going to have the time. I'm going to leave my husband and get a job. If all my years of sacrifice mean nothing to him, I'm through. I won't talk any more about my situation, but I wish you would tell me how to improve my appearance enough to get a job which will support me and my children. Even in business nowadays it seems that looks count for more than ability."

I remember when this letter came in. Marion, my secretary, read the letter to me and said in a disgusted tone of voice, "I don't think much of her husband, Miss Ingram. I'm glad she's leaving him." I told her that I wasn't sure that it was all the husband's fault. It seemed to me—and it still seems to me—that one of the reasons why that marriage was going on the rocks was because that woman was neglecting her appearance. In other words, she was looking entirely too much like a wife. We've all seen this happen. Attractive young girls marry and in just a few years they change into unattractive, discontented, matronly looking women. Most of these women, I'm sure, had promised themselves before they were married that they would not allow this to happen to them—that they would be different from the average run of wives. But they begin to backslide a little, and as the years go by, they unconsciously backslide more and more until finally they are content to look like a cartoonist's impression of a breakfast-table wife.

Now there's nothing alluring about a breakfast-table wife. Of course a man likes to know that his wife is helping him by being domestic. But he likes to see her in more attractive aspects, too. He likes to see her pretty. He likes to be proud of her. And why blame him for this? Since the beginning of time, attractiveness has been one of woman's most outstanding virtues. Before she's married, a woman is punctilious about her appearance. She tries hard to be as attractive as she can to get a job—or a husband—or to keep a job. If a woman will make this effort to keep a job, I wonder why it doesn't seem equally important to her to make the same effort to keep a husband.

ANYWAY, preserving her looks has a decidedly mental reaction on the woman herself. It gives her an air of alertness—a sense of confidence in herself—in other words, poise. Psychiatrists say that neglected wives are frequently suffering from inferiority complexes and that these complexes often can be traced back to an unattractive appearance. Women get this sense of inferiority when they realize that they are not attractive and that other people are not attracted to them. Then they lose their belief in themselves and their ability. When this happens, other unfortunate things occur in rapid succession. These women develop a spirit of martyrdom. They sacrifice themselves, their husbands, and their children to household duties. They thrust aside every opportunity that offers relief from household monotony. As a result, they are more apt

(*Continued on page 125*)

How to Comprehend Symphony Music

Keener Enjoyment of Good Radio Music Comes to the Listener With Better Knowledge of The Orchestra

By

WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music

Dr. William Braid White, Author, acoustical engineer and national authority on musical instruments and music has been engaged to write a series of articles on the inspirations and appeals of good music—Editor

WITH the permission of my readers, I shall not talk this month about actual programs on the air. For various reasons it appears to me that there is quite a bit of preliminary ground clearing to be done before we start off full-tilt on music arguments. There is a great public just beginning to find good music attractive, but it is still almost entirely without knowledge either of the history, or of the styles of the art of musical expression. Where knowledge is not, any man's opinion is as good as any other's; and precisely there the uninstructed taste gets into trouble. Anyone can cover reams of paper with high-falutin' talk about the emotional side of a piece of music, but after the eager unlearned amateur music lover has ploughed through a square mile or so of stuff like that he is just about where he was at the start. Suppose on the other hand that here, in this department of Radio Digest, I try to do something a little different. I shall not use the awful word "educate", and indeed shall not for a moment try to uplift, or to "teach" anybody. I shall however try to give some needed information on points concerning which there is an immense amount of misunderstanding, even among those who really should know better. If I can manage to convey the information in a way that shall not bore you and that at the same time shall really tell you some things that you must know if you ever intend to get real significant pleasure out of listening to the great programs which are now being broadcast by the best musical organizations of the country, then indeed I shall feel that something worth while has been accomplished, even if we do agree not to call it "educational".

Music as a form of expression.

Long before Homer sang the Fall of Troy, magnificent poems were composed in India and China, which have come down to our own age to awake our admiration and envy. Then, later on, men sought a still more perfect form of expression which should enable them to say that which could not be said in words. The Church during the Middle Ages took the complex but inexpressive musical experiments the Greeks had made in music, and began to build up the art of choral singing. I have heard music which was written nine hundred years ago. One can only wonder at the inspiration of men who, without a scientific scale of musical sounds, without a notation whereby to write down the sounds without musical instruments to give them out, without trained musicians to play the instruments, nevertheless were able, because they loved God and desired to worship Him rightly, labored unceasingly to find out how to make different voices move together so as to produce a tolerable tune and make a harmony at the same time. We smile today at the child-like simplicity of their efforts; but let one of us moderns sit down with a blank sheet of paper, with no piano, with no sheet music, with no science of harmony, with nothing but the ear and the brain, and try to invent a tune, arrange it so that a high soprano and a low tenor may sing in harmony.



he history of music is the history of great struggle to master this problem, problem of making sounds move to er so as to express emotion that can be so well expressed in any other way. has taken nine centuries to perfect ical form. To-day it is right to say neither with pen, nor with brush, nor chisel, have men been able so to ex- s the depths of heart and mind as have with music. Five hundred years when music was young and struggling a place in the sun, the great art was nting. To-day the great art, the great lern form of expression, is Music.

What is musical form?

good many people seem to think that sic is something which a dreamy ec- tric called a composer writes down in a zy of emotion and of inspiration, not wing how it comes and hardly knowing t he is doing. Nothing could however more absurd. The art of musical com- ition goes by the strictest of technical s. To acquire a mastery of these rules that one can apply them in writing vn one's musical ideas, takes years of y hard work. No matter how much piration a man may have unless he has rned the rules of the art he is out of k. One hears wonderful tales of ob- re geniuses who play by ear; but those tales. A man who has the mental lities which shall enable him to write great symphonic composition for the nd orchestra must have mental capa- y of the highest order. To appreciate sic, to listen to it understandingly, one d know only a few simple facts; but to ite music . . . well that is another matter tirely. Music is the easiest of all arts love and to appreciate, but the hardest all to master.

How Does an Orchestra Work?

When a composer writes a piece of music, he conceives it mentally as something to be performed (as all music must be to bring it from dead notes into life) by some one instrument or group of instruments, by one voice or a group of voices, or by some combination of instruments and voices. He does not write down a lot of notes and then leave it to some one else to decide what instruments are to be used. The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or the Philadelphia Orchestra or the NBC Orchestra or the Roxy Orchestra, has nothing to do with arranging the music for various instruments, save in very exceptional cases. When the score (as you call the manuscript or printed pages of a symphony) comes to him, he sits down to study it, but he finds on its pages every note that is to be played by every instrument in his orchestra. His tack then is to have the orchestra play over that music and to make them play it exactly as he wants it played. Over and over again, if it is new music especially, and often when it is music old and well known, the conductor will have the orchestra go through a certain passage until it sounds as he wishes it to.

Don't think that it's done by inspiration, not at all. When you heard the great Boston Symphony orchestra playing on October 4th from Symphony Hall in Boston during the New England Tercentenary festival, what you heard was the carefully prepared result of repeated rehearsals. The performance of fine music by an orchestra is a matter of continued, steady and difficult labor, involving the highest kind of executive ability on the part of the conductor and the most strenuous training on the part of the musicians.



Dr. William Braid White, who explains with great clarity and interest, the symphony orchestra in this article. Dr. White is one of the few possessors of the accredited title of Doctor of Music.

What are the Divisions of an Orchestra?

A symphony orchestra, such as the big one which Walter Damrosch conducts for the NBC symphonic broadcasts, or the New York Philharmonic Symphony, the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Chicago Orchestra or the Cleveland Orchestra, is a very different thing from the group of players who form what is called a dance or a jazz orchestra. The symphony orchestra has evolved into its present size and shape through the efforts of the composers, who have written their masterpieces for certain definite numbers and groups of instruments which seemed to them to be the best for their special purposes. Gradually, during the last hundred and fifty years, composers have tacitly agreed upon a general lay-out of instruments for which to

(*Continued on page 118*)



The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra arranged as explained in this article . . . Conductor Leopold Stokowski in the center. To your left, the strings, center the wood wind instruments; right rear the brasses, and the tympani.

Voice of the

THE VERY IDEA!

WE THINK Big Brothers Bob and Willie are the most clever comedians on KMBC, but here is the thing that seems funny to me. Big Brother is always correcting Willie for saying words wrong and then he insists on saying "That's an idear," instead of idea.

I thought someone would tell him about it, but I guess they have not, as he still says "idear."—Mrs. S. C. Munson, Leavenworth.

* * *

WE ACQUIRED a Graham McNamee complex, several years ago, and we have never gotten over it. He is our favorite announcer. And when we are granted the privilege to hear him sing, well, we never pass up such an opportunity for any other entertainment. We sincerely hope that he is awarded this honor by the greatest majority of listeners. —Mrs. Winifred Coplien, Brodhead, Wis.

* * *

WE'LL TRY TO DO BETTER

I BOUGHT my first copy of RADIO DIGEST a couple of weeks ago and find it very interesting.

There is only one complaint I have to make and that is that you didn't mention WSB of Atlanta in this issue; one of the strongest and best stations on the air. Everyone is familiar with the voice of Lamdin Kay and the rest of WSB's staff.—George C. Holland, McRae, Ga.

* * *

HOPE YOU WIN MORE PRIZES

ON SATURDAY I was unexpectedly surprised when I received a check for one hundred dollars from you, as the prize winner of the Dubronsky mystery story.

I wish to express to you, and to the judges my most sincere thanks and appreciation, and let me add too, that RADIO DIGEST magazine is one of the cleanest and finest books ever published. —Margaret J. Ayatte, Watervliet, N. Y.

* * *

WE'LL TRY TO FILL YOUR ORDER

JUST finished reading the article "Dawn of Radio" in the August RADIO DIGEST. I surely did enjoy it and the pictures. I hope you will run more articles and pictures of the early days of radio.

I, too, think that we have been having too much of Amos 'n' Andy. Amos 'n' Andy gave me many a laugh but they have gone stale, now; while Jake and Lena (when they were at WTAM) were funnier with each broadcast. I can truthfully say that Gene's clean, wholesome humor and Glenn's infectious laughter gave me more enjoyment than anything or anyone I have ever heard on the air.

And now I'm going to make some suggestions for pictures. The first is for that of John McGovern, who, each Sunday, plays the title rôle of "The Globe Trotter" over CBS from 6.30 to 7.00 and the hero in "Mystery House" over NBC from 7.00 to 7.30. On August 10, he spoke his last lines over CBS at 6.58 and his first over NBC at 7.08. How does he do it? I would like pictures of the WCAU announcers, and the WCAU Kiddies. When the Kiddies played Wildwood, N. J., they drew the biggest crowd of the season.

I would like to have pictures too of Little Mitzie Groff who does Belle Baker, Fannie Brice, Sophie Tucker, etc., Martie Zisserman, who does Henry Burbig (I wish you could hear these two) and the rest of these talented youngsters.

The tree sitting bug has hit this part of the country so strongly that even the radio entertainers are not immune. However, Jackie Mack of WPEN, who has been sitting in a tree in Woodside Park, doesn't let it interfere with his Radio work. He broadcasts several times a day from his lofty perch.—Miss Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.

* * *

SEE OCTOBER, KATIE

I SUGGEST that you print a story of the life of Gene and Glenn, those two famous Radio artists. Something like your Amos and Andy stories. I am sure our readers would like to read something about these two boys in your wonderful paper.—Kate E. Gordon, Mentor, Ohio.

* * *

QUICK! BRING THE DICTIONARY

NOW that orbal transmission is imminent as an adjunct of aural broadcasting, discussion of the topic will become of proportionate interest, as speculation arises and doubts are instilled by the quizzical whose interrogations delve into the hazy and who seek information on the subject because of its very pertinence to their future aberrations in the field of entertainment.

Let it be here quoted that radio as a deliverer of music and speech is still unapproached to realism. Visit a concert hall, dance to the rhythm of a dance orchestra or attend a social function where music in any of its forms predominates. Then you are in contact with the true source in actuality. There is no static or intrinsic disturbance to mar the performance as we wish to hear it. Mayhap engineers will soon be able to evolve a cure for this woe.

With television extant the question of its being a commercial competitor with the talking movies, the theater or vaudeville will be advanced. The same, or virtually identical, question arose when Radio was being developed in competition with the silent drama. Everyone now knows of the innovation of speech and music in the motion picture and the lack of conflict between the two industries. And there never will be.

With the initiation of television will probably come the separation of the two into two different departments. Television will turn into the broadcast of sport news as it occurs, in addition to providing the drama and prepared program as it does now, while for the talking picture will remain the depictal of only the present type of drama that it offers us. It may be added that the two will never merge, although there may be a similarity in the output.

Assuming that the predictions do matriculate it must be admitted the details will not be minute, for when one seeks to propound the future, the eyes of the present can be easily confounded by interluding time and its accompanying unforeseen incidents.—Algird Truska, Newark, N. J.

* * *

YOU'RE SO NICE, MAYBE WE WILL

I HAVE three things to accomplish as I write you this letter. The first is that of most importance. It is that I want to praise the staff and editor of RADIO DIGEST for the wonderful magazine they put out to the Radio listener Second, also important to me, is that I wish to become a member of the V. O. L. The third is that I wish you would give us a write-up on Thompkins Corner.—Ralph Berry, Kan[illegible] City, Okla.

* * *

DARN CLEVER, THIS "CHINESE"

THE article in the Sept. issue, "Try Singing to Speak Well," by Drake Evans, was very interesting. However, I beg to differ with Mr. Evans as to his pronunciation of "Chinese", rhyming with fleece as being the only proper pronunciation. He evidently uses the Funk and Wagnall dictionary, which gives the pronunciation to rhyme with fleece. The Oxford, Stormonth, Encyclopedic Dictionary and Worcester give but one pronunciation —that rhyming with breeze.

The Century gives both ways, preferring the one rhyming with fleece, while Webster's International gives both ways, but gives preference to the pronunciation rhyming with breeze Now those reading the article who have always said "Chinez" need not feel bad (not badly) about the matter of faulty pronunciation. Both are evidently correct on equally good authority.—Mrs. Lizzie M. Roberts, Sterling, Ill.

* * *

JEWELED PHRASES FOR JESSICA DRAGONETTE

FIRST, let me congratulate you on your very excellent magazine—especially the rotogravure section which I immensely enjoy. Second, to praise my favorite Radio artist, Jessica Dragonette. Not only does Miss Dragonette possess unquestionably the finest, purest, sweetest voice on the air, but she is an extremely talented actress, as she proved on the Philco hour, and is now proving on Cities Service. Her naïve, unaffected personality broadcasts as effectively as her voice, due to its magnetic quality. As far as her looks are concerned, she certainly need have no fear of television.—Marjorie Goetschins, Manchester, N. H.

* * *

128 NOW—COUNT 'EM!

WHY so much fiction in the Digest?—and only 96 pages when there were 128 all through the winter and spring? I'd certainly appreciate seeing more about Radio and less fiction—none at all as far as I am concerned. There are so many magazines full of fiction but only one Radio magazine so far as I know. I'd like to see something about Roxy again. Cheerio!—Mrs. B. C. de Mercado, Columbus, Indiana.

* * *

PLEASE WRITE TO MR. ARNOLD

SINCE 1926, when I became a Radio Fan and began subscribing to RADIO DIGEST, I have had a desire to know what reception is like in other states. The finest sport I can think of would be to tour the states in a Radio-equipped car and get that information. That being impossible I would like to receive reports from listeners in every state, giving the stations you receive best, what stations interfere in your state, whether you depend on electricity or batteries for power and the make of your Radio. Every letter received will be answered

Listener

...ptly with like information.—A. C. Arnold, ... o. 4, North Topeka, Kan.

* * *

...E YOU LIKE THESE WINNERS, ROSE

...HE August DIGEST was overflowing with ...tems of interest and long-looked-for pic... I especially enjoyed the article about ...ney and the one on Vacation Follies. ...am an ardent fan of the network features. ...lieve I could get along with very few but ...n programs. Gene and Glenn's Song Shop, ...n-Sanders' Knights and Ladies of the ...n and certain broadcasts of WENR, how... are priceless. The truth is, I've read ...ral letters knocking the NBC and CBS ...orks so I am inspired to express my whole...ted support of their superior programs. ...n very eager for the outcome of the Dia...d Meritum Award contest although I was ... disappointed in the result of the last two. ...ehow it doesn't seem very representative of ... listening public—loyalty is the ruling ...or, I believe, not the number of fans.—...e Gergen, Turtle Lake, N. D.

* * *

FLOYD GIBBONS

...ever, please, forever,
... us hear at eventide,
...he many news bits
...i tell the world so wide.
... your stuff—how we enjoy it,

...at have been your daily chats
...erspersed with wit and oft—mishaps.
...t all those swell detective yarns
...ause they happened in your own life
...thrilling happenings in this recent strife.
...w, Thorgy, you for the blue ribbons
...long as you announce "Floyd Gibbons."
—A Group of Radio Listeners.

* * *

THANK YOU!

...AVE been a reader of RADIO DIGEST ever ... since we have had a Radio—a little less ...n a year, and the only bad thing about this ...e magazine is the wait, from one issue to the ...xt.

We would especially enjoy any pictures or ...ories from our favorite stations WTAM, ...eveland, WJR, Detroit, WENR, Chicago, ...LW, Cincinnati also Larry Larson, WGN, ...icago and others.

I am enclosing our vote in the Digest Popu...rity contest for Gene and Glenn, WTAM. ...ey are to us the "Idols of Radioland." ...ve the 7 coupons. We would surely be ...ppy if they should win this honor, and they ...ould for I believe theirs is one of the most ...pular midwest programs.

With every best wish for the success of ...ADIO DIGEST, we are—Mrs. Ruth Avery and ...mily, 2011 Ashman St., Midland, Mich.

* * *

...N THE AUTOMOBILE CITY—DETROIT

...E HAVE had station WNYZ which ... broadcasts on a frequency of 1240 kilo...cles, several times. Both of the Grand ...apids stations broadcast at 1270 kilocycles. This somewhat interferes with getting station WNYZ. We have seen this station listed in radio programs but it doesn't give the city. We are rather curious to know where this station is.—Thelma Winter, Grand Rapids, Mich.

* * *

STATE AND CITY INDEX IN THIS ISSUE

ENJOY every bit of RADIO DIGEST, but as it is a Radio Magazine, wouldn't it be possible to help the DXers by putting back the "State and City Index with wave length?" I use the "Official Wave Length" to log my dial readings.—Mrs. J. H. Morris, Box 204, Richmond, Va.

* * *

FLOWERS FOR GORMAN AND CUMMISKEY

I WOULD like to invite the attention of the other listeners and yourself to Gorman and Cummiskey who broadcast from WWRL. They sing harmony in a manner that, I think, is far ahead of anyone else on the air.

Their announcer once stated that they were proteges of the former team of Van and Schenck and while I cannot vouch for this statement I certainly do know that I was amazed at the similarity that this team possesses to the former champion harmony team.

I therefore nominate Gorman and Cummiskey as the world's champions at male-harmony and predict that in a few months they will be recognized as such. Please, Mr. Editor, print their pictures. If they look as well as they sing John Gilbert will be worrying about his job.

Hoping to see the photographs in an early edition of your magazine, I remain, a devoted reader.—Joseph Kane, 215 Johnson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

INFORMATION WANTED ON "IKKO" STAMPS

I AM a collector of verification and "ikko" stamps of broadcasting stations. I would like to know if you could tell me how, or tell me where I could get a list of broadcasting stations that issue ikko stamps?

In order to get ikko stamps now I have to write to the station and ask if they issue them. —Ernest Jessop, Box 166, Oakland Beach, R. I.

* * *

YES—MONDAY AT 10:00 P.M.

JUST a line to show my appreciation of RADIO DIGEST. It is indeed a marvelous Radio magazine and the Radio fans like nothing better than to see pictures and read the gossip of our favourites.

Although we enjoy Amos 'n' Andy, don't you think the public is getting a little tired of them? It seems that way around this part of the country.

I enjoy nothing better than a good singer and the True Story Hour and speaking of dance orchestras, I don't think any can compare with Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians; their slow dreamy tempo seems to have won the hearts of many. Would it be asking too much to let us have a real good picture of this orchestra? We haven't seen one since the Spring issue and then it wasn't very clear. I understand another brother has joined them, making four Lombardos. Will you let us have a picture of him? Will you let us know through RADIO DIGEST when the Lombardos will again be heard on the Robert Burns programme over the Columbia Broadcasting System?—Lenore Churchill, Oil Spring, Ont., Can.

* * *

CONSOLATION PRIZES FOR MERITUM ENTRIES WHO DIDN'T WIN!

DURING the present heavy static, the daylight stations are about all that we get at night, though usually WENR and KTHS struggle through, and KMOX now comes big since the installation of the new transmitter. But why worry about distant stations when we have one we can count on for all the best National broadcastings; one that has the *Best* studio orchestras; a nationally known quartet, the Bel Canto; one of the finest organists; the livest studio programs; the peppiest early features; and absolutely the nicest announcers anywhere! This may sound very enthusiastic and positive, but we have reason to be proud of Our Own WFAA.

An act that has everything, I mean pep, vim, speed, humor, and "aliveness" if I may so express is our Quaker Oats man, Mr. Phil Cook. It takes a real blond to get the fast ones over, in my opinion, so I say *THREE LOUD CHEERS* for Phil. He is without a rival as being the best act on any network. Sorry we could not vote for him also, but our home folks come first.

I think the real test of how peppy they are is the dead hour of early morning. I often play the Radio until 3 a.m. but I never miss an "Early Bird" Orchestra program. I am hoping you will be kind enough to let this burst into print and give the boys a hand.—M. E. Huebetter, Austin, Tex.

* * *

I AM enclosing five votes for the Farm Hour Program at WAIV, Columbus, Ohio. This is the best program on the air and I hope to see it win. Neighbor Fred Palmer is a real neighbor, although we can't see the grin. We can hear his hearty laughter and his cheery, "Hello neighbor!" It certainly goes a long way toward making this old world a better and more cheerful one. It puts pep and sunshine into the whole day.—Thelma F. McKitrick, Reinersville, Ohio.

* * *

YESTERDAY I mailed six coupon ballots to you, but found this morning I had failed to include the seventh, so here it is, one more vote for the best of 'em all—The Dutch Master's Minstrels! My husband and I would rather miss a good dinner (and HOW we like to eat), than miss hearing the Dutch Masters—they are all artists and it would be difficult to say which one we enjoy most. Here's hoping they win the contest.—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Flynn, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

MON cher Editor—Some voix, eet may lead . . . Some voix, eet may sing . . .
And some, just don't mean a thing. But oh! mon Dieu, when zat glorious voix of "Palm Oliver" take wing . . .
Some voix, eet may whisper . . . Some voix eet may shout
But zat charming voix of Palm Oliver. Eet sure will get you, if you don't watch out.
Who knows?
Pozee, Paree.—U. S. A. Today.

* * *

WE HAVE numbers and numbers of fine entertainers, numbers of fine announcers, but no one like our little old Texas Cowboy Crooner Marc Williams at W. A. C. O. Waco, Texas. I could gladly turn off of any other program to listen to Marc.

I thank the RADIO DIGEST for helping us out on our NBC Entertainers and letting us know them better.—Pearl Spann, Celina, Texas.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

At last! Indi-Gest has come to fame. This columnist is ready to compete now with Amos 'n' Andy, Jessica Dragonette, Rudy Vallee, and all the others who receive such stacks of fan mail. Some one wants my picture. I'm going to take the letter in to the boss and tell him that now that my popularity is proven, he'll have to give me a raise. Well, Frances Cherry, here is my picture, just for you.

The only trouble with my picture is that the artist who drew it either broadcast it on one of these distorted (not balanced-unit) Radio sets, or else he sent it by Radio across the ocean. You can't tell whether I am male or female. Frances calls me Mr. Indi, but maybe I am Mrs. Indi, or Miss Indi. Or maybe I'm Will Rogers or Bernadine Hayes, the Most Beautiful Radio Artist.



Indi-Gest in Person

Here's a giggle I gleefully ran across some time ago during a program broadcast from a middle-western station.

Jones (perhaps you know him?) was discussing, as neighbors are wont to do, local happenings with his friend Smith (I'm *sure* you know *him*). As was quite natural under the circumstances, they were conjecturing in regard to Neighbor Brown's recent purchase of a dog; according to reports, an exceptional and valuable animal.

"He says he paid $800 for the dog — says it's part bull, part setter."

"Which part do you suppose is bull?"

"That about the $800."—*K. M. Gergen, Turtle Lake, N. D.*

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

A LISTENER'S LIFE

(Being a parody on An Announcer's Life as featured by Mac, and Lennie, and Walter Samuels over CBS.)

We tune, and tune, and try to get
station
For a program which we want s
much to hear;
In despair we tear our hair,
We can't get them on the air . . .
A listener's life is not a happy one!

We get all set to listen to a hook-up,
A weekly feature that is bound t
please;
Then we could commit a crime,
When locals: "Sorry, trouble on th
line . . ."
A listener's life is not a happy one!

We keep our sets tuned to a certai
station,
We like the things that it puts on th
air;
Then commissions change its wave
Cut its time . . . an early grave! . .
A listener's life is not a happy one!

We listen daily to the cooking experts
One says: "Never, ne'er cook sou
all day long!"
Another, that same day,
Says: "Cook it just that way!"
A listener's life is not a happy one!

We enjoy the music that is coming to us
We are ready for an hour or more o
it;
Then the announcer starts to blat
About the sponsor's this and that . .
A listener's life is not a happy one!

By request we send in fan mail to broad
casters,
Telling what we like, and do not lik
to hear;
If it's praise, their hats they doff,
If it isn't . . . how they scoff! . . .
A listener's life is not a happy one!

But, always hoping for the best w
keep on listening,
Perhaps, someday we'll get a lucky
break;
Till we do, I'm telling you
(Though it's sad, it's really true) . .
A listener's life is not a happy one!
—Niagara Nel

INDI'S OWN PUZZLE

Ir. Browncametometheotherdayand he
I saidwellIndiyougotsomanylettersthis
onthandIreadsomeof themandtheyalls
ended funnysoIthink you'll haveto fillfo
pagesthistimeinsteadof twoand Isaidb
Mr. Brownmytypewriteris brokenandi
on'tspaceanymoreandMarcellaissobu
answeringhermail thatshewon't lendm
erssoit'llbehardenoughtofillltwopagesa
lhesaid thatI'dgiveanything foranexcu



notttoworkbutitisn'ttrueIamveryindu
riousandifheandalltheRadioDigestread
'scan'ttread thisIamverysorrybutIcan'th
pit.

Vell, it's all right, now, my favorite rpewriter fix-it man just came up and e located the trouble. He said the eason the space bar wouldn't work was iat it was jammed on a pile of twenty-ve contributions to Indi-gest's column iat I had (with a sad heart) rejected, nd then placed under my typewriter by iistake instead of in the files where ney belong. According to the new psy-hologists, that error was just an un-onscious wish-fulfillment. I hate so iuch not to send each one the dollar e craves that it hurts me to file those 'rejects" away.

As office critic and observer, I submit . . . ne of the feminine proof readers in Radio Digest's print shop got an advance thrill rom this issue . . . I peered over her shoul-ler and what did I see? Rudy Vallee's picture carefully clipped and placed under he glass on her desk.

Elmira Ruben, the Crook Who Didn't Like Ether, should have been a fiction writer . . . he picked so many plausible names for his aliases . . . you know finding plausible names is the author's greatest trouble. He picks one, and then all of a sud-den, some one by that name telegraphs and threatens to sue for libel. Is there a John Garland, Mr. Oppenheim?

Just changing an old adage . . . Mme. Schumann Heink says it's the first *fifty* years that are the hardest . . . Talk about excitement and Thrills, Len Smith sure got me panting for breath with those dashes he used in his Graham McNamee story. He gets paid by the word . . . won-der if he expects us to count the dashes.

There must be something in this Mystery business . . . just look at the Mystery An-nouncer and his Diamond Meritum medal . . . if remaining incognito pays with spar-klers, I'll stay that way.

Well life can't be all pickin' on things and people. Here is a little of the salt of philosophy with the pepper:—

RADIO

The salt sprays fling where the seamen cling
Clutching close to rigging and spar.
And though ocean-wide be the rolling tide
'Tween the sailor and friends afar—
Aye, though leagues away, where the loved lands lay
By the billow's rocky rim;
A message will come from his far-off home,
Bearing hope and cheer for him.
—*Renice Radcliffe.*

Everett Mitchell at WENR announced, "Swinging in a Hammock with Frank Westphall and the studio orches-tra." Some hammock full don't you think?—*Mrs. J. E. Wells, Bloomington, Ind.*

FLYING NOTES

During the Cheerio half hour over WEAF, the soprano started valiantly on an aria. She sang about four lines—then, suddenly, she stopped! The or-chestra carried on alone to the end of the number. But not a word of explan-ation came from the master of cere-monies, Russell Gilbert, except a brief remark about an accident that had occurred.

Next morning the secret was out. Gilbert said it was a trivial accident—

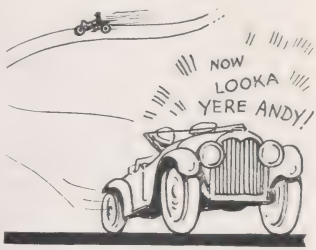


nothing more than a fly which had flown into her very throat as she opened her mouth for a high note!—*M. Dowd, New Rochelle, N. Y.*

That reminds Indi-Gest of a favorite tongue twister. Say it, I dare you. "A flea and a fly in a flue were impris-oned one day. Said the flea to the fly, 'Let us flee!' Said the fly to the flea, 'Let us fly!'" So together they flew, the flea and the fly from the flue.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

We almost had heart disease the other day when an officer on a motor cycle followed us for several minutes. And when he finally caught up to us we found out that he only wanted to hear Amos 'n' Andy—which gave us a grand and glorious feeling because we had equipped our car with a Radio just the day before.—*Mollie Zacharias, Kansas City, Mo.*



THE ASININE FOOL!

Heard during the WENR Minstrel Show.

Gene—"Ray, how do you like my new hat?"

Ray—"How much did you pay for that hat?"

Gene—"Fifteen dollars."

Ray—"Where are the holes?"

Gene—"Holes! What holes?"

Ray—"Why, the holes for the ears of the jackass that would pay fifteen dol-lars for a hat."—*Leila Eppley, Wyan-dotte, Mich.*

THE RADIO FAMILY

Monday

Wife—"Come on, let's all go out to-night,
So long since we have seen a show."
Tired man—"This age in which we live is new,
Stay home and tune the radio."

Wednesday

Wife—"Ma sent me two seats for the opera,"
Annoyed man—"Well I, for one don't care.
I can't be bothered going out—
When there's music in the air.

Friday

Wife—"Now dear, tonight is my birthday,
I've asked some folks we know,"
I'll open the ol' piano—
And we'll sing of the long ago."

The Week End

Weary man—Families are so selfish
They're forever on the go
When weary man comes home
He *needs* his radio! ! ! !
—*Rhea Sheldon, Kansas City, Mo.*

After you read the story below you'll learn that stenos and Will Rogers haven't a patent on gum-chewing . . . Radio entertainers can do a little jaw work as well.

Station W I. B. W. at Topeka has a "Sunshine Hour" in which each of the staff adds his bit of entertainment. They seem to make quite a picnic of it among themselves; and the announcer, a peppy, clever, young man has a genial way of letting the listeners in on the studio fun.

While announcing one morning, this summer, he stopped suddenly as though greatly disturbed and said that if the loud smacking in the studio weren't stopped he would be unable to go on. He informed us the "Massey Family," a group of five musicians, were all chewing gum and that the audience would now be favored with the chorus from "Lew-Chew-ia" with variations from "Yucatan".

The five obeyed and stepped up to the mike and smacked their gum with all their might. The effect was uproarious.—*Mrs. Allyn Hartzell, Rossville, Kansas.*

Once upon a time Indi-Gest was a distance fiend and sat up until 1 G.M. o'nights trying to get Cuba and Chile and San Francisco but lately, Indi has been content to just twiddle the dials to our own New York locals. But on seeing the picture of Frank Watanabe and his cheery saffron smile, the old urge arose and after several alarms, the KNX Los Angeles station came in through my set. It took a while, but Frank (Eddy Holder) was worth it. He's hilarious.

Weener Minstrels (WENR). Bill.—"The girls were all dressed swell."

Gene.—"How do you know? What do you know about women's garb?"

Bill.—"Well, I guess I know swell garbage when I see it."—*Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.*

HOT DOG!

The Weenies have it again. If you look carefully, you'll see that the last one, from our keen-eared reporter in New Jersey, comes from the same perpetual spring of humor as this, reported from Kentucky.

(*Weener Minstrels, Station WENR*).

Gene:—*Chuck, where were you going with those cuspidors, last night?*

Chuck:—*I was taking them home to my dog.*

Gene:—*To your dog! why, what kind of a dog have you?*

Chuck:—*Spitz.—Sue Dickerson, 329 Clifton Avenue, Lexington, Ky.*

MISTAKEN INDENTITY

Being a 'cellist on WCAE—Gimbels in Pittsburgh, I have heard many amusing statements by the announcers.

During the vacation season, a substitute announcer, apparently unfamiliar with composers and compositions, was announcing a program presented by a concert pianist which included a composition by the great German composer, Richard Wagner, from the opera "The Flying Dutchman."

The announcer, anxious to make some comments, inquired of one of the experienced announcers who (in a joke) stated the composition was written by that famous ballplayer (shortstop) Hans Wagner who was often termed "The



Frank Watanabe Himself

Flying Dutchman." This was given with the utmost sincerity on this dignified piano recital.

Much to the announcer's surprise, the Radio editor of a local newspaper who happened to be in the control room, rushed into the studio and inquired again, who composed the number, as he couldn't believe his ears.—*William L. Roberts, 312 N. Graham St., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

That poor substitute announcer probably said good-bye to Gimbel's the next day. Undoubtedly he was sorry he didn't go to school now, when all children listen in to Walter Damrosc on Friday mornings and will grow up s musically erudite that jazz will b banished from Radio.

Gather round me, and I'll tell you secret, but don't broadcast it. I wa told this by an announcer over Newark, but promised on my word o honor not to reveal any names.

It seems there was a very, very, ver distinguished personage who was sched uled to broadcast on a holiday prograr in that Jersey city. At the close of hi address Paul Whiteman (the joke' not on him, so it's all right) was t burst into the strains of the "Sta Spangled Banner", with his band. O course, Paul Whiteman has his tim scheduled down to the last second, bu the speakers before the Distinguishe Personage talked on and on and on until Paul grew fidgety.

Just after the Chief Speaker started the big band leader told the statio manager that he would have to leave i fifteen minutes to make a New Yor engagement. It looked as though th D. P. would talk at least a half hour

---

"*Excuse, please! Mr. and Mrs. Ma dame.*

"*It is to orriving upon Los Angeles fo tropping a work of job. I one high clas domesticated scientist with brains, sant you! Most duty of recent are usefu sweeping and dish to wash also put ou milk bottles, nudge away cigar butt an smear dirt from window.*

"*Hoping you are the same, Frank Watanabe.*"

---

and he was not a man whom one could ask to "make it snappy." The tactful Station Manager was not phased, however. He just had the speaker's microphone disconnected at the end of an appropriate sentence and Whiteman's band concluded the program, as scheduled. When Whiteman had finished his program and was in the tubes on the way back to Manhattan, the speaker was still talking into his disconnected mike!

Station WENR, Weener Minstrel Show:

"I was driving by the County Asylum when a woman inmate put her head out of a window on the third floor and shouted:

"I want a bucket of beer, I want it right now and I don't mean maybe."

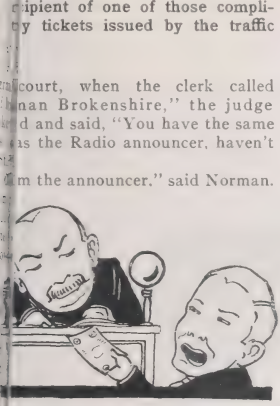
At that time a colored man, walking by, heard her and said:

"Lady, you might 'a' been crazy when they put you in there, but you is sho' talking sense now."—*W. D. Mackenzie, 406 Woodland St., Nashville, Tenn.*

gossip shop has one to report
nan Brokenshire, veteran CBS
cer. New York now has such a
lated system of you-can-park-
til-blank-o'clock rules and reg-
s that Norman became a little
d and picked the wrong spot or
ong hour or something, and was
cipient of one of those compli-
y tickets issued by the traffic

court, when the clerk called
nan Brokenshire," the judge
d and said, "You have the same
as the Radio announcer, haven't

m the announcer." said Norman.



that is true let the court hear you
nce," commanded the judge.
er the courtroom resounded with
miliar "How Do You Do, Ladies
entlemen, How Do You Do," the
rapped for order and said, "Very
ery fine. In fact, $5.00 Fine!"

EAFTER, BUT NOT HEAVEN!

e Dutch Masters over WJZ:—
Bernard—Mr. Shelly, do you be-
in hereafter?
. Shelly—Yes, I do.
—Well, Mr. Shelly do you remem-
ose $2.00 you borrowed last week?
. Shelly—Uh-huh.
—Well, that's what I'm here-after.
rion Fensterle, Telford, Pa.

eorge Bacmus, CBS dramatic di-
r, believes that when the script
for a kiss or a hug the players
ld actually go through the motions,
if they are unseen. The other
a woman visitor in a CBS studio
a male actor ardently kissing his
ing lady.
Do they always do that?" she
d.
More sometimes," a Page grinned.
Is that so? Well, I'm that man's
."—*Franklin Day, Sergent, Ky.*

S CURL (OR WAVE) IS PER-MANENT!

hil Cook told this good one.
uffy—Say Phil, how does a hair-
sser end his days?
hil—I don't know Puffy—how does

uffy—He just curls up and dyes—
W. Horn. Lancaster Pa.

INDI-GEST-ION

Radio John of WJAG, Norfolk, Nebr., told the story of two ex-service men who were talking. One told the other that the day before he had met the cook that they had in France. The other looked at him. "He may be a cook to you but to me he was just a source of indigestion."—*Frances Cherry, Wayne, Neb.*

E-G-Y-P-T

Earl May, teacher of KMA's (Shenandoah, Iowa) country school told a pupil:

"Use the word Egypt in a sentence."

"I paid a grocer and he gave me the change but E-gypt me. — *Frances Cherry, Wayne, Neb.*

Indy took Marcella out to lunch the other day but discovered only 50c in the exchequer! So Marcella had to pay the check, and while she didn't mean to insinuate that Indy had Scotch characteristics, she said the incident reminded her of this one.

A Scotchman who uses the umpteen dollar a minute telephone to London on business quite often, paid a call on Floyd Gibbons the other day. He wanted to negotiate with a view to obtaining Floyd's services on his twice-weekly long distance conversations!



At W L W the other evening, the announcer introducing the Plymouth Motor Car program said, "The first selection to be played on this evening's program is "Through."—*Helen O'-Brien, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

IT WAS A GAS-EATER

Not so long ago, on an NBC network program, an announcer whom I shall call Mr. Smith and a guest artist who might have been named Miss Jones held a colloquy.

Mr. Smith asked Miss Jones if she had given her car a name. "I call her Shasta," answered Miss Jones.

"Ah," said Mr. Smith, "she must be a daisy, then. Does the name indicate that your car has any connection or relation to the Shasta daisy?" "No connection, whatever," answered Miss Jones. "I call her Shasta because Sh'-hasta have air, sh'hasta have water, sh'hasta have oil, sh'hasta have gas, sh'hasta have a whole lot of things."—*W. E. Brown, Fort Worth, Texas.*

MALAPROP ON THE AIR

Amos—"Did yo' really love Susie?"

Andy—Well, prepsodent and prepsodid?"

Here are a few from a Milwaukee man who enjoys Quinn Ryan so much that he must sit down with a shorthand notebook and take down Quinn's remarks verbatim, to gloat over and chuckle upon when there is a big S.O.S. and aerial silence. Or perhaps he doesn't know shorthand and has bought one of those new Victor recording thingamajigs that Indy saw at the Radio show. You know, you just put the needle on and let your power (or plain) speaker mouth its words into the ear of this clever invention. Or you can talk into it yourself and preserve your inflections for your posterity. But to get back to Quinn Ryan:—

Here are some of the amusing excerpts from Quinn Ryan's sport broadcast. Quinn must believe that "Variety is the spice of life".

"Hack Wilson is picking up dirt again. He will do dirt to the next pitch. He only picked up an acre or two. Whee—it's a home run into the right field stands. His thirty-fifth home run with Kiki on first base. Boy! oh boy!" (Whistles)

"Don't collide, boys. McCarthy ought to teach his players some football signals. That is the second time they collided.

"I wonder where Earl Richard is today. He told me this one.



'There was a man, who while walking along the shore of a lake in Wisconsin, always kept on saying, "No—no—no. No, that isn't it. No—no, no no no. I say NO." Upon inquiring he found out that this man was a Yes-man from a big Chicago corporation, on his vacation.'"—*M. D. Wallner, Milwaukee, Wis.*

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Conductor Stokowski Improves Quality of Symphony Orchestra Broadcasts

TO OUR minds one of the outstanding events of the Radio year 1929 was the broadcasting of the symphony concerts by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stokowski. The Philadelphia Storage Battery Company deserves credit for the sponsoring of programs of such merit and the engineers of the National Broadcasting Company who were responsible for the transmission of these programs to the listener must also share in this credit. In these days when almost any aggregation of musicians is likely to be called a symphony orchestra, when anyone who wields a baton is a maestro, it is enjoyable to listen to Mr. Stokowski's orchestra because of its excellence—and because Mr. Stokowski, perhaps more than any other conductor, has taken to heart the problems of broadcasting large symphony orchestras and has worked closely with the broadcast engineers to improve the quality of these programs.



Conductor Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra

One of the major problems involved in the broadcasting of a symphony concert is that of compressing the volume range of the orchestra within limits that can satisfactorily be transmitted by present-day broadcasting apparatus. Normally this responsibility is assumed by an engineer who adjusts controls to keep the very loud passages from overloading the apparatus, and the triple piano passages from becoming so weak as to be lost to the listener during broadcasting.

Mr. Stokows reasoned that the dynamic ran of an orches must be reduc that the pers most qualified do this is the co ductor. He ther fore undertook so conduct t orchestra as make it unnece sary to have a engineer monit the program. H did this with th aid of an electr cal instrumer mounted on t music stan which continuou ly indicated th volume of th music. Mr. St kowski was th able by caref conducting to ke the volume with the required rang As a result th music, as the li tener heard seemed muc more natural. had no sudden artificial chang in volume; it w more nearly exact reprodu tion of the soun being produced the orchestra.

During the tim that has elaps since Mr. Stokowski's Radio concer of last fall, he has been in almost co stant touch with NBC engineers. As result we understand certain new devic have been developed, probably to be us by Mr. Stokowski in his second series Radio concerts to be broadcast this f under the sponsorship of the Philadelph Storage Battery Company.

of the Radio Arts

Experiments with High Power

THE WESTINGHOUSE Electric and Manufacturing Company was recently granted permission by the Federal Radio Commission to ...riment with broadcast transmitter ...r up to 400 kilowatts, which is eight ...s as much power as is used by the ...st existing broadcasting stations. ...se experiments will be made at the new ...KA station being ...t near Saxonburg, Pa. ...uccess of these ex...ments will depend ...ely upon a new tube ...gned by Westing...se engineers. This ...e is rated at 200 ...watts, it is six feet ...h, and weighs 60 ...nds. Quite a tube! ...t operation it is nec...ry to cool the tube, ...he same manner that ...automobile motor is ...led, by means of cir...ating currents of cold ...er.

Approximately five ...s of cooling water ...st be passed through ... water jacket of the ...e each hour it is in ...ration — one hour's ...eration of the tube ...uld heat enough water ... supply the require...nts of an average ...me for several weeks. Whenever a broad...sting station desires to ...rease its power, or ...ke experiments with ... use of high power, ...meone always seems ... raise the cry of ...uper-power", forget...ng that the only reason ...at a station desires ...ore power is to im...ove its service to the ...blic. When the term ...uper-power" is applied ... a large power station, ...ch as is to be erected ... South Carolina, with ... capacity of 200,000 ...lowatts, the phase has ...me significance. Back ...n 1924 Mr. David Sarnoff very sensibly suggested that broadcasting stations using considerable amounts of power could more properly be referred to as "long range stations".

After all, the success of any station depends largely upon its ability to supply a large number of listeners with a signal strong enough for satisfactory reception at all times of the year. This means that the signal must be strong enough to override local noise and static, for no simple, cheap, and effective device to eliminate static has ever been invented—not that such a device wouldn't be of great utility!

The Institute of Radio Engineers, an organization which numbers among its members many of the most prominent Radio engineers throughout the country, has laid down some very specific recommendations regarding the most desirable location of broadcasting stations. These recommendations include one to locate a broadcasting station at such a distance from the nearest populous center as to make the interference produced by the station negligible in comparison with its service area. Although the recommendations are based on definite technical considerations, they really consider the old adage, "the greatest good to the greatest number".



The new tube, designed by engineers of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, to be used in experiments with high power at the new KDKA station being erected at Saxonburg, Pa. This monster tube is six feet tall, weighs 60 pounds, and is cooled by five tons of water each hour of its operation!

The British Broadcasting Corporation is at present constructing a new building which when completed will be the new center of broadcasting in England, replacing the present headquarters at Savoy Hill. The design of the new building will be simple, almost severe, depending for its effect more on the grouping of masonry than upon profusion of detail.

The estimated cost is between two and two and one-half million dollars. The enterprise is being financed by a syndicate on terms favorable to the British Broadcasting Corporation which retains an option to purchase if and when this appears desirable.

Scientific Progress *of the* Radio Art

Electrical Musical Instruments

FROM the earliest days the production of sounds by musical instruments has depended upon one of three things; a current of air, as in the case of horns and the organ, or upon friction, used in instruments which are bowed, or upon percussion, in the case of drums. Some time ago there was announced the RCA Theremin, an instrument utilizing Radio vacuum tubes for the production of musical sounds. This instrument was a development of the Thereminvox, an invention of Professor Leon Theremin, of the Institute Physico-Technique of Leningrad. It was first demonstrated before a select audience of musicians and critics; later, before a much larger audience at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

The RCA Theremin has no stops or keyboards and is operated entirely by the motion of one's hands with respect to two metal bars, one of which controls the pitch and the other the volume. The hands are not placed in contact with the metal bars but are simply brought nearer to or further away from the bars to control the pitch and volume. The highest tone corresponds very nearly to the top note of an oboe. The lowest note is about the second G below middle C.

More recently we read of another instrument of somewhat similar design. It is known as the "Martenot", named after its inventor, and is said to permit legato, detached or staccato playing. By means of switches a very delicate "attack" is possible, or the attack can be made to resemble that of a saxophone. The instrument has the advantage possessed by the organ of continuous tone and practically unlimited pitch, but in addition can produce vibratos impossible with the organ. A series of "stops" gives the instrument sixteen distinctly different timbres. Although this instrument is operated by a so-called "keyboard" (for want of a better name) it has not the tempered scale of a keyboard instrument. A theoretically infinite number of pitch gradations can be obtained.

What will be the future of these instruments, that had their birth in the laboratory of the physicist and engineer, and which can be produced as simply a Radio receiver? About them can be no of the glamour of a skilled instrum maker, of a Stradivarius. Professor The min stated, according to an interview p lished some time ago in La T. S. F. P Tous, "This is not at all a plaything me. It is much more a concrete pro an incontestable demonstration, of conception of the arts and sciences . To prove that science can render greatest services in the development the arts, to demonstrate the fertility an intimate collaboration of the arts a sciences, is my aim."

IT IS reported that Ra maninoff turned to a member of the au ience that witnessed the first demonst tion of the Theremin apparatus and sa when she shouted "Bravo!"—"Madam you exaggerate." But the future of a device is seldom forecast by the fi crude demonstration. In the future . who knows? One need look no furth than his Radio receiver.

The Voice of The Roxy

IT WILL surprise many, who disparage "mechanical music" to learn that the voices and music they hear when they visit the "Roxy", New York's largest theatre, do not come altogether directly from the stage but also reach the audience through a system of loud speakers, located on either side and above the stage. They add volume to the singer's voice and regulate the amount of sound coming from the orchestra and organs. Individual voices can be selected and strengthened above others. Certain orchestral instruments, either singly or in groups, can be brought to greater volume than the others. These results are possible with the aid of microphones located at a number of different positions. There are five microphones in the orchestra pit, one in each of the three organ consoles, and five along the footlights of the stage. In addition there are five microphones on the stage itself, six in the choral boxes and stairways and one more on the stage, hanging overhead. The circuits connecting these microphones make it possible to mix the output of as many as ten mikes.

In addition there is a complete microphone and loud speaker system throughout the theatre, which makes it possible for Roxy or his assistants to talk from any one of the microphones and have his voice heard by the stage-manager, the switchboard operators, the electricians and spotlight operators, and the motion picture operators. In this way he can guide the lighting, modify the tempo or volume of the music, direct the curtain opening and closing and change of scenes.

DURING dress rehearsals Roxy takes a position in the orchestra, with a desk-like arrangement before him, containing a microphone, with which he can speak directly with the operators of the various lighting systems, with the dancers, orchestra conductors, organists, stage hands, and motion picture operators.

Supplementary systems make it possible for the stage-manager to call t performers to their places. The stag manager speaks into a microphone at h post on the stage and his orders a heard through loud speakers located in t cafeteria, musician's lounge, rehears rooms, and six floors of dressing rooms

Unintentionally we were given a goo demonstration of the effectiveness of the intercommunication systems when we e amined the installations a few weeks ag As we watched the stage performance wi our guide, a yellow spotlight was suddenl and in error, thrown on the stage fro one of the spotlight booths. Our guid with a short exclamation, leaned ove picked up a microphone and said, "C off the yellow light." A moment later th yellow spot disappeared from the stag

We must not close without giving cred to the Western Electric Company, wh designed and installed all the loud speake systems throughout the Roxy Theatre. It was the Western Electric which pe fected recording for the sound pictures.

Chain Calendar Features

See index of wave lengths and kilocycles on page 108

Central Mountain Pacific

Sunday

S OF THE CHURCH—
a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
C W2XE WEAN WNAC
WFBL WHEC WAIU
M KMOX KMBC WBCM
WWNC WTAR WDBJ
C WLAC KRLD KFJF
WNAX

ING MUSICALE—
a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
C W2XE WEAN WNAC
WJAS WAIU WHEC
C WAIU WFBM KMOX
C WIBW KFH WSPD
WWNC WDBJ WREC
C KRLD KFJF WPG

O'MAKE BELIEVE—
a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
C W2XE WEAN WNAC
WJAS WAIU KMOX
C WIBW KSCJ WSPD
WWNC WTAR WDBJ
C WLAC KFJF WPG

MBIA EDUCATIONAL FEA-
ES—
a.m. 9:50 8:50 7:50
C W2XE WEAN WNAC
WJAS WAIU KMOX
KMBC WIBW WBCM
WWNC WTAR
WREC WLAC KFJF

ON BROADCAST—
p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
C W2XE WLBZ WCAU
WMAL WHP WFBL
W WADC WHK WAIU
N KOIL KSCJ KMBC
O WIBW WDBJ WTAR
J WREC KFJF KLZ
Y WPG WORC WXYZ

H ART PROGRAM—
5 p.m. 11:45 10:45 9:45
C W2XE WLBZ WCAU
AU WHP WFBL WADC
U WKBN KOIL KSCJ
C WISN WCCO WTAR
J WREC KFJF KLZ
Y WPG WORC WXYZ

LAVE OF NATIONS—
p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
C W2XE WCAU W3XAU
O WMAL WHP WFBL
EC WKBW WKRC WAIU
N KMOX KOIL KSCJ
C WISN WCCO WIBW
M WMT WWNC WTAR
J WBRC WREC KLRA
F KLZ KFPY
E WDAY WORC WXYZ

EDRAL HOUR
p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
C W2XE WEAN WNAC
Z WCAU W3XAU WCAO
AK WHP WFBL WHEC
W WADC WKBW WFBM
OX KOIL KSCJ KMBC
N WCCO WIBW KFH
M WSPD WMT WWNC
AK WDBJ WBRC WLAC
LD KLRA KFJF KLZ
YL KVI KFPY WPG
AY WORC WXYZ

YORK PHILHARMONIC SYM-
ONY ORCHESTRA—
p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
C W2XE WEAN WNAC
Z WCAU W3XAU WCAO
IAL WHP WJAS WLBW
BL WHEC WKBW WADC
K WKRC WAIU WKBN
BM WMAQ KMOX KOIL
CJ KMBC WISN WCCO
W WIBW WBCM WSPD
IT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
RC WREC WLAC KRLD
RA KFJF KLZ KDYL
CJ KFRC KVI KFPY
G WDAY WORC WXYZ

GIOUS SERVICE—
0 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
Z WBZ WBZA WBAL
AM KDKA WJR WREN
AB KSTP WEBC WJAX
OD WMC KOMO WJDX
AL KVOO RPRC WFLA
SB WSUN KOA KTAR
O KGW KHQ KDKA
RC

UR EYES"—
15 p.m. 3:45 2:45 1:45
IZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
HAM KDKA WJR KYW
VK WREN KFAB CKGW
LW

OES OF THE ORIENT—
0 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
EAF WEBH WTAG WFI
GY WCAE WTAM WFJC
WJ WOC WHO WOW
DAF CKGW

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

TEA TIME TUNES—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WEAF WEEI WTAG WFI
WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
WWJ KSD WOC CKGW
WHO WOW WDAF

CATHOLIC HOUR—
6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WRC WGY WWJ
WEAO WOD WSM WKY
WJDX KGO KPO KSTP
KHQ WSMB KOMO WLIT
WGY KGW WGR WCAE
KECA KTAR KYW WEJC
WOC WHO WDAF WTMJ
WJAX WJLA WSUN WHAS
WMC WSB WBAP KPRC
WOAI KOA WRVA KVOO
WSAI

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

WEBC WIOD KTHS WSMB
KPO KOMO KFI KGW
KSL KHQ WCKY WSB
WBAL WPTF WAPI WIRA
WFLA WSUN KFAB KFSD
KTAR WJDX

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS—
Dr. Julius Klein
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WEAO WMAL WIP WJAS
WLBW WFBL WHEC WADC
WKRC WAIU WFBM KMOX
KOIL KSCJ WISN WHBN
WSPD WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WBRC WREC WLAC
KRLD KLRA KFJF KLZ
KDYL KHJ KFRC KVI
KEPY WNAX WDAY WORC
WXYZ



Toscha Seidel, famous violinist, heard over the CBS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MAJESTIC THEATRE OF THE AIR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBL
WKBW WDEL CFRB CKAC
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
WFBM WBBM KMOX KOIL
KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
KFH WSPD WWNC WSAZ
WTAR WDBJ WBRC WDOD
WREC WLAC WDSI KRLD
KLRA KFJF KTSA KLZ
KDYL KHJ KFRC KOIN
KVI KFPY WNYZ WPG
WBT KOL

"OUR GOVERNMENT"—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WTAG WJAR WCSH
WEBC WGY WCAE KSD
WHAS WKY WSAI WFJC
WSB WMC WSM WFAA
WOW WOAI WPTF WSMB
WTIC WJDX WIOD WFLA
WSUN WOC WHO WEL
WRC WLIT WWJ

WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK WREN
WLW KYW

EL TANGO ROMANTICO—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WJR KWK WREN
WTMJ KSTP WRVA WJAX
WEBC WMC WFLA WSUN
WBZ WBZA WDZX KFAB
WIOD KOA WSM WCFL

MAYHEW LAKE AND HIS BAND—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU WNAC WCAO
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBL
WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
WFBM WBBM KOIL KSCJ
KMBC WISN WIBW KFH
WSPD WMT WTAR WDBJ
WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF
KLZ KDYL KFPY WNAX
WDAY WORC WXYZ

STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WEAF WTIC WTAG WFI
WCSH WRC WGY WCAE
WTAM WWJ WGN KSTP
WJAR WTMJ KOA WEBC
KGO KGW WOW KOMO
KFI KHQ WEEI WDAF
WGY WGR KSD

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WEAF WTIC WRC WFI
WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI KSD WOW
KSTP KOA KSL KFI
KGW KOMO KPO KHQ
WSM WMC WFAA KPRC
WOAI WKY WSMB WHAS
WGN WSB WOC WHO

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU WNAC WCAO
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBL
WHEC WKBW WHK WSPD
WTAR WDBJ WPG WORC
WNYZ

SETH PARKER—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WEAF WCAE WHAS WFJC
WJAX WKY WWJ
WPTF WGY WRC KOA
KGO WEEI WIOD WMC
WSB WGR WEBC KGW
KYW WSM WHO WJDX
WTAM CKGW KSTP KSD
WDAF WMAQ WSMB KPRC KOMO
KHQ WTMJ WOC KTAR
KFSD KVOO

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK WREN
WLW WENR

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WJZ WBZ WEJC WWJ
WBAP WOC KOA WHO
WOW WSB WGY WTAM
CKGW KSTP WEBC KVOO

Monday

ORGAN REVEILLE— (Daily except Sunday)—
8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WCAU WNAC
WMAL WHP WFBL WHEC
WHK WKRC WAIU WKBN
KOIL KSCJ WMBD WHBW
KFH WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WDBJ WBRC WLAC
KLRA KFJF WPG

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE QUAKER MAN—

8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WEEI	WTAG
WJSV	WFI	WRC	WGY
WGR	WCAE	WTAM	WJ
WSAI	CKGW	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(daily except Sunday)—

8:15 a.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WJAF	WCAE	WGY	WHAS
WOW	WGR	WFI	WSH
WJ S	WJAR	WWJ	WCKY
WLIT	WIOD	WAPI	WFLA
WSUN	WTAG	WJAX	WJDX
WRC	WRVA		

CHEERIO (daily except Sunday)—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WGY	WHK
WGR	WJAR	WGY	WCSH
WCAE	WWJ	WOW	WDAF
KSTP	WAPI	KPRC	
WBS	WJAX	WPTF	WTAG
WOAI	CKGW	WIOD	WHAS
WLW	WSTN	WTAM	WSM
WMC	WIBO	WJDX	

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(daily except Sunday)—

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WCAU	WEXAU
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WFBL
WKBW	WJR	KRN	KGHL
KSCJ	KMBC	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WDBJ	WBRC	WLAC	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	WPG	

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—(daily except Sunday)—

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WHP	WJAS
WFBL	WKBW	WADC	WMAQ
KMOX	KOIL	WJ	WBCM
WMT	WWNC	WDBJ	WBRC
WREC	WLAC	KLRA	KFJF
WPG	WXYZ		

MORNING MELODIES—(daily except Sunday)—

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WRC	WWJ	WOW
WHAS	WGY	WTAM	WAPI
WGR	WSM	WIBO	

POPULAR BITS—THE QUAKER CRACKELS MAN—

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WLW	WLS	WRC	WGY
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC		

BLUE MONDAY GLOOM CHASERS—

9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WHP	WLBW	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WJR	KMOX
KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WWNC	WDBJ
WBHC	WHEC	WLAC	WSSV
KLRA	KFJF	KDYL	WPG
WXYZ			

RADIO HOME MAKERS—(daily except Sunday)—

10:00 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WFBL
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WFBL
WKBW	WADC	WKRC	KMOX
KOIL	KSCJ	WIBW	WSSV
WBCM	WSPD	WWNC	WDBJ
WLAC	KRLD	KLRA	KFJF
WPG	WXYZ		

THE MANHATTERS—

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZA	WHEN	WHVA
KSTP	WHAM	KFAB	WSM
WSB	WAPI	WTMJ	WJZ
WBAL	KWK		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WJAR	WJC	WHAS	WSM
WSB	WGR	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	KFAX	KTAM	KSD
WOAI	WJAG	KSTP	WFBC
WAPI	WSMB	KTHS	KVOO
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	WEEI
WGY	WMC		

SWEET AND LOW DOWN—

11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WTAG	WGR	WGR
WCAE	WWJ	WTMJ	WJDX
WEBC	WRVA	WHAS	WMC
WAPI	WGY	KSTP	WSM
WTAM	WIBO	KOA	

COLUMBIA REVUE — (daily except Sunday—

12:00 Noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WCAU
WJAS	WCAO	WMAL	WHP
WEAN	WIBW	WHEC	WKBW
WADC	WBSM	KSCJ	KMBC
WDAF	WFAM	WBCM	WJBO
WSAI	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WBHC	WREC	KLRA	KFJF
KRLD	KVOO	KVI	KTBS
WPG	WDAY	WORC	KOL
WXYZ			

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA—(daily except Sunday)—

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WLBZ
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WFBL
WMAK	WADC	WKRC	WAIU
KSCJ	KMBC	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WMT	WTAR	WBRC
WREC	WLAC	KLRA	KFJF
KLZ	KDYL	KVI	
WPG	WDAY	WORC	KOL
WXYZ			

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WJR
WLW	KSTP	WEBC	WRVA
WPTF	WHAS	WSM	WOW
WMC	WSB	KVOO	WKY
WOAI	WBAP	WHO	WDAF
KPRC	WJDX	WBAL	WSMB
WIOD	KWK	WREN	KOA
WBZ	WBZA	WBZ	WEAA
KFAB	WAPI	KTHS	WFLA
WSUN	KFKX	WJAX	

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—(daily except Sunday)—

2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WFBL	WHEC
WMAK	WADC	WKRC	WAIU
WKBN	WFBM	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WIBW	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WREC	WLAC	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
KHJ	KFRC	KVI	KFPY
WPG	WDAY	WORC	KOL
WXYZ			

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WFBL	WHEC
WMAK	WADC	WKRC	WAIU
WKBN	WFBM	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WIBW	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WREC	WLAC	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
KHJ	KFRC	KVI	KFPY
WPG	WDAY	WORC	KOL
WXYZ			

THE MERRY MAKERS—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WEAF	KSD	WOC	WHO
WCAE	WTAG	WDAF	WWJ
WRC	WGR	WTAM	

LADY NEXT DOOR—(daily except Sunday)—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WRC	KSD	WTAG
WSM	WGR	WFAA	WHAS

MY BOOKHOUSE STORY TIME—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)—

5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WFBL	WKBW	WADC	WOWO
WSPD	WXYZ		

BLACK AND GOLD ROOM ORCHESTRA (daily except Sunday)—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WEAF	WOC	WKY	KOA
WHO	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WOW	KSTP	KGW	WSM
WGR	WAPI	KGO	KTAR
WCSH	KSD	WHAS	

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WJZ	WBAL	WSM	KWK
KOA	KGO	KGO	KOMO
KFAB	KGW	KPO	WLW
CKGW	WRC	WHAS	KDKA
KSTP	KFSD	KTAR	WAPI
WFAA			

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF

6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZS	WHAM
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOD
KDKA			
WFAA			

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS 'N' ANDY—(daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WBZA	WHAM	KDKA
WBZ	WRC	KGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN	WBAL	

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenborn

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WCAU
W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WJR	WADC	WMAQ
KOIL	KSCJ	WISN	WIBW
KFH	WBCM	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	KLRA	KFJF
KLZ	KVI	KFRC	KFPY
WDAY	WORC	KOL	

PHIL COOK—(daily ex. Sunday)

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WFLA
WSTN	WIOD	WKY	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WBAL	WHAM
KDKA	WHAS	WENR	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WTMJ	KSTP
WSB	WSM	WEBC	WSMB
WJDX	WOAI	KTHS	KVOO
KOA	KSL	KGO	KECA
KGW	WRC	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	KPRC	WFAA

EVANGELINE ADAMS—(Mon. Wed. and Friday)

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

WJAS	WIBW	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	CFRB	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WAIU	WFBM	KMOX
KOIL	WISN	WCCO	WGL
WSPD	WWNC	WTAR	WSBJ
WGST	WBRC	WDOD	WREC
WDSU	KLRA	WRR	KFJF
WXYZ	KTHH		

SINCLAIR PROGRAM—"Going Places"

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WCAU	W3XAU
WCAO	WKBW	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL
KSCJ	WSPD	WGST	KRLD
WXYZ	WBT		

ROXY AND HIS GANG—

7:50 p.m.	6:50	5:50	4:50
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	WSB	WSM	WCKY
KGO	KFAB	KOA	WFLA
WSUN	WRC	KGW	WCFL
CKGW	WIBO	KTHS	

HALF HOUR IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WIOD	WPTF	WJAX
WJAR	WTAG	WLIT	WCSH
KSD	WOC	WRC	WCAE
WGR	WFJC	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOC	WOW	WHO
KYW	WDAF	KSTP	WDJX
WSMB	KGO	KVOO	KPRC
WOAI	KOA	KECA	KGW
WFLA	WSUN	WTIC	

A. & P. GYPSIES—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAR
WTIC	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	SUN	WSD	WOC
WDAF	WTAM	WOW	WHO

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	KWK	KWK	KSTP
WSMB	WREN	KSTP	WEBC
WSM	KTHS	WKY	WOAI
KOA	KSL	WCKY	WJDX
KGO	KECA	KGW	KHQ
KOMO	WTMJ	WHAS	WMC
WFAA	WSB	KVOO	KPRC

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL SYMPHONY HOUR—Henri Verbrugghen Conductor.

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WOWO
WBBM	KOIL	KSCJ	WISN
WCCO	WSPD	WMT	KLZ
KDYL	KHJ	KFRC	KOIN
KFPY	WCAH	WDAY	WNAX
KNX	KOL		

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WCAO
WLBW	WJAS	WKBN	WFBM
KOIL	KSCJ	KMCB	WISN
WIBW	KFH	WBCM	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
WREC	KLRA	KFJF	KLZ
KFPY	WPG	WNAX	WDAY
WORC	KOL	WXYZ	

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WHEC	WKBN	WFBM	KOIL
KMBC	WISN	WIBW	WCCO
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WREC	WLAC	KLRA
KLZ	KDYL	KFPY	WNAX
KFRC	KFPY	WXYZ	WDAY
KOL	WBT	WNAX	

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—Heywood Broun—

11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WJAS	WLBW	WHK	WKBN
KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	KFH	WBCM
WMT	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
WREC	KLRA	KFJF	KLZ
KDYL	KFPY	WPG	WNAX
WDAY	WORC	KOL	WXYZ

SONNY WATKINS AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WFBL	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WFBM	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WCCO	WIBW	WTMJ
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
WREC	KLRA	KFJF	KLZ
KFPY	WPG	WNAX	WDAY
WORC	KOL	WXYZ	

BOURJOIS—An Evening in Paris—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
CFRB	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WOWO	WBBM	KMOX	KOIL
KMBC	WSPD	WXYZ	WPG
WBT			

Eastern Central Mountain P

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WH
KDKA	WLW	KWK	KY
WJR	WREN	CKGW	

GENERAL MOTORS FAMILY PA

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:3
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WJA
WCSH	WTAG	WLIT	WR
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WT
WWJ	WSAI	WSD	WO
WOW	WSAI	WDAF	KST
WTMJ	WHAS	WSM	WM
WSB	WJAX	WEAA	KE
WOAI	KPRC	WKY	KO
KSL	KGO	KGW	KO
KHQ	WHO		

ROBERT BURNS PANATELA GRAM—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WN
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WM
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WK
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WO
WFBM	WMAQ	KMOX	KO
KMBC	WCCO	WSPD	KR
KFJF	KTSA	KLZ	KD
KHJ	KFRC	KOIN	KV
KFPY	WXYZ	WPG	WB
KTRH	KOL		

STROMBERG-CARLSON PROG

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJAR	WJZ	WBZ	WB
WREN	KDKA	KYW	KW
WIOD	WEBC	WRVA	WJ
WSB	WSM	WSMB	WM
KPRC	WSMB	WKY	KT
KFI	WOAI	KOA	KG
KOMO	WCKY	KGW	KH
KVOO	WJDX	KSTP	WP
KFSD	WFLA	WSUN	KT

SIGN OF THE SHELL—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJ
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WR
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WW
WSAI	WENR	KSD	WO
WOW	WDAF	WTMJ	KO
KSTP	WPTF	WJAX	WI
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WS
WSMB	WJDX	WEBC	WH
WTAM			

EMPIRE BUILDERS—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WH
KDKA	WJR	WLW	KY
KWK	WREN	WTMJ	WO
KSTP	WEBC	KOA	KS
KGO	KECA	KGW	KO
KHW	KTAR	KFSD	WK
WBAP			

Tuesday

POPULAR BITS—QUAKER CRACKELS MAN—Phil Cook—

8:45 a.m.	7:45	6:45	5:
WLW	WLS	WRC	WG
WTMJ	WJR	WREN	KW
KFAB	KSTP	WEBC	WA
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	KP
WOAI	WOW	WKY	WD
WDAF	WEBC	WPTF	WJ
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	WH
WSM	WMC	WSB	

MORNING MOODS—(Daily except Sunday and Mo

9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30	6:
WABC	W2XE	WCAU	W3
WMAL	WHP	WLBW	WF
WKBW	WJR	KRN	KM
KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC	KF
WBCM	WSPD	WWNC	WD
WBHC	WREC	WLAC	KR
KLRA	KFJF	WPG	WX

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WH
KDKA	WCKY	KWK	WS
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WS
WREN	KSTP	WEBC	WR
WIBO	WIOD	KTHS	KV
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	KF
WKY	WTMJ	WHAS	WP
WJDX	WJAX		

"YOUR CHILD"—

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:
WEAF	WRC	WGC	WG
WWJ	WSAI	KSTP	WJ
WCAE	WSAI	WJAX	WI
WHAS	WKY	KPRC	KT
WDAF	WRVA	WAPI	WS
WOAI	KOA	WHO	WI
WIBO			

FAMOUS FOLK—

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WN
WJAS	WCAU	W3XAU	WC
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WL
WHEC	WKBW	WADC	WH
KOIL	KSCJ	WISN	WI
WBCM	WSPD	WWNC	WT
WDBJ	WREC	KRLD	KL
KVI	KFPY	WPG	WO
KOL	WXYZ		

THE METROPOLITANS—Nat Brandt and his Novelty Orchestra.

2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WL
WFAN	WCAO	WMAL	WH
WJAS	WHEC	WMAK	WA
WHK	WKRC	WAIU	WK
KOIL	KSCJ	WISN	WC
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WM
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WB
WREC	KLRA	WBRC	KR
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	WP
WDAY	WORC	WXYZ	

Central Mountain Pacific

R SINGERS QUARTET—
Quartet.
.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WZXE WEAN WNAC
WFAN WCAO WMAL
WJAS WEBL WHEC
WADC WHK WKRC
WKBN WFBM KOIL
KMBC WCCO
WBCM WSPD
WTAR WDBJ
KLRA
KDYL KFRC
KFPY WPG WDAY
WXYZ

N IDYLL—
nt Sorey and his Orchestra.
p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WZXE WEAN WNAC
WCAU WJAU WCAO
WHP WFBL WMAK
WKBC WAIU
WHK WKRC WAIC
KSCJ KMBC WISN
WBCM WSPD WMT
KRLD KLRA KEJF
KDYL KFRC KVI
KFPY WDAY WORC

BIA ARTIST'S RECITAL—
erine Fields, Soprano; and John
ay, Baritone.
p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
WZXE WEAN WNAC
WFAN WCAO WMAL
WJBL WMAK WADC
WMAQ KOIL KSCJ
WISN WCCO WIBW
WSPD WMT WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WLAC
KLRA KEJF KLZ
KFRC KVI KFPY
WDAY WORC KOL

HM KINGS—Nat Brusiloff and
lovelty Orchestra.
p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WZXE WEAN WCAO
WHP WFBL WMAK
WAIU WKBN KSCJ
WISN WCCO KFH
WSPD WMT WWNC
WBRC WREC KRLD
KEJF KLZ KDYL
WXYZ

'S SCRAPBOOK—
p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WZXE WAIU WJXAU
WJAS WLBW WFBL
WKBW WAIC WKBN
KSCJ KMBC WISN
WBCM WSPD WMT
WTAR WDBJ WBRC
KLRA KEJF KLZ
KVI KFPY KOL

yland Sketches—
p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
AE WEEI WJAR WTAG
SH WGY WGR WTIC

EARLY BOOK WORM—
ld ander Woollcott.
p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
BC WZXE WHP WJAS
BW WFBL WREC WKBW
IU WKBN KOIL KSCJ
BC WISN WIBW KFH
PD WWNC WTAR WDBJ
RC WREC WLAC LKRA
F KLZ KDYL KFRC
WKBN KWAX WDAY
RC WXYZ

KSTONE PROGRAM—
p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
BC WZXE WEAN WNAC
AU WJXAU WCAO WMAL
P WJAS WLBW WFBL
EC WKBW WADC WHK
IC KOIL KMBC WCCO
PD WXYZ WPG WBT

FENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—
p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
BC WZXE WEAN WNAC
AU WJXAU WCAO WMAL
AS WLBW WFBL WKBW
DC WHK WKRC WOWO
ION KOIL KMBC WCCO
PD WXYZ WBT WPG

FLORSHEIM FROLIC—
0 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
AF WJR WTAG WCSH
WEI WGR WGY
AE WWJ WSAI WGN
D WOC WHO WOW
F KSTP WEBC RVA
X WIOD WSUN WFLA
M WMC WSB WSMB
DX KHJ KFI KGO KPRC
AI WKY KOA KSL

MIER ORCHESTRA—
15 p.m. 7:00 6:45 5:45
ARC WZXE WEAN WNAC
AU WJXAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WKBW
ADC WHK WKRC WOWO
MAQ KMOX KOIL KMBC
CCO WSPD WMT WLAC
DSU KLZ KDYL KHJ
RC KOIN KVI KFPY
NYZ WPG WBT KTRH
DL WDAE WQAM WDBO
FOO

RY-GEORGE—
00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
ABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
CAU WJXAU WCAO WMAL
HP WJAS WLBW WFBL
RBW WADC WHK WKRC
OWO WBBM KMOX KOIL
ISN WCCO KFH WSPD
XYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

EVEREADY PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WSB WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
WWJ WGN KSD WHO
WDAF WHAS WSM WMC
WJAR KOA SL KGO
KGW KOMO KHQ WSMB
WDJX WCSH WFJC WSAI
WOW WOC

HAPPY WONDER BAKERS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WJAR WEEI WTAG
WCSH WRC WGY WGR
WCAE WTAM WFJC WWJ
WSAI WIBO SD WHO
WDAF WTMJ KSTP WEBC
WHAS WMC WSB WSMB
KVOO WKY KOA KSL
WDJX KGO KOMO KECA
KGW KHQ WBAP WFI
KPRC WOC WOW

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WEBL WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
WMAQ KMOX KOIL KMBC
WSPD WXYZ WBT WPG

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX RADIO PLAY-HOUSE—
10 15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WFBL WHEC WKBW GFRL
WADC WHK WKRC WKBN
WOWO WFBM WHBM KMOX
KOIL KSCJ WISN KMBC
WCCO WIBW KFH WBCM
WSPD WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WBRC WREC WDOD
KLRA WFAA KEJF KLZ
KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
KOL

RADIO-KEITH-ORPHEUM PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJAR WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WTI WRC WGY
WGR WCAE WJIC WSAI
WHO KSD WOW WSMB
WOAI KTHS KOA KSL
KGO KOMO KHQ WIBO
WDJX WTMJ KSTP KVOO
KECA WRVA WJAX WIOD
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WOAE WHBC WKY WLAC
WSUN WOC WBAP KFSD
KTAR WWJ WTAM



Landt Trio and White broadcast six mornings a week over NBC

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
KDKA WJZ WBZ WBZA
WBAL KDKA KYW KWK
WJBK WJAX WHAS WSAI
WJAC WSMB KGW KPRC
KOA KSL KGO KHQ
WPTF WTMJ KOMO WHAM
WREN WRVA WKY KOAL
WSB WIOD KFCA WCKY
KYOO WFLA WSUN KSTP
KTAR KFSD

ENNA JETTICK SONGVURD—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJAR WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WTAM WTI WRC
WGN WCAE WEJC WSAI
WIBO KSD WOW WHO
WDAF WGR WOR WWJ

GRAYBAR'S MR. AND MRS
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WEBL WHEC
WKBW WADC WHK WKRC
WAIU WKBN WOWO WFBM
WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBC
WISN WCCO KFH WSPD
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WCSH
WBRC WREC WLAC WDSU
KRLD KLRA KEJF KTSA
KLZ KDYL KHJ KFRC
KOIN KVI KFPY WXYZ
WPG WBT KTRH KOL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ANHEUSER BUSCH PROGRAM—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WJR WFBM WBBM KMOX
KOIL KMBC WCCO WSPD
WMJ WIOD WREC WDSU
KLRA WREC KJR KFSA
WNYC KTRH

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WHP WLBW WFBL WKBW
WHCM WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WBRC WREC KLRA WPG
WORC WXYZ

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WKRC KOIL KMBC WCCO
KLZ KDYL KFI KERC
KOIN KFPY KOL

Wednesday

RADIO HOME MAKERS—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC WZXE WJAS WNAC
WCAU KYW W3XAU WCAU
WPG WBT WJAS WLBW
WFBL WHEC WKBW WADC
WAIC KMOX KOIL KSCJ
KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
WWNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
WPG WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

BETTY CROCKER—
10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WSMJ WTI WRC
WGY WGR WBAP WOAI
WSB WMC WHAS WTAM
WOC WDAF WKY WFAA
WPTF WJAI KFKX KSD
WTMJ KVOO WKY KPO
WAPI WIOD

SWEET AND LOW DOWN—
11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WJAR WEEI WTI WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WWJ
WTMJ KSTP WMC WFBC
WBRYA WSM WHAS WDOD
WAPI WIBO KOA WIOD
WKY

COLUMBIA LITTLE SYMPHONY—
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WIBG
WHEC WMAK WADC WHK
WKRC WAIU WKBN WCAU
KOIL KSCJ KMBC WISN
WCCO WIBW KFH WBCM
WSPD WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WBRC WREC WLAC
KLRA KEJF KLZ KDYL
KFRC KVI KFPY WPG
WDAY WORC KYXZ

MUSICAL ALBUM—Columbia Salon Orchestra with Lillian Bucknam, Soprano; and Howard Kenyon, Congdon, Bass.
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WMAK
WADC WAIU WMAQ KOIL
KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
KRLD KLRA KFJF KLZ
KDYL KFRC KVI KFPY
WFIG WDAY WORC KOL
WXYZ

FOOTNOTES—Dance Orchestra Directed by Nat Brusiloff.
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC WZXE WJAS WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WMAK
WAIC WKBN WMAQ KSCJ
KMBC WISN WCCO KFH
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC
WTAR WBRC WREC KRLD
KLRA KEJF KLZ KDYL
WDAY WXYZ

TEA TIMERS—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WEAF WRC KSD WSH
WSM KOA WHO WAPI
WTAM KGO KGW WGY
KTAR KFSD WTAG WOC
WIOD WDJX

COLUMBIA MALE TRIO—
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC WZXE WMAL WHP
WJAS WFBL WAIC WKBN
WMAQ KSCJ KMBC WISN
KFH WCAU WBCM WTAR
WBRC WREC KRLD KLRA
KEJF KLZ KDYL WDAY

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC WZXE WJAS WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WIBG
WHEC WKBW WADC WKBN
KMOX KSCJ WCCO KFH
WBCM WMT WWNC WDBJ
WBRC WREC KLRA KEJF
KLZ KDYL KVI KFPY
WDAY KOL

JACK ALBIN AND HIS HOTEL BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WJZ WBAL WREN KFAB
KSTP WHAS WSM WAPI
KOA KGO KTAR

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WABC WZXE WCAU WMAL
WHP WFBL WKBW WAIC
WHEC WKBW WAIU WIBM
KSCJ KMBC WISN KFH
WBCM WCCO WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WBRC KLRA KEJF
KLZ KDYL KVI KFPY
KOL WXYZ

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WJZ WBAL W2XAU WCAO
WMAQ WHP WJAS WIBW
WHEC WKBW WADC WKBC
WKBN KSCJ WISN KFH
WHBQ WBBM WMT WDOD
WWNC WDBJ WBRC KLRA
WFIA KLRA KLZ KDYL
KUPY KOL WDAY WORC

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WEAF WRC KOA WLAG
KSL KLCN KGO WCSH
WJAR WTAG WHC WRVA
KGW KOMO KFSD WFAN
WSAI WIBO KSD WOC
WHO WOW WHAS WSM
WAPI KTHS KPRC WKY

"DIC-A-DOO ENTERTAINERS"—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WJZ WHIZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA KYW KWK
WREN KFAB KSTP WEBC
WHAM

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ESKIMO PIE PROGRAM

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WBAP	WCAU
W2XAU	WCAO	WTAL	WJAS
WHK	WKBW	WJAX	WJDX
WKRC	WMAQ	KNOX	WCCO
WGST	WBRC	KRLD	WBT

TOSCHA SEIDEL AND CONCERT ORCHESTRA

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WMAL	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WFBL	WKBW	WADC
WHK	WAIU	WHBM	KOIL
KSCJ	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
WJBW	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWSC	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WREC	WLAC	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
KUBC	KVI	KFPY	WNAX
WDAY	WORC	WXYZ	

EAST OF CAIRO—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WCSH	WGR	WOC
WDAF	WWJ	WJDX	WSMB
WJAR	KGO	KGW	WHO
WEEI	WTAM		

FORTY FATHOM TRAWLERS—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
KNOX	WSPD	WXYZ	WPG
WHT			

MOBILOIL CONCERT

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGR
WSAI	KSD	WLW	WEJC
WTAM	KOA	KVOO	WEAA
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	KSLA
WTIC	WGY	WGN	WEBC
WDAF	WCAE	WHO	WOC
WMJ			

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WELI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WSAI
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WJAX	WJ	WHAS	WMC
WSM	WSMB	KVOO	KOA
KPRC	WOAI	KGO	KOMO
KHQ	KGW	KSTP	KSL
CKGW	KYW	WTMJ	WHO
WRVA	WSM		

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WJ	WFBL
WKBW	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WAIU	WOWO	WFBM	WBBM
KMBC	KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	KFH	WSPD
WTAR	WDBJ	WREC	WLAC
WLAP	KRLD	KLRA	KFJF
KLZ	KDYL	KHJ	KOL
KERC	KOIN	KVI	KFPY
WXYZ	WCAH	WPG	WBT
KFBK			

WADSWORTH PROGRAM—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WLS
WJS	KWK	WREN	WCKY
KDKA			

O'CEDAR TIME—

9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WLS
KWK	WREN	KDKA	WHAM

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WREN	WLW	KYW
WJS	WPTF	WRVA	WJR
KWK			

LA PALINA SMOKER—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WZXL	WHP	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WAIU
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WSPD
WREC	WXYZ	WBT	WPG

PALMOLIVE HOUR—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WELI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WGN	KSD	WOC
WOW	WSMB	KSTP	WTMJ
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WHO
WSB	WJAX	KVOO	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WFAA	KECA
KPRC			

VOICE OF COLUMBIA—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAO	WMAL	WJAS
WLBW	WFBL	WHK	WKBW
WADC	WJBW	KOIL	KSCJ
KSD	WISN	WCCO	WHAS
WBBM	WSPD	KMOX	WWNC
WJAR	WDBJ	WREC	WLAC
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
KFPY	WPG	WNAX	WDAY
WORC	KOL	WXYZ	

COCA COLA PROGRAM—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WELI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGR	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
WOC	KYW	KSD	WEBC
KSTP	WRVA	WJDX	WJAX
WSM	WSMB	WKY	KTHS
KPRC	WOAI	KOA	KSL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

KGO	KUCA	KGW	KHQ
KOMO	WHAS	WTMJ	WCAW
WDAF	WJAS	WTMJ	KVOO
WTAM	WHO	WOW	KFSD
WMC	WSB		

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WLBZ	WCAO	W3XAU	WCAO
WLBW	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
KOIL	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
WJBW	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WGST
WHRC	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	WBT
WNAX	WDAY	WORC	

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS HOTEL ST. REGIS ORCHESTRA—

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WFLA	WSUN	WBC
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	KSTP
WJDX	WKY		

WILL OSBORNE—

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WCAO
WLBW	WFBL	WHEC	WKBN
WFBM	KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WDBJ	WBRC	WREC	KLRA
KFJF	KFPY	WPG	WNAX
WDAY	WORC	WXYZ	

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—
Heywood Broun

11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WHEC
WKBN	WFBM	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
KFH	WBCM	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC	WREC
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	WJG
WNAX	WDAY	WORC	WXYZ

ABE AND DAVID—

11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WAJ	WJ	WIBO	WJR
KSD	WOC	WSM	WDAF
WEBC	WJAS	WSMB	WJDX
WTAM	WJG	WOW	WTMJ
WMC	WSB	KSTP	

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS 'N' ANDY—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
KYW	KWK	WJZN	WTAM
WSPD	WTAM	KPAB	WHAP
KTHS	KECA	WEBC	WWJ
KPRC	WOAI	KSL	WDAF
KOA	KFSD	WMAQ	KGO
WJDX	WSM	KVOO	KGW
KHQ	WHAS	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJR		

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WJAX	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WMAL	WLBW	WFBL	WHEC
WHK	WFBM	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
WREC	KLRA	KFJF	KERC
KFPY	WPG	WNAX	WDAY
WORC	WXYZ		

PHIL SPITALNY'S MUSIC—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WRC	WOC	WHO
WDAF	WTAM	KOA	

ROYAL YORK ORCHESTRA—

12:00 Mid.	11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	WIBO
KWK	WREN	KFAB	

HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON ORCHESTRA

12:30 Mid.	11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WJG
KOA	WDAF	WCFL	WSD
WOC	WHO		

Thursday

RADIO HOME MAKERS

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	KMOX	KOIL
KSCJ	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WWNC
WDBJ	WBRC	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KDYL	WPG	WORC
WNAX			

HOUSE EFFICIENCY—

10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WMAL	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WFBL	WKBW	WADC
WAIU	WKRC	KMOX	KOIL
KSCJ	KMBC	WISN	WBCM
WSPD	WIT	WWNC	WDBJ
WREC	WLAC	KRLD	KLRA
KFJF	WPG	WDAY	WORC
WNAX			

BARBARA GOULD BEAUTY TALK—

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WFBL	WHEC	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WOWO
WBBM	KMOX	KOIL	WCCO
WSPD	WGST	WDSU	KRLD
WXYZ	WPG	WBT	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

BON AMI RADIO MATINEE—

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WGY	WGR
WCAE	WTAM	WJAY	WSAI
WOC	KYW	KSD	WDAF
WERC	WRVA	WJAX	WIOD
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	KVOO	KTHS
KPRC	WOAI	CKGW	WJDX
WTIC	WKY	WHO	KSTP

THE FIVE ARTS—

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WKBW	WADC	WHK	KMBC
WISN	WBCM	WSPD	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WREC	KLRA
KDYL	KVI	KFPY	WPG
WDAY	WORC	KOL	WXYZ

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—

3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WFAN	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WFBL	WHEC
WMAK	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WAIU	WKBN	WFBM	KOIL
KSCJ	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
WIBW	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WREC	WLAC	KLRA
KFJF	KLZ	KDYL	KFRC
KVI	KFPY	WPG	WDAY
WORC	WXYZ		

THE CAPTIVATORS—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAO	WMAL	WHP
WFBL	WMAK	WADC	WHK
WKBW	WAIU	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WDBJ	WREC	WLAC	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	WPG
WDAY	WORC	WXYZ	

MELODY MAGIC—

4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WFAN	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WFBL	WMAK	WADC
WAIU	WHEC	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC	WREC
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
KDYL	KFRC	KVI	KFPY
WPG	WDAY	WORC	KOL
WXYZ			

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WFBL	WMAK
WAIU	WKBN	WMAQ	KSCJ
KMBC	WCCO	KFH	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WBRC	WREC	KLRD	KLRA
KFJF	KLZ	KDYL	WDAY
WXYZ			

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WFAN	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WFBL
WKBW	WAIU	WKBN	WMAQ
KSCJ	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
KFH	WBCM	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WBRC	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
WDAY	WXYZ		

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WFAN	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WADC	WKBN	KSCJ
WCCO	KFH	WBCM	WMT
WWNC	WBRC	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
KVI	KFPY	WDAY	KOL

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL BARCLAY ORCHESTRA

6:15 p.m.	5:15	4:15	3:15
WABC	W2XE	WHP	WLBW
WFBL	WHEC	WADC	WFBM
KSCJ	WCCO	KFH	WBCM
WMT	WWNC	WBRC	WREC
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
KVI	KFPY	WDAY	KOL

MACDOUGALL RAMBLERS—

6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WFBL	WHEC	WKBW
WKRC	WKBN	KSCJ	KMBC
WISN	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
KRLD	KLRA	KFJF	KLZ
KFPY	WXYZ		

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—

6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WABC	W2XE	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WFBL	WKBW	WKRC
WKBN	WFBM	KSCJ	KMBC
WISN	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
KRLD	KLRA	KFJF	KLZ
KVI	KFPY	KOL	WXYZ

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WJAR	WIBO	WMJ
WJAR	WHAS	KSD	KOA

WARD'S TIP TOP CLUB—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WJAS
WFBL	WHK	WKBN	KMOX
WXYZ			

Eastern Central Mountain

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL TOURS—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WNAC
WCAO	WMAL	WHP
WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WKRC	WAIU	WFBM
KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC
WIBW	KFH	WSPD
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WMBD	KLRA	KFJF
KDYL	KVI	KFPY
WNAX	WDAY	WORC

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS L STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTR

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KF
WJR	KYW	KWK	W
KFAB			

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	W
WIOD	WJDX	WJAR	W
WFI	WRC	WGY	W
WEJC	WHO	WOW	W
WWJ	WTMJ	WHAS	W
WSB	WSMB	WKY	W
KOA	WEBC	WRVA	K
KOMO	WOAI	WSM	K
KHQ	WBAP	KTHS	W
KECA	KSD	CKGW	W
KGO	KSTP	WHN	W

ROMANY PATTERAN—

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	W
WLBZ	WCAO	WHP	W
WLBW	WHEC	WKBW	W
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	W
KSCJ	KMBC	KOIL	K
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	K
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	W
WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC	W
WLAC	KFJF	KLZ	K
KVI	KFPY	WPG	W
WDAY	WORC	WNYZ	K

KALTENBORN EDITS THE N

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	W
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	W
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	W
WADC	WKRC	WOWO	K
KOIL	KMBC	WCCO	W
WXYZ	WBT	WPG	

THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN

8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	W
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	W
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	W
WADC	WHK	WKRC	W
KMBC	KOIL	KMBC	W
WSPD	WXYZ		

VAN HEUSEN PROGRAM—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	W
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	W
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	W
WHEC	WKBW	WADC	W
WKRC	WOWO	WBBM	K
KOIL	KMBC	WCCO	W
WGST	WDSU	KRLD	W
WBT	WPG		

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	
NBC Service to		WEAF	W
WJAR	WTAG	WCSH	C
WFI	WRC	WGY	W
WSM	WIOD	WJAX	W
KOA	KSL	WKY	W
WRVA	WSAI	KSAT	K
WDAF	KYW	WCAE	W
WOW	WSMB	WJDX	W
WPTF	WFIC	WTMJ	W
KGO	KECA	KOMO	K
KGW	WHO	WAPI	K
WGR			

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBL

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	W
WLW	KSTP	WKY	W
WSAI	WRVA	WSM	K
WJAX	KOA	WRVA	W
WBAP	KYW	KWK	W
WIOD	WJR	WSMB	K
KGO	KECA	KGW	K
KHQ	WAPI	WPTF	W
WHAM	KDKA	KSL	

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOM

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	
WEAF	WJAR	WWJ	W
WCSH	WFI	WRC	W
WGR	WCAE	WSAI	W
WIBO			

DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZI

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	W
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	W
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	W
WADC	WHK	WKRC	W
WBBM	KMOX	KOIL	K
WSPD	WXYZ		

LUTHERAN LAYMEN LEAGUE PROGRAM—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	W
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	W
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	W
WADC	WHK	WKRC	W
WBBM	KMOX	KOIL	K
WSPD	WXYZ	KRLD	K
KDYL	KHJ	KFRC	K
KFPY	WNYZ	KOL	

Central Mountain Pacific

OUR—
p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEEI WJAR WTAG
WTIC WRC WGY
WCAE WFJC WWJ
KSD WOW WKY
KOA WSAI WTMJ
WHAS WSM WMC
KYW WDAF WJAX
WTAM WSTP WGU
KFI KOMO WJDX
WRVA WAPI WFLA
WBAP WSB KHQ

MBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—National Radio Forum
Washington, D. C.
p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
W2XE WEAN WNAC
WFAN WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL
WKBW WADC WKRC
KSCJ KMBC WISN
WIBW KFH WBCM
WMT WWNC WTAR
WRBC WREC WLAC
KFJF KDYL KFPY
WDAY WORC WXYZ

OSBORNE—
0 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
W2XE WLBZ WCAU
WCAO WMAL WHP
WFBL WHEC WFBM
KSCJ KMBC WISN
WIBW KFH WBCM
WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WREC KLRA KFJF
WPG WNAX WDAY
WRC WXYZ

MBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—
5 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WHP WLBW WFBL
WFBM KOIL KMBC
WCCO WIBW KFH
WBRC WMAQ WTAR
WBRC WREC KLRA
WPG WNAX WDAY
WRC WXYZ



nda Bond, Saturday night, over the NBC

LE ABE AND DAVID—
:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WJR WSAI WEAN
WTMJ KSD WTAM
WSMB WJDX KSTP
WHAS WENR WEBC
WDAF WHO WOC

SODENT PROGRAM—Amos 'n'
dy—
:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
KWK WREN WTMJ
WEBC KGO WCAU
WKY WFAA WOAI
WDAF KECA WLW
WBAL KOMO KGW
KTAR WHAS WSM
WSB WSMB WJDX
WJR KFAB KTHS

K ALLEN AND HIS HOTEL BOSTERT ORCHESTRA
:00 Mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
EAF WRC KSD WCFL
DAF WHO WWJ

A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—
:00 Mid 11:00 10:00 9:00
TMJ KSTP WEBC WHAS
MC WSM WSB WJDX
SMB WOAI KPRC WKY
OO KOA KSL KPO
FAA KECA KTHS KTAR
FSD

Friday

DIO HOME MAKERS—
0:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
ABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
LBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
MAL WJAS WFBL WKBW
HK WBBM WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

BETTY CROCKER—
10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG SCSH
WEI WRC WGY WSAI
WJAX WHO WOAI WHAS
WEEI WTMJ WWJ WIOD
WPTF WSM WMC WAPI
WKY WBAP WSB KPRC
KFKX KSD WHAS KVOO
WOC WGR WCAE

NBC Music Appreciation Hour—Walter Damrosch
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WJZ WEEI WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
WJAX WMAL WGN WSAI
WENR WIBO KSD WOC
WHO WOW WDAF CKGW
WTMJ KSTP WLW WRVA
WPTF WJAX WIOD WFLA
WSUN WHAS WSM WJDX
WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB
KVOO WAAA KPRC WKY
WOAI KOA KSL WBZ
WBZA WBAL WHAM KDKA
WJR WLW KWK WREN
KFAB

ELGIN PROGRAM—
12:00 Noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WRC WGY WWJ WSAI
KYW KSD WOC WAPI
WHO KSTP WEBC WRVA
WPTF WJAX WIOD WFLA
WSUN WSM WMC WSB
WSMB WJDX KTHS KVOO
WBAP KPRC WOAI WKY
KOA WLIT

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
1:45 p.m. 12:45 11:45 10:45
WJZ WBZ WHZ WHAM
WBAL KDKA WJR KYW
WLW KWK WREN KSTP
WEBC WRVA WFLA WMAQ
WSUN WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WJDX WSMB KTHS
KVOO KPRC WOAI WKY
WRC WHO WOW WDAF
WIOD WOC WPTF WAPI
KFAB KOA

COLUMBIA ARTISTS RECITAL—
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WFBL
WHEC WMAK WADC WHK
WKRC WAIU KFH WBCM
KOIL KSCJ KMBC WISN
WCCO WIBW KFH WBCM
WSPD WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WRRC WREC WLAC
KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
KFPY KVI KFPW WPG
WDAY WORC WXYZ

CHICAGO SERENADE—
3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM WJR
WSAI WAPI WIBO WSB
WJAX WFKA WSUN WRC
WLW

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—
3:45 p.m. 2:45 1:45 12:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WFBL
WMAK WKRC WKBN WMAQ
KOIL KSCJ KMBC WISN
WCCO WIBW KFH WBCM
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WREC WLAC KRLD KLRA
KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY WPG WDAY WORC
WXYZ

THIRTY MINUTE MEN—Novelty Orchestra Directed by Dr. Brusiloff.
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBC WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WMAK
WADC WKRC WAIU KOIL
KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
KRLD KLRA KFJF KLZ
KDYL KFI KFPW WPG WDAY WORC
WXYZ

PACIFIC FEATURE HOUR—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WJZ WBAL WHAM WLW
WJR KYW WKRC WAIU
KOMO KFSD KSTP WAPI
KOA KGO KGW WSMB

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—
4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
WHP WHEC WMAK WADC
WAIU WMAQ KOIL KSCJ
KMBC WISN WCCO WBCM
WSPD WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WREC WLAC KRLD
KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
KFPY WPG WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WCAO WMAL
WHP WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WKBN WMAQ WSCI
KFH WBCM WMT WWNC
WDBJ WRRC WREC KLRA
KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY WDAY KOL WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WABC W2XE WCAO WHP
WJAS WLBW WKBW WFBM
KSCJ WISN KFH WBCM
WSPD WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WBRC KLRA KFH KLZ
KFRC KVI KFPY KOL
WXYZ

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WFI WRC WCAE WTAG

EVANGELINE ADAMS, Astrologer—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WFBL WKBW WXYZ

SINCLAIR PROGRAM—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
WCAO WKBW WADC WHK
WKRC WMAQ KMOX KOIL
KSCJ WSPD WGST KRLD
WXYZ WBT

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WCKY WIBO KWK WREN
KFAB WJR

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WLIT
WRC WGR WCAE WTAM
WJAR WCSH KYW KSD
WOW WDAF KSTP WTMJ
WWJ WSAI WGN WOC
WEAA WSAI WEBC WOAI
KOMO KGO KGW KHQ
KFRC KSL WTAG CKGW
KECA WHO

NIT WIT HOUR—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WFBL WHEC WKBW WADC
WKRC WAIU WFBM KOIL
KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
WIBW KFH WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF
KLZ KDYL KFRU KVI
KFPY WNAX WDAY WORC
KOL WXYZ

DIXIE ECHOES—Negro Spirituals.
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAO WMAL WHP
WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WBRC WMAQ KOIL
KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
WIBW KFH WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WBRC WLAC KRLD KLRA
KFJF KLZ KDYL KFRC
KFPY WNAX WDAY WORC
KOL

NATURAL BRIDGE PROGRAM—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WJZ WHAM KDKA KWK
WRVA WJAX WIOD KFAB
WIBO WREN WBZ WBZA
WFLA WPTF WSYB

TRUE STORY HOUR—Adventures of Mary and Bob.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
WMAQ KMOX KOIL KMBC
WSPD WXYZ

INTERWOVEN PAIR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WHAM KDKA WMC
WJAX WKY WREN KPRC
KWK WBZ WBZA WSMB
KGW WIOD WFAA WJR
WTMJ KSTP WHAS KVI
WLBC WCKY KFOX WSM
WRVA WSB WAPI WOAI
KOA KSL KGO KECA
KGW KOMO KHW KFSD
KFI



Annette Hanshaw, Thursday, 9:00 P.M. over the CBS

CLIQUOT CLUB ESKIMOS—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
WIBO KSD WWJ CKGW
KECA WHO



Mayhew Lake, Sunday, 10:00 P.M. over the CBS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

DEL LAMPE'S EVERSHARP ORCHESTRA
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WEAN
WWJ WSAI WGN WOW
WHO WOC WDAF

ARMOUR PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WREN
WJR KYW KSTP WEBC
WRVA WMC WSB WOAI
KOA KSL WKY WHAS
KGO KGW KHW KOMO
KDKA WJAX WJDX WOD
WTMJ WAPI WHAM KWK
WFAA WSM WLW WSMB
WPTF KFI

THE RADIO FOLLIES—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS KDKA WLBL
WFBL WHEC WADC WHK
WKRC WOWO WMAQ KMOX
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
KOL WSPD WTAR WGST
WDSU KRLD WRR KFJF
KLZ KDYL KHJ KFRC
KOIN KVI KFPY WNYZ
WORC WPG WBT KMJ

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
KYW KWK WREN KPRC
WJAR WJR KSTP WTMJ
WEBC WHAS WSM WSB
WOAI KOA WKY WSMB
KSL KGW KOMO KHQ
KGO WMC WLW KFI
WFAA

RADIO KEITH ORPHEUM PROGRAM—RKO Theatre of the Air.
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WLIT WRC WGY WGR
WCAE WFJC WWJ WSAI
WIBO KSD WLW WDAF
WRVA WPTF WJAX WIOD
WFLA WSB WAPI WSMB
WOC KGO WJDX KTHS
WOAI WKY KGO KGW
KGO KOMO KOMO KTAR
KFSD WCSH WHO WOW
KSL WTAM

WRIGLEY FOOTBALL PROGRAM
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WNAC
WCAO WMAL WJAS WLBW
WFBL WABC W2XE WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBC
WSPD WXYZ WPG WBT

PHOENIX HOSIERY PROGRAM—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAO WJAS WLBW WADC
WHK WKRC WBBM KMOX
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
WIBW KFH WBCM WRR
KLZ KDYL KFRC KNX
KOIN KFPY KOL WXYZ

WILL OSBORNE—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WJBZ WCAO
WJBW WJBL KOIL KSCJ
KMBC WISN WIBW KFH
WBCM WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WRRC WREC KLRA
KFJF KLZ KDYL KFPY
WNAX WDAY WORC KOL
WXYZ

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAO W3XAU WCAO
WJBW WJBL KOIL KMBC
WISN WCCO WIBW KFH
WBCM WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WRRC WREC KLRA
KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE PESODENT PROGRAM—
Amos 'n' Andy.

11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30

KYW	KK	WREN	WTMJ
WJR	WKY	KPRC	WERC
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KFSD
WDAY	WMAQ	KGO	WBAP
WFAA	KTCL	KOMO	KGW
KHQ	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	WJR
KFAB	KTHS		

Saturday

COLUMBIA MALE TRIO with Virginia Arnold, Pianist.

10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WCAU
WNAC	WCAO	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WBLW	WHEC	
WKBW	WADC	WHK	WAIU
WFBM	KMOX	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WISN	KFH	WAXC
WIBM	WSPD	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KFH	KLZ	KDYL
KVI		KFPY	WPG
WDAY	WORC	WMBD	WXYZ

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT—

11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WHK	WKRC
WFBM	KMOX	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WISN	KFH	WAXC
WIBM	WDBJ	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KFH	KLZ	KDYL
KVI		KFPY	WPG
WDAY	WORC	WMBD	WXYZ

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—

11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15

WEAF	WJZ	WTIC	WJAR
WCSH	WEEI	WRC	WGY
WGR	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WTAG	KFKX	KSD
WOW	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WSMB	KYOO	KPRC
WOAI	WKY		

SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA—

1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WLBZ
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WFBL	WHEC
WMAK	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WAIU	WKBW	WFBM	WSPD
WMT	WNXC	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WLAC	KLRA	KEJF
KLZ	WPG	KOIL	WXYZ

COLUMBIA ARTISTS RECITAL—

2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WLBZ
WIAN	WCAO	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WFBL	WHEC	WMAK
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WAIU
WKBN	KOIL	KSCJ	WISN
WCAO	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WNXC	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WLAC	KLRA	KEJF
KFJI	KLZ	KVI	KFPY
WPG	WDAY	WPRC	WXYZ

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
Vincent Sorey and his Orchestra.

2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WFBL
WHEC	WMAK	WADC	WKRC
WAIU	WKBN	WFBM	KOIL
KSCJ	WISN	KFH	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WNXC	WTAR
WDBJ	WBRC	WREC	WLAC
KRLD	KLRA	KEJF	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KFPY	WPG
WDAY	WORC	KOL	WXYZ

MASTER SINGERS QUARTET—Male Quartet.

3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WFBL
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WFBM
KOIL	KSCJ	WISN	WCCO
WIBW	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WNXC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
WREC	WLAC	KRLD	KLRA
KEJF	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY	WPG	WDAY	WORC
WXYZ			

SPANISH SERENADE—

3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WFAN	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WADC	WKRC
WAIU	WMAQ	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WISN	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WNXC	WTAR	WDBJ
WREC	WLAC	KRLD	KLRA
KEJF	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY	WPG	WDAY	WORC
WXYZ			

OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WFBL
WMAK	WHK	WAIU	WKBN
KMOX	KSCJ	KMBC	WISN
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WNXC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
KRLD	KLRA	KEJF	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KFPY	WPG
WDAY	KOL		

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—Dr. Thatcher Clark's French Lesson.

5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45

WEAF	WHP	WJAS	WFBL
WAIU	WKBN	KSCJ	KMBC
WJ	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WWNC	WTAR	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KEJF	KLZ	KVI
WPG	WDAY	KOL	

THE JAMESES—

6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00

WEAF	WJAG	WTI	WGY
WRC	WWJ	WSAI	WCAE
WOW	CKGW	WMC	KOA
KGW	KTAR		

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

TOM, DICK AND HARRY—

6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WHP
WLBW	WFBL	WHEC	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKBN	KMOX
KSCJ	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
KFH	WBCM	WMT	WNXC
WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC	WREC
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
KVI	KFPY	WDAY	KOL

RHYTHM RAMBLERS—

6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15

WABC	W2XE	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WFBM	KSCJ
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
KFH	WBCM	WMT	WNXC
WDBJ	WBRC	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
KVI	KFPY	WDAY	WXYZ

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—

6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45

WABC	W2XE	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WFBL	WHEC	WKBW	WAIU
WKRN	WFBM	KSCJ	KMBC
WISN	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WNXC	WDBJ	WBRC	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KFPY
KOL	WXYZ		

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—

6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45

WEAF	WJAR	WCSC	WFI
WRC	WCAE	WTAG	WGY
WEEI			

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

DIXIES CIRCUS—

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

WJZ	WLW	KDKA	KYW
WHAM	WHAM	WJR	WBZ
WBZA	KSTP	KVOO	WOAI
KPRC	WKY	WBAP	

RIN-TIN TIN THRILLER—

8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WLW	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WJR	KWK		

COLUMBIA MALE CHORUS—

8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WFAN	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WFBL	WHEC	WKBW
WKBW	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	KMOX	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WISN	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WREC	WLAC
KLRA	KFJF	KDYL	KLZ
KFPC	KFPY	WNAX	WDAY
WORC	WXYZ		

JOHNS-MANVILLE FIRE FIGHTERS —Dramatic Sketch

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WJAS
WFBL	WKBW	CFRB	WHK
WKRC	WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX
KOIL	WCCO	KFH	WBCM
WSPD	WGST	WBRC	WDSU
KRLD	WIBR	WXYZ	KTRH
WPG	WBT		

INDEX TO WAVE LENGTHS AND KILOCYCLES

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

	Kc.		Kc.
CKGQ	960	WEJC	1450
KDKA	980	WFLA	620
KECA	1340	WGN	720
KFAB	770	WGR	550
KFI	640	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KGNX	1020	WHAS	820
KGO	790	WIBO	1000
KGW	620	WIBO	560
KHQ	590	WIOD	560
KOA	830	WJAR	890
KOMO	920	WJAX	900
KPO	680	WJJD	1270
KPRC	920	WJR	750
KSD	550	WJZ	760
KSL	1130	WKY	900
KSTP	1460	WLIT	560
KTAR	620	WLS	870
KTHS	1040	WLW	700
KYOO	1140	WMC	780
KWK	1350	WOAI	1190
KYW	1020	WOC	1000
WAPI	1140	WOW	590
WBAL	1060	WPTF	680
WBAP	800	WRC	950
WBZ	990	WREN	1220
WBZA	990	WRVA	1110
WCAE	1220	WSAI	1330
WCFL	970	WSB	740
WCKY	1480	WSB	900
WCSH	940	WSM	650
WDAF	610	WSMB	1130
WEAF	660	WTIC	620
WEEI	590	WTAG	580
WEH	590	WTAM	1070
WENR	870	WTIC	1060
WFAA	800	WTMJ	620
WFI	560	WWJ	920

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WEAN	780
CKAC	730	WFAN	610
KDYL	1290	WFBL	1360
KFH	1300	WFBM	1230
KFJF	1480	WFIW	940
KFPY	1340	WGST	890
KFRC	610	WHEC	1440
KHJ	900	WHK	1390
KLRA	1390	WHP	1430
KLZ	560	WIBW	580
KMBC	950	WISN	1120
KOIL	1300	WJAX	1290
KOIN	940	WKBN	570
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1130	WLW	1200
KTSA	1190	WMBD	620
KVI	760	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WADC	1320	WMAQ	670
WAIU	640	WMT	600
WBBM	770	WNAC	1230
WBCM	1410	WNAX	570
WBRC	930	WOWO	1160
WBT	1080	WPG	1100
WCAH	1430	WQAM	560
WCAU	1060	WREC	600
WCAU	1170	WRR	1280
WCCO	810	WSPD	1340
WDAE	1220	WTAR	780
WDAY	940	WTOC	1260
WDBJ	930	WWNC	570
WDBO	1120	WXYZ	1240
WDOD	1280	W2XE	6120
WDSU	1250	W3XAU	9590

HUSTON RAY AND HIS ORCHESTRA FROM WOODMANSTEN INN.

7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15

WEAN	WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WFBL	WHEC	WKBW	WHK
WKRC	WAIU	WFBM	KOIL
KSCJ	WISN	WBBM	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	WLAC
KFPY	WDAY	WORC	KOL
WXYZ			

NECCO SURPRISE PARTY—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WFBL	WHEC	WKBW
WORC			

SILVER FLUTE—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30

WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGR
WWJ	WSAI	WSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	CKGW
KSTP	WEBC		

ROMANCE OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WFAN	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WKRC	KMOX	KOIL
KSCJ	KSHO	WISN	WIBW
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WREC
WLAC	KLRA	KEJF	KDYL
KLZ	KVI	KFPY	WNAX
WDAY	WORC	WXYZ	

POP CONCERT—

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WGR	WCAE	WSMB	WSAI
WTMJ	WJAX	KOA	KGO
KGW	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	WWJ	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE FULLER MAN—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30

WKZ	WBAL	WJR	KPRC
KOA	KGO	KECA	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WBZ	WBZA
WHAM	KYW	WLW	KDKA
KWK	WBO	WKY	WREN
KFAB	CKGW		

SIGN OF THE SHELL—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30

WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WENR	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WSM
WSB	WJDX	WSMB	WMC
WHAS	KSTP	WEBC	KYN
WTMJ			

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS — Harry Sulter's Orchestra with Mixed Quartet.

8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45

WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WMAJ	WJAS	WMAQ
KMOX	KSBC	WCCO	WDSU
KRLD	WXYZ	WBT	

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—
Presenting "The Police Patrol".

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

WEAF	WJZ	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WFBL	WKBW	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WFBM	WMAQ
KMOX	KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WREC	WLAC
KLRA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KHJ	KFRC	KFPY	WPG
WNAX	WDAY	WORC	WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pa

GENERAL ELECTRIC BAND—

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:0

WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WOW
WDAF	KSD	WSMB	KFRC
WJAX	WIAS	WSB	KPRC
WOAI	WRVA	WSAI	KSTP
WAPI	WKY	KOA	KGW
KOMO	WMAQ	KHQ	WSMB
WIBO	WBAP	KFSD	KTAR
WGR	WOC	WHO	KSL
KGO	WSM	KFI	

DUTCH MASTERS MINSTRELS—

9:30 p.m. 8.30 7:30 6:30

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WLW	KWK	WJR	KYW
WREN	WBZ	WBZA	

CHICAGO VARIETY PROGRAM—
Novelty and Dance Orchestras.

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WFBL
WFBL	WHEC	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WFBM	KMOX
KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	KFH	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WDBJ	WREC	WLAC	KLRA
KRLD	KLRA	KFJF	KLZ
KDYL	KHJ	KFRC	KFPY
WNAX	WDAY	WORC	KOL

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCI STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WFI	WRC	WGY	WGR
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WIOD
KSTP	WTMJ	WSMB	WJAX
WHAS	WSB	KPRC	WMC
WOAI	WKY	WAPI	WSAI
KOA	KGO	KGO	KSL
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	WEBC
WJDX	WRVA	WCSH	WFLA
WSUN	WOC	KFI	KTAR
KFSD	WBAP		

MINIATURE THEATRE—

10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30

WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	KWK
CKGW	WHAM		
WOWO	WEEM	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WNXC
WDBJ	WGST	WBRC	WNAX
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KLRA
KLZ	KVI	KDYL	WBT
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	WXYZ
WPG	KOL		

JESSE CRAWFORD, Poet of Organ.

10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WFBL	WHEC	WKBW	WADC
WHK	WFBM	KOIL	KSCJ
KMOX	KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC	WREC
KLAC	KRLL	KLRA	KFJF
KLZ	KDYL	KFRC	KFPY
WPG	WNAX	WDAY	WORC
KOL	WXYZ		

JACK DENNY AND HIS MT. ROY ORCHESTRA From Montreal—Dance Music.

11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:0

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WFAN	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WFBL	WHEC	WKBW
WHK	WFBM	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WISN	WIBW	WBC
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WREC	KLRA	KFJF
KLZ	KDYL	KFRC	KFPY
WPG	WNAX	WDAY	WOR
KOL	WXYZ		

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

11:30 p.m. 10:00 9.00 8:0

WLBZ	WFAN	WCAO	WMA
WHP	WLBW	WFBL	WHE
WADC	WKRC	WKBN	KMO
KOIL	KMBC	WISN	WC

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—Dance Music.

11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:3

WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNA
WLBZ	WCAO	WMAL	WHP
WLBL	WFBL	WHEC	WHK
WFBM	KOIL	KSCJ	KMI
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	WBC
WSPD	WMT	WNXC	WTA
WDBJ	WBRC	KLRA	KFJI
KFRC	KFPY	WPG	WNA
WDAY	WORC	KOL	WXY

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—
AMOS 'N' ANDY—

11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:3

KYW	KWK	WREN	WTN
KSTP	WJR	WJW	WEI
WKY	WMAQ	KPRC	WOS
KOA	WDAF	WMAQ	KSL
KGO	WBAL	KECA	KOA
KGW	WOAI	WHAS	WMC
WSM	KFAB	WSB	WSN
KFSD	WJDX	KTHS	

RUDY VALLEE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

12:00 Mid. 11:00 10:00 9

WEAF	WTMJ	WSAI	WJAX
WEAR	WOW	WWJ	KSD
WOC	WHO	WDAF	WFI
KSTP	WSUN	WSB	KOA

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Watch Each Issue of Radio Digest for Corrected Official Wavelengths

K

S. . . . . Portland, Ore.
v.—1420 kc.
M . . . . . Paragould, Ark.
v.—1200 kc.
C . . . . . Enid, Okla.
v.—1370 kc.
J . . . . . Jerome, Ariz.
v.—1310 kc.
S . . . Santa Barbara, Calif.
v.—1500 kc.
. . . . . Casper, Wyo.
v.—1210 kc.
A . . . . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
0 w.—980 kc.
R. . . . Devils Lake, N. D.
w.—1210 kc.
L . . Salt Lake City, Utah
w.—1290 kc.
A . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
w.—1430 kc.
W . . . . Burbank, Calif.
w.—780 kc.
. . . . . Portland, Ore.
w.—1180 kc.
B . . . . . Lincoln, Nebr.
w.—770 kc.
B . . . Great Falls, Mont.
0 w.—1280 kc.
K . . . . Sacramento, Calif.
w.—1310 kc.
M . . . . . Beaumont, Texas
0 w.—560 kc.
OY . . . . Brookings, S. D.
0 w.—550 kc.
EL . . . . . Denver, Colo.
w.—920 kc.
EQ . . . . . St. Joseph, Mo.
0 w.—680 kc.
Q . . . . . Boone, Iowa
w.—1310 kc.
H . . . . . Wichita, Kans.
0 w.—1300 kc.
I . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
0 w.—640 kc.
O . . . . . Spokane, Wash.
w.—1120 kc.
Z . . . . Fond du Lac, Wis.
w.—1420 kc.
B . . . Marshalltown, Iowa
w.—1200 kc.
F . . Oklahoma City, Okla.
0 w.—1480 kc.
I . . . . . Astoria, Ore.
w.—1370 kc.
M . . . . Grand Forks, N. D.
0 w.—1370 kc.
R . . . . . Portland, Ore.
0 w.—1360 kc.
V . . . . Fort Dodge, Iowa.
w.—1310 kc.
Z . . . Fort Worth, Texas
0 w.—1370 kc.
A . . . . . Greeley, Colo.
0 w.—880 kc.
B . . . . . Milford, Kans.
00 w.—1050 kc.
U . . . . . Lawrence, Kans.
00 w.—1220 kc.
X . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
000 w.—1020 kc.
V . . . . . Rockford, Ill.
0 w.—1410 kc.
LX . . . . Galveston, Texas
0 w.—1370 kc.
MX . . . Northfield, Minn.
00 w.—1250 kc.
NF . . . Shenandoah, Iowa
00 w.—890 kc.
OR . . . . Lincoln, Nebr.
0 w.—1210 kc.
OX . . . . Long Beach, Calif.
00w.—1250 kc.
PL . . . . . Dublin, Texas
0 w.—1310 kc.
PY . . . . . Spokane, Wash.
000 w.—1340 kc.
PQ . . . . Anchorage, Alaska
00 w.—1230 kc.
QU . . . . Holy City, Calif.
00 w.—1420 kc.
QW . . . . Seattle, Wash.
00 w.—1420 kc.
RC . . San Francisco, Calif.
000 w.—610 kc.
RU . . . . Columbia, Mo.
00 w.—630 kc.
SD . . . . San Diego, Calif.
000 w.—600 kc.

KFSG . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.
KFUL . . . . . Galveston, Texas
500 w.—1290 kc.
KFUM . . . . . Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
KFUO . . . . . Clayton, Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.
KFUP . . . . . Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KFVD . . . . . Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—1000 kc.
KFVS . . . . . Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KFWB . . . . . Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.
KFWF . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KFWI . . . . . San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.
KFXF . . . . . Denver, Col.
500 w.—920 kc.
KFXM . . . . . San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KFXR . . . . . Oklahoma City, Okla.
250 w.—1310 kc.
KFXY . . . . . Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KFYO . . . . . Abilene, Texas
250 w.—1420 kc.
KFYR . . . . . Bismarck, N. D.
500 w.—550 kc.
KGA . . . . . Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.
KGAR . . . . . Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.
KGB . . . . . San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1330 kc.
KGBU . . . . . Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.
KGBX . . . . . St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KGBZ . . . . . York, Nebr.
1000 w.—930 kc.
KGCI . . . . . San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGCR . . . . . Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KGCU . . . . . Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGCX . . . . . Wolf Point, Mont.
250 w.—1310 kc.
KGDA . . . . . Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGDE . . . . . Fergus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.
KGDM . . . . . Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.
KGEF . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
KGER . . . . . Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
KGEW . . . . . Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGEZ . . . . . Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KGFF . . . . . Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGFG . . . . . Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1040 kc.
KGFJ . . . . . Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.
KGFJ . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGFW . . . . . Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KGFX . . . . . Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.
KGGC . . . . . San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGGF . . . . . Picher, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.
KGGM . . . . . Albuquerque, N. M.
500 w.—1230 kc.
KGHF . . . . . Pueblo, Colo.
500 w.—1320 kc.
KGHI . . . . . Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGHL . . . . . Billings, Mont.
500 w.—950 kc.
KGIQ . . . . . Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1420 kc.
KGIR . . . . . Butte, Mont.
500 w.—1360 kc.
KGIW . . . . . Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGIX . . . . . Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGJF . . . . . Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.
KGKB . . . . . Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.

KGKL . . . . . San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGKO . . . . . Wichita Falls, Texas
500 w.—570 kc.
KGKX . . . . . Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGKY . . . . . Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KGMB . . . . . Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.
KGMP . . . . . Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KGNF . . . . . North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.
KGNO . . . . . Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KGO . . . . . San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.
KGRS . . . . . Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.
KGU . . . . . Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.
KGW . . . . . Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.
KHJ . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
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100 w.—590 kc.
KICK . . . . . Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.
KID . . . . . Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.
KIDO . . . . . Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.
KJBS . . . . . San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.
KJR . . . . . Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.
KLO . . . . . Ogden, Utah
500 w.—1400 kc.
KLPM . . . . . Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KLRA . . . . . Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.
KLS . . . . . Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.
KLX . . . . . Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.
KLZ . . . . . Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.
KMA . . . . . Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—930 kc.
KMBC . . . . . Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.
KMIC . . . . . Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.
KMJ . . . . . Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KMMJ . . . . . Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.
KMO . . . . . Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—860 kc.
KMOX . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
5000 w.—1090 kc.
KMPC . . . . . Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.
KMTR . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.
KNX . . . . . Hollywood, Calif.
5000 w.—1050 kc.
KOA . . . . . Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.
KOAC . . . . . Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.
KOB . . . . . State College, N. M.
20,000 w. 1180 kc.
KOCW . . . . . Chickasha, Okla.
100 w.—1400 kc.
KOH . . . . . Reno, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KOIL . . . . . Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.
KOIN . . . . . Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.
KOL . . . . . Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
KOMO . . . . . Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.
KONO . . . . . San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KOOS . . . . . Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KORE . . . . . Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KOY . . . . . Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.
KPCB . . . . . Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.
KPJM . . . . . Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.

KPO . . . . . San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.
KPOF . . . . . Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.
KPRC . . . . . Houston, Texas
2500 w.—920 kc.
KPSN . . . . . Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
KPWF . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.
KQV . . . . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.
KQW . . . . . San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.
KRE . . . . . Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KREG . . . . . Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KRGV . . . . . Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.
KRLD . . . . . Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.
KROW . . . . . Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—930 kc.
KSAC . . . . . Manhattan, Kans.
1000 w.—580 kc.
KSCJ . . . . . Sioux City, Iowa
2500 w.—1330 kc.
KSD . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.
KSEI . . . . . Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—1450 kc.
KSL . . . . . Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.
KSMR . . . . . Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KSO . . . . . Clarinda, Iowa
5000 w.—1380 kc.
KSOO . . . . . Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.
KSTP . . . . . St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.
KTAB . . . . . San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.
KTAP . . . . . San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.
KTAR . . . . . Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.
KTAT . . . . . Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.
KTBI . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
KTBR . . . . . Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.
KTBS . . . . . Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.
KTHS . . . . . Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.
KTLC . . . . . Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.
KTM . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.
KTNT . . . . . Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.
KTRH . . . . . Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.
KTSA . . . . . San Antonio, Texas
2000 w.—1290 kc.
KTSL . . . . . Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KTSM . . . . . El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.
KTUE . . . . . Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.
KTW . . . . . Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
KUJ . . . . . Longview, Wash.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KUOA . . . . . Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.
KUSD . . . . . Vermillion, S. D.
750 w.—890 kc.
KUT . . . . . Austin, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.
KVI . . . . . Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.
KVL . . . . . Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KVOA . . . . . Tucson, Ariz.
500 w. 1260 kc.
KVOO . . . . . Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.
KVOS . . . . . Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KWCR . . . . . Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.
KWEA . . . . . Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KWG . . . . . Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.

KWJJ . . . . . Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.
KWK . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.
KWKC . . . . . Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KWKH . . . . . Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.
KWLC . . . . . Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.
KWSC . . . . . Pullman, Wash.
500 w.—1220 kc.
KWWG . . . . . Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.
KXA . . . . . Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.
KXL . . . . . Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KXO . . . . . El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KYA . . . . . San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
KYW . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.
KZM . . . . . Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.

W

WAAF . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.
WAAM . . . . . Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WAAT . . . . . Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—940 kc.
WAAW . . . . . Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.
WABC . . . . . New York City
5000 w.—860 kc.
WABI . . . . . Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WABO-
WHEC . . . . . Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WABZ . . . . . New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WACO . . . . . Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.
WADC . . . . . Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.
WAIU . . . . . Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.
WALR . . . . . Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.
WAPI . . . . . Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.
WASH . . . Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.
WBAA . . . W. Lafayette, Ind.
100 w.—1400 kc.
WBAK . . . . . Harrisburg, Pa.
1000 w.—1430 kc.
WBAL . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
1000 w.—1060 kc.
WBAP . . . . . Fort Worth, Texas
10,000 w.—800 kc.
WBAX . . . . . Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WBBC . . . . . Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WBBL . . . . . Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WBBM . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.
WBBR . . . . . Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WBBZ . . . . . Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WBEN . . . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.
WBCM . . . . . Bay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WBIS . . . . . Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
WBMS . . . Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WBNY . . . . . New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.
WBOQ . . . . . New York, N. Y.
50 000 w. 810 kc.
WBOW . . . Terre Haute, Ind
100 w.—1310 kc.
WBRC . . . . . Birmingham, Ala.
1000 w.—930 kc.
WBRE . . . . . Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1410 kc.
WBSO . . . . . Wellesley Hills, Mass.
250 w.—920 kc.
WBT . . . . . Charlotte, N. C.
5000 w.—1080 kc.

WBTM . . . . . Danville, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WBZ . . . . . Springfield, Mass.
15,000 w.—990 kc.
WBZA . . . . . Boston, Mass.
500 w.—990 kc.
WCAC . . . . . Storrs, Conn.
250 w.—600 kc.
WCAD . . . . . Canton, N. Y.
500 w.—1220 kc.
WCAE . . . . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1220 kc.
WCAH . . . . . Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—1430 kc.
WCAJ . . . . . Lincoln, Nebr.
500 w.—590 kc.
WCAL . . . . . Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WCAM . . . . . Camden, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.
WCAO . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—600 kc.
WCAP . . . . . Asbury Park, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.
WCAT . . . . . Rapid City, S. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WCAU . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
10,000 w.—1170 kc.
WCAX . . . . . Burlington, Vt.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WCBA . . . . . Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.
WCBD . . . . . Zion, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.
WCBM . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WCBS . . . . . Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WCCO . . . . . Minneapolis, Minn.
7500 w.—810 kc.
WCDA . . . . . New York City
250 w.—1350 kc.
WCFL . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—970 kc.
WCGU . . . . . Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WCKY . . . . . Covington, Ky.
5000 w.—1490 kc.
WCLB . . . . . Long Beach, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WCLO . . . . . Janesville, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WCLS . . . . . Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WCMA . . . . . Culver, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WCOA . . . . . Pensacola, Fla.
500 w.—1340 kc.
WCOC . . . . . Meridian, Miss.
1000 w.—880 kc.
WCOD . . . . . Harrisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WCOH . . . . . Yonkers, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WCRW . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WCSC . . . . . Charleston, S. C.
250 w.—1310 kc.
WCSH . . . . . Portland, Me.
1000 w.—940 kc.
WCSO . . . . . Springfield, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.
WDAE . . . . . Tampa, Fla.
1000 w.—1220 kc.
WDAF . . . . . Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—610 kc.
WDAG . . . . . Amarillo, Texas
250 w.—1410 kc.
WDAH . . . . . El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.
WDAY . . . . . Fargo, N. D.
1000 w.—940 kc.
WDBJ . . . . . Roanoke, Va.
500 w.—930 kc.
WDBO . . . . . Orlando, Fla.
1000 w.—1120 kc.
WDEL . . . . . Wilmington, Del.
350 w.—1120 kc.
WDGY . . . . . Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1180 kc.
WDOD . . . . . Chattanooga, Tenn.
2500 w.—1280 kc.
WDRC . . . . . New Haven, Conn.
500 w.—1430 kc.
WDSU . . . . . New Orleans, La.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WDWF . . . . . Providence, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WDZ . . . . . Tuscola, Ill.
100 w.—1070 kc.
WEAF . . . . . New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—660 kc.
WEAI . . . . . Ithaca, N. Y.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
WEAN . . . . . Providence, R. I.
500 w.—780 kc.
WEAO . . . . . Columbus, Ohio
750 w.—570 kc.
WEBC . . . . . Superior, Wis.
2500 w.—1290 kc.
WEBQ . . . . . Harrisburg, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WEBR . . . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
200 w.—1310 kc.
WEDC . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WEEI . . . . . Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—590 kc.
WEHC . . . . . Emory, Va.
250 w.—1200 kc.
WEHS . . . . . Evanston, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WELK . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1370 kc.
WEMC . . . . . Berrien Springs, Mich.
1000 w.—590 kc.
WENR . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w. 870 kc.
WEPS . . . . . Auburn, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WEVD . . . . . New York City
500 w.—1300 kc.
WEW . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—760 kc.
WFAA . . . . . Dallas, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.
WFAN . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.
WFBE . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
250 w.—1200 kc.
WFBG . . . . . Altoona, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WFBL . . . . . Syracuse, N. Y.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
WFBM . . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
WFBR . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—1270 kc.
WFDF . . . . . Flint, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WFDV . . . . . Rome, Ga.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WFDW . . . . . Talladega, Ala.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WFIL . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.
WFIW . . . . . Hopkinsville, Ky.
1000 w.—940 kc.
WFJC . . . . . Akron, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.
WFLA . . . . . Clearwater, Fla.
2500 w.—620 kc.
WGAL . . . . . Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WGBB . . . . . Freeport, N. Y
100 w.—1210 kc.
WGBC . . . . . Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.
WGBF . . . . . Evansville, Ind.
500 w.—630 kc.
WGBI . . . . . Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.
WGBS . . . . . New York City
500 w.—600 kc.
WGCM . . . . . Gulfport, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WGCP . . . . . Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1250 kc.
WGES . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
WGH . . . . . Newport News, Va.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WGL . . . . . Fort Wayne, Ind.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WGMS . . . . . St. Paul, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WGN . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.
WGR . . . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—550 kc.
WGST . . . . . Atlanta, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.
WGY . . . . . Schenectady, N. Y.
50,000 w.—790 kc.
WHA . . . . . Madison, Wis.
750 w.—940 kc.
WHAD . . . . . Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.
WHAM . . . . . Rochester, N. Y.
5000 w.—1150 kc.
WHAP . . . . . New York City
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WHAS . . . . . Louisville, Ky.
10000 w.—820 kc.
WHAT . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WHAZ . . . . . Troy, N. Y.
500 w.—1300 kc.
WHB . . . . . Kansas City, Mo.
500 w.—860 kc.
WHBD . . . . . Mt. Orab, Ohio
100 w.—1370 kc.
WHBF . . . . . Rock Island, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WHBL . . . . . Sheboygan, Wis.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WHBQ . . . . . Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WHBU . . . . . Anderson, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WHBY . . . . . Green Bay, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WHDF . . . . . Calumet, Mich.
250 w.—1370 kc.
WHDH . . . . . Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—830 kc.
WHDI . . . . . Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.
WHEC . . . . . Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WHPC . . . . . Cicero, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WHIS . . . . . Bluefield, W. Va.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WHK . . . . . Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1390 kc.
WHN . . . . . New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.
WHO . . . . . Des Moines, Ia.
5000 w.—1000 kc.
WHOM . . . . . Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WHP . . . . . Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.
WHO . . . . . Ottumwa, Iowa.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WIBA . . . . . Madison, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WIBM . . . . . Jackson, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WIBO . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—560 kc.
WIBU . . . . . Poynette, Wis.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WIBW . . . . . Topeka, Kansas.
1000 w.—580 kc.
WIBX . . . . . Utica, N. Y.
300 w.—1200 kc.
WICC . . . . . Bridgeport, Conn.
500 w.—1190 kc.
WIL . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
250 w.—1200 kc.
WILL . . . . . Urbana, Ill.
500 w.—890 kc.
WILM . . . . . Wilmington, Del.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WIOD . . . . . Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WIP . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.
WIS . . . . . Columbia, S. C.
1000 w.—1010 kc.
WISJ . . . . . Beloit, Wis.
500 w.—560 kc.
WISN . . . . . Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.
WJAC . . . . . Johnstown, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WJAG . . . . . Norfolk, Nebr.
1000 w.—1060 kc.
WJAR . . . . . Providence, R. I.
400 w.—890 kc.
WJAS . . . . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1290 kc.
WJAX . . . . . Jacksonville, Fla.
1030 w.—900 kc.
WJAY . . . . . Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—610 kc.
WJAZ . . . . . Mt. Prospect, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.
WJBC . . . . . La Salle, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WJBI . . . . . Red Bank, N. J.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WJBL . . . . . Decatur, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WJBO . . . . . New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WJBT-WBBM . . Glenview, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.
WJBU . . . . . Lewisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WJDX . . . . . Jackson, Miss.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
WJJD . . . . . Mooseheart, Ill.
20000 w.—1130 kc.
WJKS . . . . . Gary, Ind.
1250 w.—1360 kc.
WJR . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
5000 w.—750 kc.
WJSV . . . . . Alexandria, Va.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.
WJW . . . . . Mansfield, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.
WJZ . . . . . New York City
30000 w.—760 kc.
WKAQ . . . . . San Juan, P. R.
500 w.—890 kc.
WKAR . . . . . E. Lansing, Mich.
1000 w.—1040 kc.
WKAV . . . . . Laconia, N. H.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WKBB . . . . . Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WKBC . . . . . Birmingham, Ala.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WKBF . . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WKBH . . . . . La Crosse, Wis.
1000 w.—1380 kc.
WKBN . . . . . Youngstown, Ohio
500 w.—570 kc.
WKBO . . . . . Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WKBQ . . . . . New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.
WKBS . . . . . Galesburg, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WKBV . . . . . Connersville, Ind.
150 w.—1500 kc.
WKBW . . . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
5000 w.—1480 kc.
WKJC . . . . . Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WKRC . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
1000 w.—550 kc.
WKY . . . . . Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—900 kc.
WLAC . . . . . Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.
WLB . . . . . Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WLBF . . . . . Kansas City, Kans.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WLBG . . . . . Petersburg, Va.
250 w.—1200 kc.
WLBL . . . . . Stevens Pt., Wis.
2000 w.—900 kc.
WLBW . . . . . Oil City, Pa.
1000 w.—1260 kc.
WLBX . . . . . L. I. City, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WLBZ . . . . . Bangor, Maine
500 w.—620 kc.
WLEX . . . . . Lexington, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WLEY . . . . . Lexington, Mass.
250 w.—1370 kc.
WLIB . . . . . Elgin, Ill.
25000 w.—720 kc.
WLIT . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.
WLOE . . . . . Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WLS . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—870 kc.
WLSI . . . . . Cranston, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WLTH . . . . . Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WLVA . . . . . Lynchburg, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WLW . . . . . Cincinnati, O.
50000 w.—700 kc.
WLWL . . . . . New York City
5000 w.—1100 kc.
WMAC . . . . . Cazenovia, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.
WMAF . S. Dartmouth, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WMAK . . . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—1040 kc.
WMAL . . . . . Washington, D. C.
500 w.—630 kc.
WMAQ . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—670 kc.
WMAY . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
250 w.—1200 kc.
WMAZ . . . . . Macon, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.
WMBA . . . . . Newport, R. I.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WMBC . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
250 w.—1420 kc.
WMBD . . . . . Peoria, Hts., Ill.
1000 w.—1440 kc.
WMBF . . . Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WMBG . . . . . Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WMBH . . . . . Joplin, Mo.
250 w.—1420 kc.
WMBI . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.
WMBJ . . . . . Wilkinsburg, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WMBO . . . . . Auburn, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WMBQ . . . . . Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WMBR . . . . . Tampa, Fla.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WMC . . . . . Memphis, Tenn.
1000 w.—780 kc.
WMCA . . . . . New York City
500 w.—570 kc.
WMMN . . . Fairmont, W. Va.
500 w.—890 kc.
WMPC . . . . . Lapeer, Mich.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WMSG . . . . . New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.
WMT . . . . . Waterloo, Iowa
500 w.—600 kc.
WNAC . . . . . Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
WNAD . . . . . Norman, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.
WNAX . . . . . Yankton, S. Dak.
1000 w.—570 kc.
WNBF . . . Binghamton, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WNBH . . . New Bedford, Mass.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WNBO . . . . . Silver Haven, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WNBR . . . . . Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.
WNJ . . . . . Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WNOX . . . . . Knoxville, Tenn.
2000 w.—560 kc.
WNRC . . . . . Greensboro, N. C.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WNYC . . . . . New York, N. Y.
500 w.—570 kc.
WOAI . . . . . San Antonio, Tex.
5000 w.—1190 kc.
WOAN . . . . . Whitehaven, Tenn.
1000 w.—600 kc.
WOAX . . . . . Trenton, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.
WOBT . . . . . Union City, Tenn.
250 w.—1310 kc.
WOBU . . . . . Charleston, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.
WOC . . . . . Davenport, Iowa
5000 w.—1000 kc.
WODA . . . . . Paterson, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WODX . . . . . Mobile, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WOI . . . . . Ames, Iowa
5000 w.—640 kc.
WOKO . . . Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WOL . . . . . Washington, D. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WOMT . . . . . Manitowoc, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WOOD . . . . . Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.
WOPI . . . . . Bristol, Tenn.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WOQ . . . . . Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WOR . . . . . Newark, N. J.
5000 w.—710 kc.
WORC . . . . . Worcester, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WORD . . . . . Chicago
5000 w.—1490 kc.
WOS . . . . . Jefferson City, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.
WOV . . . . . New York City
1000 w.—1130 kc.
WOW . . . . . Omaha, Nebr.
1000 w.—590 kc.
WOWO . . . . . Ft. Wayne, Ind.
10000 w.—1160 kc.
WPAD . . . . . Paducah, Ky.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WPAP . . . . . Cliffside, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.
WPAW . . . . . Pawtucket, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WPCC . . . . . Chicago
500 w.—560 kc.
WPCH . . . . . New York City
500 w.—810 kc.
WPEN . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1500 kc.
WPG . . . . . Atlantic City, N. J.
5000 w.—1100 kc.
WPOE . . . . . Patchogue, N. Y.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WPOR . . . . . Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.
WPSC . . . . . State College, Pa.
500 w.—1230 kc.
WPTF . . . . . Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w.—680 kc.
WQAM . . . . . Miami
1000 w.—560 kc.
WQAN . . . . . Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.
WQAO . . . . . New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.
WQBC . . . . . Vicksburg, Miss.
300 w.—1360 kc.
WQDV . . . . . Tupelo, Miss.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WRAF . . . . . LaPorte, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WRAX . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1020 kc.
WRBQ . . . . . Greenville, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WRBT . . . . . Wilmington, N. C.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WRBU . . . . . Gastonia, N. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WRBX . . . . . Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.
WRC . . . . . Washington, D. C.
500 w.—950 kc.
WRDO . . . . . Augusta, Me.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WRDW . . . . . Augusta, Ga.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WREC . . . . . Memphis, Tenn.
1000 w.—600 kc.
WREN . . . . . Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.
WRHM . . . Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WRJN . . . . . Racine, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WRNY . . . . . New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.
WRR . . . . . Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.
WRUF . . . . . Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w.—830 kc.
WRVA . . . . . Richmond, Va.
5000w.—1110 kc.
WSAI . . . . . Cincinnati, O.
500 w.—1330 kc.
WSAJ . . . . . Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WSAN . . . . . Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.
WSAR . . . . . Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WSAZ . . . Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.
WSB . . . . . Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.
WSBC . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WSBT . . . . . South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1230 kc.
WSDA . . . . . Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WSFA . . . . . Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WSGH . . . . . Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WSIX . . . . . Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.

S...Winston-Salem, N. C.
v —1310 kc.
I.....Nashville, Tenn.
w.—650 kc.
IB.....New Orleans, La.
v. 1320 kc.
IK.....Dayton, Ohio
w.—1380 kc.
IA.....Spartanburg, S. C.
w 1420 kc.
'D.....Toledo, Ohio
w.—1340 kc.
H.....Boston, Mass.
w.—1410 kc.
JI.....Iowa City, Iowa
w.—880 kc.
JN.....Clearwater, Fla.
w.—620 kc.
ZR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
w.—570 kc.
AD.....Quincy, Ill.
w.—1440 kc.
AG.....Worcester, Mass.
w.—580 kc.
AM.....Cleveland, Ohio
00 w.—1070 kc.
AQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
) w.— 1330 kc.
AR.....Norfolk, Va.
w.—780 kc.
AW..College Station, Tex.
w.—1120 kc.
B().....Cumberland, Md.
w.—1420 kc.
FI.....Toccoa, Ga.
w.—1450 kc.
IC.....Hartford, Conn.
00 w.—1060 kc.
MJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
) w.—620 kc.
NT.....Nashville, Tenn.
) w.—1470 kc.
OC.....Savannah, Ga.
w.—1260 kc.
AE.....Hammond, Ind.
w.—1200 kc.

WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.
WXYZ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA - CKOW - CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co. Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.

CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHCS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 329.7m, 910 kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880 kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask, 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCL, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.

Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKGO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 790kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc, ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1038kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCP, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 9143.kc. 250w.



Here they are, the Smiling Announcers of KMOX. Reading from left to right: Delmar King, lately of Kansas City; Woody Klose, the youngest announcer on the air (he came to KMOX a year ago and was then not quite nineteen); France Laux, sports announcer; and Capt. Charles Lewis of London and Australia.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHN	Richmond, Tex.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		250	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WNBJ	S. Fittsburgh, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WCFI	Chicago, Ill.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon, Ill.
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC-WABO	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KTIC	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Cal.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		200	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		60	WQBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
		100	WFDW	Talladega, Ala.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
		500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH-WSDA	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		2,500	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (day)
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (night)
217.3	1,380	500	KOY	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
		50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		250	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	WKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		100	WFVD	Rome, Ga.
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich
		1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220.4	1,360	500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WGES	Chicago, Ill.
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		500	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		300	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WKBQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		250	WRAW	Reading, Pa.
		2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		250	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		500	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		250	KGIQ	Twin Falls, Idaho
		500	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)
		1,000	KREG	Santa Ana, Calif.
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHG	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH-KTSM	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		50	WFKD	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		250	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		20	WRBI	Tifton, Ga. (½ time)
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
230.6	1,300	500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KGCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		1,000	WBC	Superior, Wis.
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (day)
		1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night)
		500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WLB-WCMS	Minneapolis, Minn
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.

Official Wave Lengths

Log your dial reading according to wave and frequency indicated here and you will know any DX station by quick reference

Kilo-cycles	Meters	Watts	Call Signal	Location
1,210		1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night
		1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.
1,230		100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska
		1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
1,220		1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
1,210		100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		50	KPQ	Wenatchee, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF-WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, Ill.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WBBJ	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
1,200		50	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		1,000	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.
1,200		10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Lexington, Ky.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night
		250	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WREL	Lawrenceburg, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
1,190		500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.
1,180		20,000	KOB	State College, N. Mex.
		5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.
		500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.
1,170		10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
		5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Ia.
1,160		10,000	WOWO	Fort Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
1,150		5,000	WHM	Rochester, N. Y.
1,140		5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
		5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
1,130		1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
1,120		500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		350	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Texas
		500	KTRH	College Station, Texas
		100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
1,110		5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
1,100		50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
1,090		5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
1,080		5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
1,070		100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
1,060		500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
1,050		5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
1,040		1,000	WKEN	Grand Island, N. Y.
		1,000	WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
		10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Tex.
1,020		250	WRAX	Philadelphia, Pa.
		50,000	KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
1,010		500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
1,000		5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
		250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
990		15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
980		50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
970		5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
950		1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		2,500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont. (night)
		2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
940		1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
930		500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
920		1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
900		500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Alaska
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAL	Martinsville, N. Y.
		750	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WILL	Urbana, Ill.
890		1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (night)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
880		500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia.
870		50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
860		250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (day)
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (night
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day
850		10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
830		12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
820		10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
810		7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
800		10,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
790		7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
780		500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
770		5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
760		1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
750		5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
740		1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
720		25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
710		500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
700		50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
680		2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
670		5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
660		500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.
650		5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
640		5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
630		500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
620		1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		500	KREP	Phoenix, Ariz.
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me.
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (day
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night
610		1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio
600		1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (day
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		500	WOAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
590		1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
580		200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day
		500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
570		500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WNAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMAC	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
560		1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night
		1,000	KLZ	Dupont, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WEBW	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
550		1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio

Mystery Announcer Wins
Diamond Meritum Award



Still in disguise, the Mystery Announcer smiles behind his mask on receiving news

ANOTHER great national popularity contest has been decided by the readers of Radio Digest. The Diamond Award for the most popular individual or program of the air goes to the Mystery Announcer of WPEN, Pittsburgh.

Of course the Mystery Announcer does not claim, nor does Radio Digest infer, that he has the largest audience in America. But the results of the contest show that he had more friends who took the trouble to vote for him than did any other entertainer of the air.

We are not even informed as to his true name. But we do know something of his career and it is with extreme regret that the contest editor of Radio Digest does not have the space at his disposal to tell the dramatic history of this extraordinary favorite.

He has seen life—and he has been close to death—so close that he seemed to be in the very jaws of death in the course of his experiences as a ship wireless operator during the World War and various conflicts with German submarines. Once he was on a vessel loaded with high test gasoline consigned to American fliers in France when fired upon by a U boat. Again his ship was set on fire and escape seemed absolutely impossible—but escape he did.

The Mystery Announcer conducts the WPEN Musical Clock, which began in a very modest way in October, 1929, and now has become one of the strongest features of any individual station in the country. From the time it started to August 1, 1930 a check-up showed that 50,000 letters had been received by M. A. from his ardent listeners.



Mystery Announcer, still incognito

The Mystery Announcer comes on the air each morning at 6:30 throughout the week. He sends the world off to its day of duty with appropriate suggestions to the "works, the clerks and the shirks" as the day advances. He is assisted through the various phases by his main standby, High Pressure Charlie, who also is "Charlie the Horse" greeting the audience with a "good morning" whinney. Others to be introduced are Officer Dan, Pete the Rooster, Polly Penn, the Parrot; Melody Mae of the tiny Tom Thumb piano; black Jackie Mack the comic, and Billy Penn the Police Dog. Other characters are introduced at various intervals. The program continues until 10:15.

Rudy Vallee, author of the opening article in this issue of Radio Digest, is the winner of the Gold Award for the East. Mr. Vallee's popularity has never waned. His career and that of his famous Connecticut Yankees have been discussed frequently in these pages.

There was a great deal of rivalry in the Mid West but Gene and Glenn of WTAM, Cleveland, soared over An 'n' Andy and other great f tures from Chicago, Cinc nati, Milwaukee and otl powerful and popular static in that area. You read about Gene and Glenn in yo October Radio Digest.

Shreveport brought ho the bacon again to Mr. W. Henderson who has a habit winning Radio Digest popul ity awards in the South. M Henderson's militant pers ality and fearless broadcasti has made him a rabid favor with his KWKH audience. H position is secure. Adver ries who have opposed h have found him hard to bud His enemies have made h friends.

Mr. Henderson has nev been satisfied to be merely t owner of an important static He has aimed to make it t clear sounding call of a peop He has taken the responsibili on himself to articulate th call. Because he has do this he has established a de nite sympathetic accord wi an audience that stands a votes for him in Radio Digest contes The staunchness of such Radio characte becomes evident when leadership is que tioned.

Swinging into the West a very clo rivalry developed between Henry a Jerome of KGBZ, York, Nebraska and L Brinkley, former Radio Digest conte winner, at KFKB, Milford, Kansas. seemed that Henry and Jerome had some very strong partisans, so that leadership between them and Dr. Brinkley rested first with one and then with the other. Dr. Brinkley may have suffered somewhat from a campaign of unfavorable newspaper pub-



Rudy Vallee, Gold Medal Winner

ity, although complaints that he used
station for unethical purposes did not
nd up after an investigation by the
deral Radio commission. The final
bulation showed the York boys had won
e contest and they will be presented
th the Radio Digest Gold Meritum
ward.

We are advised by Dr. George R. Miller
at Jerome's full name is Jerome DeBord.
e is 31 and has been singing in Radio
r nine years—which is a pretty long
me considering the history of Radio
oadcasting. He is well known through-
ut the West as the original "Whispering
enor". For the past two years he has
en teaming witn Henry Peters at KGBZ.
enry is 25 years old and has been a
adio entertainer for the past four years.
hey are known
n the air as
Doc's Yodeling
wins".

Flitting over
he mountains
nd scanning
he sunny slopes
f the federal
adio district
nown as the
ar. Far West
e find the in-
erest of Radio
Digest readers
ocused on Long
Beach, Cali-
ornia, where
Hal Nichols and
his station,
FOX, rolled up
he second larg-
st vote in the
ountry for their
Buttercream
chool program.

The keenest
ivalry in the
ar. Far West
was right in the
KFOX camp it-
self, for the vo-
ters were divided
on the proposi-
tion of casting
in favor of the
entire program
staff or the But-
tercream pro-
gram in particu-
lar. The entire
staff could hardly
have been con-
sidered as a con-
testing unit ac-
cording to the
intents and pur-
poses of the
contest which
was seeking the
artist or pro-
gram with the
greatest follow-
ing.

Just what the



Heary and Jerome, the gold medal winners from KGBZ, York, Neb.

Buttercream School program is, and why it is so popular on the Pacific coast has not been revealed to the contest editor as these lines are written. We know that Mr. Nichols is particularly enterprising and appreciates a good contest. If KFOX goes in to win you may depend on a real showing at the finish of a race. The station is always alert and quick to act. It is always entertaining and has no time at all for mediocre talent, which probably accounts for a surprisingly large vote for the "KFOX Staff".

The Diamond Meritum Award contest aroused great enthusiasm throughout the country. The closing days were particularly exciting. Packages of ballots came in by the bagful with every mail. Then as the final hour approached they came by special delivery registered mail. Some even came from California by airmail.

Girls were put to work counting the ballots and making their careful tabulations so that every vote was counted. At midnight on September 20th the ballot was declared closed except for those ballots that should come in with postmarks registered before that hour.

The jewelers are putting the inscriptions on the medals as this report is written and before you received this book it is expected every medal will have reached its successful contestant. The Diamond Award according to the plans in hand, will have been presented to the Mystery Announcer at the Radio Show in Chicago.

He won his contest as the Mystery Announcer and a mystery he must continue to be, in all probability wearing a mask

(Continued on page 122)

Winners in Diamond Meritum Contest

DIAMOND AWARD

Mystery Announcer	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa.	35,039 Votes

GOLD MEDAL DISTRICT AWARDS

Winner	*Station*	*City*	*Votes*	*District*
Buttercream School Program	KFOX	Long Beach, Cal.	30,405	Far West
Gene and Glenn	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio	27,786	Mid West
Rudy Vallee	WEAF	New York, N. Y.	11,022	East
W. K. Henderson	KWKH	Shreveport, La.	6,433	South
Henry and Jerome	KGBZ	York, Neb.	4,585	West

HONORABLE MENTION

Eastern District

	Station	*City*	*Votes*
Cheerio	WEAF	New York	7,728
Floyd Gibbons	WJZ	New York	5,669
Landt Trio and White	WJZ	New York	5,432
Guy Lombardo	WABC	New York	3,714
Seth Parker	WEAF	New York	3,685
The Wanderers	WIP	Phila., Pa.	2,447
Vincent Lopez	WEAF	New York	2,320
Something for Everybody	WABC	New York	2,243

Midwestern District

	Station	*City*	*Votes*
National Barn Dance	WLS	Chicago, Ill.	13,736
Smith Family	WENR	Chicago, Ill.	6,891
Weener Minstrels	WENR	Chicago, Ill.	6,176
Station Staff	WENR	Chicago, Ill.	5,054
Frank McBride	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.	3,963
Everett Mitchell	WENR	Chicago, Ill.	2,772

Western District

Dr. Brinckley	KFKB	Milford, Kan.	4,028

Far-Western District

Vagabonds of the Air	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah	1,247



Gene and Glenn receiving message from Radio Digest with good news about Gold Medal Award

Floyd Gibbons And His Stars

(*Continued from page 32*)

Gibbons' chart which reveal his extraordinary luck, and no one who is even faintly acquainted with the details of his life can overlook the prominent part this usually fickle goddess has played in his career. Astrologers never speak of luck among themselves. The aspects either indicate good or bad conditions and to them there isn't any luck about it. But to the average man, luck is something quite real and most desirable and from the looks of Mr. Gibbons' horoscope he was born with a world of it.

As a matter of fact, his luck is traditional in the newspaper world and one of the first things I heard about him, when he came to the Mexican Border, was in regard to his exceptionally good fortune in getting any story he went after, no matter how difficult it was, or how many men had failed before him.

This "protection" as it is sometimes called in the mystical lore of the stars communicated itself to every department of his life, and he took chances that certainly would have meant death for anyone else, only to come through harrowing experiences, smiling and unscathed.

One of these adventures with death concerns his first meeting with Pancho Villa, desperate, half-savage mountaineer, whom historians may yet make the greatest patriot south of the Rio Grande.

Villa had enjoyed the support and friendship of the American Government for some time, when a sudden change of policy excluded him from the frequent councils held along the Mexican Border. He was an illiterate, primitive man, totally lacking in statecraft or diplomatic intrigue and he could understand the actions of the U. S. officials. Villa fought with men, and he suspected anyone who fought with his wits. None of his advisers could dissuade him from thinking that his former American friends had entered into a plot with his arch enemies, Generals Obregon and Calles, to rob him of his power in Mexico.

WHEN Villa evacuated Juarez, across the river from El Paso, Tex., Calles was in Nogales, Mexico, over the border from Nogales, Ariz., and Obregon, with 2,000 Yaqui Indians, was far behind him at Eagle Pass, Tex., in the Big Bend country.

In his usual impetuous way, Villa had decided on his long, weary march across the desert waste of Northern Mexico, to stop at Nogales and put Calles forces to rout. He had never failed before to defeat him in a military encounter and he determined to make this victory one that General Calles would never forget.

But while Villa was out of touch with the world, Obregon had negotiated with the State Department and received permission to transport his Indians over the Southern Pacific railway to Nogales. They had been in camp a couple of days, when Villa threw his exhausted forces against what he considered Calles' inferior army.

His onlaught was met with a murderous fire and in the swift battle which followed, Villa suffered the worst defeat of his career. Bewildered and infuriated, he retired into the desert, where his couriers brought him the news of the Yaqui re-enforcements. He flew into a terrible rage, threatening death to every white man who came within the range of his gun. The American Government had betrayed him to his enemies and for that reason every American citizen unwise enough to venture into his territory, must die!

And just about this time, the managing editor of the Chicago Tribune wired Floyd Gibbons, directing him to get an interview with Pancho Villa!

THE other correspondents read the telegram and their faces blanched. They knew Villa, and they knew there was no man in Mexico more capable of carrying out that terrible threat, "death on sight to the white man!"

"Of course, you're not going," they chorused.

"Of course, I am," replied Floyd, "and don't you worry, I'll live to write the interview."

They pleaded, they argued, they cajoled and then they watched him leave, never expecting to see him again.

A member of Villa's staff told me about that meeting, months later in the lobby of the Paso del Norte at El Paso, Tex.

"Gibbons was lucky," he said, "he came into camp at dusk, and Villa, who was sitting outside his adobe house talking to several of his aides, did not see him until he was directly in front of him. Gibbons had dismounted when Villa recognized the white skin of the American. His hand flew to his holster. We all jumped aside, expecting a hail of bullets, but Floyd was smiling at Villa and calling him friend. 'Let me talk to you first,' he said, 'then if you still feel like it, you can shoot me later.' His daring, his cool courage . . . that dynamic, overwhelming magnetism . . . won Villa instantly. He liked Gibbons in a split second of time, and his hand dropped away from his holster."

What followed was in keeping with the fiery temperament of the Mexican outlaw. He ordered up an elaborate dinner and every once in a while, he would pat Floyd on the back and laugh, "You took a long chance, my friend, a long chance."

Mars, which even school children recognize as the planet of war, is posited in Cancer in Mr. Gibbons' chart. This indicates his career as a war correspondent and the revolutions and wars which he was to survive.

If Floyd had been a student of astrology, or a believer in the science he might still be in possession of the eye which he lost at Belleau Wood during the War.

A competent astrologer could have told him that he was in danger of losing an eye if he ventured on the battle field for the Moon was in conjunction with the Pleaides in Taurus, in his birth chart, the most dangerous of all aspects to the eyes. More than one person has been blinded by what would ordinarily be a slight accident under any other configuration.

But knowing Mr. Gibbons as I do, and recalling all the times he has deliberately walked straight into the face of death, I doubt if he would have taken the astrologer's advice. He is the kind of man who would prefer the experience of a wound than to go unscathed through life.

I remember when Floyd was sailing on the Laconia. Again his friends and relatives begged and implored him to take the risk. He had information that the Germans intended to sink the Laconia and he wanted to write the story of that sinking. He made all preparations to be sunk and when one of the correspondents, viewing his equipment exclaimed, "Listen, Gib, you talked Villa out of shooting you, but for heaven's sake get wise to yourself. You'll never be able to talk a German sub out of sinking a British ship!"

"I don't expect to," was Gibbons answer. "I'm going down with the ship, but you just wait and see, *I'll live to write the story.*"

AND everyone knows that he did, and everyone knows what a story it was. It still gives me the cold chills when I think of it, for I crossed the Atlantic a short time later with the first contingent of the American Expeditionary Force and Floyd's vivid report was responsible for ten sleepless, terror-stricken nights which I put in between New York and Liverpool. But then, my stars are not so fortunately grouped and my fate runs an uneven course. I have never dared to take the same chances, for the position of Saturn in my chart shows that Villa would not have given me a chance to even say, "Amigo."

If you are wondering, then, why Floyd Gibbons tops the list of famous newspaper men, why his income is greater than the President of the United States, go outside and look at the heavens. Those twinkling little stars have greater power over our lives than any other force in the Universe, and in Floyd's chart, they are all in right places for success and fame.

Percy Grainger Chats

(*Continued from page 59*)

w the original tile painting of Mr. and
. Grainger which is also reproduced
. Mr. Grainger handled it very gen-
The tile is set in a heavy attractive
frame which brings out the rich
rs of purple and gold.
ow my fingers did fret to run through
treasures on those shelves, but the
ity of an interviewer restrained this
lish impulse.
pstairs again—we glanced through
. Grainger's numerous tile portraits.
re was one of Queen Alexandra. The
d, "queen" or "king" has a magic
t upon one reared in a democratic
ntry. Visions of thrones, crowns,
tiers, knights and ladies
e conjured up.
Oh, tell me something
ut Queen Alexandra," I
d enthusiastically, but
ceived just an indifferent
wer as Mr. and Mrs.
inger both are reticent
ut people as personalities.
then felt I had to gen-
ize. "What qualities do
consider most desirable
person?" I asked.
They have to be tal-
ed, beautiful, rich and
ious," Mrs. Grainger
ckly replied. And she
s not have to go one
p beyond the threshold
Seven Cromwell Place in
rch of any of these.
Mrs. Grainger herself is
woman of rare gifts. She
otes much of her time to
nting portraits on tiles
achieves gorgeous effects
h lines and curves. An
ibition of these tiles is
nounced to be opened to
public at the Ferargil
lleries, 37 East 57th
eet, New York City,
m November 10th to
nd. Mrs. Grainger has
o written several poems. Here is one
them, entitled "Intentions and Fears."

I meant to sing my lover's praise,
Describing lovingly his face,
The color of his eyes and hair,
But think of naught but my despair
And I despair because he is
On this our earth my only bliss,
To look at him is what I crave;
He is my master, I his slave.
Is he so fair? I must say yes!
But of his beauty you must guess;
I cannot tell exactly how
My lover pleases me just now.
Yet I despair, as I have said,
Because forever in my head
Such silly thoughts keep whirling round;
I fear to lose the love I found.
—Ella Ström-Grainger.

Copyright, 1928, by Percy Grainger.

In addition to turning doorknobs with his nimble feet, Mr. Grainger likes to swim, run, play football and deck tennis and to wrestle. He loves walking because it gives him a greater opportunity to observe nature's prodigality.

It is not, then, surprising that "sunshine and fresh air" are said to be the "constituents of his art" and that he is described as "the only cheerful sunny composer living." He said:

"I think that the object of all art is to approximate the freedom and tolerance of nature. I like Walt Whitman's phrase, 'broad and tolerant is nature'."

One's grasping for the comprehension of the infinite is satisfied when Mr. Grainger talks of music.

"A COMPOSER who is inspired does not feel himself a person. He is merely recording something that is being dictated to him. I am content to feel that when one is inspired that one is carried along on the stream of human necessity. There is something in the race that wants to find expression. The artist is nothing at all. He is the means by which a race becomes conscious of itself."

Mr. Grainger pointed out that millions of people have lovely melodies running through their minds, but that only one in thousands is able to write them down properly, and that very few are able to write them down at all.

"Isn't there some way of simplifying the writing down of music?" I asked, seized with the sudden ambition of coming to the world's rescue in helping to release its song.

"The great value of art," rejoined Mr. Grainger, "is its complexity. The trouble with civilization is that it makes life too simple and therefore impoverishes it. Nature is lavish and complex.

"Printing has helped to simplify existence. Take the expression, 'I'll tell the world.' This phrase spread around the world through the aid of printing. It is the same, "I'll tell the world' in every valley and district of the country. Civilization tends to destroy local color. But local color is in tune with the lavishness and complexity of nature."

This is the man who not very long ago trundled a wheelbarrow with his trunks to the railroad station. He did it for the exercise, he said, and added humorously, "A penny saved is a penny earned."

I WAS eager to know why he was so keenly enthusiastic in the Nordic Race and in its literature, as I know that he reads or speaks Danish, Swedish, Jutish, Norwegian, Landsmaal, Icelandic and Faerose.

Because there is no place where religion, patriotism and morality are so little publicly regarded as they are in the Scandinavian countries. If religion, patriotism and morality are to be of any value they must come from within.

"The Scandinavians are not afraid to hear anything and they are never shocked. They are primitive without being ignorant. They have retained their original primitive instincts. They are tolerant and highly cultured.

"The strongest source of artistic inspiration, for the Nordic Race, is what we call nature itself—rivers, trees, rocks, soil and the sea—rather than people.

"Everywhere one is continually brought in sight of virgin nature—nature that has not been despoiled by man. My two Hill Songs express feelings aroused by the



Tile painting made by Mrs. Grainger.

thoughts of the hills." So speaks a poet.

Nature was wise in having chosen this favorite son, who loves her so dearly, as one of her grand interpreters. Poets have sung her praises and artists have outlined her graces since day began. But it is doubtful if more than a select few have ever so completely worshipped and exalted her as has Percy Grainger.

In marked contrast to Mr. Grainger's indifference to persons and his adoration of nature, are Mrs. Grainger's utter dislike for forests, parks and other settlements of Nature and her keen interest in human nature. That Mrs. Grainger finds her inspiration in people is evidenced by her preference for portrait painting.

"Do you notice the luminousness," Mr. Grainger asked me, "of those paintings? The lines never mix. They remain individual and clear. Now let me show you what I mean by luminousness in music. It is gained by the use of bells and percussion instruments."

Mr. Grainger then played on the piano and instructed his wife to hammer (for want of the musical term) on the bells when he looked at her. He played from his composition, "Spoon River," and as the bells sounded, the rings stood out clearly and separate from each other and from the piano tones until they gradually faded out.

It was glorious hearing him play at close range. I can understand now what he meant when he said he objected to personal music—music played by persons other than the composer. "The performer is very apt to concentrate on the emotions aroused rather than the thought. Musical thoughts are perhaps better than the emotions they awaken. All we need is a composer's message. It does not have to be interpreted. Let us have all statements without embellishments."

Mr. Grainger finds beauty in anything that has been left alone—even in vacant lots.

"Even with the tin cans?" I ventured, hoping that I would be saved the pain of cultivating a taste for a junk-dealer's traffic.

"Even with the tin cans," was the peremptory reply.

AFTER all, things can be worse than lots strewn with rusty tin cans. And they aren't so ugly at that—well—that is, they really are not.

The Grainger's were expecting friends on the next train. Off flew Mr. Grainger down the steps in two bounds, disappearing like a phantom, and leaving me with a lapful of ideas.

I find here on the last page of my notebook one of his statements, "It does not seem necessary that a composer should come in contact with classical music for more than a few years in his early youth to become a first class composer. So I deduce that what is necessary to make a great artist is a great human nature. Experience comes in a few years."

Symphony Music

(*Continued from page 93*)

write their largest works, basing the plan upon what they have found to be the best and most generally efficient grouping. Thus, the orchestra has come to consist at bottom of four groupings of instruments, known respectively as the strings, the wood-wind, the brass and the percussion. Each of the first three groups contains instruments which will play in the high, the middle, or the low ranges of sound, so that full chorus can be played by one single group. An orchestra, in fact, consists of a string band, a wood-wind band and a brass band, with percussions in the way of drums, cymbals, tambourines, triangles, and the like, for occasional use.

THE string group consists of viols, violins, violas, 'cellos, and stringed basses. The violins are always divided into two groups, first and seconds, not because there is any difference in the instruments, but to take respectively the highest notes and those next to the highest. The notes next lower are given to the violas, the next lower to the violoncellos, or "cellos" as they are usually called and the lowest to the stringed basses, usually called "double basses" or "contrabasses" or just "basses". All these instruments are played by means of bows. The violin is held under the chin and so is the viola, which is just a little larger than the violin. The 'cello is played seated, and is held between the player's knees. The bass is played standing, for it is very large and bulky. There are more individual instruments in the string section than in any other, because the wood-wind and brass instruments are often very powerful and a big body of strings is needed to counterbalance them. Thus, an orchestra like the Boston Symphony will probably have all told, nearly seventy instruments in the string section, sixteen first violins, sixteen second violins, fourteen violas, twelve cellos and ten basses, or sixty-eight in all.

The wood-wind section comprises two or three each of flutes, oboes, clarinets and bassoons, with bass clarinet, contra-bassoon and English horn (tenor oboe) when called for. The flute and the oboe are high treble instruments, the one with a woody and the other with a bitter-sweet sort of tone. The clarinet has a somewhat lower range of notes and its tone is very smooth, quietly rich and noble. The bassoon is the bass of the wood-wind section and there is a contra-bassoon which plays an octave lower.

The brass section is easy to understand. There are the bright pealing trumpets (rather finer and cleaner in tone than the cornets used in brass bands), the lovely mellow French horns, the splendid solid trombones and the majestic bass tubas.

The drums need hardly be desc
except the t'mpani, which are pe
because they can be tuned to v
notes, usually an octave in range.
side drums and bass drums are famil
everybody.

A BODY of players
this will run up to a hundred men or
In broadcasting it has been found
often that a smaller number of st
is actually better, since the acoustic
ditions are different. The ordinary
number of strings has come into
in orchestras intended for perform
in auditoriums and not for broadcas
There is a whole host of acoustic
lems connected with matters of this
still waiting to be worked out.

At any rate, you can now keep be
your mind's eye, when next you hea
the air the Boston or the Roxy or
NBC orchestra, the picture of this
body of men sitting in a great semi-c
facing the conductor, who stands in
middle of them on a little platform.
has the score of the music before him.
his right hand he holds a baton or
wand of wood. His back is to yo
you face the orchestra. On your left
the first violins, on your right the seco
Behind the firsts are the 'cellos, behind
seconds the violas. Right at the b
stand the ten stringed basses. In
central space are the wood-winds. Bel
them, usually on the right hand rear
the platform are the brasses, with the
cussions at the rear centre.

Keep that in your mind's eye the n
time you hear the opening strains of
Tannhauser overture, or of Beethov
sixth symphony floating to you through
loudspeaker. And remember that
great body of players represents the fin
example of the possibilities of training
of discipline that this world knows.

Military discipline is not within a
of it. Seventy bows sweeping the stri
as one in some great unison passage;
no false notes. Such instantaneous p
cision and exact coordination of moveme
can not be excelled by any other compa
of human beings.

THERE stands the co
ductor, score in front of him, which
keeps there more for form's sake than
cause he needs it, for he has learned
heart every note in it, every note to
played by every one of the hundred m
before him. His eye takes in a page at
glance, and as he sweeps his arm in
gesture of command, his men obey hi
as one, for they have worked out eve
note in rehearsal and they respond
every silent signal.

Heywood Broun's Radio Column

(Continued from page 17)

rs told me I did not, but that didn't it all. Then one night I got into a ht with a chum—quite a big one—I think I was right) and he blacked yes and broke my nose.

ad an engagement to meet a friend was dancing in a cabaret, and I ht, "I am not going to let a little like this stand in my way." Of I put my head under the pump while. But there wasn't anything for the black eyes. All the butcher were closed. I couldn't get any eef steak. She was a very nice lady, my friend the dancer, be- when I peered out through the portholes still left to me and said, ou mind going out with a man who like this?" she said, "Why, not at

And so we joined another party ent to an all night restaurant.

l about six in the morning when we all discussing the protective tariff ve at first sight or one of those that you do get talking about at the morning, I suddenly realized ought to be home in bed having ous breakdown. In fact I felt that likely I ought to be dead. Nobody wo black eyes, a broken nose and a eart ought to be arguing about love st sight in an all night restaurant at the morning.

BUT I had forgotten all it. The next day—or maybe, to ore exact, noon of the same day—te up to find that I only had vision e left eye. But I could see one very plainly. I could see that I was

of course there are a lot of other ods. You don't have to take that

ere is one terrible thing about being Some people get along with their nt—a sense of shame. As far as I oncerned every sort of illness just s under the head of hard luck. I se there are healthful and unhealth- ays of living—but lots of us haven't at deal of scope in choosing the way re going to live. And not one of us his fundamental constitution. If are robust by nature you can live unhealthfully and have a lot of fun. aside from that there comes a time ery man's life when he has to say, s thing I must do. I have got to do Health or no health it is up to me." in times of peace there are occa- when there is nothing to do but h right out and charge the machine If you get wounded nobody ought ame you . . . least of all yourself.

ere have been a good many letters h made me want to see the person wrote, face to face. But just now I am thinking of a particular one. The initials don't matter. I have forgotten. It was from a man in a hospital and he said that he had tuberculosis—and then this terrible sense of shame burst out—he said, "Don't worry—you can't catch it from this letter." I wanted to go to his bed and slap him on the shoulder and say, "Don't be silly. Don't be so sensitive. Get rid of that notion that you are a public menace. You are sick, just as all of us have been or will be sometime or another. In this respect we certainly are all in the same boat."

And why should there be this squeamishness about tuberculosis? Doctors tell me that practically everybody encounters the germ at one time or another and it tosses some of us and the rest of us toss it. Tough luck—good luck. There is no point in being mysterious or ashamed about it. There isn't any disease which can be licked by saying "shush!" Anyhow—what are a few germs between friends.

But I have a lot of letters telling me I ought not to wander around so. How did we get here? I mentioned Edison and his questionnaire. And I have some questions I want to ask those bright boys on my own account. I am in need of advice again. I want to know what you do about cats? And after my Radio vacation is over I am very much afraid I will have to ask, "What do you do about kittens?" And there is an even more perplexing problem that I would like to put up to the young scientists. It goes like this, "What is the biological explanation for the fact that when a stray cat wanders into your house she always turns out to be female if you keep her long enough?"

I didn't really feel morally responsible for Marion the first time she meowed her way into the penthouse apartment. I had never seen her before. There was no chance of her taking up permanent possession. Captain Flagg, the Airedale, will be back in a couple of months. She couldn't seem to grasp that. She stayed on and on and finally at my suggestion Miss Whipple offered to give her a good home. That is she offered to take Marion to her own house. They started off in the elevator together but down at the corner Marion leaped out of Miss Whipple's arms and ran into a family hotel and disappeared. Miss Whipple tried to follow but the doorman wouldn't let her go through all the corridors of the hotel calling out, "Here, Kitty! Here, Kitty." He said it might annoy some of the guests. Make them feel self conscious, I suppose. When I heard about what had happened I took it very calmly. I said, "Marion has chosen her two hundred beds with private bath and southern exposure, let her lie in them."

AND exactly two days later she came back. It was Marion all right. Even in a big city like New York there aren't many gray cats with three inches cut off the tail and green paint on the right front foot. I did not need to call in any council of medical experts to make sure that I had the right cat. But I will never understand how she did it. I suppose she spent the forty-eight hours looking for the right address. But I live on the tenth floor and they don't let stray cats ride up in the elevator. Not without special permission anyway. There's a back stair but she would have to reach up and turn all the doorknobs. They are a little bit high for her. And she couldn't possibly have said to the doorman, "I want Heywood Broun's apartment."

I don't believe she even knows my name and certainly she doesn't know how to pronounce it. But she seemed to sense that I might use her for material in a Radio column. In her cunning and feline mind that entitles her to salmon and cream for the rest of her life. Just one mention on the Radio. Maybe she has an exaggerated idea of what people get paid for working on sustaining programs. Sometimes there are six kittens—all female in time—and not so much time—that makes thirty-six female cats. And then—well, after that I moved out— I don't suppose anybody wants a kitten? No! Well, good night, just the same.

Baby Rose Marie,
FIVE YEARS OLD,
MAKES $100,000
Broadcasting

Amazing story of success by child broadcasters who are moving their parents from the slums to stylish apartments in the exclusive sections of the city will be told by Anne Sioux Scarberry in the

DECEMBER
RADIO DIGEST

Radio Roads

By Rudy Vallee

(*Continued from page 9*)

find it up to their expectations. I further told them that I considered our tour a Radio good-will tour, one which we had chosen in preference to a trip to Europe or to Hollywood to make another picture, in the hope that it would bring us face to face with our Radio friends and fans. It had done just that; everywhere we went we found friendly and cordial audiences. In the one or two cases where I had a sense of vague hostility on the part of a few, it disappeared before the evening was half over. Psychologically I felt it couldn't be otherwise.

DURING the fifty minutes (it usually took an hour) of the concert, parts of which the crowd danced to, I was either singing or playing the saxophone or clarinet; even on the hottest of nights we all worked extremely hard. During the concert I sang over thirty songs and had a long monologue in our comedy number, "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo!" At the end of the concert on the warm nights the boys were wringing wet, and we had only a short rest after the concert, and from then on we played twenty and tweny-five minute stretches of dance music with two and three minutes rest between.

I stayed with the boys until the end of the dance, working every minute to make the dance a success. Every fourth or fifth song was a wild, hot number for those who love the Hoosier Hop, or for those who like to be lost in an ecstacy of wild dancing for the moment. The entire fifteen men I had chosen were men who enjoyed working and who threw themselves into every evening's work with complete abandon; such also was the way I worked, and the reaction upon our audience couldn't help but be felt. A band that works for the love of working, and gives plenty of what they are producing and gives it in a varied style, cannot help but please the audience.

I will leave it to the dance promoters who engaged us, and use their words to express what I cannot say personally. Every dance promoter was enthusiastic concerning our appearance and in every case asked us when we could play a return engagement; that is very unusual at the price we received. Several wanted to play us a few weeks after our first appearance, but I preferred to wait for a year or two years.

The prices charged varied from $1 to $3 per person; the average price was $2 and $2.50 per person. That is a lot of money to ask in these days of business depression in towns where the mines have been closed for weeks, where factories have been shut down and where some families are actually starving.

The fact that Radio can create such a tremendous interest is shown by the immense crowds outside the dance hall as well as in. In every place there were from 3,000 to 5,000 people lined up along the way to the dance hall, or surging around it in the hope of hearing and seeing for nothing. Many of these were well-dressed and genteel looking people. The answer was that as much as they wanted to be inside they couldn't afford it; times were hard, the drought was in its worst stages in the middle of our tour, and yet the terrific, cordial crowds inside showed that in spite of all the depression whatever could be done was done to the satisfaction of everyone.

IN MANY cases the crowd outside was permitted to hear and see. The dance hall promoter realized one thing—that these people couldn't afford to be inside, or, of course, they would be, because the only thing that keeps a person on the outside is the fact that he cannot afford to be inside. That is common sense. The fact that he is there on the outside shows that his curiosity is great enough or he wouldn't be there.

It made me very happy indeed to have hundreds of young, burly men, some in a very shame-faced, eyes downcast attitude, approach me between dances and after the dance and ask to shake hands, saying that they had changed their opinion. Whenever I had the opportunity to ask them, I generally questioned them saying, "Why did you form an opinion before you had seen me? Why be so unfair?" To this they could only do what any person could do—shrug their shoulders and admit that they didn't know. Human nature was ever thus, and will always be! People will form opinions before they have any reasonable right to do so; they will form it from write-ups, from pictures, and from stories brought by word of mouth. Nothing is more unfair, yet nothing is more a fact; that is human nature in its stark reality.

I feel that our tour did more good than anything else could have done, as it brought the Connecticut Yankees and myself very close to those who knew us only through our Radio work. They had learned to love our music through ... Radio work or they never would ... turned out to see us, but the tour ... mitted them to see in action the men ... had brought them musical happi... month after month; it enabled them ... see that these boys and I were just ... human, just as regular and hard worl... in our own particular way as they w... in theirs.

As I left the last town in Pennsylv... and turned the nose of my big, blue ... towards New York, leaving early in ... morning of the day that we were to bro... cast from the Times Square Studios ... realized that this had been a summ... that had joined Radio and actual appe... ances in a perfect unity. The 7,000 m... which were clocked on my speedome... had been 7,000 miles of wonderful ... laxation and change for my boys and m... self. After a year and a half of an ei... teen-hour schedule which had kept ... from the sun, being indoors in the th... atre from twelve noon to ten-thirty ... night, and in the Villa Vallee from elev... until three, never seeing another sho... never getting out into the sunshine, t... beaches, the golf and tennis clubs, ... needed such a change as this, and Rad... made it possible for us to take it, a... take it in a triumphant, friend-makin... sensational tour.

Everywhere we met good-will, friend... ness, cordiality, and left feeling that ... had helped to make these young peop... and old people happier for one eveni... of their lives, and that in our futu... broadcasts there would be a better unde... standing and knowledge of those who we ... trying to bring them, through the ethe... simple dance music with song.

Turkey Day in Studioland

(*Continued from page 27*)

Lombardo, and if he had any, they wer... not accessible. For when he was shake... violently to rouse him from the proverbia... doze into which he had fallen even in th... face of such an appealing discussion, th... beloved director of the Panatella synco... pators simply mumbled, "Please go 'wa... and let me sleep."

So of course no one did. They jus... kept right on loudly cooking that theo... retically perfect microphone banquet fo... turkey day until, by a sad misfortune ... Phil Cook, the Quaker Man, hove into ... sight.

"Phil," I asked him, "What's your idea ... of just the right thing for Thanksgiving ... dinner?"

"Well," said that multi-charactered co... median in voice No. 6, "you take a double ... handful of Crackels—"

And so ended the discussion with the ... large crowd rapidly scattering here and ... there and hiding behind grand pianos, ... drapes, saxophones, kettle drums and bull ... fiddles.

Crooks Don't Like Ether

(*Continued from page 13*)

curtail the intimacy between the youth
the criminal which is fostered in
se breeding places of crime.
Theodore Roosevelt expressed the en-
problem of delinquency when he said,
you want to do anything that is per-
nent for the average man, you must
in before he is a man. The chance
success lies in working with the boy
not with the man."
The main issue before the American
ople today is neither political nor eco-
mic—it is the education of youth.
The officers of the Bureau of Crime
evention of the New York Police De-
rtment have shown what remarkable
ults can be obtained by trained workers
o gain the confidence and the respect
delinquent boys and girls. The first
months' report of the Bureau has some
lendid illustrations of this point. Chil-
en who showed anti-social tendencies,
equently due to home conditions, were
duced to frequent recreational clubs
here they played healthy games and
rned to accomplish useful things. Dif-
ult family situations were harmoniously
justed, thereby making the home life of
e possible delinquent more attractive.
The great influence of this new arm of
lice service will not be felt immediately.
e are planning for the years to come.
e are most hopeful that by directing
e mental traffic of the young mind in
e right direction we will lessen the
iritual injury and death that devastate
e ranks of our children. Thanks to
adio the awakening of a national desire
r crime prevention is beginning to be
lt. We all admit the wisdom of the
axim, "An ounce of prevention is worth
pound of cure." The ether waves have
arted carrying a campaign of education
hich will promote the security, the
fety and the happiness of every honest
tizen. Such publicity means some-
ing else to the criminal. He shrinks
om it!

WHEN television comes into its own the ether waves will be able to broadcast pictures of wanted criminals. He thrives best in ignorance and darkness. But we will give him plenty of ether; not the kind that comes out of a can, but the ether which carries a much bigger kick, Radio waves. Crooks don't like that brand of ether.

Lessons In Loveliness

(*Continued from page 84*)

appearance and enhance her best points.

A guide to make-up—Powder always looks deeper or darker in the box than it does on the skin. It is not advisable to select powder or rouge or lipstick because you like the color in the package It will look much different on the skin. To be most effective, powder should always be chosen a shade deeper or darker than the tone of the skin. A lighter powder shows up on the skin, a powder deeper than the skin gives it a translucent appearance.

Neither is it advisable to select powder designated "For Blonde" or "For Brunette". Not all blondes are fair-skinned, nor all brunettes dark-complexioned. It is desirable to have at least two different shades of powder—a deeper, creamier shade for daytime wear, and a shade for evening that will give the skin a fairer, whiter effect under electric lights. A good evening lavender will give an alluring fairness to everyone except the Spanish brunette with deep olive complexion—and this is the type that should never strive for whiteness. A deep naturally olive complexion has fascination.

THE present fashion of "creamy" powders is flattering to nearly every tone of complexion carried to extremes. If you have brown hair you may wear a deep rachel to advantage, but a light rachel will look even better.

Rachel is associated in our minds as something for brunettes, but many a light-complexioned woman can enhance the attraction of her skin by a deep rachel, especially if she has brown eyes. If she has gray or blue eyes a light rachel for daytime and a pinkish naturelle or lavender for evening are more suitable.

Rouge and Lipstick—The shade of rouge and lipstick should always be a perfect match. Too often we see orange cheeks and red lips or vice versa. Rouge in cream form has many advantages over dry rouge. It looks more natural, if properly selected and softly blended in, and stays on for hours without the necessity of renewing it. I consider a good cream rouge much better for the skin than dry rouge.

Eye Shadow and Mascara—Eye-shadow is growing in favor, but the difficulty about it for evening is this: With so many various colored lights being used in theatres, restaurants and night clubs, one never knows what the lighting effects will do to the make-up, so it is best to stick to the deep blue or light green shade. A tiny bit of cream rouge blended into the upper eyelid will make the eyes look larger, but it must be very delicately applied, else the eyes may look inflamed. You know, of course, that the eyebrows are no longer being plucked into the extremely fine pencil line, but if they are scraggly or too heavy it is desirable to shape them or thin them out. Heavy "beading" of the eye-lashes, in fact, any kind of make-up for the eyes, is never in best of taste for daytime, except where the lashes and brows are too light. Then, a good cosmetique and eyebrow pencil are desirable to bring out the depth and expression of the eyes.

TO ADVISE each of you on your own color combinations, I will have to know—

1. The color of your hair (if it has grey in it, please say so).
2. The tone of you complexion—fair, creamy or olive. Does it still retain some summer tan?
3. Your age (approximately).
4. Is your skin included to be dry or oily?
5. The color of your eyes.

Please mention the RADIO DIGEST in your letter—the Editor's note tells how to address me.

Big Money for Radio Entertainers

If you can play an instrument, sing, or recite, learn about the opportunities to get into Radio Broadcasting as an Entertainer. If you have a voice "with a personality" there are also big opportunities as Radio Announcers. Our complete Book "Radio Entertaining" tells all about the opportunities for those who have talent, and how to cash in on it. Price $2 postpaid. Those purchasing "Radio Entertaining" and who desire to apply for an audition, may be listed with our Bureau, and we will advise your nearest Broadcasting Stations. No fee for this service. The "Listing Questionnaire" will be mailed with your copy of "Radio Entertaining."

Send $2 today to **NATIONAL RADIO BUREAU,** Dept. C, P. O. Box 332, San Francisco, Calif.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable and misleading advertisements not accepted.

Business Opportunities

Screw-Holding Screw Drivers! Remove, insert screws from inaccessible places! Factories, garages, electricians, mechanics, auto, radio owners buy on sight! Exclusive territory. Free Trial! Manufacturer, 1710 Winthrop Bldg., Boston.

Song Writers

SONGWRITERS-POEMS-MELODIES—Opportunity. Tommie Malle, RD 4215 North Avenue, Chicago.

SONGWRITERS—Advance royalty payments, new talking picture song requirements, etc., fully explained in our free instructive booklet. Write today. Song poems examined free. Newcomer Associates, 1674-P Broadway, New York.

For Boys and Girls

Earn Christmas Money

Write for 50 Sets **St. Nicholas Seals.** Sell for **10c** set. When sold return **$3.00** and keep **$2.00. St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 6, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

Station Stamps

Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike, 10c. Chas. A. Phildius, 510 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.

Miscellaneous

"GET-ACQUAINTED LETTER CLUB" — For Ladies and Gentlemen. Big List of Descriptions (FREE). Send for one. American Friendship Society, Box 100-R. Detroit, Michigan.

Mystery Announcer Wins

(*Continued from page 115*)

at every public appearance. There is no doubt that part of the charm exists in maintaining that identity as a mystery. His voice is, however, his most potent asset. It is a voice that registers a strong and virile personality, infectious with a twinkle of humor but withal possessed of a certain integrity of character and dignity appealing to the imaginative feminine listener.

RADIO was his first love. It began with his school days when he slipped away from the tedium of classrooms at Johnston, N. J., to delve into the intriguing business of putting coils and batteries together to produce a far-flung sound or gather in a sound that other hands directed from far away at sea or in distant lands. It fascinated and gripped him—those strange signals trickling down out of the sky to tell of things that were mysterious and far away. And finally he too could throw back his own thoughts across the great spaces. There was no idea of using his voice in those days—everything was in dots and dashes.

Eventually the ships claimed him. A wireless operator with power to span the seas from ship to ship and ship to land—then the War. Secretary Josephus Daniels sent him a special letter of commendation for bravery manifested in sticking to his key while in very imminent peril. After the war he gravitated into broadcasting, first as a combination announcer-operator, and now as the national champion Diamond Meritum Award winner.

The Happiest Years

(*Continued from page 16*)

gagements and her children were taking more of her time. Her husband died a few years later, leaving her with five small children and hardly any money. The days were dark ones for her and time and again she and her children experienced hunger. Just when the singer was in despair, she was asked to sing at a benefit performance in Berlin. For that appearance she was given thirty marks and the newspaper critics awoke to find that they had discovered a voice which they were sure was destined to become great. Perhaps this was the real climax of her life which led to her broad philosophy of today.

From that time on her path became smoother. She was asked to sing at the Hamburg Opera and then invited to become first contralto of the Berlin Royal Opera, the goal of every singer in Germany and one of the most famous opera houses in the world.

WHEN she sang Wagner at Bayreuth Maurice Grau, then impresario of the Metropolitan Opera in New York, asked her to come to America. Two years later, in 1899, she came to this country and the American public took Schumann-Heink, artist, mother and woman, straight to its heart. And after more than a half century of song, her golden voice still thrills its listeners. Friendly, unaffected and unspoiled, she remains the idol of her vast audience of music lovers. Now that the calm, peaceful days have come after a busy life, she finds her "happiest years."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at 535 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, October, 1930. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymond Bill, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO DIGEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York. Editor—Raymond Bill, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York. Managing Editor—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Business Manager—Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward Lyman Bill, C. L. Bill, Rando Brown, J. B. Spillane, B. Titman, and Charles R. Tighe, all of 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Raymond Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September 1930. Harry Hoag, Notary Public, County Clerk's No. 245, N. Y. County Register's No. 1117. Term expires March 30, 1931. [SEAL.]

Vote For Your Favorite Station in New Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid-in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct. .	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

The Poet's Friend

(*Continued from page 24*)

int Parnassus and chatting there with
ts.
ere he formed the enduring friendship
Chaucer, Shakespeare, Swinburne and
setti who were his constant compan-
. These poets lived again for Mase-
in his garret and poured out their
songs to him.
hen he began with his own dabblings
verse. Some of these hint at the
us which was to be and most of these
y beginnings are still in the possession
riends in Yonkers.
lthough Mr. Masefield's thoughts
le sea and land, he has a memory for
e things. When he returned to the
ted States a few years ago for a lec-
tour, he went to the home of some
friends. They fell to reminiscing.
y talked about their wedding and
sefield even remembered the guests
had attended and what presents they
given. There was the old icebox
ch he himself had bought as a gift.
en Mr. Masefield returned to Eng-
l, he arranged for another icebox to
sent to his friend on the wedding an-
ersary.
lthough the old icebox might make
ery attractive addition to Henry Ford's
seum or provide a fascinating bit for
ectors of valuable furniture, Billy
oth intends to hold on to these two
oxes.
or a famous poet, there is very little
graphical material, but Masefield has
bably said with his fellow writers
t those who would seek him must find
in his works.

n olden times the bards would sing
ir rhymes on the streets and the more
tunate would find their way into courts
l palaces.
n modern times the only tunes we
r on the street are the warm whistle of
peanut wagon, the rumblings of trains,
whizz of aeroplanes and the beckon-
call of the steamboat.

SO AMONG the multitudi-
us voices of machines, our poets have re-
ated into the covers of books and from
e influential platform of the printed
ge have given utterance to their deep-
emotions.
But Radio, as Mr. Masefield points
t, may bring poets back into their own.
e wave length will silently carry the
ngs of poets through hum and buzz
modern life into the homes of those
o love the song of poetry.

ET ACQUAINTED!

TTER CLUB—For Ladies and Gentlemen. Big
st of descriptions (FREE). Send for one.
**merican Friendship Society. Box 100-B. Detroit,
ichigan.**

Bernadine Hayes

(*Continued from page 49*)

"Any woman can be beautiful if she takes time," was the encouraging reply. "A charming woman is much more attractive than a beautiful woman. The longer you know a charming woman, the deeper does she grow in your affections."

"Are you financially independent?"

"Yes, I am, and I am not ashamed of it. I used to work in the lace department of a large store during my vacations when I went to high school, and very rich ladies would come in with their maids, and I would often wonder if I would ever be like them. I have always loved beautiful things and I love to go out to theatres and parties."

Her ideal man? He does not have to be good-looking. But he must be intelligent and must know how to earn a living.

"I want to marry someone upon whom I can thoroughly depend. I don't believe that any woman should dominate the marriage situation. Yes, I'd like to have one or two children and send them to nice schools.

"But there is nothing like a large family at Christmas time, with everyone gathered at home."

The career of Bernadine Hayes, Queen of the Air, began in humble surroundings. She started singing in St. Louis and confined her activities to private parties and in the homes of her friends.

THEN came her opportunity. It was at Loew's State Theatre in St. Louis. The engagement of one of the singers, around whom an act was built, had to be cancelled. Another singer was engaged to do the number, but when she arrived at the rehearsal she couldn't carry on with the song.

Eager to try the part, she pleaded with the manager to let her take it. He looked at her in surprise. Who was this young girl who even dared to presume that she could sing before the footlights? But she was not to be daunted, and the manager, after all, had to get someone to fill the bill. Her success amazed even the manager if managers can be amazed. And a contract was offered her for a tour of the West.

A short time after the completion of the tour Miss Hayes appeared at an exhibition, and as events would have it, George Junkin, Manager of KMOX, St. Louis, invited her to broadcast from his station, and soon after that she was signed up as a staff artist.

Recognition after recognition came. An official of the Columbia Broadcasting System, hearing her over KMOX, suggested that she go to Chicago and broadcast from WBBM and since that time she has been one of the features on CBS and on local programs.

Miss Hayes is known as one of the best blues singers in the country. But "popular" music is not her only interest in life. She loves operas and concerts and has been studying under Albert Rappaport of the Chicago Civic Opera.

The midnight hour has sounded and Cinderella has not departed. The Fairy Godmother is evidently pleased with the way she has carried her part—and the Prince of a Wealthy Kingdom will soon be coming.

RADIO BARGAINS

Low Power Transmitter adaptable for phone or code. With plug-in coils $14.75

Auto Radio—Uses 2-224, 2-227 tubes and 1-245 Power tube. Single dial, tremendous volume. Compact. Fits any car. **We guarantee this set to perform better than sets selling up to $1.50.** 20.00

B Eliminator, Bone Dry with 280 tube, 180 volts, will operate up to ten tube set, fully guaranteed 6.75

AC—A B C Power Packs 8.75

Tubes: UX type, 90-day replacement guarantee, No 210, $2.25; No. 250, $2.35; No. 281, $1.85; No. 245, $1.25; No. 224, $1.25; No. 227, 75c; No. 226, 65c; No. 171, 75c.

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Direct Entrance from B. & M. Depot
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500 ROOMS
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No Higher Rates
Write for Descriptive Literature
Hotel Manger,
North Station, Boston, Mass.
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Visit Hotel Manger
7th Ave. and 50th Street

Good Diction

(*Continued from page 66*)

minded is generally recognized. We hear a speaker without seeing him. When a speaker is only a voice, he must needs send forth a good voice. The Radio has not only added to the value of a pleasing method of utterance, it has increased the handicap which a harsh unlovely voice and incorrect use of words impose."

THE voice of Sir Oliver Lodge, musical, quietly authoritative, without one blundering note or displeasing tone is a lesson in cultivated speech of enormous potency, for it reaches millions of listeners who have been made speech conscious by the Radio.

"It was in recognition of the growing importance of the regular paid announcers of the five hundred stations in America as teachers of good diction, that I advocated to the American Academy directors the establishment of a medal to be awarded to the announcer whose articulation, pronunciation, tone quality and general quality seemed most worthy of award."

Miss Perkins claims that the chief function of Radio is to serve the public, first, by broadcasting news; second, by providing entertainment; third, by discussing educational topics; and fourth, by promulgating good cheer.

Who is more in need of this wonderful service than the busy housewife for whom Radio serves as her only contact with the teeming world outside?

Miss Perkins' broadcasts, built upon these principles, have been of inestimable value to the woman at home, to whose rescue she comes in more than one way.

Those who have found it impossible to do very much window shopping can always receive guidance from Miss Perkins who presides over her program as a charming hostess, never forgetting the elements of service, entertainment and good cheer.

Miss Perkins stimulates interest in her program by discussing current events of general interest and by inviting prominent persons from time to time to tell about their own fields of activity. Among these guests have been Mrs. Douglas Robinson, sister of former President Roosevelt, who told about the boyhood of her distinguished brother. Mrs. Frank Shuler, President of the New York Federation of Women's Clubs, outlined the scope and activities of this organization. Among those who have contributed a rendition of modern poetry have been Leonore Speyer, Edwin Markham, and Arthur Guiterman.

With representation from such a variety of activities, it can be seen why the interest of the busy woman at home is maintained in these morning programs.

Miss Perkins is very enthusiastic about her work. The National Association for American Speech of which Miss Perkins is President, attracts professionals as well as those who are interested in good diction for the sake of culture. Here at the Association, day and evening courses are conducted for voice training, vocabulary building, poise, effective personality and artistic interpretation.

"The purpose of speech training is to develop the use of the voice as an instrument of expression," concluded Miss Perkins. "This is just as essential in daily life as it is over the Radio, but Radio emphasizes the need."

Miss Perkins enjoys her Radio work because it brings her in contact with individuals from every walk of life and because it is so closely allied to the subjects of voice, diction and personal expression in which she has always been so interested."

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 69*)

ments for twenty-two publishers and writes all the continuity for the Breen and de Rose programs. She admits to a weakness for fan mail. She gets a voluminous amount but she reads and answers it all herself. She has a pair of white snails for pets. She had had them for years and herself. She has had them for years and has never been quite sure why she keeps them. But she does.

Peter de Rose

NEXT the man. Slender, dark, small moustache, bending over the piano and gazing up at the other member of the team with large romantic eyes. He is Peter de Rose, who has been picking out tunes by ear on the piano since he was twelve years old and now is half of the team of Breen and de Rose, the husband of the other half (I will not make puns); and the composer of a long string of popular ballads.

Many of these ballads are dedicated to his wife. Theirs is probably the most famous Radio romance on record. When they first began playing together hundreds of persons wrote in to say they were sure they were married by the way they sang love songs over the air. Hundreds of others wrote to say they were sure they weren't married—for the same reason! As a matter of fact, they weren't at that time but later they announced their engagement over the air. Congratulations poured in by the thousands and they were married by a minister whose acquaintance they had made through a fan letter he had written.

They are still singing their love songs in the same way—whatever that may prove—and Peter's latest ballad, dedicated to his wife, is "When Your Hair Has Turned To Silver I Will Love You Just The Same". But even under the brilliant lights of the studio that [illegible] looked a long, long way off.

Like his wife, Peter is of Italian [illegible] cent and was also born in New York C[illegible] He was one of nine children, all nat[illegible] musicians. Peter, himself, never ha[illegible] lesson in his life and doesn't read mu[illegible] but he has been playing the piano by [illegible] ever since he was big enough to reach [illegible] keyboard. In addition he also sings [illegible] plays the guitar, and just recently M[illegible] has taught him to play the ukulele. [illegible] first time he played it over the air it k[illegible] them busy for a week assuring th[illegible] friends that it really was Peter and [illegible] May. "And that," Peter says, "is prais[illegible]

He has been composing popular so[illegible] for years, but one of his earliest s[illegible] remains his greatest hit and they still h[illegible] more requests for it than any other nu[illegible] ber. It is "Muddy Water" and it look[illegible] at first as if it had been born under [illegible] unlucky star. It was written just bef[illegible] the big Mississippi flood of a few ye[illegible] ago and for a long time its sale w[illegible] banned throughout all that region. [illegible] time, however, the flood went down, t[illegible] "Muddy Water" went on and is still pa[illegible] ing Peter royalties. Among his oth[illegible] popular successes are "Havin' My U[illegible] And Downs," "Down Among The Sug[illegible] Cane," and "I Still Remember."

The de Roses live in New York Ci[illegible] on West Seventy-third Street, whe[illegible] Peter does his composing in an apar[illegible] ment overflowing with china and potte[illegible] animals for which they both, for son[illegible] unexplainable reason, have a weakness.

Washington Talks to the Nation

(*Continued from page 67*)

ever delivered over the air were made b[illegible] Senators Harrison and Johnson recentl[illegible] from Columbia studios in Washington.

The fiery Mississippian apparentl[illegible] missed an enthusiastic audience not at al[illegible] when he delivered a denunciation of th[illegible] Hawley-Smoot tariff bill. He shook hi[illegible] finger menacingly at the timid lookin[illegible] mike as he assailed the administratio[illegible] measure, and assumed the fighting pos[illegible] so familiar to Senate galleries. Senato[illegible] Watson of Indiana, who also spoke ove[illegible] Columbia on this bill, was equally at hom[illegible] as he voiced approval of the measure.

Senator Johnson withered the mik[illegible] with a glance as he began his assault o[illegible] the London treaty. He soon warmed u[illegible] and pitched into the task with all his familiar ardor. His speech was widely acclaimed as one of the best he has made.

Probably the day is not yet at hand when the little iron box will displace the rostrum. But certainly the day will come when no one can be considered much of a public speaker unless he can thrill invisible audiences via the Radio.

Why Look Like a Wife?

(*Continued from page 91*)

"pick on" their children than to serve m in the true sense of the word.

Another disaster that follows these men is loss of the play spirit. Nerve cialists agree that the death of the play rit is one of the largest factors in mat- nonial unhappiness. Women, more than n, have a tendency to lose all sense of ir identity after they are married. Of urse "Life is real, life is earnest," but e is fun, too, and it's a mistake for any man to lose sight of that.

IN REPLYING to neglected ves who write me, I suggest that they to interest themselves in amusements nich will take them away from the mon- ony of household tasks. I advise them cultivate some simple hobby. And I mphasize the advisability of going to aces of amusement with their husbands d children. A month or so ago, I read a ize winning article by a woman who told w she kept her husband and children ppy. She said that no matter how tired e was, she was always ready to go to ows and picnics and parties with her sband and children. When I read that wasn't surprised that she was a success- l wife. I'm quite sure this woman didn't ok like a breakfast-table wife!

How to be lovelier—any woman can— mply by cultivating the habit of never oking unattractive even to herself. Yes, ny woman can be attractive if she is will- g to pay the price—and the price is not igh. It calls for a little intelligence and haracter enough to care for one's self ithfully and systematically.

Even the most unattractive woman need ot be discouraged. For the most im- ortant answer to any beauty problem is —begin now to correct the things which re wrong and keep up the treatments very day thereafter. It is all a matter of abit. And it's just as easy to form good abits as bad ones. Good habits include egular periods of relaxation, exercise, roper diet, care of the skin, and mental liscipline. By mental discipline I refer specially to the elimination of worry, ussing, and nagging. These things ruin he disposition and not only that, they ause the glands to manufacture poisonous oxins instead of healthy fluids. Then he skin shows a yellow tinge, lines ap- ear, and the complexion grows dull and ifeless. And before women know what is happening, they have become breakfast- able wives.

But any woman can be beautiful. It is simply a matter of will power. The loveliest woman you have even seen is probably the woman who has character enough to care for herself properly and consistently. Any woman can develop character—so why look like a wife?

The Flying Announcer

(*Continued from page 72*)

Less than a week later, Brown announced the race on the Ohio river between the Tom Greene and the Betsy Anne, river packets whose rivalry for the racing title of the Ohio has made river history. For almost three hours, Brown gave WLW and National Broadcasting Company listeners a picture of the race and of its progress, with stories of the Ohio river and its history. He was assisted by George Hicks, NBC announcer, who came to Cincinnati to help with the race. This broadcast was almost a repetition of a similar race the year before in which Brown told the story of the sailing of the Betsy Anne and the Chris Greene, sister packet of the Tom.

Most important of all Brown's microphone appearances, however, is the one for which Mr. Crosley chose him in August: the broadcasting of the non-stop flight of Mr. Crosley's plane in the National Air Races.

Flying with Captain William S. Brock in Crosley's Lockheed-Vega at the rate of 190 miles from Los Angeles to Chicago, Brown told the story of the race through station KHILO, the plane's transmitter. The broadcast was picked up by stations along the way for rebroadcasting. At the finish in Chicago, the National Broadcasting Company picked up the story of the last 60 miles of the race, and of its culmination, which Brown described as the plane zoomed across the finish line.

Not content with this unusual feat of broadcasting from a racing plane, Mr. Crosley also sent his plane, with Pilot Brock and Announcer Brown to the International Balloon Race and Aerial Carnival in Cleveland the week of September 1st.

IN THE Cleveland event, Brown announced from the plane as it raced at full speed across the field. After the balloon races began, the plane followed the balloons for 50 or 60 miles, broadcasting their progress so that the WLW audience might follow them by Radio. Several more broadcasting stunts are "in the bag" for Brown and the plane as this story is written . . . stunts that will make him even more famous as an announcer than he is now.

Before Brown came to WLW from Buffalo, he had other broadcasts to his credit that would have satisfied the most adventuresome soul. He had leaned out of a nineteenth story window to describe a Lindbergh parade. He had been one of the first announcers to describe a city from an airplane. He was the first announcer to present Queen Marie of Roumania to the American Radio audience. He also had presented four of the most famous flyers: Colonel Lindbergh, Ruth Elder, Eddie Rickenbacker, and Clarence Chamberlain.

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Suspense

(*Continued from page 63*)

"Of course we should. Before anyone. And"—she repeated the words with emphasis—"We've noticed nothing."

To Irene this naturally seemed mysterious. But before she could ask for any explanation a diversion was caused by the re-entrance of her father, collared and generally tidier. His mind, it was evident, still dwelt upon one preoccupation.

"Ned and that paper-boy both late together," he grumbled.

"I DON'T think you know my husband, Mr. Gibbs," said Mrs. Mortimer, with an air of relief.

Gibbs also hailed an addition to the group as likely to be helpful; the evening did not seem destined to rank among his triumphs.

"How d'you do, sir," he asked, shaking hands effusively. "I think everyone knows the writer of—of that book you wrote."

Mr. Mortimer stared in pleased astonishment. "So you've read that, eh?" he exclaimed. "Capital!"

"Well," answered the guest, ingenuously, "not to say exactly read. But I've often seen it on the shelf at the public library. It's always there."

Mr. Mortimer said nothing—eloquently.

"There's another ring," observed Irene, as the sound of the front-door bell cut into a somewhat oppressive silence. She turned to her mother. "Shall I go?" she asked, "Amy is busy."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Mortimer. Then in a quick undertone. "No, wait a minute. No, go at once!"

"Why, mother you're absolutely shaking," Irene whispered, playfully. "One would think we'd never given a party before. And it's all going beautifully."

She flashed an apologetic smile upon the company, and went out quickly into the hall, leaving Mrs. Mortimer standing alone beside the fire. Irene had been right; she was certainly trembling. She laid a hand upon the mantel shelf to steady herself.

Meantime Gibbs had turned again towards his host.

"Sad thing about poor old Hughes," he observed, conversationally.

Mortimer grunted, unappeased.

"Found on the line this morning, they tell me," explained Gibbs. "They say it was that business of his son's absconding that made him do it."

Some trick of the firelight, perhaps, playing on the face of her who listened made it seem to work convulsively.

"I don't hear about such matters for choice," growled Mr. Mortimer.

"To be sure," agreed Gibbs. "Still, I just mentioned it."

These people were undeniably difficult to talk to, he thought. However, thank Heaven, here was someone entering who looked rather more alive.

This was Trixie, a conventionally pretty young woman of the fluffy and doll-like type, the affianced of Edward. Both her manner and her costume, a low-necked evening dress of silk, were not wholly free from the suspicion of a desire to show off before the family she was about to enter.

"Edward hasn't brought her," announced Irene, ushering in the visitor.

"Oh, dear me, no!" cried the lady. "Nobody brought me, I assure you. Not worthy of such an honor, I expected to find his lordship here."

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer were greeted.

"Then you haven't seen him?" asked the latter, kissing her future daughter-in-law.

"Not since yesterday. And he was pretty humpy then. Hardly said good night at all."

"It is queer," mused Irene. Then more briskly. "Trixie, dear, this is Mr. Gibbs, from Edward's bank. Miss Willard, Edward's fiancee."

Mr. Gibbs bowed.

"What do you think of the cake?" asked Irene, by way of making conversation.

"CHARMING, charming," murmured Trixie, in a society voice, intended to show that sugar-icing was to her slightly demodé.

Simple-minded Irene looked pleased.

"Cook thought there should have been little candles on the top, for each year," she said, thoughtfully. "Would you have liked that better?"

"Hardly suppose there'd have been room," volunteered Mr. Gibbs, just to show his interest.

"Really, Mr. Gibbs!" Trixie withered him. "One isn't positively a centenarian, if that's what you mean."

Irene kissed her hastily.

"There," she entreated, "don't be cattish, if he is a bit late. Perhaps he is getting a present for you."

"Oh!" Some secret memory seemed to mollify Miss Willard. "I've had that already."

"We haven't seen it."

"I know you haven't." This still more consciously.

Irene's curiosity became clamorous.

"Is it something to wear?" she asked, eagerly. "Have you got it on?" Meeting with affirmative but mysterious nods to both questions, she added, entreatingly, "Oh, Trixie, do show it to us—if—if you can."

It was the last words that appeared to overcome Miss Willard's scruples.

"No gentleman," she replied, wi hauteur, "would give me anything wear that I couldn't show. Only I pro ised Edward—" She lowered her voi "Well, just you, then," she said, and h furtively from under the lace of her lo bodice produced a pendant, which s handed to Irene.

The latter took it with a cry of asto ishment.

"How lovely!" she almost gasped. "Ar they're real, aren't they? Mother, da do just look what Edward's given Trixie!"

Heedless of the other's cry of protes she had run to her father and displaye the glittering treasure. Even, he, wh had been again impatiently turning th pages of the paper, was impressed.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed, takin the gift in his hand and surveying it wit astonishment. "Where, did Mr. Edwar get the cash for this bauble, I should lik to know? He seems free with his money."

Trixie looked vexed, and a little con fused.

"It was only because I admired it i a shop," she faltered.

From the moment of her greeting Mrs Mortimer had said nothing to the girl But now, with the pendant in her hand she came close to her and asked:

"Has he given you many presents lik this lately?"

Somehow, for all their quietness, the words seemed to cause an uncomfortable thrill in the little room. It was as though they were charged with ominous meaning. Trixie stammered and hesitated. She was blushing and already beginning to look cross.

"One or two," she said, defensively. "There's nothing to be astonished about. Edward's very fond of me."

"Naturally!" volunteered Gibbs, plunging; but nobody heeded him.

"You needn't imagine," she continued, "that I encouraged him in extravagance. I'm sure I was quite vexed about it at the time. Please give it back to me. I ought never to have let anyone see it."

"WHY?" asked Irene, as Mrs. Mortimer, in silence, handed the jewel back to the girl, from whose face she had not once taken her eyes.

"Edward made me promise not to. He didn't want people to know that he'd got more money than usual just now."

Then Mrs. Mortimer spoke. "And you keep it—like this!" she said. "How can you tell what might depend on it?"

The vehemence of her tone startled them all.

"Really, Mrs. Mortimer—" Trixie stammered, while Irene looked at the

(*Continued on page 128*)

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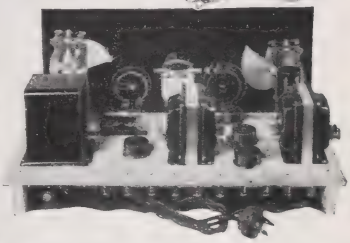


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Suspense

(*Continued from page 126*)

speaker with a sudden anxiety. What, she wondered, was making her usually quiet mother so odd to-night. This was the second thing—

"You're frightening Trix," she observed, with gentle reproof.

"I'm sorry." Mrs. Mortimer had mastered herself again, as though realizing the effect of her outbreak and alarmed by it. "You mustn't mind what I say to-night. I'm tired."

Doubtless that was the explanation, thought Irene, relieved.

"We're all tired and hungry, and inclined to get cross through waiting for our supper," she proclaimed, in her cheerful voice. "I shall have it up without waiting another minute!"

She had left the room almost before the last words were uttered; practical Irene seldom suffered the loss of an unnecessary second between resolve and action. Mr. Gibbs, confused and more than a little uncomfortable, had tactfully taken up a copy of the Register, and was affecting to be absorbed in its perusal. Mr. Mortimer had turned to the window, and, drawing back the blind, was gazing out into the street. Trixie and Mrs. Mortimer were thus isolated.

"Edward knows I happen to be very fond of real diamonds," continued the former, in what was almost a whimper. "So, naturally, he took the first opportunity—" She blew her ridiculous little nose. "No reason why I should be snapped at!"

MRS. MORTIMER was regarding her with a look in which there was both wonder and terrified pity.

"I'm sorry I flew out at you," she said at last, speaking low and quickly. "But, oh, my dear, you do love the boy, don't you? You're glad and proud that he chose you to be his wife?"

"I chose him just as much," corrected Trixie, still aggrieved.

"Then can't you understand how important it may be? You heard what his father said just now. Where did he get that money? Do you know?"

Impossible now to mistake the earnestness of her anxiety.

"I—I didn't ask," faltered Trixie. "We were having such a wonderful afternoon I wasn't going to spoil the fun with questions of that kind!" But, at sight of Mrs. Mortimer's face, she added quickly, "Edward isn't in any trouble, is he?"

For a moment his mother did not answer. Then:

"Even if he were," she said, "wouldn't it 'spoil the fun' to tell you?"

"What—what do you mean?"

"Would your love for him be strong enough to share it? Even if it were worse than trouble, if it were disgrace?"

"Oh—I—I don't know." The doll-like face was aquiver now with agitation. "I hate to think of things like that. There isn't anything going to happen, is there?"

The elder woman turned away with a half-audible groan. "I don't know either—yet," she answered.

"Supper!" cried the brisk voice of Irene, who at this moment appeared, bearing a covered dish, which she placed upon the table. "And the paper-boy's in the road, father. I've sent Amy out for one."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer, rousing himself from his abstraction. "At last we shall know who the fellow is!" He turned with a slightly superior air to the others. "I don't suppose it interests you people much; but, mark my words, this is an evening to be remembered."

"A very enjoyable evening, I'm sure," observed Gibbs, vastly relieved that, as he put it to himself, the family skeleton seemed to have blown over.

"Well," said Irene, "I'm glad you'll know before supper, father, or you wouldn't have eaten anything."

Father, as a fact, had neither eyes nor ears for anything but the expected journal. He did not notice how, while these sentences were being spoken, Trixie had moved close to Mrs. Mortimer. For all her affectation and silliness, there was good somewhere in the girl. "Tell me what it is," she whispered. "What you're afraid of. I want it to be mine, too."

For a moment Mrs. Mortimer caught her hand and squeezed it. Then she turned to face the door. "Wait," she said.

Amy was coming into the room. She carried the Evening Register and a telegram.

"Ah!" here we are!" cried Mortimer. "At last!"

"And there's this," said Amy, holding out the message.

"Oh, father!" Irene exclaimed. "A telegram! Perhaps it's from Ned to say why he's so late."

Mr. Mortimer was fumbling the paper. "Open it, somebody," he growled. "I can't attend to it at this moment."

Irene took the envelope. "I expect it's just that he's been detained at the off—No," she broke off, recollecting; "it can't be that, can it? Here, mother, you see?"

Mrs. Mortimer was standing motionless. Something in her bearing struck her daughter even then as strange; on her face was the look of one who sees fate approaching. "Open it," she command

There was a moment's pause as Irene tore the envelope and Mr. Mortimer rustled the pages of his journal. Then a cry broke from them both.

"Mother! Father!" exclaimed Irene, devouring the telegram with her eyes. "It is from Edward. And do you know what he says—?"

"Never mind what he says," the amazed, incredulous voice of Mr. Mortimer broke in upon her. "It's what it says here, in the paper, about him!"

He stammered incoherently. Astonishment seemed to have taken away his breath. No one noticed Mrs. Mortimer in that moment.

Then, "Listen!" he cried, and began to read aloud. "'We have pleasure in disclosing the identity of the brilliant young writer, Edward Mortimer; who will henceforth join our staff.' That means our Edward! Oh, but it can't be true!"

"True!" Irene's cry echoed his. "Of course it is. Absolutely. This is what it says here: 'Left bank. Permanency Register. Starting three hundred. Wait supper. Edward.'"

Mr. Mortimer seemed dazed. "My son wrote them!" he was murmuring incredulously. "My own son!"

"Lucky devil!" said Gibbs, for the second time; adding, with generous warmth, "but he deserves it!"

"Our Edward!" cried Irene. The room was full of little exclamations. "No wonder he looked queer when father read his own things aloud to him! Trixie, aren't you just bursting with pride?"

"Rather!" answered Trixie, whose eyes were very bright. "But I always knew he'd be famous some day." She turned triumphantly to Mrs. Mortimer.

"There!" she said, "what do you say now?"

Edward's mother had not moved or spoken. But as they looked they saw a strange thing. All her self-control seemed to desert her. She gave a great, sobbing cry. "Thank God! Oh, thank God!"

Then she fainted.

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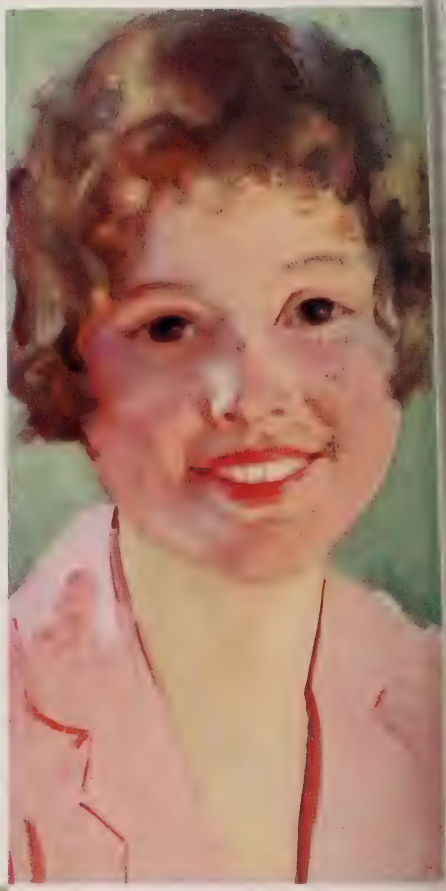
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'OLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A

★ ★ Clearer, softer skin

rances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," told a charming woman who recently ame to consult me. "Keep your skin im- aculately clean... Keep it youthful at my ix stars... And *you* are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method ith Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milk- eed Cream generously over your face nd neck. Let it remain for several min- tes, to allow the delicate oils to pene- rate deeply into the pores, and then emove every vestige of it with soft linen.

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milk- veed Cream. With outward and upward trokes pat it into the skin at the six oints starred on my mannequin.

"There are special *toning* ingredients in his Milkweed Cream. These penetrate he cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

, , ,

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

, , ,

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't *you* follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.





STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

★ 1 THE FOREHEAD — *To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.*

★ 2 THE EYES — *If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.*

★ 3 THE MOUTH — *Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.*

★ 4 THE THROAT — *To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.*

★ 5 THE NECK — *To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

★ 6 THE SHOULDERS — *To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.*

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. R-110
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Raymond Bill, *Editor*

Henry J. Wright, *Advisory Editor*

Radio Digest

Charles R. Tighe *Associate Editor*

Harold P. Brown *Managing Editor*

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

December, 1930

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ADELE RONSON . . . actress . . . is one of those rarities, a real, born-in-the metropolis New Yorker! Snatched from Broadway recently by NBC for the Collier Hour, Miniature Theatre and Radio Guild productions.



GEORGIA BA[KER] US is Myra Le[slie] in Arabesque . . . the time to direct write continuities . . . anyway, she's jus[t] Nit Wit! Yes, s[he] Aphrodite Godiva that hilarious piec[e] CBS Radio burles[que]



IRMA GLEN . . . does everything at WENR but wind the clock! Plays the organ, runs the Air Junior Club, is a member of Smith Family cast, and that's not all! She's one of Radio's Most Beautiful, as you see.



MARY HOPPE contralto, from little town of Leban[on] Pa., just walked into NBC Studios a year so ago . . . and walk[ed] out a full-fledged me[m]ber of staff! You h[ear] her most often in Enna Jettick Melod[ies]

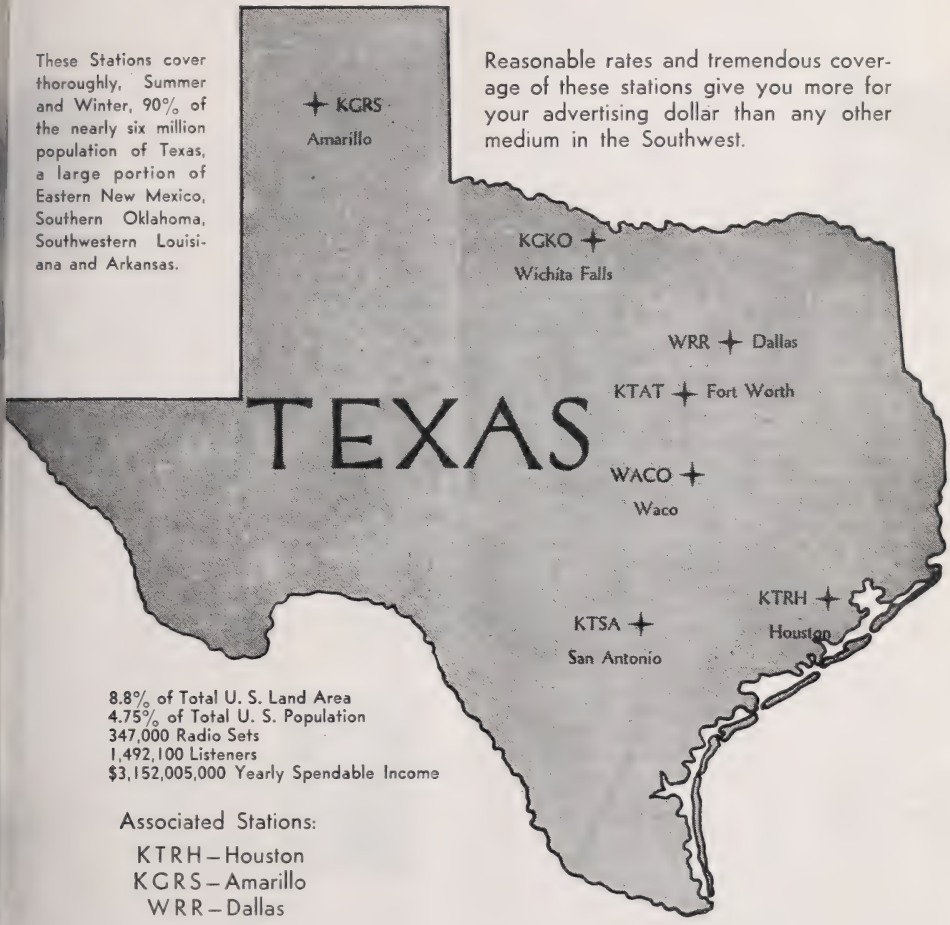
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KGRS—Amarillo
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For individual rates on these stations address:

SOUTHWEST BROADCASTING COMPANY

Aviation Building — Fort Worth, Texas

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

STORIES continue to flow from Fannie Hurst's mind and heart with richer and increasing fervor. She is modern in her thinking, she understands the trend of modern reasoning, modern philosophy and gives her characters feeling and emotional reactions keyed to the day and the hour. This is not a prelude to any novel to appear in RADIO DIGEST but rather an introduction to an interview conducted by Miss Lillian G. Genn who was prompted to ask Miss Hurst whether it was the man or the woman who experienced the deepest emotion of the eternal passion. What does Miss Hurst say? Miss Genn expects to give you that interview in a forthcoming issue of RADIO DIGEST—perhaps in January.



* * *

LOOK what Santa is bringing us in our Christmas stocking! More channels for a broader scope of listening! Mr. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, says that synchronizing a hook-up of thirty high-powered stations over a single channel has been proven entirely feasible. Imagine all the NBC programs emanating over one or two channels! NOW if all the stations handling NBC programs should confine themselves exclusively to that source they could surrender their own channels; or else they could do double broadcasting, if they have the transmitting equipment. The national program could go forth on the NBC channel through the local transmitter and the local program could go forth on the local channel, making it possible for one station to present two programs simultaneously. On the other hand NBC could probably gain a license to put in a string of relay stations on the WJZ and WEAF waves. This would leave all other stations to their own devices.

But that is not all. An English inventor is now here giving demonstrations of a receiving set that is said to add nine frequencies to every one that is available now. Under present conditions each channel must be separated by ten kilocycles to avoid overlapping and interference. By the new method only the precise frequency desired can filter through a crystal gauged for that particular frequency. The next thing will be a new structure all the way around for broadcasting and reception.

* * *

And we are further told that the most powerful Radio organization in America could put movie television into operation in a practical way immediately if it so desired. This means that it could broadcast moving pictures and give you a receiver that would present a good moving image on a screen a foot square. Understand, this does not mean that the operator could go out to a stadium and broadcast a football game direct; it means that a motion picture of that game could be broadcast.

It is also possible to broadcast a newspaper similar to the way a ticker-tape performs. The "tape" for the Radio newspaper is wide enough for two columns of newspaper space and unrolls with flashes when you want it.

HEREIN you will read Mr. Leonard Smith's repor Floyd Gibbons' greatest thrill. It was not on battlefield, as you might have supposed, but in a bro casting station getting out a newspaper of the air for Literary Digest. He was said to be earning more than any other single individual on the air. His sudden replacement by Lowell Thomas caused a great deal of speculation. We called up Mr. Gibbons. He said everything was okeh except he had finished his contract and was glad to get a rest-up from the long grind. And anyhow would we kindly explain how we had put out one eye restored the other in our cut of him that appeared in October number. That was a mean trick in print make-up, whereby the orginal cut had been reversed that the right side of the face appeared to be the l Floyd said he wished every success to Mr. Thomas. T we tried Mr. Cudahy of Literary Digest. "Mr. C bons was engaged for a specific purpose," said Cudahy, "he accomplished that purpose and di splendid job of it. His contract expired and that it not renewed was the fault of no one. The fact that hired Mr. Thomas is no reflection on Mr. Gibbons. expect to use various persons from time to time to sp for us on the air."



* * *

WERE you fortunate enough to hear George Bern Shaw and Dr. Einstein during a recent transatlan broadcast? If you were not you may be glad to know t RADIO DIGEST will present their co ments in the January number. I unfortunate that some of these v important messages from notab across the sea must come at a ti when so many of us are busy at daily tasks in office, factory or fie For that reason RADIO DIGEST ho to be of service to its readers in rep ducing the exact text of some of most important speeches. We w also reprint the speech by Mr. H. G. Wells in our n RADIO DIGEST. There may be other notables wh speeches you will read.



Just eye some of these interesting and very exceptio bits planned for our January RADIO DIGEST: Guy Lo bardo's Adventure with a Gunman . . . E. O. Dunla Reviews and Previews on Broadcasting . . . Old Top Perkins' Drolleries . . . Messages from Venus, anot Peggy Hull horoscope . . . Seth Parker writes h Maine folks make good in the Big City . . . more ab Baby Radio Stars getting rich . . . Rudy Vallee analy song successes . . . Bob Ripley believe-it-or-not slants Radio . . . and a whole raft of other bits gleaned fr the air. We are going to start 1931 off with t finest RADIO DIGEST ever published.

Championship Contest Draws

BIG VOTE

Avalanche of Nominations Pull Hard for Four Leading Broadcasters in Each State

HAVE you nominated the four best stations in your state? Are you saving your votes for them? Never before has RADIO DIGEST presented a contest which has met with such instantaneous response as the one ow offered to its readers to choose the four most popular ations in each state.

Ballots and nominations are coming in by every mail. So far is anybody's choice in the leading ates. There is a chance to win for any ation that is nominated.

Letters explaining the reasons for pref- ence have been coming from listeners in l walks of life.

Here is one that places WENR at the ead of the four Illinois leaders. "You n put WENR at the head of any four ations in the country and I'm sure any ir minded listener who actually uses me discernment in the judging of rela- ve merits will vote to keep it there. I on't see why you don't give some special ward for the one station of all the states at gets the highest number of votes. I ope all the other WENR fans will join gether and put Gene Arnold and Everett Mitchell and Irma Glenn over the top. hey deserve it. Mrs. P. J. Miller, Chicago."



In Wisconsin there have been a flock f nominations for WTMJ, and in Min- esota there have been many nomination slips and votes for WCCO. Buffalo shows WGR going strong and in New Orleans WSMB heads the list of the most popular four. In Detroit WJR stands considerably in the lead of all other Michigan stations hat have been nominated. A number of nominations in Detroit seem to have arranged the ticket in the same order. It stands WJR, WMBA, WWJ and WXYZ. Looks like a little election- eering, what? You might be surprised to learn that in New York State WGY at Schenectady carries more nomination slips than any other station, even including the most popular stations in New York City.

On the Pacific Coast in California, KHJ, Los Angeles, has the distinct advantage with KFRC, San Francisco, a close second. We find KFOX, KFWB, KFI and KPO in succeeding order. Hi, there, KFOX, don't let these other stations take your old record lead away from you!

Of course WLW at Cincinnati is getting a lot of attention. A lady in Delaware writes: "There is only one station in Ohio, so why nominate four? I just put the dial on WLW and leave it there." Naturally there are any number of other Buckeye folk who will feel inclined to start an argument with the lady in this Methodist college town. But let them name their favorites—and then VOTE.

An interesting letter comes from Arkansas where KTHS has been put in nomination from Hot Springs. We have not heard a great deal from KTHS for some time. How about it, you Arkansas boosters?

You probably know all about this contest now. See those two blanks down at the bottom of the page? Fill them out and send them to the Contest Editor of RADIO DIGEST. Send the nomination blank first. You are to vote for the four best stations in your own state. This is to give everybody a chance to win one of the beautiful medallions from design shown in the center of the page. There will be four of these medallions awarded to the four stations standing highest in each state—and oh, what a cinch this will be for those who are in a state where there no more than four stations!

The rules and conditions of the contest are set forth on page 114. Read them and see how you can earn extra bonus votes by sending in a series of ballots as they come successively in each issue of RADIO DIGEST until the contest closes in April.

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state).....

First (call letters).....*City*.....
Second (call letters).....*City*.....
Third (call letters).....*City*.....
Fourth (call letters).....*City*.....
Signed.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....

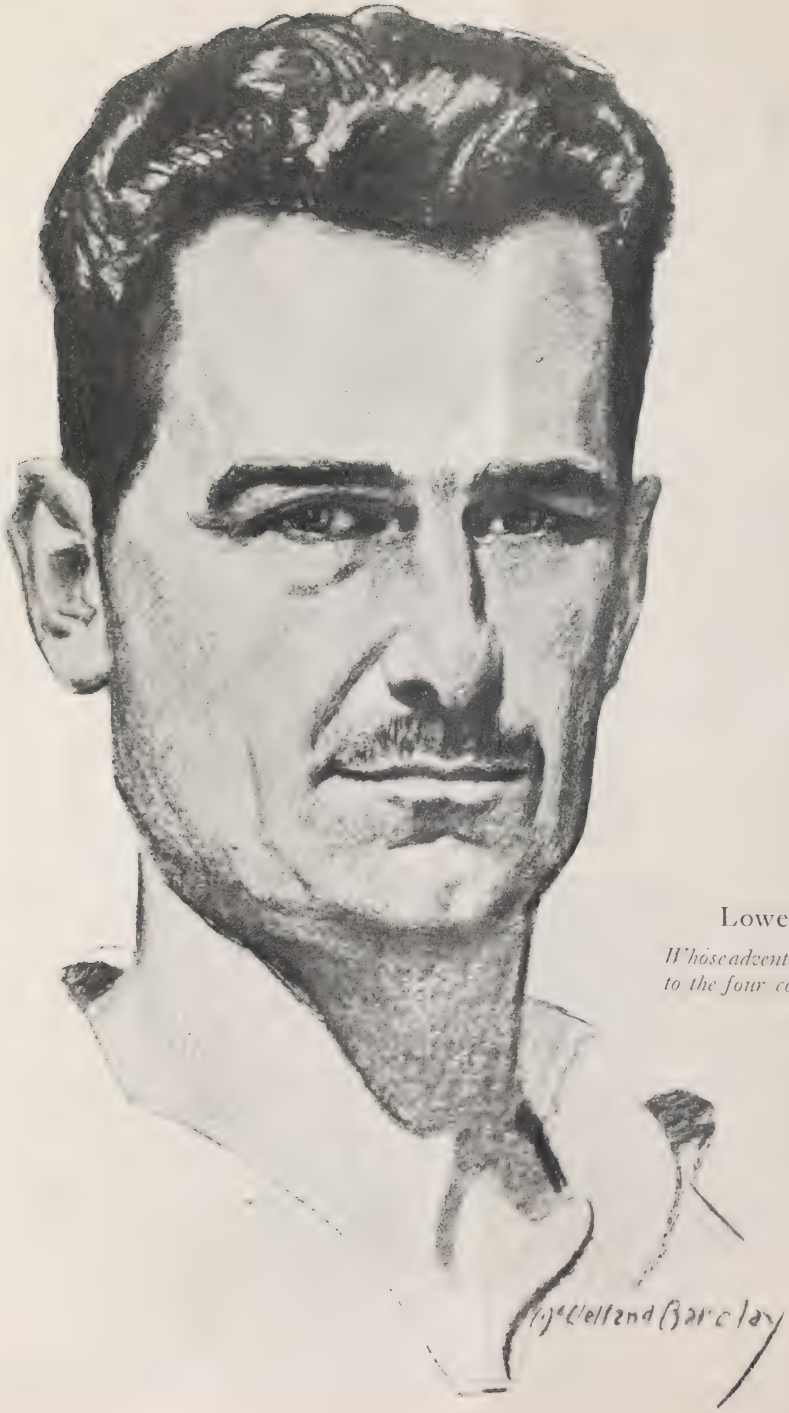
Number **3**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters).....*City*.....
Second (call letters).....*City*.....
Third (call letters).....*City*.....
Fourth (call letters).....*City*.....
Signed.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....



Lowell Thomas

Whose adventures have taken him to the four corners of the world

Lowell Thomas

Adventurer—Explorer—Writer —Friend of Kings and Beggars—Radio's Newest Voice

By Nelson S. Hesse

WHEN executives of The Literary Digest started a search for their new Radio voice they sought a man th a thorough knowledge of the world d its affairs, one who had traveled and udied, one with an alert and informed nd, a man who could discuss intelli- ntly and impartially any topic. The nt led them to a 200-acre farm in atchess County, New York, where they und Lowell Thomas, author, explorer d adventurer. They went no further.

Lowell Thomas might well be called e embodiment of all the primary requi- es of a perfect broadcaster and inter- eter of news events. His life has been plete with action and adventure. An nquenchable thirst for travel has carried m to the the far corners of the globe here he has seen history in the making id has helped make it.

Who's Who describes him as an author nd lecturer. Lowell Thomas prefers to e known as a traveling student or a ewspaperman who got some lucky breaks nd has some stories to tell. Were he iven to boasting, he might lay claim to everal titles, for he probably is the world hampion globe trotter and the first man o broadcast news events over both the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company network.

THE numerous occupations nd avocations of this man qualify him is a candidate for the honor of being Radio's most interesting and colorful per- sonality. Still in his thirties, Lowell Thomas has been a gold miner, cow puncher, football player, law student, reporter, editor, college professor, explorer of the Arctic, India, Malaya, Burmah and Central Asia; special pleni- potentiary to Europe during the World War, war correspondent, world traveler, author of sixteen books and a myriad of magazine and newspaper articles, histo- rian of the first around-the-world airplane flight and story-teller extraordinary.

He has been an intimate friend of Field Marshal Viscount Allenby, the mod- ern Richard Coeur de Lion; of Sultans, Prime Ministers and Kings; friend of Princely Emirs of the East; close com- panion of Lawrence, the mystery man of Arabia; confidant of Carl Liebknecht and "red" Rosa Luxemburg, the German Ni- hilists; acquaintance of princes and beg- gars of Jerusalem and Mecca, of London and Rome, of Paris and Singapore.

SO MUCH for the back- ground of the man who broadcasts "Top- ics in Brief—the news behind the news." How about the other requirements—a good voice and a magnetic and pleasing personality?

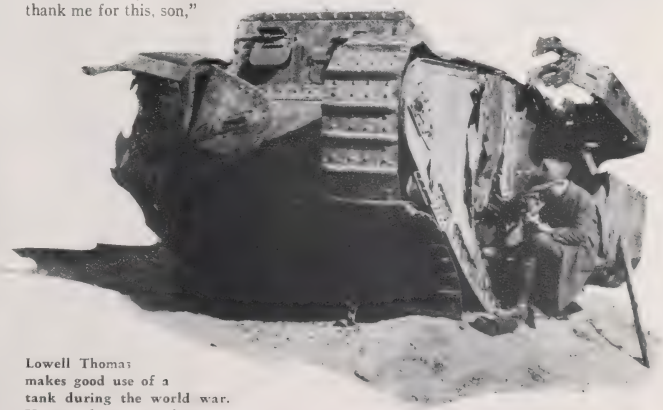
From the time he was a toddler of four, Lowell Thomas had to stand be- fore his father and spout poetry and prose. He had to learn to get his voice out of his nose and down where it be- longed, to breathe correctly, to gesture with elliptical grace.

"Some day you will thank me for this, son," the elder Thomas prophetically said.

Twenty years later this prediction came true. This voice—rich, pleasant, friendly and well-modulated—was acclaimed in the largest auditoriums of the principal cities of the English-speaking world. More than 4,000,000 people paid close to $1,000,000 to hear Lowell Thomas tell of his adventures.

Lowell Thomas has an extremely fine sense of modesty, a modesty that acknowledges his manifold accomplish- ments in a factual manner. He makes a profound impression upon you the min- ute you meet him. Inclined to be a bit shy at first, he opens up once you en- gage him in conversation and is alive to any subject you may introduce. His magnetic personality literally reaches out tentacles which grip and hold all who hear him talk.

IN APPEARANCE Lowell Thomas resembles a well-tailored business man. He seems neither tall nor short. Always erect, he walks with a determined business-like gait



Lowell Thomas makes good use of a tank during the world war. He served on many fronts





Africa, Nogales Bey, the Turkish general, Sir Hubert Wilkins and picturesque soldiers of fortune such as Tex O'Reilly and Fighting Dan Edwards have dropped in to talk over the past and present with their long-time friend, Lowell Thomas.

Since he embarked upon his latest adventure Thomas has received letters, telegrams and cables of congratulation from friends and acquaintances all over the world. Several of of them have dropped in unexpectedly while he has been broadcasting. While executives of the Columbia Broadcasting System were congratulating Thomas a few minutes after he had made his debut over CBS, a short, stout and deeply-tanned man was ushered into the audition room on the twentieth floor of the Columbia Broadcasting System Building, at 485 Madison avenue. General Rafael Nogales, it was, bitter enemy of the present government of Venezuela and stormy-petrel of Latin - American politics. He had just arrived in New York and immediatelysought out his old friend, Lowell Thom

Some interesting facts cropped up d ing the first few weeks that Thomas broadcasting. A timer stationed in studio of the Columbia Broadcasting S tem found that Thomas speaks betwe 3000 and 4000 words during a fifte minute broadcast, the equivalent of short magazine story or more than th columns of newspaper print.

IN HIS new role as a broa caster of news events Lowell Thom becomes a voice speaking in the dar Curiously enough he nearly always h been just that, because he used pictur to illustrate his adventure tales. On again his physical appearance is hidde from the public.

It is difficult to believe that the lif of one man could be so crowded with ac venture, romance and action. It is equall difficult to condense the story of hi thirty-eight years into a few paragraph

Romance nurtured Lowell Thomas al most from the day of his birth. Son o a surgeon infected with wanderlust, h spent his early years in travel while hi family moved westward from Ohio in th gold migration that came a few years after the "Pike's Peak or Bust" move ment. Reaching the heart of the mining district, the Thomas family settled in Cripple Creek, Colo., and there Lowell Thomas lived for ten years in the crater of an extinct volcano some 10,000 feet above sea level.

that has carried him swiftly over jungle trails. Kindly but keen blue eyes greet you beneath his shock of long, wavy hair.

There you have the reasons why he was selected from more than a score of candidates for the new Radio "Voice".

When the call of Radio beckoned him, Lowell Thomas was on his farm near Pawling, N. Y., dividing his time between caring for his thirty cows and preparing his seventeenth book. Now he spends six days of each week in New York City. On the seventh day he and his wife, the former Frances Ryan, of Denver, return to their farm, which has become a rendezvous for explorers, adventurers and men high in affairs of this and other nations. Prince William of Sweden, Count Luckner, Major Dugmore from



Above: Mr. Thomas in a new role

Center: With T. E. Lawrence, uncrowned king of Arabia, in the desert

Right: A friendly chat with the Sultan of Perak

the age of eight young Thomas
ed with tough hombres from Mexico
he Klondike, from Africa and Aus-
carried ore samples from miner to
er, and got the lust for romance into
lood by listening to a thousand tales
ugh-and-ready adventure. Gunmen,
lers, miners, cowboys and prospect-
from the four corners of the earth
the daily companions of his youth.
lidn't have to read dime novels for
ement; in the Cripple Creek riots
een men were shot down before his

IMBUED with a desire for
od education, Lowell Thomas went to
thern Indiana University, the Uni-
ity of Denver, Princeton and Chicago
t College of Law in quest of it. At
early age of twenty-four he had five
rees to his credit, had been an assist-
professor of geology, an instructor of
lish and a professor of oratory, and
equipped and led two private ex-
itions into the Arctic.
t various times Thomas has
n on the staff of more than a
en large metropolitan news-
ers. In order to pay his
y through law school
obtained a position as
eporter on a Chicago
ly. There he broke
with a group that later was to become famous—Carl Sandburg, Ben Hecht, Harry Hansen and Mary Synon.

Thomas began giving talks on his experiences in Alaska and the Arctic. Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Interior, heard of his adventures and had him up to talk before the Smithsonian Institute. As a result of this talk Thomas was asked by Secretary Lane to resign from Princeton and lead a "See America First" movement. Thomas was to act as a sort of John the Baptist for the wonders of America, particularly of Alaska.

Then came the war, and, as Secretary Lane put it, "a poor time to be telling about the glories of nature." Secretary Lane decided that Thomas' trained eye and tongue could be put to still better uses. At the request of Secretary Lane and President Wilson, Thomas left Princeton and headed a civilian mission to Europe to prepare quickly a historical record of the World War. He was still in his early twenties.



Headed two expeditions into the Arctic



Helps make history with General Allenby in Palestine: Left: Famous war correspondent's camp in Palestine

In the words of Lord Northcliffe, Lowell Thomas saw more of the World War than any other man. He was attached in turn to the Belgian, French, Italian, Serbian, American, British and Arabian armies. While in Venice he heard of the appointment of Allenby to command the Allied forces in the Near East. He communicated with the British War Office, and they obligingly sent along a vessel to take Thomas and Harry Chase, his photographer, to Cairo. There he and Chase hopped aboard a plane and, as Thomas has said several thousand times, made in forty minutes a journey that had taken the Children of Israel forty years.

He stayed with Allenby's army many months as official historian of the epochal events developed by the Allied forces. He had the good fortune to be the only American observer who saw Allenby—the modern Crusader—drive the flaming Crescent from the horizon forever. These spectacular events in the Holy Land were recorded by Thomas for future generations through the lens of a motion picture camera.

Throughout the country he kept hearing rumors of strange happenings to the south, in the Arabian Desert, where a mythical British officer had united the hostile Arab tribes and was leading them in a fierce Holy War against the Turks.

(*Continued on page 128*)

Baby Brings



THIS yarn should really be called *Baby Brings Home the Caviar.* Bacon? Much too prosaic—and inexpensive. Like reversing the old saw, and craving beer with a champagne pocketbook.

For this is the story of several Radio kiddies whose incomes are more than ten thousand dollars a year. Nearly all are the children of foreign born parents whose fathers are incapable of earning more than $35 a week.

At the top of the list is a five year old tenement child whose income will be more than $100,000 a year. $100,000 worth of boop-boop-a-doop!

Perhaps you've heard Baby Rose Marie, crooning, coon-shouting Radio child prodigy. Or seen her in vaudeville or the "talkies" and marvelled at her. Then, her story and a look into her home might be of interest to you.

THE writer first saw her in vaudeville at the age of three and a half. Rose Marie came out wrapped in a smart little coat—did her number in a hard-boiled, astonishingly coarse shout, calmly and professionally removed the coat, hung it up and did two more numbers. When she finished she bowed her way off with the air of a young lady who had been boop-a-dooping for twenty years.

The house was quiet for a second afterward. Then there was very little applause. A strange man turned in his seat and remarked as though talking to himself:

"Gosh, I'll be darned if I know whether to laugh or cry!"

She was clever. But, from the stage there was none of the child about her. She left you with sort of an aching belief that something had been taken from her. A year and a half later I met her and came to know the real Baby Rose Marie.

It was an interview arranged by the National Broadcasting Company, who have her under contract. She came with her father. It was summer and she was dressed in a filmy, stagey dress with her black hair sleeked down and her dark brown eyes sparkling with mischief.

For a little while her father stood close by and answered most of the staid questions that usually go to make up an interview. Then someone came in and he went over in a corner to talk with them.

Rose Marie leaned over suddenly and put her elbows on my knees. For a full minute she played with a necklace of bright beads and tried to make up her mind whether she was among friends. Suddenly she grinned and climbed on my lap.

"Ah, ain't this the old apple sauce!"

"What's apple sauce?"

"Ah, you know," she shook her hea knowingly, "all these things I'm suppose to say."

Deciding to let the young lady conduc her own interview after that I cuddle her comfortably and, casting a sly loo at her father she began in a low stag whisper:

"DO you know where live? I live 'way over on the East Side—you know where the tenement houses ar at 616 East 17th Street. Right across from a big city ash dump and I bet play with a hundred kids ever' day. You

HOME *the* *Bacon*

By

Alma Sioux Scarberry

A Five Year Old Earns $100,000 a Year! And a Ten Year Old is in the $10,000 Income Class! How do they do it?

The Secret's Out in This... a Story about the Home Life of the "Millionaire Kids"... "Baby Rose Marie", "Little Jane" (Muriel Harbater), and Winifred Toomey, young actress.



Baby Rose Marie and her family still live in the poor downtown district of New York. She entertains the kids on her block and gives them gifts and toys.

ughta see 'em. I don't think they ever ash. And they are ever' nationality in ie world.

"Know what I am? My name ain't ose Marie Curley. It's Mazetta. They ty Curley cause it don't sound like a oreigner. My pop is Italian and my om Polish. She worked in a restaurant. op drove a truck once—but he don't no ore 'cause I keep 'em so busy looking fter me. I mean he manages my affairs."

This precocious child mixing big words with childish philosophy went on naively:

"We live in a awful dump—you know a reg'lar tenement, right where I was born. But, it's swell inside. All modern. We got a piano, victrola, Radio, pretty curtains and flowers and swell stuffed furniture. Grandma—mom's ma, lives with us and she don't even speak English. Ain't that funny?

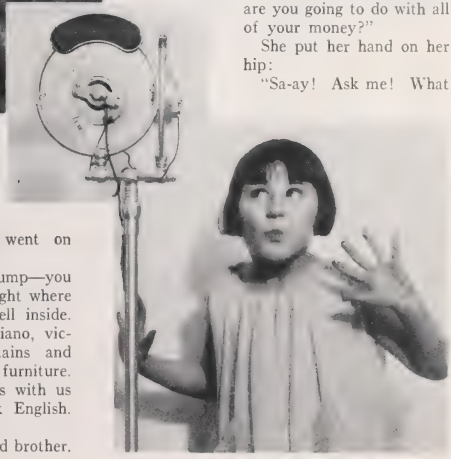
"You ought to see my kid brother. He is ten months old and—don't you think I'm lyin'—but, he can sing a jazz song. Not the words. But, I hum and he sings with me and shakes his shoulders. You'd die! He won't do it for nobody else but me. I guess he'll be in my act when he's about two if the kid's society will let him. The old meddlers! Always stickin' their nose in our business. His name is Frank, junior."

A little later when she paused for breath we asked:

"And Rose Marie, what are you going to do with all of your money?"

She put her hand on her hip:

"Sa-ay! Ask me! What





Winifred Toomey, unaffected, leaves all her "dramatics" at the studio.

would a woman do with her money? Spend it on duds, of course. I got about forty-eight dresses."

"Why not buy an airplane?"

Rose Marie looked astonished.

"Get me up in one of them old crates. Not while I'm right in the bean. I got to live and make lots of money."

She went on again in her husky little voice:

"I can't read or write. But, I'm pretty smart. A big professor from Columbia University asked me a lot of questions once and when he got through he told 'em I was a most unusual kid and that I had brains. I can just print my name. I learned how to spell it from the electric lights at the theatre. Honest I did."

Here she proceeded to hunt pencil and paper and laboriously prove her point.

"See! Not so bad—not so good. Give me time. I just went to school one day. Mom fixed me up swell—but I had a awful time. I had a nice clean dress on and white shoes. And they made us get in a funny line and there was a nasty boy behind me and I guess it worried him because I was the only kid at kindergarten that had clean shoes. Cause he reached over and rubbed dirt on 'em. Imagine! I went home and I says to mom that them eggs ain't civilized and I guessed I'd stay at home. She agreed and I ain't been back since."

SHE paused once for breath and inquired earnestly:

"Anything else you'd like to know?"

Then without waiting for an answer she went on jabbering:

"Oh, dear me, Susie! I forgot one of the most important things they always make me tell. I know more than eighty songs. Jazz and ballads. All the words and the music. I never forget once I've learned a number. You know how I was discovered, don't you?

"Pop come in one day when I was two and I was standing in the middle of the floor singing like Sophie Tucker. He nearly passed out and called Mom and she played the piano for me and they said they guessed they wouldn't have much to worry about if they could get me booked on the stage. Well, they did. Here I am.

"Now I don't want you to think I'm braggin' like a ham actor does but, you know, I was only nine months old when I talked. When I was thirteen months old I carried on a reg'lar conversation. And I won an amateur stage prize when I was two."

A little later she sighed, weary of h monologue:

"Oh, don't ask me how I got this wa Don't ask me!"

Let no one think Baby Rose Mari monologue has been elaborated upon. a matter of fact—it is impossible to it justice. At times she broke into so and made wise cracks that would sou so blasé and impossible in a kiddie of h age that, lest we be accused of having wild imagination, they have been elim nated.

And, with it all, she is a sweet bab Not a hardboiled little grown-up bab but a cuddly, affectionate child when sl isn't "putting on an act" for the bene of her "public". Like most stage chi dren she puts on her act at the slighte provocation and any willing listener is h public.

But, later at her tenement home—whic by the way is in one of the wor sections of its kind in town—we foun her playing in the street, the idol of he block. She had several toy animals be side her and a crowd of youngsters tha made it look like the setting for a tene ment movie.

Rose Marie is the queen of the block For doesn't her own shiny car sit in fron of the door? And hasn't she alway plenty of money to treat the other kid to ice cream and lollypops? She is generous little one—and is unhappy unles she shares with the other boys and girl who aren't fortunate enough to be Radi headliners.

Often she stands on the back of he car and puts on a show for them. It i an amazing sight . . . dozens of kiddie in the street and women of every nation ality, shawl-draped heads shaking approv ingly from the windows, keeping time t her boop-boop-a-doop!

At present the Mazetta's are on the way to Hollywood where Rose Marie will play in Victor Herbert's *Babes In Toyland*. She has been touring in vaudeville several weeks en route. "They say" her salary is $1,000 a week—and that with her Radio and movie salary she will bring into the Mazetta coffers well over $100,000 this year.

It will be interesting to watch the Mazetta's climb to fame and fortune on the shoulders of their first born. They have made no attempt so far to improve their living conditions, even though Rose Marie's income for a long time would have permitted them to move almost anywhere in New York they might care to live. They seem to be perfectly happy among their old friends in their foreign tenement setting.

SUCH a contrast to the amazing little Rose Marie is that most precious of Radio children, Little Jane of *Jolly Bill* (Steinke) *and Little Jane*.

Her name is Muriel Harbater. She is the daughter of a plumber and lives at 1927 University Avenue, the Bronx, New

ars of age and her income is somewhere ound $10,000 a year.

Jane's father has not retired as a great ny of the Radio children's fathers ve. He lets the mother manage and k after Jane while he tends to his mbing. But, through the little bread nner the Harbater's live in a nice five om apartment and keep a maid to make re Jane has the proper meals, and that erything moves in clock work fashion r her welfare.

What would you think if you had a ild like this?

Jane awakens at 5 o'clock sharp in the orning. Without the aid of an alarm ock. She rubs the sleep out of her eyes d bounding out of bed goes in and akes her sleepy father and mother.

"Get up, lazy bones! It is time for e to go to work."

Then there is breakfast. A well balnced breakfast of orange juice, toast, nd always a malted milk. Jane has ree "malteds" a day. Her little legs e solid as healthy little legs should be nd her cheeks are brown from swimming . the beach or rolling on the Fordham niversity campus near home. She is an xpert swimmer—and loves to fish and ait her own hook.

After breakfast there is a long hour's de on the subway—and at 7:45 Jane eets *Jolly Bill* Steinke at NBC and they ut on their first broadcast. At 8:45 ney put the same one on again. She arns two new song numbers every day nd reads her dialogue like a veteran.

Jane owes her sweetness and childish harm not only to her mother's care and he fact that there has been a constant ffort made to keep her away from the dea that she is more clever than any ther child, but also to Bill Steinke, with whom she has done their program for wo years.

He is "Uncle Bill" to her. A jolly Allentown, Pa., newspaper cartoonist who dores children and broadcasts for them because he loves them. Bill writes the continuity and directs little Jane. He makes it all a game. When he wants her o giggle he tickles her in the ribs and she rocks with laughter.

THEIR morning program (it used to be evening) is perhaps the most popular child program on the air, and Little Jane is beloved all over the United States.

She was "discovered" by her mother who explained:

"Muriel took part in school programs and I found she had unusual talent. I didn't like to see it go to waste. I didn't like the idea of the stage and I was happy when I took her to NBC and Mr. Steinke saw possibilities in her and gave her a chance in his program.

"It isn't like a professional life at all. There is no applause to spoil the children and we don't allow people to fuss over her in the studio. She takes it all just as a funny morning game to be played with Uncle Bill before she goes to school."

Jane goes to Public School No. 26. She made one vaudeville appearance and "hated it," she said. When asked what she was going to do when she grew up Jane said:

"Oh, always a Radio girl. I couldn't give that up."

And as for spending her money:

"Oh, we put it in the bank and in insurance. All but my clothes and whatever we need for bare expenses. We don't waste it. That wouldn't be right. Would it?"

LITTLE Jane is Russian. Her hair is light brown and her eyes a gray-blue. She will be quite a pretty young lady. She is stocky and healthy as a frisky, cunning little colt.

Nearly all of the Radio child celebrities have been discovered and brought out by Madge Tucker, *The Lady Next Door.* You no doubt know who she is. More about her later. Among her finds is Winifred Toomey.



***Jolly Bill's* partner, Little *Jane,* is Muriel Harbater . . . sweet and unspoiled.**

This little Irish colleen is as refreshingly childish and unaffected as Little Jane. And she has twenty-eight blonde curls. Count 'em! Because Winifred is not permitted to make vaudeville appearances and such, she is still on the $5,000 a year list.

Winifred's father is a clerk in Wall Street. They live at 636—57th Street, Brooklyn, in the winter and spend their summers at Rockaway Point, where Winifred walks away with all of the swimming medals for miles around.

There are two sisters. Mary, sixteen, is red-headed and in High School. Kathryn is 15 and in the Eighth grade. Let Winifred tell it:

"We live in a big brick double house and I have a nice big yard to play in. That's what makes me so healthy. That and the swimming. It's funny, I know, but my two sisters haven't a speck of dramatic talent. They don't even care for it. I've been on the air with Miss Tucker since I was four. I'm ten now.

"I've been in the movies too. I'm crazy about pictures. But, being on the air four times a week—often more than that, keeps me pretty busy. I go to professional school at 1860 Broadway. Did I tell you we have five rooms and a bath at home! Well, I meant to."

Winifred is an expert at being interviewed. She goes on without much prompting, wrinkling her brow and wondering just what might be of interest. When she paused we inquired:

(*Continued on page 120*)

Thrilling Chase *an*

Million

Radio



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Government raiders jump into criminals' place at sending end of set seized at Coney Island, September 26th, and flash fake messages to rum ships.

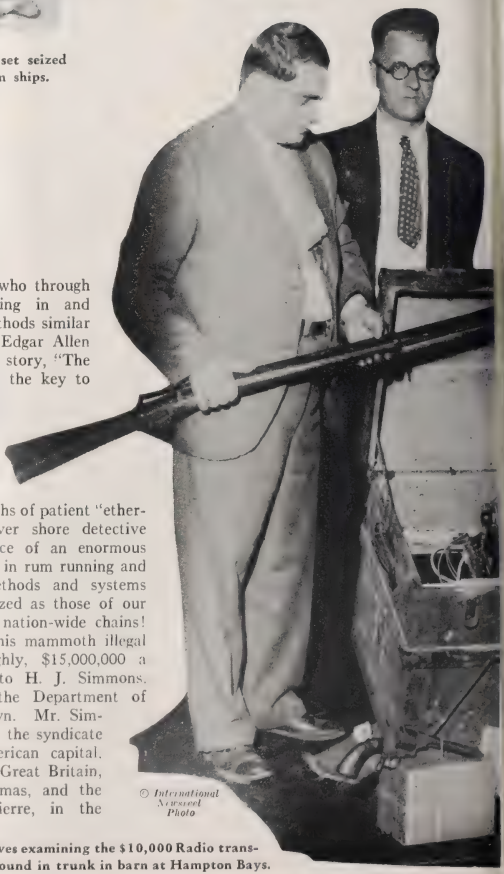
By JANET A. DUBLON

FAR out at sea, beyond the twelve mile limit, a powerful boat moves at half speed. In its Radio operator's cabin sits an expert wireless man, busy taking down a message; tap-tappit—the familiar dot—dash—system of the Morse code, but to the uninitiated the pages of letters look like a jumble of unpronounceable words. At the Radio operator's side stands the captain, who snatches the sheets of paper as the message comes over. He understands this queer code, and translates the message into English. "Proceed to point ten miles south of Fire Island and contact boat M. Load with 578 cases of assorted liquors. Boat leaving now. Shore Headquarters."

This is the scene which the federal agents whom I interviewed described to me. How were they able to visualize that scene? They were certainly not on the spot in the cabin of the rum runner. Of course not . . . but they were in a much more strategic position. They were ensconsed in their secret Radio receiving station, listening in on messages sent over the short wave used by the Radio Rum ring in broadcasting instructions from its shore stations to ships beyond the twelve mile limits.

The message given here is actually verbatim, just as it was decoded by the government men, who through months of listening in and deciphering by methods similar to those used by Edgar Allen Poe in his famous story, "The Gold Bug," found the key to the secret language used by the rum syndicate.

This is what they discovered through their months of patient "ether-tapping" and clever shore detective work—the existence of an enormous syndicate, engaged in rum running and selling, whose methods and systems are as well organized as those of our largest trusts and nation-wide chains! The business of this mammoth illegal network is "roughly, $15,000,000 a year," according to H. J. Simmons, chief agent for the Department of Justice in Brooklyn. Mr. Simmons told me that the syndicate is owned by American capital, and has agents in Great Britain, France, the Bahamas, and the island of St. Pierre, in the



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Government detectives examining the $10,000 Radio transmitting apparatus found in trunk in barn at Hampton Bays.

Capture *of* Great Dollar Rum Ring



Rum ship "I'm Alone," whose sinking caused ructions between U. S. and Canada. Note aerial of Radio transmitter.

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Note naval sextant used to locate position of rum ships on maps used by wireless operators.

Enormous Liquor Syndicate Seized By Government Agents—Radio Used To Flash Instructions To Rum Row

French West Indies. In addition, receiving stations are maintained on lonely spots of the Atlantic Coast, from Maine to Delaware.

Why, if the Federal Government knows of the existence of this syndicate and knows the very men who buy its liquor on foreign shores, are not its operations squelched? Because of the ramifications of international law. Boats loading liquor on foreign soil cannot be prevented from so doing. If they take up positions beyond the twelve mile limit, the coast guard cutters cannot search or molest them in any way. Even if small super-speedy power launches meet the ocean steamers and proceed to transfer liquor to their own holds, under the eyes of a coast guard steamer, they cannot be held, under any of the existing treaties.

The rum ring's landing points on the coast are many, and their locations are being changed daily. Let the law discover the location of one, and it will disappear into thin air. To the ship and shore headquarters, the landing points are known simply by a number. Here is another ship-shore Radio conversation:

Ship—"Boat M sighted."

Shore—"Is the law in sight?"

Ship—"No. Boat M arrived. Proceeding with loading."

Shore—"Load and instruct M to proceed to Landing 10."

Ship—"O.K. M following instructions."

LANDING 10 may be located in a deserted stretch of beach in New Jersey, or it may be hidden in a rocky Maine cove. Of course, Federal agents could trace the whereabouts of the big steamer by their Radio compass, but

by the time a Coast Guard boat arrived to follow the small launch to its destination, it would be lost in the trackless ocean.

Despite all these handicaps, five of the many "contact boats" maintained by the syndicate were captured by the Department of Justice in the month of September. More important still, was the dramatic raid upon and seizure of the syndicate's key Radio station.

The story of this discovery and capture is a thrilling one. Early last June, Radio inspectors who comb the air day and night for illegal operators, found a broadcaster operating on a short wave length, who seemed to work with more regularity than the ordinary unlicensed operators. He had certain specific hours for going on the air, one of them being 4:20 o'clock in the afternoon.

FOR months Radio inspectors copied down the messages as they heard them. At first the ship to shore conversations looked like a meaningless jumble of letters and figures. But with an increasing mass of material to work with, Department of Justice code experts finally succeeded in finding the key to the cipher.

The station could have been located immediately and put out of commission. But that was not the plan of the astute government operators. By listening in on the conversations and tracking boats to their landing places, more could be accomplished. Many of the seizures made during the months from June to September were the result of information gained in this way. The *Nova II*, seized on September 20th, with 300 cases of liquor, was one of the boats which Mr. Simmons named as having been captured by this means. John Davis, its mate, also known as Captain McCloud, was recognized by federal agents, since he was out on $10,000 bail at the time of his arrest.

After making several captures of rum boats, federal agents decided to pounce upon the Radio station before its operators could become suspicious. The location of the transmitter was known to be somewhere in Brooklyn, because the signals were picked up strongest by Radio inspectors located in that vicinity. But where? Here is the point at which that interesting instrument, the Radio compass, was brought into play.

The Radio compass was originally designed to be of aid to ships at sea. Without going into technicalities, a simple explanation can be given. A ship or land Radio station broadcasting can be likened to a stick floating in a pond, sending out ever widening circles. A bearing can be taken by a listener from a point on one of those circles which will give the compass operator a straight line upon which he knows the Radio station must be located. Another bearing taken from a different point will give another straight line. The point on the map where the two lines converge gives the location of the ship at sea asking for its bearing, or in this case, of the Radio rum station sending out illegal signals. Of course the location of the station was not so simple as this would indicate, because air conditions and other difficulties would pop up during the brief periods in which Department of Justice agents had to work.

However, all indications seemed to point, finally, to the Coney Island section of Brooklyn as the headquarters of the Radio rum station. But Coney Island is a large area. Besides its broad boardwalk with throngs of people patronizing hot dog vendors, pop-corn sellers, shooting galleries and all sorts of amusement concessions; besides famous Luna Park and Steeplechase, where dignified old-sters don overalls and "chute the chutes"; there are hundreds of streets with staid rows of brick and frame residences, each one differing from its neighbors only in minor details.

Where then, in this peaceful residential district, was the hiding place of the powerful Radio station, capable of sending messages to ships as far away as Scotland?

Agents soon found out. Picture them in their automobile, playing the role of a party of visitors to New York out to see the sights of Coney Island. They stop for a few moments in front of a hot dog stand and one alights to purchase "eats" for the crowd. In the meantime a hidden portable Radio compass is set to work, bearings are taken and marks made upon a large street map of Coney Island.

Then, perhaps they may stop at the waterfront to view the ocean. Strangers are no novelty to Coney Island, and the government agents may stop as often as they please, without attracting attention. They took then, sixty-seven bearings, and finally satisfied themselves that the signals were coming from a building located at 53 Avenue V.

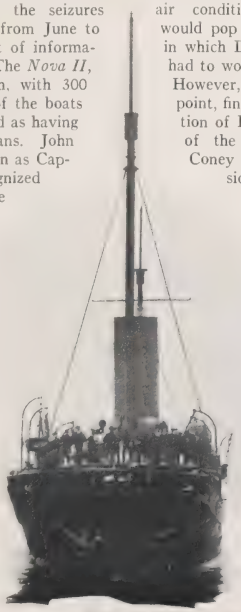
A GLANCE at the two-story brick building from across the street revealed that their Radio compass had done its work well. What appeared to the laymen's eye to be the aerial of an ordinary home receiving set, was in fact the antenna of a short-wave sending station of the Zeppelin type.

Friday afternoon, September 26th then, the trap was ready to spring. Two carloads of raiders arrived and parked their cars two blocks away from 53 Avenue V. In one of them sat a government Radio expert, with the headphones of a portable short-wave receiving set clamped to his ears. At 4.20 P. M. the station was due to go on the air. Nerves tense, the raiders sat awaiting the word from their Radio operator which would tell them that the rum ring operator was



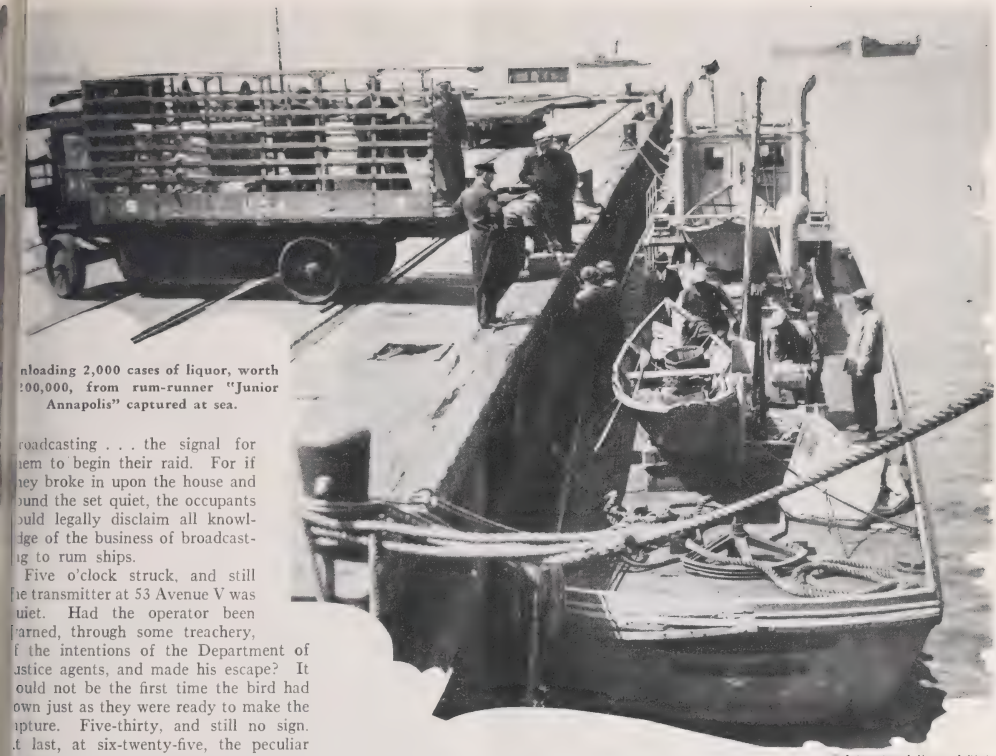
© International Newsreel P

Left to right: U. S. agent; Malcolm McMasters, wireless operat and Cecil Molyneaux, "Radio genius" of the Rum Ring.



© International Newsreel Photo

The "Istar" of Glasgow, largest ship of the rum fleet, anchored beyond twelve-mile limit.



nloading 2,000 cases of liquor, worth
:00,000, from rum-runner "Junior
Annapolis" captured at sea.

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roadcasting . . . the signal for
iem to begin their raid. For if
ney broke in upon the house and
ound the set quiet, the occupants
ould legally disclaim all knowl-
dge of the business of broadcast-
ig to rum ships.

Five o'clock struck, and still
he transmitter at 53 Avenue V was
uiet. Had the operator been
arned, through some treachery,
f the intentions of the Department of
ustice agents, and made his escape? It
ould not be the first time the bird had
own just as they were ready to make the
apture. Five-thirty, and still no sign.
t last, at six-twenty-five, the peculiar
gnals, recognizable because of a defect
n the transmitter, were heard.

THE raiders sped to the
ouse and closed off all exits. They en-
ered so silently and with such wariness
hat the Radio operator was caught seated
t his keyboard, tapping out a code mes-
age to the rum fleet. So quick was his
apture, that a United States Radio oper-
tor, familiar with the code, sat down in
he vacant seat and continued tapping out
ignals to the ships at sea, so that no
uspicion of the raid could arise.

The man seated at the keyboard was
Malcolm McMasters, a Canadian, who
was out on a bail bond of $30.000 in
connection with the government's pre-
vious capture of a similar Radio station
in Atlantic Highlands, N. J. Such is the
temerity of the hardened criminal—out
on bail, he commences unlawful opera-
tions almost immediately.

But McMasters was not the only bird
bagged. Another and much more im-
portant capture was made. Cecil Moly-
neaux, the chief Radio operator of the
rum syndicate, was caught in the act of
making repairs to the set. At 4:20 Mc-
Masters had discovered trouble and sent
in a telephone call to his chief. It was
6:25 before Molyneaux had gotten the
transmitter in working order, and hence
what the agents thought was an upset
in their plans, was an accident which
brought about the capture of the "Radio
Genius" of the rum ring.

McMasters and Molyneaux were ap-
proached from the rear. "Hands up!"
snapped a Federal officer. Both made a
wild dash for the front stairs, only to be
met by another party of raiders. Seeing
the hopelessness of escape, they sur-
rendered. McMasters gave his name as
Frank Baker, but Carlo M. Bernstein of
the Department of Justice recognized
him as the man he had arrested in the
previous Atlantic Highlands raid.

Molyneaux was also recognized as the
Radio operator of the "I'm Alone," the
Canadian vessel whose sinking by a
revenue cutter in the Gulf of Mexico in
1929, caused the transmission of tons and
tons of official correspondence between
Canada and the United States. During
all the excitement, the owner of the ves-
sel claimed that it was not being used as
a rum-runner. All indications seem to
point to the contrary now, although the
controversy has not been settled at this
writing.

Besides Molyneaux and McMasters,
the raiders seized the set, which they
declared was one of the most complete
to be found outside of those used by the
transatlantic wireless companies for com-
mercial transmission. Its value, con-
servatively estimated, was about $15,-
000—it included three complete 75-watt
short wave transmitters and three com-
plete receivers. Power was supplied by
a bank of storage batteries, numerous
dry cells, and by the electric light main.

Now that particular Radio station is
out of existence, but its operators are out
on bail. Will they go back once again
to the work which has caused their arrest
on two previous occasions? That re-
mains to be seen, and probably depends
upon the decision of the mysterious
financier in New York City who controls
the enormous syndicate, in its operations
from Maine to Florida.

WHO is this silent King
of the Radio rum ring? Who is responsi-
ble for the operation of over 100 unli-
censed stations which flash messages be-
tween the liquor racketeers' land head-
quarters and the rum fleet out at sea?
That is the question which Uncle Sam's
enforcement agents are asking. On one
occasion, before the Coney Island raid,
they thought they had the net spread so
tightly that not a minnow could escape,
but the big fish of the liquor ring swam
through.

Way back on October 17, 1929 the
biggest coup of all was attempted.

Thirty-five simultaneous raids were made throughout New York, New Jersey and Long Island. Over forty prisoners were taken.

The centre of the rum ring at that time was located in Highlands, N. J., where a powerful Radio station and a well-stocked arsenal were found.

The story of the capture made at that time, although it is now history, is just as interesting as the recent raid. The Radio compass narrowed the search down to the vicinity of Highlands, a seaside resort to which pleasure seekers from New York City come by the boatload. Disguised as a Radio repair man, Forest F. Redfern of the government service made observations and bearings and finally located a powerful Radio station in an innocent-appearing frame house.

Three stories high, this house had been the country estate of the Broadway impressario, Oscar Hammerstein, who unwittingly sold it to the rum syndicate. Among those arrested were Andrew Richards, Harold Lindauer, and Malcolm McMasters, who was later to be the guiding hand at the Coney Island Radio station. Important papers were discovered in the Hammerstein house . . . including bank books which showed deposits made by the syndicate in private banking houses and reputable Jersey trust companies, to the tune of a million dollars or more. A complete list of the henchmen of the gang was also found, and information which made the government agents believe they were on the track of the Big Guy himself.

NAMES were mentioned, but one after another the suspects were cleared. First George Remus, the emperor of the bootleg world who shocked the nation by slaying his wife was implicated. But he was eliminated.

The next nominee for King of the Radio Rum Ring was Al Capone, of Chicago, Florida and not so long ago, the Philadelphia Jail. Checks bearing his signature, but returned with a "Stop Payment" notation, were found among the papers of the rum syndicate. They amounted to $104,000! But Chicago lieutenants of this much-publicized gangster explained away his connection with the Atlantic Highlands gang. They said he had planned to tie up with the Eastern syndicate, but later changed his mind. Shrewd Al Capone! He must have received news of the approaching disaster.

Finally the government indicted three men, known as James Murphy, Al Lillien and William Lillien. None of the three were captured . . . for they escaped and allowed the under-dogs to bear the brunt of the blame. Daily government operatives promised news of them, but it is over a year since the Atlantic Highlands raid and they are still at large.

Whether they really were the controllers of this huge rum empire is open to doubt. Whoever the Rum King was,



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Hampton Bays house, where "trunk" set was found. Rum syndicate chose peaceful spots as hide-outs!

he went right to work to recoup his losses. A crippling blow had been dealt him. Dry agents, 130 strong, had fallen upon his warehouses, landing points, boats at sea, Radio station, arsenal, and loyal henchmen. Everything had been confiscated . . . except his huge hidden bank balances. With these as armament, he set to work to reenforce his broken system, and undoubtedly succeeded.

As his lieutenants were released on bail, he communicated with them and started them at work anew. A new code was devised for Radio signalling. New boats were purchased, and new landing places found.

Again the government agents were faced with the task of starting from the ground up and locating Radio stations. On July 19, 1930 four illegal Radio stations were seized, this time in Long Island's most fashionable watering places.

In Southampton, which has usurped Newport's place as society's bathing beach, right opposite the home of Colonel H. H. Rogers, a multi-millionaire, a gorgeous establishment was found. Butlers and cooks were being maintained i order to create the impression that th Radio station headquarters was a fash ionable home.

On the same day captures were mad in Quogue, Hampton Bays, and Matti tuck. All three towns, as well as South ampton, are far out near the tip of Lon Island, and therefore offered a strategi point for the maintenance of an espion age system on the Government rum chasers. From them instructions coul be sent to the rum fleet to despatc power launches to spots not watched b the government.

One of the government agents, wh asked that his identity be concealed, tol me of his exciting, but almost disap pointing adventure in the raid on th Hampton Bays headquarters. An ol mansion, known as the Horton Place, ha been located as the source of the Radi signals. The house was searched fro cellar to garret, and nothing more vil lainous looking than an ordinary house hold Radio receiver was found. Th searchers were just about ready to re tire, disgruntled, when a peculiar tickin noise was heard. It came from the Radi cabinet!

CLOSE inspection revealed that this table model, with two dials, was really the sending and receiving end of a powerful station. Wires leading into the house were traced to the barn, where a well-equipped transmitter was discovered, in a trunk! This gave government agent a clue to the many changes of location of the Radio rum station which they had noticed. Every time they thought they had this particular station located, the signals would come from a different spot. That was easy, when the station was a trunk!

Capture of the trunk set and the other three Long Island stations didn't put the ring out of business, however, and the federal agents knew it. Their vigilance was rewarded again on September 19, 1930, when they captured a full-fledged transmitting set in New Bedford, Mass. New Bedford was formerly the headquarters of the old whaling fleet . . . what a transition from the giant seamen of the old days to the skulking rum-runners of today!

Again, the latest and most important

(*Continued on page 120*)



© *International Newsreel Photo*

Greatest coast guard fleet ever assembled leaving New York on its never-ending picket duty against rum-runners.

Extra-Size

Christmas Stockings

Wanted by Radio Stars



Underwood & Underwood Photo

By Evans E. Plummer

DECEMBER is here—December, Christmas and Christmas giving! Once a year We-who-have-been-Disillusioned awake to a half-forgotten carol and go drooping down a tinseled lane to meet a little Child—a Child that lives only as a memory but once it was very real for it was You, or it was I. If you must—just take a look in the glass and see that little body you once had, shadowy against the radiant tree, or peering up the mysterious hole behind the mantel where your stocking hung.

THE tiny train, the box of blocks, the shiny horn, the skates, gameboard, gay picture book and those other curious packets all wrapped and labeled in figured paper—they are gone, departed like the little body that seems incredibly to have been You.

Still you must meet the Child at Christmas time—so why be sad? Except for some of us it would be much better that the Child should not come back. There was no hearth, no tree, no stockings and the Santa Claus so hopefully anticipated had failed . . . again. There was too much cold, too much hunger, too much disappointment, too much wishing that Santa Claus would hurry up and bring the body you expected to have when you grew up. Everything changes. Today is today.

Perhaps you are now interested in a more practical Santa Claus, and if you could have your wish—or suppose we say that a score of our better known Radio artists were to hang up their stockings today, and could have their wishes—what would they be asking for? I wanted to know—I thought you would too, so I asked them. And here is what they said:

Art Kassel, the lovable, reciting band leader of Chicago, heard in the Shell hour, built castles in the air a long time before he launched his *Kassels in the Air*. Most of this castle construction work was done from within the high iron fence of one of those drab places known as "orphan asylums" for want of a kindlier name. Yes, Santa got there, after a fashion, but it was not until Kassel was about ten years old that he found just what he wanted in his stocking—a shiny, regulation brass horn and an invitation to play in the boys' band of the institution.

The horn, which has become a clarinet and saxophone since, mapped Art's scintillating destiny. Perhaps that is why he simply answered, "Just let me keep my orchestra and use the microphone now and then, and I'll be content." when asked what he wanted for Christmas. His most usual or rarest gift from a fan during the year? The sympathetic heart strings of a grown-up orphan resonate in his answer:

"There's an invalid down in Somerset, Ky. Her name—if you think she wouldn't mind my telling—is Mrs. Eve Talbott. Her many letters to our band, so interestingly and cheerfully written, I value as my rarest gifts."

HAH—and Old Topper Ray Perkins, far from a tragic sort of figure, wise-cracks following Kassel (the two are together on the Shell bill, so why not here?), "I'd like to have a rabbit for my new silk hat, a microphone that can smile, tonsils like Ed Thorgerson's

and Alwyn Bach's pronunciation. As for what I have been sent this year, include in the oddities: 1. a lot of song lyrics (without music), 2. a lot of cocktail recipes (without ingredients), 3. poetry (free verse and very blank), 4. threats (dire), 5. every kind of bottle opener so far discovered, 6. an automatic harmonica, and 7. three sticks of tastyyeast.

"Sure I always get what I want for Christmas, because I'm such a good boy. At least my mamma, the blonde one, says I'm good, and she ought to know.

"My best Christmas is always the one ahead of me. But the most extraordinary one was in Hollywood last year. They make a sort of 'super-production' of it out there, with searchlights, paper snowstorms, parades, imported reindeer—all in a summer temperature. Furthermore it was the best Christmas I ever drank!"

AND here's what Helene Handin (who plays Anne in the *Pee-Wee and Windy* hour, and with Marcella Shields provides you with entertainment in the *Two Troupers* and the *Two Old Witches*) wouldn't mind getting in her sheer chiffon limb casing:

"1. Ten karat square cut diamond, 2. bonds of any amount—no stocks, 3. a small but well equipped yacht to cruise around Manhattan in the summer between broadcasts, 4. a Rolls Royce, but a flivver coupe would do, and 5. a ten-year contract with Marcella at about $5,000 (or more) a week.

"Among my treasured gifts of the year are a beautiful hand-made makeup box from a prisoner in a penitentiary, a box of home-made jams from a boy shut-in and his mother, several bottles of imported perfume, a hand wrought ring and the usual candy and flowers.

"Santy has been pretty good to me, but I'd have just as happy a Christmas if only I could be with one or more members of my widely separated family—my mother being a traveling lecturer and my sister located in Idaho. My most tragic yuletide? I was in my 'teens and studying music in Chicago—away from all my family and broke! To cap the climax I had quarrelled with my boy sweetheart."

Laughable Billy Jones and Ernie Hare refused to be funny about their demands from St. Nicholas. All they wish is 52 more programs of solid Radio booking with the Interwoven Stocking Company—sort of a stocking contract in the stocking, so to speak.

What has been sent them by listeners? Oh, a flock of oysters, jams, golf tees, neckties, candy and cake, the keys of three cities and jewelry.

"We always get what we expect," said Billy, "which is a sure thing, inasmuch as we expect nothing!"

Their most tragic Christmas, they say, is the one on which they have to work; the happiest, when at home with their families, and the most comical, when they spend Christmas with one another—which we'll all agree WOULD be.

Petite Jessica Dragonette of the golden coloratura soprano voice couldn't forget her career for one moment. No sir! She simply answered that what she wanted for Christmas was to sing *Goldilocks and the Three Bears* which she is dramatizing against Eric Coates' suite, *The Three Bears,* so that is what you may expect to hear in the Cities Service Concert of that week.

Gifts from fans? Many beautiful ones are in her collection, Jessica remarked. One in particular she admires, a tribute to her, *Solvejg's Song,* is a solid brass spinning wheel plated with gold—the kind our great grandmothers used—with the ball of flax and electric bulb. "The pedal moves and the wheel revolves," Miss Dragonette explained. Jessica refused to enumerate her past Christmases. She's so happy over the present and the future, that she really has no cause to complain of the past, she said. Now what do you suppose Godfrey Ludlow, NBC's beloved violinist and Elgin star, wants put in his stocking? Can't guess? Well, he simply wants and expects an offspring—due to arrive abo December 19—and when he told me t news he was presumptive enough to d clare "and *he* will *not* be a fiddler!"

Ludlow confesses that he has receiv from fans all sorts of trinkets to car around in his violin case, and all these see to possess certain voodooistic charms bring good fortune. The popular wield





of the bow replie that since his sta in America (he cam from Australia but i now an American citizen he had always receive what he wished for Christ mas, and he wants to thank hi fellow American citizens an Radio listeners for making thi dream come true.

But the breaks always weren't tha way for Godfrey. Here's his story o one Christmas that wasn't so good:

"Was to have been released from German prison camp just before Christ mas . . . Everything was settled an arranged. Then something happened, an I was trundled back to the camp and kep there for three more weeks right throug the holidays . . . Not so nice!"

And my flapper and slow tempo friends how about the Lombardos Consolidated: The Christmas list of Guy, Carmen an Lebert looks like this:

Guy wants (1) to sleep all day, (2) a tip on Wall Street, (3) six more brother to put in his ten-piece band so as to mak it a family affair; Carmen asks (1) t bring his parents down from Canada t spend Christmas Day with him and hi brothers; Lebert wishes (1) a specia preparation for his lips to keep them fro getting chapped when playing his trumpet during the winter.

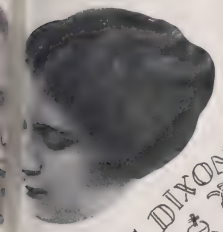
AND the Lombardo gift receiving clerk during the past year clicked off: Guy, a box of melted chocolates on the 4th of July, a crate of apples, and a





ss ash tray made of Robert Burns
natella cigar bands; Carmen, chocolate
lge galore, cigarettes, and a picture
r no reason at all) of a girl with a
ke draped around her shoulders; and
bert, a home talkie projector and a new
of golf clubs.

The Lombardo boys always have
eived just what they wanted for



MRS. DIXON



GUY LOMBARDO

hristmas, mainly
ecause of the phi-
sophy they've devel-
ped. "Never demand
or expect too much."
ey say, "and you'll never
e disappointed. Then all
hat is received on every Christ-
as is so much 'velvet'."

The dean of Victor Herbert conductors, Harold Sanford, expressed the wish of most Radio favorites when he said he'd appreciate the day off as his first request on his Christmas list.

"Outside of the day off for Christmas, which hasn't fallen to my lot for years, I'd like a good collection of pipes and tobacco. Of unusual gifts sent to me, the outstanding one is a fine black cat—intended by a superstition scoffer as a good luck offering—but which we were unable to keep.

"POSSIBLY the happiest Christmas I ever spent was the first one I was able to enjoy at home with my loved ones after a forced absence of many years. Not only was my family present but a collection of old friends who had come from many distant points for the occasion.

"Another I never shall forget was that of 1915 when the late Victor Herbert came to the theater to conduct the matinee and evening performances of *Princess Pat*. We *CELEBRATED* between matinee and evening, and again after the night performance."

Here, may I interpolate, it was possible to celebrate without going to jail in good old 1915.

Franklyn Baur's story of his happiest, and most tragic, Christmas almost made tears come to my eyes. I'll quote it in a minute, but before doing so, I wish to remark that if Baur were not a great singer, he'd undoubtedly be a popular writer or toastmaster.

For Christmas he asks "a manager who doesn't ask artists for 20% commission, a newspaper reporter who writes exactly what I tell him and laughs at my jokes, and an inventory of all hot dog stand owners who play their Radios for the entertainment of their patrons—and the names of their favorite artists."

"On one early June program," Baur replied when asked what queer gifts he had been sent, "I sang, *Only a Rose*. Two weeks later a farmer sent me a package which when opened revealed a large onion. An attached card read, 'Dear Mr. Baur: You opened the rose season for the florists. How about onion time for the farmers?—Only an Onion'.

"Yes, yes, very romantic, don't you think? So I went downstairs to the kitchen, sliced the onion, and ate it on a hamburger."

Now comes the tale of a happy, yet tragic, Yuletide which Baur spent not so long ago. The tenor continued.

"I remember well one Christmas Eve, after my performance in the *Ziegfeld Follies*. I had decided to walk a bit to relieve my nostrils of the odor of grease paint. The sky, with its bright and wondrous stars reminded me of pictures of the three wise men seeking the new and bright star of Bethlehem.

"I had walked but a few squares when a blonde-haired, blue-eyed lad about ten years of age approached me. 'Five cents, Mister,' he said as he held out his last magazine. The lad interested me. He had a sweet little voice—one which you would hardly expect in a boy shouting 'Magazines for sale.'

"'What are you going to do with the money that you collect on these magazines, Sonny?' I asked. The little lad gazed at me with his sparkling blue eyes and replied, 'I'm going to buy my little sister Mary a doll for Christmas. You see, Mister, she believes in Santa Claus.'

"Well, Tommy, for that was his name, and I decided to walk together to the corner toy store to select a doll for Mary. As we entered the store there was a glistening bicycle standing in a rack near the door. Tommy reached over, gave the horn on the 'bike' a toot, and said, 'That's swell! Some day I'm gonna have one just like it. There's the doll counter, Sir. See the one with the pink dress? She'd like that one, I know, because it cries and closes its eyes!'

"AFTER Tommy had bargained (quite capably, too) with the doll salesman, we turned about to give Tommy one more look at that bicycle. He sighed as he held the doll more securely in his arms.

"'Tommy,' I said, 'can you ride a bicycle like that?' He shrugged his shoulders manfully as he replied, 'Can I? I'll say I can!'

"'It's yours, Tommy,' I said. With a lingering look of doubt in his blue eyes, Tommy threw a leg over the 'bike,' and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said, 'Gee, now I know why Mary believes in Santa Claus.'"

That, Baur remarks, was the most tragic, yet happy, Christmas he ever spent. And now, to his contralto sidekick in the missing Firestone hour, Vaughn De Leath, who is spending a few months leave of absence from 711 Fifth Avenue, New York, at WTAM, now under lease to NBC. Vaughn's quite a country home hobbyist as you will see. But first, her list. Nothing is lacking in variety. A .22 calibre rifle, square cut diamond, motorboat, new car, new room on her house, the *Hitching Post*, an annuity, and to make others happy by playing Santa, complete her desires. During the year her plunder has been varied and peculiar. Someone even shipped her a baby



BERNADINE HAYES



HAROLD SANFORD

alligator! Other gifts include maple sugar and syrup, five birthday cakes, iron and copper cooking utensils for her colonial house, three dolls, a toy dog, and to top them all, a live turkey that she just couldn't kill and eat, so had to send to her country place.

Among Vaughn's sad December 25th memories, cooking plays the villain. Once she tried to cook a Christmas dinner in a hotel room on a one-burner electric grill. The rosy cranberries toppled off and took to rolling all over the floor.

Another Yuletide, "Not so long ago either," she says, "we thought it would be a lark to go out to our log cabin—built for summer weather. After unloading hampers full of food and other supplies, we built a fire in the cheery fireplace (no stove in there), ate a picnic lunch and went to bed to await Santa. The thermometer kept falling until I thought it would crash. We shivered through the night and at dawn pried off the frozen blankets. Mr. Turkey was cooked as a stew in an iron pot in the fireplace while we danced around, not for joy, but to keep warm. But, oh boy! That Turkey stew was delicious, even if the wind did blow down the chimney and make us choke and cry from smoke in our eyes!"

Over at the Columbia building there's a chap by the name of David Ross, a CBS announcer. Know him? You'll know him better after our little interview. Ross asked for two things to be put in his stocking: "a stocking full of Vitamin Z, the peace-inducing vitamin—and a little more humility on the part of the Radio loud speaker."

Unusual gifts sent him by fans include crushed roses and a regular weekly letter of about sixteen pages from a male lunatic. Ross added, that he'd like to take this opportunity of thanking his Radio friends for their many delightful letters. Did he always get what he wanted for Christmas? Yes, indeed. Twice, he says. A radiant daughter born to his wife in June and a son on whose birthday George Washington was born.

"My PAST Christmases have been even-tempered," said Announcer Ross, "a sort of golden, or better still, a gold-plated mean." There you are—just as I promised—David Ross' poetic soul would break out and express itself!

In Chicago at WENR, a pretty good station for its mere 50,000 watts, you've no doubt heard *Mike and Herman*. What do Mike (Arthur Wellington) and Herman (Jimmie Murray) expect to find in the old sock? Living up to their names as air comedians, they are hoping for "a juicy network contract, razor blades (new), a cork screw and the bottles to go with it, a folding peewee golf course, two life World Series passes, ideas for sketches, a date with the Hollywood bathing beauties and cameras, and the rest of the space filled up with oranges, apples, raisins and *NUTS*."

High in the list of peculiar gifts Mike and Herman have received from fans are a pair of 40-year-old suspenders and a second-hand revolver. The antique galluses, made of plush, were sent to Herman Shultzmeyer by the widow of the gentle-



Vaughn de Leath doesn't wait for that annuity . . . she plays a female Santa to her young friends.

man who died before he could use them. The rusty revolver came in the mail after a skit in which Herman lost money at the races and asked Mike where he could buy a second-hand revolver so he could commit suicide as cheaply as possible.

Other odd gifts include boxing gloves, fried chickens, white mice, a dog, shark's teeth, and several baby outfits—which Herman was able to put to immediate use.

Santa has played several jokes on the pair. One Christmas Mike burned his whiskers while enacting the usual role of Saint Nick, and on another, Herman bought a pony for his two daughters, Jean and Ethel. The pony ran away and Murray, who is German—not Scotch—bought a substitute in the form of a hobby horse.

Turning back to the serious for a moment, let's ask John S. Young, famed NBC announcer, what his order will be.

"I'll be content," John replied, "with only the next medal for good diction on the Radio which the American Academy of Arts and Letters awards annually. During the year I've received every kind of pastry, all sorts of patent medicine samples from wags—one of whom suggested that I take Lydia Pinkham's Compound—and a rare, lovely autograph portrait on linen of Admiral Richard E. Byrd.

"My saddest Christmas was the occasion when after accepting an invitation to enjoy a repast including Maryland turkey, Southern chicken, Vermont maple sugar and genuine English plum pudding, I had to work all day and eat at Child's."

Little Ann Leaf, the CBS organist, must be hungry. She craves for Christmas "a good breakfast, a good lunch, a good dinner, another good supper, and a new finger ring. I hope all my friends get the same—especially the 'fans'."

Booty earned by the nimble fingers and toes of this petite console manipulator embraces all sorts of edibles and much home-made fudge (which she loves), assorted real and artificial flowers, and, she added, "the usual cargoes of Rolls Royces, ermines, yachts, country houses—and postcards."

HER funniest or most tragic Christmas? The time in 1925 when she awakened to find out "it wasn't Christmas after all, but merely All Fools Day, alack and alas!"

War experiences were recited by Anthony Wons, the Scrapbook man of WLS and WLW who's now on CBS, and Harry Horlick, conductor of the A & P Gypsies, as indelible Christmases. Wons was in a veteran's bureau hospital where some of the patients were forgotten. Rather tragic, don't you think? His most comical Yuletide was spent in a Los Angeles rooming house when practical jokers locked him in the bathroom and he spent most of the day in the tub, and the happiest, he replied, as a boy in a little cottage in a small Wisconsin town when he awakened to find a ten-cent train under the tree.

Horlick's war Christmas memory results from service in the Russian Army. "On December 25, 1916," he said, "we arrived at Erzroum. A comrade offered me a strange Turkish instrument and demanded, as proof of my boasted musical talents, that I play it. I couldn't!"

The Gypsy conductor plays the violin, as you know. One of the most unusual gifts he has received is a quantity of hair from the head of an unknown lady music lover who instructed him to use it in stringing his bow. Harry Horlick asks little for this Christmas except a market improvement in A T & T shares.

If you like Tony's Scrapbook, you may stuff his stocking with some new jokes for his scrapbook, good health and sense to keep it, a dozen 50-kilowatt stations

(*Continued on page 115*)

MAKING *the* MOST *out of* MATRIMONY

By BILLIE BURKE

In An Interview with Lillian G. Genn

Beautiful Wife of Florenz Ziegfeld Says Self-Sacrifice, Patience, Tolerance and Faith are Essential for Wedded Happiness

NOT so many years ago there appeared on the stage a captivating, irresistible and talented young actress. She had gold-gold hair, roguish blue eyes and a manner so utterly fascinating that old and young, male and female, succumbed to her the moment she tripped into view. She made a sensational hit in London and New York, and her name—Billie Burke—came to be a synonym for all that was delightfully feminine and adorable. Those were the days when the young femininity fashioned themselves after her, for well they knew that the gentlemen showed a preference for anything that was Billie-Burkish.

Naturally romance tagged at the heels of this bewitching little star, and her suitors included royalty, the social elite, distinguished men of affairs, artists and many others. She was daily kept busy making sweeping denials of all of the rumors engaging her to any of them. Indeed, it was whispered that if she had married all who vowed they would die of a broken heart unless she became theirs, the number would have reached from London to Frisco Bay—with many more left over!

At the height of her glittering career, Billie Burke astonished her public by eloping with Florenz Ziegfeld, the famous creator of the Follies, and the one man outside of the Prince of Wales, who is constantly pursued by the very loveliest of the fair sex. This is due not only to the fact that he is a man of unusual personality and gifts, but because of the eminent position he occupies in the world of the theatre. Every beautiful girl who has stage aspirations longs to win Ziegfeld's approval, so that he has veritably become the goal of women from every part of the country.

WHEN you heard Billie Burke as featured artist on the Armstrong Quakers' program you doubtless were reminded of her own brilliant career on stage and screen. Miss Genn has obtained this interview as an expansion of Miss Burke's ideas and remarks on the subject "My Husband at Home".

One can readily understand, therefore, why everyone was surprised at the difficult rôle Billie Burke selected for herself in becoming the wife of the Bad Boy of Broadway, as he was then called, and why it was generally predicted that the romance would not last. Besides, wasn't it known that marriages, with fewer difficulties to contend with, rarely flourished in the shadow of the stage?

It is now almost sixteen years since Billie Burke married Florenz Ziegfeld and their romance not only continues, but is made more happy by their lovely daughter, Patricia. In these days when so many marriages flounder on the reefs of divorce, it would be interesting to know how Billie Burke has been able to achieve a successful marriage. Certainly her beauty alone, for a man who is always surrounded by the most beautiful women, could not have been sufficient to hold together the bonds of their union.

It was in order to learn this secret and her views on marriage in general, that I sought her out at her country estate at Hastings. The house is a large, stately one, situated on beautiful grounds. Within, it is charmingly and tastefully furnished. What particularly impresses one is that it is a home that is lived in, and is pervaded by a gracious spirit. One quickly feels at ease in it.

As for Miss Burke herself, her engaging personality is the same as it was, and with it is the sweetness and charm that endeared her to millions. The years have hardly touched her, for her hair is red-gold, her skin is lovely and flower-like and her blue eyes have the sparkle of youth in them. It is hard to believe that she has a daughter almost fourteen.

EXCEPT for rare appearances in a Broadway play, Miss Burke—Mrs. Ziegfeld in private life—has devoted herself entirely to the home. Shortly after her marriage, when she was playing on the stage and screen, at the largest salary paid to any actress of the day, she found that her career would not be possible without having her marriage suffer from it. When her daughter was born, she turned her back on fame and fortune, and gave herself up to the career of wifehood and motherhood. This gesture illustrates her attitude toward marriage more graphically than anything else. For she showed that no sacrifice was too great and no effort too much where the happiness of her marriage was concerned.

"Nearly any marriage can be a successful one," she told me, "if the woman is willing to give freely and generously of the best she has to give.



Christiana Maples (above) current beauty of *Smiles*.
Miss Burke (right) at time of her debut.

"You know," she smiled goo naturedly, "I have been frequent criticized for putting marriage up the woman. But while I believe th like in every human relationship, ea has to give up something for the othe yet, in marriage, it is the woman wh has to give a little more. Marriage primarily her job, and she has it mo in her power, than man has, to mak it a success. It is she who is mo responsible for their mutual peace ar happiness.

"IN EVERY successf marriage, you will find that the ma depends upon the woman. Nothing too much trouble for her. She ha conscientiously made herself an esse tial part of his life without any physic or sex attraction. The wives of ou famous men have always been know to have fortified their husbands wit that kind of devotion.

"But why speak of the little bit mor that woman must do when today sh isn't even doing her share? *The mod ern American wife has been so pam pered and spoiled that she has becom a rather selfish person. She expects a happy marriage to be handed her wit her wedding ring.* She rarely thinks o her obligations and responsibilities t her marriage, but rather what it is sh can get out of it. The American wife is given more than the woman of any other country, and she gives hardly any thing in return. She doesn't even try to see what she can do to make her marriage a happy one, but at the first sign of any difficulty, begins to think of a divorce.

"And yet, why should a woman expect happiness from marriage without putting her shoulder to the wheel and working for it? Nobody is entitled to happiness. It must be earned.

"Love, in the beginning, may be a flaming passion. But as that burns out, there must be developed in its place the strong, deep love that comes from an enrichening companionship. That is wrought only by self-sacrifice, patience, tolerance, and faith. The love that comes from it thrives in spite of hardships and obstacles, and not even the passing of the years can destroy it."

She paused for a

ment and then continued thoughtfully: Life nowadays demands so much from an and he is constantly under such a ous strain in his battle for existence, he needs a good deal of encouragement and praise if he is to be able to do work. A woman, therefore, must strive e a stimulus and a cheer leader to her band, rather than a drag on him. She t feed his pride and his courage with faith and her love. She must be rous with her sympathy and interd in the things he does. She must in every way to make his path easier his home life attractive so that his d and spirit are refreshed.

That is why I believe that marriage full time job and one which, like other career, demands unceasing rt. Any work that the wife does on outside must be subordinate to her riage. If it is the type of work that uires all of her attention and energy, must be willing to give it up if she rries. If she tries to cheat her marce by giving only part of herself, she l find that it is she who has been the er. For her husband will not be long turning to some other woman who ks he is important enough to be ced before her own individual interes. Such a woman will arouse a greater votion and sense of loyalty in him than part-time wife can.

"WHAT is needed today not a new type of marriage institution, e trial marriage and companionate marge, but only a little more common se about matrimony. Husbands and ves must realize that they cannot have mplete freedom and independence and happy marriage. oth are incompate. Each must trim wn the sharp edges individuality and ch must try to get e other person's oint of view. Each ust give up someing. But selfishss seems to be the icksand in which arriage is flounderg today."

Mrs. Ziegfeld was sked what are the rticular things husand and wife must do their daily living make their union ore harmonious.

"First of all, they hould be polite to ach other," she answered. "I can't unerstand why courtesy hould be given to ne's friends and to ne's business assoiates and employees,

(*Cont. on page* 121)





Recent portrait of the famous Billie Burke. Florenz Ziegfeld (left) and daughter Patricia.



"Do you remember, Mike?" asks Myer . . . and Joe Weber (left) does recall the incident mentioned by Lew Fields, although it's a long road from Miner's Bowery Theatre in 1877 to Radio Studios in 1930

Encore!

By

Doty Hobart

"NEW YORK CITY has the best judges money can buy!"

That quaint remark handed the metropolitan Radio fans the laugh of the month last October. And well it might, for dignitaries of the bench in Greater New York were undergoing a grand jury investigation for alleged corrupt practices.

Although it may seem difficult to believe, the creator of that 1930 laugh-line was the same gentleman who, back in the gay nineties, originated a bit of crossfire humor which had our grandparents rolling in the theatre aisles.

You may have heard it. If you have, stop me.

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"She was no lady. That was my wife."

The newest of the two wise cracks was spilled into the microphone at WOR during one of the weekly broadcasts of those two famous comedians of a generation or two ago, Weber and Fields. The well worn chestnut made its debut on the stage of the one and only institution of its kind, the never-to-be-forgotten Weber and Fields' Music Hall.

Even though one institution (the building) is gone another remains. "Mike and Myer" still live. If you don't believe this pair of troupers is an institution in itself, pull out the volume of your Encyclopædia Britannica marked Vase to Zygo and see what that authority has to say under "Weber and Fields".

The smaller half of the team, who has been "Mike" to his public for nearly a half century, is Joe Weber. He is responsible for the above jokes. What he lacks in size he makes up in gray matter. Yet he refuses to take personal credit for either of them.

"Those jokes are Lew's and mine," is the way he puts it. Perhaps the fact that whatever is Lew's is Joe's and whatever is Joe's is Lew's explains the reason for this partnership lasting a lifetime. was that way from the very first, wh they made their debut in the theatre, Miner's Bowery in 1877. Lew Fields w then an overgrown boy of nine and J Weber was an undernourished ten-ye old. There was no hogging of the sp light in those days. Now that they ha found an outlet for their talent in Rad there is no hogging of the microphon It will be share and share alike to t end, and may the final curtain for "Mi and Myer" be long delayed in ringi down.

IT WAS my privilege as director of programs to introduce J Weber and Lew Fields to the air audien some three years ago on a commerci broadcast. They were interested in t studio. It was an entirely new enviro ment in which they found themselves an with no audience in sight, they question the ability of this strange power behir the microphone to reach any great num ber of listeners. It so happened that the



Footlight Favorites of Another Day Win New Applause in Radio Dramas

Doty Hobart, former CBS Production Manager and present-day Broadway Stagecrafter, dramatizes their return

to take part in a chain broadcast ational scope. I tried to impress with the size of their potential nce.

ou will play to more people on this broadcast than you have ever done l your stage appearances put to- r," I told them. "Think of it. Why, will be in the neighborhood of ty millions of listeners hearing your s!"

low do you know?" shouted Weber. Don't argue with him, Mike," chimed elds. "He's crazy. Who ever heard neighborhood that big!"

dding, they were, but behind it all a puzzled suspicion that I might be . Trouper-like they were letting off of steam.

ne care with which the program was arsed made them realize that those ne know attached a real importance ne broadcast. Without becoming con- ns of any change of heart toward io's ability to reach a vast audi- they told me afterward that had all the thrill of a first night nd the footlights when the show t on the air. And that, by the , is the same confession which y trouper makes whenever he, or does dramatic work before the microphone—"Every Radio performance is a first night to me."

As they left the studio Joe Weber said, "If you get any letters about our broadcast I'd like to see them."

I promised to deliver, in person, every letter received. A week later, as the official mail-carrier. I escorted two heavily laden office boys to Weber's office and when we left the place little "Mike" literally was "up to his ears" in congratulatory messages. His brother, Max, informed me later that Joe read every one of the two thousand missives!

The only reason Fields did not read them all was because he was working. "Working?" do I hear you ask? Certainly. Once a trouper always a trouper.







Recall way back when . . . Marie Cahill (above) was *Sally in Our Alley* . . . Alma Kruger (left) was Lady *Macbeth* with Louis James . . . Tom English was at Tony Pastor's? They're all Radio troupers now!

if not behind the footlights as an actor then in some other capacity which brings the trouper in contact with the smell of grease-paint. When Lew Fields is not putting on a production of his own you are sure to find him staging a musical show for some other manager.

THE "Weber Enterprises" is the name of the company handling the investments of the Weber capital. And Joe Weber is in full charge of this company. The office has a Broadway address and is in the Times Square district. By day you will find him in his office, except for the time he takes out for lunch at the Astor, at which time he is joined by Fields, while his evening hours are frequently spent watching a show from the front of the house. He is an inveterate theatregoer.

They love their Broadway, these two. It brought them fame and money and they never forget that. Nearing, as they are, the three-score-and-ten-mark in years, the spell of the street and their interest in its activities keeps them young.

The second time I brought Weber and Fields to the microphone as the feature of a chain feature I witnessed

a back-stage scene, the memory of which will remain with me always.

For this program I did not have my stars come to the rehearsals. Instead I told them the number of minutes they were allotted and picked the dialog routines, taken from scenes in some of their Music Hall productions, which they were to use. By now they were microphone wise and needed no coaching as to the use of the instrument for their act. As to the timing and tempo of their dialog, old time troupers sense those things instinctively.

I HAD prepared a rather elaborate introduction for Weber and Fields, a combination of music and the spoken word. Of this introduction my two old troupers knew nothing. I had kept them in ignorance purposely, hoping to give them a little surprise.

The show went on the air. There were two or three numbers by the orchestra. Then the announcer came to the microphone and told the listeners about the old Weber and Fields' Music Hall and of the efforts of its owners to present the first sincere burlesque (which does not mean, as many seem to think, a leg-show) in America. He told of the hit-shows of that era which were burlesqued—*The Heart of Maryland, The Geisha, Under the Red Robe, Secret Service, Zaza, Du Barry, Sappho* and many others. He spoke of the song hits and of the singers who made them famous.

"There was one called *Kiss Me, Honey Do,* sung by Peter F. Dailey and the chorus girls in *Hurley-Burley* in 1898." As the announcer came to this point the listeners heard the chorus as an instrumental selection.

In this way the choruses of many song-hits from the old Music Hall shows were introduced on the air for the first time; *Say You Love Me, Sue; The Pullman Porters' Ball; Dream One Dream of Me; Come Down, My Evening Star* and *My Blushing Rosie.*

As these old tunes were being played, Weber and Fields sat near the microphone awaiting their cue to broadcast. I was watching them to catch their reaction to my little surprise. They smiled as they heard the familiar strains of the first chorus. With the playing of the second one Lew Fields quietly moved his chair over the carpeted floor a few inches closer to his partner. His arm circled Weber's shoulders as he whispered to little Joe. Weber nodded but did not speak. Then, a moment later, the announcer said, "*Come Down My Evening Star* was sung by Lillian Russell in 1902. It was one of Miss Russell's biggest hits and was used in her repertoire for many years. The number you are now hearing is the chorus of *Come Down My Evening Star.*"

As Miss Russell's name was mentioned I saw tears forming in Joe Weber's eyes and before the playing of the tuneful *Evening Star* had finished, those tears were trickling unashamed down the old actor's face. A moment later he had wiped away all traces of outward sentiment and was on his feet at the microphone, ready for his cue, prepared to assist his partner murder the English language as only *Mike* and *My* [illegible] slaughter it.

"And now," the announcer was [illegible] ing, "we have the privilege of pre[illegible] Weber and Fields. Let me introd[illegible] you individually. First, the little [illegible] This is Joe Weber."

"Call me Mike, please," was [illegible] comeback. "All my life I've been [illegible] Mike."

"True enough, Mr. Weber. Mil[illegible] shall be. And this, ladies and gent[illegible] is Lew Fields."

"Much obliged," said Fields. [illegible] one mistake you made. When I'm [illegible] Mike I'm Myer."

Little Joe starts to laugh loudly.

In anger, Lew barks at him, "Wh[illegible] you laughing at, hyena? Ain't my [illegible] Myer?"

"Sure. When you're with me [illegible] name is mire. That's another nar[illegible] mud, ain'd it?"

"Here—here. What do you mean [illegible] ing me nicknames."

"Nickle-names I wouldn't call [illegible] Myer is a muddle-name."

And the pair were off with their [illegible] "eggsplanationings" about college li[illegible]

Radio, the sweetheart of every [illegible] trouper, has caught Weber and Fie[illegible] her net and thrilled them, just as [illegible] in turn are thrilling the lucky list[illegible] Today we find Mike and Myer disc[illegible] topics of the times in scrambled E[illegible] once a week in a fifteen minute [illegible] emanating from the studios of WO[illegible]



The cast of *Moonlight and Honeysuckle* boasts two veterans . . . Ann Sutherland (Sunbonneted Ma Betts) who shocked Broadway by wearing tights in *The Black Crook,* and Claude Cooper (Pegleg Gaddis), who has played 538 Broadway rôles!

ONE by one the old [illegible] stage favorites have been won over b[illegible] magic spell of the microphone. The [illegible] and the near great of footlight fame, [illegible] who know their theatre, have found [illegible] medium of expression for their ta[illegible] And how they cotton to the microph[illegible] — a tyrant who takes all and gives nc[illegible] in return but silence. But even th[illegible] those troupers work to an audience, [illegible] by necessity and not by choice, is "[illegible] cuffed" (to use an old theatrical [illegible] which applies to an unappreciative [illegible] ence), the lack of that impulsive app[illegible] so eagerly sought in the showshop is [illegible] than counterbalanced by the indiv[illegible] response delivered by the mailman. [illegible] many of the old timers tell me they [illegible] it much easier to remain "in chara[illegible] at the microphone because of the la[illegible] any noisy interruption.

During my frequent rambles in [illegible] about the studios the past year, I [illegible] met many an old stage favorite. S[illegible] times it was my first introduction to [illegible] but often an acquaintanceship made [illegible] to the advent of Radio has been joy[illegible] renewed. Their stories are interesti[illegible]

There is, for instance, Marie C[illegible] Glorious, eternally youthful, bob-h[illegible] Marie of *Sally in Our Alley* fame. [illegible] haps you may remember the song-h[illegible] the show which Miss Cahill sent so [illegible] ously across the footlights:



It's encore for Richard "Dick" Jose (left), a player in old-time minstrels, now at KPO. And for Charles B. Hamlin, the *Old Settler* at WTMJ; and Mae Buckley, who is *Mrs. Smithers,* Gwen's mother on the CBS Eskimo Pie program.

I ...ve-a you and
...e-a you true,
...if you-a love-a

... live as two—
... live as one—
...er the bamboo
...e."

...02! . . . And
...n to this. In
...) Miss Cahill
... a mutual friend
...of ours on the
...et one day.
"Why aren't you
...Radio?" asked
...friend.
"Radio!" laughed
...s Cahill. "Why,
...n't even own a
...iving set."
"You should do
...," was the sage
...ice of the friend,
... he proceeded to
...that his counsel
...both scores was put into effect at once. Within the week Miss Cahill became ...lyed-in-the-wool fan and within the ...nth Miss Cahill, with her delightful *...illogues,* was giving the microphone ...earful. Like it? Of course she liked ...

"Only," she confesses, "the darned ...ng had me scared stiff the first time ...aced it. It's a devilishly cold proposi...n—that mike. That's why I like to ...ve a visible audience in the studio when ...work. I don't mind if they do sit on ...eir hands, I can watch their faces for ...ictions. And, believe me, it helps. In ...way I think the eyes have it all over ...e hands when it comes to letting me ...ow whether I am going over or not."

Only a few days ago my path crossed ...at of Florence Malone. The place was ...hallway in the NBC building. I was on ...y way out of the building when a studio ...oor opened and the members of the ...adio Guild Stock Company, homeward ...ound after an air matinee, fairly ran me ...own. There was Rosaline Greene, Ra...o's own youthful leading lady, whom I ...d not seen since her return from a ...immer vacation in Europe. There was ... Daniel Frawley, the original *Ruben* in *...he Old Homestead.* And Wright Kra...er who played with Fanny Davenport ...n 1896. And then I saw Miss Malone.

"Who is that little lady just coming ...rom the studio?" I asked Miss Greene.

"That is Florence Malone. Don't you ...now her?"

"I should," I replied, "for somewhere ...n my mind's catalog of faces hers seems ...decidedly familiar."

"Come along with me and I'll introduce ...ou to her," and the youthful leading lady ...nade good her promise, there in the hall...way, in front of the elevator doors.

And as the elevators passed and re...passed, Miss Malone and I discussed old ...imes. I was sure that we had met be...fore. But when and where?

"I played *Zaza* on the road for several years," the little lady, who now plays character parts, remarked.

That was it. *Zaza.* As an usher in a New England theatre I had been thrilled with the performance of Florence Malone in the title rôle. I had witnessed every show during the run of the piece in my home town. No wonder I thought I had met her before.

OUR acquaintanceship (although it was a one sided, across-the-footlights affair) established, Miss Malone and I found ourselves, an hour later, seated in one of the reception rooms—still talking over "those dear dead days beyond recall," the yesteryears of the theatre. Miss Malone began her stage career with Mrs. Leslie Carter. Then followed years in stock—at the Harlem Opera House in New York, in Los Angeles, in San Francisco. After that, leads in New York productions, only to have an unfortunate accident occur which forced her to give up the stage. Two years ago Harvey Hayes, himself an old timer, met Miss Malone on the street. She was fully recovered from the accident, and Mr. Hayes said—but let her tell you in her own words.

"Harvey and I had played together in the same company several years ago and when he found that once again I was anxious to try my hand at trouping he fairly dragged me along with him to NBC, where he introduced me to William S. Rainey, one of the program directors. The upshot of that meeting was that I played *Camille* in a broadcast the following week. Think of it! They certainly work fast in Radio, don't they?"

"It's necessary," I said. To learn more about her broadcasting activities, I added, "And then?"

"Oh, after that I worked regularly on the Shakespearian Hour and now I'm doing all sorts of parts in modern plays with the Radio Guild."

Wright Kramer. I mentioned the fact that he played with Fanny Davenport in 1896. Perhaps there may be a reader or two who will remember a play called *The Round-up.* If so, you will surely recall the scene wherein one of the characters portrays a man dying of thirst in the desert. It was one of those vividly impressive scenes which haunt one's memory. Wright Kramer was the actor who enacted the rôle. He was leading man for Mrs. Patrick Campbell for two seasons and played any number of juvenile leads in New York productions of *The Road to Yesterday* era. He has lectured for Burton Holmes and played a season with the Paris-American Theatre Company in the capital of France. Then Radio caught him up (or should I say, he caught up with Radio) and he took part in the dramatized O. Henry stories three years ago. When the Biblical Dramas were broadcast, Mr. Kramer was among those present in a cast composed of seasoned troupers gathered from the legitimate stage. If you are a follower of Radio drama you will hear his voice frequently in Soconyland Sketches and in Radio Guild productions.

T. DANIEL FRAWLEY. This gentleman began his legitimate work before the footlights in 1889. After establishing himself as a competent leading man he leased a San Francisco theatre and managed his own company. And what a company! Using embryonic talent he became the tutor of future stars. Here are a few names of those who were sent to Charles Frohman after serving an apprenticeship with his San Francisco company: Eleanor Robson, Maxine Elliott, Wilton Lackaye, Maclyn Arbuckle, Tommy Ross. When he finally closed his West Coast theatre, Mr. Frawley made six world tours with a company of American players gathered together under his own management. He says he has retired from active duty. Perhaps he has, but here's what he has been and is doing in Radio—*Lieutenant MacDonald* in the Crime Prevention Hour, character parts in Radio Guild productions, frequent appearances in Soconyland Sketches, and fifty-four weeks

(*Continued on page 112*)

Battling Time *gives* Floyd Gibbons Big

By Leonard Smith

SINCE Leonard Smith wrote this article the "newspaper of the air" has suspended publication, we hope, temporarily. Fan mail pouring in indicates the great popularity of this program and of Floyd Gibbons and we feel safe in predicting that the public will soon again be listening to the rapid-fire news comment of Mr. Gibbons.—Editor

"BUT the rest will have to wait until another time, we have to get to the studio."

It was 10:15 p.m. For two hours Floyd Gibbons had been retelling tales of his experiences, that to me seem to gather lustre with each retelling. I would have preferred to remain comfortably seated in his apartment, listening to "off the record" accounts of his experiences during the world war, but it was 10:15, and "we have to get to the studio."

On the walk from his apartment to the National Broadcasting Studio, a distance of half a mile, Floyd was strangely silent, and after a few unsuccessful efforts to him to conclude the story he had b telling me but a few minutes before trudged silently along beside him.

I had called on Floyd to get him to me what event in his eventful life h been his most thrilling experience. Wa when the S.S. Laconia had been tor doed from under him? Or the battle Chateau Thierry, where he was wounc and lost the sight of his left eye? Wh he was traveling with Pancho Villa, wh the Mexican rebel was conducting vicious guerilla warfare along the bord When he reported post-revolution co ditions in Russia without Sov



Floyd Gibbons receiving the latest news flashes over the ticker.

Gibbons *his* *Thrill*

. Smith

ority or sanction? When he was lost
he sands of the Sahara Desert?
fy first surprise came when he told
it was none of these. What? Was
e a thrill in Floyd Gibbons' life that
been left untold? What death-defy-
episode was still hidden away in the
liant mind of the world's greatest re-
ter and war correspondent?

The most thrilling thing I have ever
e," he told me, and at the time I
ught kiddingly, "is putting my Radio
spaper to press twice every night."

mumbled something about his cutting
the fooling and getting down to cases,
he continued:

Honestly, in all my experi-
es there has been nothing
thrilling as fighting
ce every night against
ctions of seconds that

cannot be stretched. You will have to see it done to appreciate the thrill."

For fifteen years I have experienced the wildest excitement of getting out daily newspapers. The fight against time. The thrill of beating the opposition newspaper on the street by a few minutes. The making over of pages. Tearing out type to make space for last minute bulletins. I couldn't help wondering how the broadcasting of a few news items could match regular newspaper work for thrills.

But I was soon to learn.

It was 10:30 when we reached the famous 711 Fifth Avenue building, and I was wondering what in the world we could do to kill an hour and a quarter before Floyd would begin his headline hunter broadcast to the Western part of the country. Probably he was going to ask me to sit in on another broadcast program with him.

The elevator "expressed" to the fifteenth floor, the top of the NBC building. As we left the elevator I began to sense that the hour and a quarter would not be wasted. Floyd, as we walked along the hall, was loosening his tie and unbuttoning his collar. His hat was shifted to the back of his head.

SOMEHOW the elaborate office of John Elwood, vice-president of NBC, seemed to me too soft a setting for newspaper drama. Floyd in his dishevelled state, seemed so out of place in such esthetic surroundings. But the activities that greeted me belied the surroundings.

First Larry Rue, Floyd's constant companion and co-worker since the earliest days of the Paris office of the Chicago Tribune, nearly bowled me over, as he dashed from an adjoining office with a hand-



the air with world vs. Fifteen minutes and not a second more.

ful of news items. Then I noticed Kenneth (Mac) MacGregor, who is supposed to be production manager, but is actually jack-of-all-trades in connection with Gibbons' broadcasts, busily engaged at a telephone taking down notes on bulletins being supplied by the United Press.

THERE, before Floyd, on the desk was a mass of news items. Enough to get out a metropolitan newspaper of from 24 to 60 pages, if necessary. And from this mass he must glean only so much as will go into a newspaper that requires exactly 14 minutes for the reading, at the rate of 217 words a minute—Floyd's record. In other words, from approximately 15,000 words of interesting events in the day's news, together with exclusive items of his own gathering, he must choose at most, 3,000 words.

He must read the mass carefully, because in Floyd Gibbons' air newspaper, bare, brief, terse paragraphs to the printed newspaper, may become the lead article, and the long, dry, routine stories take only very brief mention, if that "space".

The likely content of the paper is selected. Floyd must re-write it in his own style. He must write a newspaper in less than 30 minutes. The minutes tick away and the hands move toward 11:45. The paper is assembled. It is timed. A word is added. Two words are deleted. It is timed again. It is three seconds too long. Well, what of it? What of it? This newspaper, with allowances for ad-lib interjections, must fit exactly fourteen minutes to the split second! Seconds cannot be stretched!—11:30.

"Well," Floyd, relaxes a bit. "The paper is ready. So to the press room."

We start for the studio, Floyd, Larry, MacGregor and myself.

We have left behind a page boy who is in constant telephonic communication with the United Press. Beside him are three other boys, selected, I am later told, for their ability to rush through the studio building to deliver messages speedily.

We are almost to the elevator.

"Bulletin, Mr. Gibbons."

A boy is rushing toward us. The paper that he hands to Floyd, reads that a woman has killed her sister to save her from suffering from a broken heart.

"We shall have to get fifty words in on this," Floyd said. "I'll ad-lib it in." If fifty words are to go in, fifty must come out! Fifty of the same length, requiring the same reading time!

"We will have to trim the German political story," he decides. Through the notes he goes. His blue pencil hits a word here; two more here; a sentence here—with the skill of experience.

Beside him is Mac, closely checking the word count during the deletion process.

"Cut fifteen more," he advises.

The job is done Three minutes to get to the studio. We start again. We arrive. The tall man in faultless tuxedo is Edward Thorgesen, the announcer.

Floyd seats himself before the microphone. A page enters with a bulletin. No, it is two bulletins. A plane has fa endangering six occupants. An impor add to the America's Cup race story.

"One minute." Thorgesen speal quietly, warningly.

Floyd and Mac are trying to cut Yacht Race story to allow for the about the new developments. Somet must go for the plane crash. "Germa suffers again, and a whole page is dele

"—its famous headline hunter—F Gibbons. Are you ready, Floyd?"

Thorgesen has made his opening nouncement and usual salutation.

FLOYD begins, but h nowhere near ready. The first page his notes is missing!

"Hello, everybody, bushels of news day, things popping all over the map Introductory remarks. And he is sta at page two of his manuscript! Preci seconds of ad-libbing. The man in control room, James O. Kelly, sees turbance at the microphone. Gibbons, all that the world of listeners can hea coolly reeling his nightly chat Mac is search through the m of manuscri Larry is look around the fl Kelly, in the c trol room is fr tically waving sheet of pap Floyd spies it. is the missing p one. He picks the micropho carrying it, das to the window t divides the stu from the cont room. The sh has been press against the ins of the glass Kelly, and throu the glass Flo reads his page o

Then back to t table. And t listeners-in have had the slight intimation of t panic in the stud

"Well, sir Floyd talks on. I is talking about t rise of Fascism Germany. The i formation he imparting about t followers of Hitl the German Mu solini, is most a thentic.

"Larry Rue," l tells the listene "was an eye wi

(*Cont. on p. 12*



Adventures and thrills make up the day of Floyd Gibbons. Here he is getting another kick out of life by riding in the cab of a crack New York to Chicago train.



Countess Olga Medolago Albani

NATURE and Circumstance have been kind to this smart young woman with sparkling smile. Born of Spanish aristocracy, wed to nobility, and gifted with a golden voice she has distinguished herself as an artist of exceptional merit in programs heard from WJZ and WEAF, New York.



BR-RRR—winter comes! Let's tune in KFI, Los Angeles. A girl—low, throaty voice—must be one of those Hollywood beauties! Right! Jeanne Dunn! And she looks just like this when she comes up to the mike.

Jeanne Dunn



Martha Attwood

SOMETIMES a special character costume helps materially to inspire the singer. And so Miss Attwood, notable NBC soprano, finds this gay hat and ruff a motif for the mood of her song. You hear in the operatic roles.



Berna Deane

THOSE inimitable Deane sisters whom you hear over the NBC networks may have intrigued your curiosity as to their personal appearance. At the left you see Berna, and if you were well impressed with her voice you will not be disappointed with her picture.

Vera Deane



THIS is Vera, the other Deane, who with her sister Berna sings of a Sunday night for the quarter hour between 10:45 and 11 o'clock. Then they sing every afternoon on the network. How do you like Vera's bonnet? They're wearing them in Seville this year.



Moonshine and Honeysuckle

ONE of the big hits of the season has been the Moonshine and Honeysuckle program over the NBC. Ann Sutherland, the mother, has been a favorite with theatre audiences for years. The stories are quaint and always true to the type and character. John Mason plays the father and Louis Mason, the son.



Aline Berry

HERE is a most intimate close-up study of Aline, who is Mrs. Peter Dixon in private life and the mother of Junior in Bringing Up Junior, which you hear from WJZ, New York. They brought Junior at the age of two months from Arizona to New York to educate him. The program goes big.



Weber and Fields

PROBABLY the most famous pair of old troupers in the world are Weber and Fields who retire from time to time and are yanked back to the stage at the demand of an insistent public. They are in Radio now and making a great hit. Mr. Doty Hobart tells you all about it in a story on page 26 of this Radio Digest.



Arline Judge, Ruth Tester, Fay Brady and Norman Brokenshire

NAUGHTY! Naughty! Be careful, Mr. Brokenshire, these three little maids have the low-down on you and you'd best mind your step. But it's probably all a part of the Radio Follies that we hear over the Columbia system. Arline, Ruth and Fay are the ones who first started the world singing, Sing Something Simple.



Florine and Irine Phelps

JUST to give you the rest of the Phelps twins broadcast as you heard them from WABC and the Columbia system, here they are all dressed up in their Broadway singing clothes.



Sarah Kreindler

JUST a slip of a girl, 18 years old, but with those dark dreamy eyes one may well imagine that Miss Sarah can make her violin breathe the song of Life. She was born and "brung up" in San Francisco. Began winning scholarships at the age of 10. You hear her from the Pacific sector of the NBC.



Courtesy Saks Fifth Avenue

WHITE crêpe, slender to the hips and then revealing unsuspected fullness, makes a modern evening gown. "Tear-drop" scallops at edge of bolero and hip yoke may help cause heart-breaks!

ERMINE, the age-old flatterer, attains new distinction in this wrap through curving spiral lines.

Courtesy Saks Fifth Avenue

BR'ER RABBIT springs a surprise in the coat below, for lapin is the smartest sports fur of the season! Especially in its new shorn version—with a little flat collar and a widish suede belt.



Courtesy Saks Fifth Avenue

Courtesy Brot & Co.

Courtesy Saks Fifth Avenue

ONE of the new "teens" frocks, simple but smart. Canton crepe with crisp white linen tabs.

OH MY! What's a "Sunday night" dress? This, because it's neither formal nor informal. Black velvet with pink bead yoke.





Billie Burke

(left)

LOVELY Billie Burke has never feared the charms of the "gloryfiees" chosen by her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld. And why should she with such beauty as you see in this hitherto unpublished photograph? Read her story in this Radio Digest.

Rosetta and Vivian Duncan

(above)

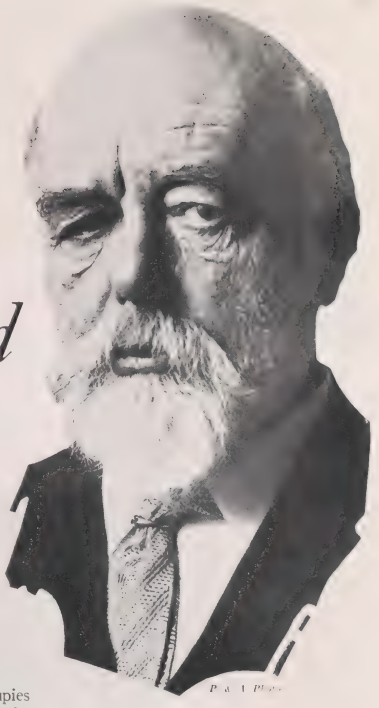
ALMOST everybody has seen or heard the famous Duncan sisters. Their name over a theatre means a line at the box office. But here you see them as you may have heard them on Walter Winchell's "Scoopee" program from WABC, New York, and over the Columbia system.



Mary Charles

YOU would swear that Mary Charles was English when you hear her impersonations over the CBS chain. She was born in Philadelphia, but she has spent the best part of her stage career in London. She came home and was selected to star in Paramount soundies. A good mike voice earned her an enviable place on the Columbia staff.

The Reality of the Spiritual World



Sir Oliver Lodge

Noted British Scientist and Spiritualist Declares Spiritual World Dominates the Material in International Broadcast Hook-Up

By Sir Oliver Lodge

A controversy on "Life after Death" has been between Sir Oliver Lodge, distinguished British scientist, and Sir Arthur Keith, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Sir Oliver declares that the soul does not die with the body, while Sir Keith takes the opposing view.

Sir Oliver's opinions were broadcast from London over station WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting network as one of a series of international broadcasts arranged by Columbia.—Editor.

SCIENTIFIC men are mainly occupied in investigating the universe from its material aspect. They have never, in their corporate capacity, admitted the existence of any mode of being other than the material one. When a child is born into the world, he possesses certain senses—sight, hearing, touch, and so forth. These put him in touch with a certain aspect of the universe, an aspect of great beauty and complexity which provides abundant study for the lifetime of an individual.

But the poets and artists are not satisfied with this material view. They use material modes of expression, but they adapt them in much wider fashion. They realize the existence of a higher and more spiritual world and only use matter as a means to an end.

THERE is again a third group who are impressed with the universe in what may be called a completely spiritual aspect. This group occupies cathedrals and churches all over the country and carries on a system of worship. It seeks to take people's attention away from the material side of things and concentrate it on the spiritual.

With this group the artists have some interactivity, they cooperate to some extent, and, like the theologians, may possibly condemn the methods of science. The scientist, on the other hand, might respond that he is dealing with reality where his opponent is only dealing with figments of his imagination.

Among these diversified organizations there has arisen a set of people who by human experience have obtained information about a number of phenomena which neither they nor anyone else fully understand but on which they have formed their own opinion. This is the sect known as spiritualists. They are not hampered by scientific or religious tradition. They feel free to deal with the facts as they appear to them.

They may make mistakes. They may take appearance for reality. It may be that they need curbing rather than encouraging, but they get plenty of curbing and it is only their enthusiasm that enables them to continue what they have undertaken. It is true that not all of them are wise.

But, of late years it has happened here and there that among the scientific group a few have asserted that some of the phenomena asserted by the spiritualists are real and must be taken into account, and they do not scruple to say so.

By so doing they risk their reputation and are accused by their fellows of a kind of blasphemy against the spirit of science in accepting as genuine what is widely considered to be the result of fraud and superstition.

Nevertheless they persevere and probably in time will gain the ears of the main body of scientific men and possibly also the main body of theologians.

They themselves claim that the phenomena constitute a kind of link between the material and the spiritual world, and they seem to bring the two groups together and unite them in one comprehensive whole.

THIS is an ambitious task and may fail for a time, but so far as there is truth on their side they are bound to succeed. They seek at present to extend the methods of science into regions where they are generally thought to be inapplicable and to investigate the spiritual world in a cold and methodical manner. The seeming impossibility or extreme improbability of some phenomena does not deter them from inquiring into it. They have faith in the rationality of

the universe. They quite realize that the materialistic contention is a strong one as far as it goes, but at the same time they feel that the universe is much larger and more comprehensive than has yet been explored by science and they treat with respect the contentions of the theologians.

Truth, they say, is many-sided, and cannot be approached in its completeness by any one avenue. To this unorthodox group of physicists belongs occasionally a biologist.

THIS group believes that mind can act independently of the brain and that a study of the motion of particles can never exhaust the whole of reality. They say that the material world is interfused with and dominated by the spiritual, that the motions of matter are only an index or demonstration of what is going on in space, and that even the ordinary phenomena of death and life cannot be thoroughly understood by delving into matter alone.

The Twentieth Century has begun to discover that matter has no power of its own, that the atoms are merely bandied about by the process emanating from space, and that all that matter can do is to demonstrate the real happenings which occur in what we call empty space.

The properties of space are now being investigated. Already it has been discovered that there we must find the forces which hold the atom together, that cohesion and gravitation are really caused by something in space, that life travels from one body to another through space devoid of matter, and that spacial activities are responsible for all electric and magnetic phenomena.

Yet our senses only tell us about matter. We therefore use the motions of matter as an index or demonstration of what is occurring. We read a pointer of a needle when we want to measure an electric current, and that is typical of all our experimental methods. In themselves they are limited to pointer readings. The real meaning of the phenomena eludes us.

All potential energy has long been attributed to space, to the ether and to space, and now it appears that every other form of energy exists there too, and that the atoms of matter are only occasional interruptions in its vast continuity.

The last stronghold to which the materialists cling is the organized material of the body and especially of the brain. Some of them hold not only that the brain is the organ of thought, which it is, but that it originates thought and that to understand mental processes the study of the brain and the nervous system is sufficient.

THE truth is again that they are only indices displaying what is elsewhere going on in a region inaccessible to the organs of sense. The brain has no more initiative than any other form of matter. The real control, the animation of the particles must be sought r space.

This revelation in thought mak phenomena brought forward by the ualists more intelligible, especially they call attention to matter being and manipulated in ways unfamili strange.

I WISH in this conn to emphasize the fact that minds n communicate with each other witho organs of sense and without involvir physical process of communication. fact called telepathy is generally acc and it makes it easier to admit that can continue to exist after they hav their bodily organs. If a mind ca apart from its instrument, it shows mind is not dependent on the instru Mind only uses brain, nerve and n for display, for demonstrating to p with material senses what is reall curring all around them. If min operate apart matter, if mind brain can be thu connected, then mind may contin existence afte bodily organ has destroyed, and evidence can be duced that it act does so continue.

Competent in gators have said they are in touch people who have and have depa this life, people have lost their ma terial bodies and n theless continue exist. They hold fact, the doctrin individual survival adduce plenty of dence in support

Whether that dence amounts to p is still a matter opinion. Scientific p is a serious thing likely to be testifie lightly. But the dence certainly strong, and, for p tical purposes has vinced some of the oneers—convinced for instance—of fact that death is incident in life ra than a termination it, which has to studied and underst like any other nat process, that it is more and perhaps less puzzling and u telligible than bi

(*Cont. on page 1*)



P. & A. Photo

Sir Oliver Lodge keeps fit at seventy-eight years, as may be seen from the above photograph taken at his home, Normanton House, Salisbury, England

A RADIO COLUMN

By HEYWOOD BROUN



The noted humorist points out that fame is fleeting, dwells on the climate of California and winds up with a dissertation on the advantages of equality of sex.

GOOD evening. I have no business here tonight. I ought to be way up in the country tuning in to find out what the radio on at this particular hour and saying, I suppose, "What's not so much. I could do as well as that". But you see I mixed up my dates, Friday wasn't my last night or my last week at all. That time I said goodbye. This is the last week and when it ends on Friday I am going to avoid saying "Goodbye" the way I did last time. That was a little melodramatic because I did know all the time that I would be back on the job again after three weeks. Very likely I had a sinister motive. I hoped people would say "You are not really going away." But if I sinned, many far more distinguished performers have done the same thing. Actors can do it and why not Radio broadcasters. Nobody ever believes an actor when he says he is making his farewell tour. Everybody knows that after the farewell tour there will be the absolutely farewell tour and after that the positively farewell tour. I am combining those two. This is the absolutely and positively farewell week barring the fact that I will be back again next month. At least that is my impression of the date. Miss Whipple gets things a little bit mixed up at times. She does—Heaven help me—her best.

BUT I am not going to say goodbye any more. People take it too calmly. "Not a shot was fired, not a funeral note." I felt a little like Bide Dudley. He left his home and was away two years. I think his home was Wichita, Kansas. At the end of two years he came back—carrying a suit case. And as he came up Main Street he thought that there would be some commotion. But he walked ten or twelve blocks before anybody noticed him. Then an old crony spied him and said, in a friendly way, "Hello, Bide, going away someplace."

So let's pretend I haven't been. But here is an invitation—from Mr. & Mrs. F. D., Oakland, California—"Why don't you make a trip out here. You know many of our celebrities come here to finish their last days".

I wonder if I may defer my acceptance of that kind invitation for just a little while. I will need a little time to polish up my last words.

And I have been in California. I spent a long, long time in San Francisco. I had to. I was covering a Democratic convention. It was 1920—the year Governor Cox was nominated. That was one of the longest deadlocks the Democrats ever had. And they are good at deadlocks. They have had practice. Before that particular convention was over almost everybody got some votes. Will Rogers and Ring Lardner each got half a vote. But after that their strength weakened. I think Will Rogers would make a very good candidate for president. He writes a better newspaper column than Calvin Coolidge. I mean I like it better. And he makes just as good a speech. When he wants to Will Rogers can talk just like Calvin Coolidge. It is a swell imitation. It is even better than that. By now I would rather hear Rogers do Coolidge than have Calvin do it himself. Will Rogers has the New England dialect down just a shade better. He has a knack for that kind of thing.

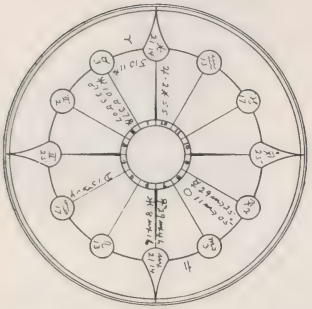
I tried to break the deadlock out there in California when they were just sitting around voting and voting. I made what seemed to me a very good suggestion. I thought they ought to put the names of all the principal candidates in a hat and then blindfold a delegate and let him pick a name at random. But, of course, if he happened to pick Carter Glass that was not to go. In such an event they were to blindfold another delegate and draw all over again.

It wasn't any antipathy for California or San Francisco which made me want the deadlock broken. San Francisco is a very beautiful city—particularly when you look at it from the other side of the bay. But don't let anybody tell you that the Golden Gate is as beautiful as New York harbor. That is not a matter of opinion. It just isn't so. People in San Francisco have one great advantage over everybody else in the United States. They can choose their own climate. The city itself is very cold. At least it is cold whenever I get there and I am sure there is nothing personal in that. It makes me a little mournful to see the palm trees out there drooping their heads in the cold wind and trying to look tropical. I always thought somebody ought to start a fund to buy raccoon overcoats for the San Francisco palm trees. But if you don't like San Francisco you do not have to go back where you came from. Just a short ferry ride will take you to spots that are boiling. It has the spice of variety.

SAN FRANCISCO ought to be a separate free city all on its own. And there are a good many people in California (inside the city and out) who would be in favor of that. It was pretty free when I was there last in 1920. Some foreign group, and I think they were Hugo Slovakians, wanted the Democrats to put a plank in the platform. I am not quite sure what the plank about Hugo Slavia was to be. I guess they just wanted the Democrats to say they were in favor of it. And the Slavs used to give a dinner to the newspaper men every night—with speeches and native wines. But they made one mistake. The native wines came first. Of course all this is ten years ago—but even then I never could quite make

(*Continued on page 126*)

Will Rogers and His Stars



Horoscope of Will Rogers tells the story of his career

How the famous gum-chewing comedian got that way revealed by listening-in on a planetary conference

By Peggy Hull

HELLO, Everybody! This is Peggy Hull, press agent for the planets, broadcasting. I have just dug into the heavenly files, and I have discovered the world's most unusual horoscope.

As you may well believe, this horoscope belongs to the world's most unusual man. Not so long ago, Mr. Squibb, who makes us beautiful and also makes us well—with toothpaste, pellets and other things—paid him $500 a minute to make us laugh. And since his stage average is only two jokes a minute, and he talked not much faster on the air, it follows that he got $250 a joke from Mr. Squibb—which is a pretty good price for a joke.

The man I am talking about, of course, is Will Rogers.

If you would like to know why he gets all the breaks; why he can chew gum, the most egregious of all social errors, in the presence of the most passionate disciples of Emily Post; why he can dismember the English tongue with impunity and yet be proclaimed by professors and purists; why he can poke fun at kings and queens, presidents and even motion picture producers . . . and make them like it; why he can come out on the stage with a piece of rope and a mouth full of chewing gum, a disheveled head of hair and an ill-fitting suit and take the audience right away from youth, beauty, glamor and romance . . . if you want to know why he can do all these things, gather around and I'll tell you secrets hot off the Milky Way.

ON NOVEMBER 4th, 1879—mark well this date—the wail of a new born infant pierced the walls of the Rogers ranch house in Oklahoma and all the cow hands gathered around to congratulate the head of the Rogers family, and eventually to peek into the cradle of the future $500-a-minute jester. Oklahoma was then sparsely settled and the advent of babies was more uncommon than now, but even so, the red face and chubby hands of the latest addition to the Rogers family did not impress the assembled waddies with the notion that an epochal figure had been born.

THESE waddies, of course, were creatures of the earth. Had they been able to ascend into the upper regions and consult the records which have just been opened for my perusal, they would have tarried longer beside the infant's bed. For up in the azure blue, hidden snugly away in the mountains of the clouds, nine planets, Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Uranus, Neptune, Mercury, Saturn, the Sun and Moon, were assembled in the directors' room of the Bank of Earthly Fortune.

As usual, the Sun presided at the head of the table. Perhaps I should explain that the Sun is the giver of life and therefore, at this, as at all other gatherings, before and since—he has occupied the pre-eminent place.

Whether you believe it or not, the destinies of all earthly creatures are shaped by these nine heavenly dictators and sometimes, I am unhappy to report, acrimony, opposition and discord prevail—to the detriment of the mortal whose destiny is being shaped!

And on November 4th, 1879 it appeared that a most unpleasant session was about to begin.

"Come to order," said the Sun crisply. "We've got a birth in Oklahoma to dispose of—male child, Rogers by name."

"Just another squalling brat!" sai[d] belligerent Mars with his usual a[p]athy. "Let's give him a dirty deal [a]nd be done with it!"

Venus, the Goddess of Love, rais[ed] golden glance from her embroidery. "I suppose, with your usual taste for h[o]cide, you would like to dispatch thi[s] fant out of hand," she said in icy t[o]

"Tut, tut!" chided the Sun. "A [c]hild born in Oklahoma deserves a bi[g] Let's get together, ladies and gentle[men] for once in an eon of time, and give [the] boy a liberal drawing account on [our] limitless resources of luck."

"What's the use," protested the glo[omy] Saturn, oppressor of mankind, in a [sa]castic way, "He'll only overdraw [it]. Look what Mars did for Napoleon—[and] what came of it."

Behind his spade-like beard, the [face] of the war god grew red. He had [been] touched in a tender spot.

"If you had kept your hands off [him], he'd been all right," he growled. "[You] tore him down, you cold and clam[my] fish!"

"Well, no matter," said the Sun, pa[ter]ically, "what are we going to do ab[out] the Rogers infant? Venus seems [well] disposed toward him, suppose we let [her] make the first suggestion."

A TEAR dropped from [her] golden eyes and fell upon the love g[od]dess' embroidery. "Alas," she sigh[ed]. "I am all out of sex appeal. I gave [the] last of my present store to Francis [X.] Bushman."

"That certainly is tough," said [the] Sun, "But if my memory serves me, y[ou] are now in the House of Virgo?"

"But only in a companionate way," Venus acknowledged, with a faint no

gravation in her dulcet voice.
be sure," the Sun admitted, "but
tuation is just what I had in mind.
ay not be able to give him the
tic allure of your masterpiece, the
mented Casanova, but why don't
to the other extreme and make
one-woman man, with a clean sense
nor and a distaste for the risqué."
interesting but judicious," inter-
d Mars.
s, make him safe from breach of
se suit," suggested the far-sighted
ry, overlord of intellect.
love goddess regarded her im-
rial enemy with disfavor. But it
nly momentary.
can do that," she agreed.
I can do something more.
the poor fellow will be
ff from so many of the
ary mortal's dissipations,
ive him a lot of travel and
one of the most affable
nalities."
Well, that's enough," con-
l the Sun.
looks like a dull life to
said Mars.
e Sun silenced him with
wn. "I am temporarily in
House of Scorpio," he re-
ed, with some ostenta-
— "and I intend to give this
gster shrewdness, a keen
ment, enterprise, determina-
—"and I intend to give this
rows up and wants to do
stuff, I'll see that he gets
ss."

URANUS, the er-
sudden, forceful and de-
ctive Uranus, suddenly spoke

And I will give him original-
" he proclaimed, "just now
m living with Venus in the
se of Virgo—"
I'm surprised," said the
on, in an undertone.
—and my vibrations will
rpen his intuitive powers and
ke him know things he has
er studied," Uranus con-
ued ignoring her. "He will
e quick wit and nobody—
iticians included—will ever
able to fool him."
Mars grunted in deep dis-
ite. "Surrounded by all that
eetness and light," he said,
e ought to achieve fame as a
former. Permit me to give
n just a single vice. He'll
so much easier for the one
oman to live with."
"Such as what?" inquired the
n, without enthusiasm.
"Chewing tobacco," responded
ars. "I am now residing in
e House of Taurus, the sign
the Bull. And I insist on
causing this paragon to masticate a cud."
"Does it need to be tobacco?" protested the sedate Moon, who, besides Venus, was the only other female present.

"NO IT doesn't," Mars conceded. "Let him chew gum!" And the war god lapsed into a disgusted silence.

While Mars remained in seclusion behind his beard, the other directors of the Bank of Earthly Fortunes continued enthusiastically to add to young Rogers' drawing account. The young man who priced his jokes at $250 a funny crack and who has just sold himself to the movies for $25,000 a week, is not, due to the protection of Venus, a prey of gossip as you have recently had cause to observe.

When Clara Bow, upon whom the love goddess lavished generous quantities of love appeal, made the front pages of the newspapers with the story of a betting escapade in a Reno gambling resort, it developed that Mr. Rogers had headed the party which had patronized the palace of chance.

Alas, the poor little "it" girl of the movies, whom Venus made profligate as well as personable, gambled not wisely but too well, and the fans gossiped for a week about a $19,000 rubber check.

But did they criticize Mr. Rogers? They did not. The beneficence of Mercury, happily posited in the honest, jovial sign of Sagittarius, assisted him to meet this vexatious situation with candor, discretion and a keen sense of proportion, whereas a less level-headed man might have taken fright at the prospects of adverse publicity and retreated to an untenable refuge in evasions.

Rogers admitted frankly that he had gone with Miss Bow and a party to the casino—and what of it? And, indeed, what of it?

SUCH, however, is the influence of the stars. Many public men have suffered severe setbacks for an equally innocent adventure. It all depends upon where the heavenly bodies were at the moment of birth.

Mr. Rogers' consistent and unchanging popularity is due to the position of Mercury in Sagittarius. This planet, curiously enough, has occupied practically the same position nearly all of his life and together with the stabilizing influence of Saturn, kept the Rogers' fortune on an even keel.

There have been no ups and downs in Will's career. No periods of spasmodic popularity which so many actors and humorists experience.

His Mercury, directing his intellect through the jovial Sagittarius, is responsible for the homely philosophy with which his writings are replete. This position has safeguarded his pointed jokes from the sarcasm and sting which the House of Scorpio would have given them.

Saturn in Aries, and Jupiter in Pisces, square to Mercury, is responsible for the untidy appearance, the disheveled hair and the homely face. But what the stars denied him in physical beauty they made up in beauty of soul and mind.



Will Rogers in a characteristic pose—easy-going, good humored and shrewd

Tuneful Topics

"Know Your Songs"



Body and Soul

THIS is perhaps the most unusual song in months, or possibly in years. Unusual not only from its very daring title but in its thought, melody and history.

When I used to play at the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club while still a student at Yale, there was a very persistent young man who seemed to enjoy watching our pianist play, and who, we found later, was the scion of a wealthy family living at Rye, and who was in certain respects a protege of George Gershwin. This young man, Johnny Green, later wrote with Carmen Lombardo, of the Lombardo Brothers orchestra, and another young man, a tune which enjoyed quite a bit of popularity. You may remember the title, it was called *Coquette*. A short time ago he was commissioned to write a song for Gertrude Lawrence to sing in England.

Together with Ed Hymann, a young man who wrote the lyrics of one of the songs in my picture, *The Vagabond Lover*, he evolved a melody which they subsequently called *Body and Soul*. Miss Lawrence proceeded to sing the song in England and there it became sensational. My observations from playing in London have led me to believe that the English people have an appreciation for a song with a very sophisticated thought and a very sophisticated lyric, but when shown the song here in America I was afraid of it, because its melody was very intricate and the lyric was possibly just a bit too daring and suggestive. I rejected it, at least for my own presentation of it, in its original state.

There are three key changes; it begins in C, goes into G, and then goes into D flat and back again to C. Such key changes are very difficult for the layman to make or follow, yet I realized that the song was a beautiful one to listen to. The song is also quite rangey, going from an extremely difficult note to reach—low D—to E natural. But when properly rendered, these beautiful contrasts make the song more lovely.

The publishers made a tamer version of the lyrics and offered it to Libby Holman to sing in the new musical comedy, *Three's a Crowd*. Yet it seemed that the revised lyrics did not get the song over, at least in the musical comedy presentation of it, so Miss Holman, I believe, is singing the original version which is much smarter but much more physical.

THE EDITORS of RADIO DIGEST *have persuaded Rudy Vallee, the famous Radio star, to conduct this department. In it, each month, he will pick ten selections of popular music which seem most meritorious to him and tell in each case, various points of interest regarding the authorship, public debut, history and unusual characteristics of lyric or melody. If the number is featured by the Connecticut Yankees, Mr. Vallee will give incidents coming within his personal experience.*

RUDY'S reputation is in no small way attributable to his remarkable ability to pick winners —whether they be old or new numbers . . . hence RADIO DIGEST *readers should find this department a very valuable and interesting guide to their selection of music in sheet, record, roll or other forms.*

The song grips the listener as he hears it, although I doubt very much whether it will sell tremendously in sheet music form due to its complicated nature. It is a beautiful thing and a song that I enjoy doing tremendously.

Body and Soul must be played s to the extreme, about twenty-si twenty-eight measures per minut order that the lyrics be pronounced ligibly, and that the melody doe suffer from jerkiness.

Embraceable You from *Girl Cra*

HERE are George Gershwin an brother at their best. A very song, and for me the most likeable of all the songs from *Girl Crazy*, the in which are featured Ginger R Ethel Merman and so many othe cellent artists. Typically a musical edy type of song, but one whic smart set of New York and other of any size will enjoy dancing t singing. *Embraceable You* may be p either in strict fox trot tempo, fif measures a minute; or the tune c played slowly—even at forty measu and still be danced to and sung.

My Baby Just Cares for Me

WALTER DONALDSON aga his best. Following close o heels of his tremendous success, *White Lies*, he has given a rolli rhythmical song to Eddie Cantor fo motion picture version with sound technicolor of *Whoopee*. While not ical of the style of song that Eddie tor usually sings, it fits him admi and he does justice to it. It is rep several times in the picture and ma great dance tune, as does *Embrac You*. Like the latter it may be play strict fox trot time, or semi-slowly

It is a number that my drummer justice to, as I rarely do the slang of number, although I feel they ar tirely within my province. Dona seems to excel in this type of nu ——he wrote *Yes Sir, That's My L*

How Are You Tonight in Hawai

HERE is a song with a title sounds like a "gag," ("gag" ing a theatrical wisecrack dependin double entendre or facetiousness). is a most charming tune, the music

By

Rudy Vallee

A New Department in which The Master of Rhythm Tells You How Hits Should Be Rendered



The Author . . . Rudy Vallee.

r en by Harry Warren who has given
) many wonderful tunes, especially
g for the Carolines, and the lyrics
written by Edgar Leslie, one of the
great lyric writers who writes with
igence and thought, perhaps a little
much so at times.
would seem in this case that the gag
e of the title must have hurt the
because I certainly would have
d it for a hit. The verse thought
e lover being miles away from his
one who is in Hawaii, and carrying
the picture of her in his mind; the
is asks her how she is in Hawaii,
goes on to tell you how he misses her.
I say, I felt that the tune should
achieved a phenomenal success, yet
publishers tell me that it has done
or nothing. This is certainly one
ration of the fact that I cannot
e" a song popular if it doesn't catch
popular fancy. Strangely enough,
Are You Tonight in Hawaii has
d to catch on. Just another mystery.

Baby's Birthday Party

ERE is a song which I was a little
afraid of as regards my own ren-
n, inasmuch as it is a sort of cross
een a nursery rhyme, a *Mother Goose*
e, an *Aesop Fable*, a doll dance, and
. The melody is reminiscent of *Nola*
the lyric is a combination of the
said ideas. I am at a loss to know
her *Baby* is a beautiful blond flap-
or whether she is in reality just a
tot for whom the fond parents are
g a birthday party.
e song has no trace whatsoever of
eurishness about it, and yet it was
en by a Miss Ann Ronell and it was
irst song she has ever had published!
so many thousands of persons who
ve they can write songs, she finally
eeded in getting a publisher to listen
he song. The head of the firm in
her room, hearing the song liked it
ediately, snapped it up and allowed
Lombardo and myself the privilege
troducing it on our respective rival
io chains.
have been surprised at the many requests to sing it that have been shouted at me by big, able-bodied men at various functions at which I have appeared in the last few days. On my flying trip to Washington, a big, football type of man yelled up eagerly for *Baby's Birthday Party*.

I have already asked Victor to permit me to record it because I believe that the song is going to be intensely popular with all ages and types. Miss Ronell is certainly to be congratulated; the song is worthy of any of the old veterans of Tin Pan Alley.*

It must be done slowly, about thirty measures per minute.

You Were Only Passing Time With Me

A CLEVER song written by a young colored boy who is one of the staff writers for a dear old friend of mine, Joe Davis. Joe has published many hits in the past and I think he has a sizeable one here in this extremely tuneful and lilting song, *You Were Only Passing Time With Me*.

It must be done slowly. We do it at about thirty-five or forty measures per minute.

I'll Be Blue Just Thinking of You

ANOTHER one of those songs that sounds like a gag, with a continued reiteration of the line "From Now On." It is a song that attracted me the first time I heard Ozzie Nelson sing it the night I visited him at the Glen Island Casino.

Two masters cooperated in the writing of it—Gus Kahn, unquestionably the greatest lyric writer Tin Pan Alley, or the world for that matter, has ever known; and Pete Wendling who, for the last fifteen years, has been writing very tuneful melodies. These two have given us this very catchy song which should be played about forty measures per minute in order that one particular place in the lyrics be intelligible. I have often said that like a chain being no stronger than its weakest link, the tempo of a song is governed by the particular place in the song which has the greatest number of words.

Obviously, in order to get all these words in, and get them in intelligibly, the whole song must be slowed down, otherwise the words become a mere jumbled mass of meaningless hieroglyphics. The difficult place in *I'll Be Blue Just Thinking of You* is "But the memory of your smile just makes me want to cry." Now try singing this fast and you will see what I mean.

If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight

LIKE *Body and Soul* this is one of those odd songs that time and place cannot keep down. I have always maintained that a good song will eventually crash through, and my theory is certainly borne out in the case of this particular song.

It was written by Henry Creamer and Jimmy Johnson and published by Remick in 1926, that is four years ago. Creamer has been very popular in the writing of Negro musical comedies and musical affairs in general for many years. After the publication of the song by Remick, it did little or nothing and remained on the shelf very much as did the *Stein Song*, until several months ago, about July, 1930, to be exact, when one of the finest colored bands now playing, or one of the finest bands in the country for that matter, Mackinney's Cotton Pickers, at their wits' end for a tune to be recorded at an emergency recording date, yanked out an old copy of this song, made a quick orchestration and put it through.

The demand for the record was so great, and it in turn stimulated the desire of other orchestra leaders to play the tune after they heard the record, that Remick was forced to reissue the song

(*Continued on page 119*)

* Slang expression for the music publishing center in New York.

War Ace Eddie Rickenbacker Says "Hello, Ther

RADIO listeners who tuned in early one morning recently had the thrill of listening to a two-way conversation carried on between the United States and Australia. The broadcast was arranged in order that America might congratulate Wing Commander Kingsford-Smith on his flight from Croydon, England, to Sydney, Australia, a distance of 12,000 miles in less than ten days.

The dialogue was as clear to those tuned in on the NBC network as a telephone conversation, although the ether waves went more than halfway around the world. Participants were Martin P. Rice, of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker in New York, and Commander Kingsford-Smith in Australia. Here's what they said:

Mr. Rice: Good morning, Wing Commander Kingsford-Smith (*normal* v

Kingsford-Smith: Hello.

Mr. Rice: This is Martin Ric Schenectady.

Kingsford-Smith: Yes, Mr. Ric remember well.

Mr. Rice: I am sitting in the chair you talked from when you t to Australia.

Kingsford-Smith: Well, I will forget that. My mother was so th about it, you know.

Mr. Rice: Well, I want to give yo behalf of the whole people of the U States the most hearty congratulat Everyone is thrilled to know of great accomplishments.

Kingsford-Smith: Thank you much indeed.

Mr. Rice: Was this plane that flew, the Southern Cross Junior, similar to the other one?

Kingsford-Smith: No, the Sout Cross Junior is a light airplane. low horsepower, just a four-cylinde gine. It is in the class of sport fl you really might call it. It is really a sort of sport proposition. Hard commercial job at all.

Mr. Rice: How many miles did fly altogether?

Kingsford-Smith: If you count trip to Sydney it is about 12,000 m The actual mileage to the coast Australia, it is about 100 miles 10,000 miles.

Mr. Rice: And you did that in than ten days?

Kingsford-Smith: Actual time, co ing the difference of time between Lo and Australia, it was nine days twe one and one-half hours.

Mr. Rice: Did you find it at s points more dangerous than others?

Kingsford-Smith: Not so very gerous, except for the water cross which seemed a little unfamiliar to with one engine instead of three, know. There wasn't a great deal danger in it but was very strenu however.

Mr. Rice: What would you think passenger service over that line?

Kingsford-Smith: I think we will that in, say, five to ten years' time.

Mr. Rice: That is very interest Would that be a large plane, do you th or a small one?

Kingsford-Smith: I imagine it wo start by being just a mail plane carry



Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, war ace, is in the business of transport flying today

Australia!" *Via Radio to Commander Kingsford-Smith*

passengers and eventually develop into pretty big passenger service.

Mr. Rice: What do you think we need ost in work of that kind? What would the next step in the progress of devel- ing the airplane for that type of work?

Kingsford-Smith: A faster type of ine.

Mr. Rice: Now we are going to let you k with another good friend of yours, ptain Rickenbacker.

Kingsford-Smith: Yes, an old pal of ne.

Mr. Rice: We will ask Captain Rick- backer to say a few words.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Hello, Smitty.

Kingsford-Smith: Hello, Eddie.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Awfully glad to ar your voice.

Kingsford-Smith: Awfully glad to hear m you.

Capt. Rickenbacker: It seems a long ys off.

Kingsford-Smith: The reception is ex- ordinarily good, isn't it?

Capt. Rickenbacker: Splendid. The only trouble with you is that you e getting ready to go to bed and I had get out of bed to come over here to lk to you.

Kingsford-Smith: Perfectly true. It is n minutes past eleven o'clock at night, u know.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Well, I got up five-thirty this morning in order to be time, because I wouldn't have missed if I had had to stay up all night.

Kingsford-Smith: Awfully glad to hear ur voice.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Congratulations the wonderful flight. I have been atching every detail of it.

Kingsford-Smith: It was just a little t of hard work.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Yes, but I'll bet ur ears are tuned into the motor noises ore than when you came in this direc- on?

Kingsford-Smith: Oh, I don't know.

Capt. Rickenbacker: But I can im- gine your feelings and tenseness when u were crossing those jungles. You uldn't make such a big mouthful for me of those alligators down there, but hat there is, is mighty good and we all ppreciate it over here.

Kingsford-Smith: Will you send a per- nal message to Slim Lindbergh for me?

Capt. Rickenbacker: I will be very appy to.

Kingsford-Smith: Tell him that it will not be very long before I will be enter- ing into the same state that he is in. I am going to be married in a very few weeks from now.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Well, you know, you have everybody's hearty congratula- tions, and personally I could only wish for you what I could wish for myself.

Kingsford-Smith: Thank you, old man. We may both come over later.

Capt. Rickenbacker: I tell you, you had better be careful. You know, there are a lot of handsome aviators over here. I suppose you have some there too. We have seen one of them whom we kind of like. Say Smitty, tell me, if you were going to open up a service between Aus- tralia and the United States, which way would you consider it the easiest, East or West?

Kingsford-Smith: You mean across the Pacific or around the other side?

(*Continued on page 114*)



Wing Commander Kingsford-Smith, veteran of flights across the Pacific and from England to Australia



"You is de brudder what draws a seven."

Hawkins and the Missus Go to See

AMOS and ANDY

This Peterburg Couple Just Couldn't Wait, So They Travel Far to See "Check and Double Check"

DEAR EDITOR.

I received your letter thanking me for sending you the poem that you couldn't use. It was very nice of you to write to me about it. I hope I have better luck with the next poem that I write. I really should say the next poem that the Missus and I write, because we always work together on things like that.

The Missus and I get along very well together, even after ten years of marriage. We don't have any of the squabbles other married couples seem to be always having. We "gee" together on everything. We like the same Radio programs, and all. We're both daffy about Amos 'n' Andy. I have heard that in some homes the men like Amos 'n' Andy, but that their wives don't, and vice versa. But not so in our home.

The fact of the matter is, as the lawyers say, we must have been the first people in town to become regular listeners to Amos 'n' Andy when they first started broadcasting. And we told the folks next door and they told some others and the next thing we knew Amos 'n' Andy were the rage of Peterburg, and everybody was going around speaking about "propolitions", and saying "I'se regusted" and all the other famous Amos 'n' Andy words.

When we heard that Amos 'n' Andy were going to make a motion picture, why the Missus and I just couldn't wait until we should get a chance to see it. The Peterburg movie promised that they would have it as soon as it was finished, but the Missus and I just couldn't wait. When we heard that t picture was to be shown New York, why, we ma up our minds that we wou go there and see it, a again be the first in tow to tell folks about Amos Andy.

Well, down to New Yo we went, the night the pi ture opened. We got o the train and asked a taxi driver to tak us straight to the Mayfair Theater befo we even went to a hotel. But we couldn get into the theater the first night. W learned they weren't selling any ticke and that the first show was only for folk having gold-plated passes and New Yor celebrities, and not for folks who wante to buy tickets and tell their friends abou the picture.

BUT the next day was different. The fans could get in.

Say, a visit to New York's newes movie palace, alone, was well worth th

p. And we had plenty of time to see w beautiful the theater really is, be- use we had to stand in line in the lobby r more than half-an-hour before we uld even get inside, that's how big the owd was that also wanted to see Amos Andy.

We finally got inside the theater, only e Missus and I decided we wouldn't ok at the picture in the middle, but it until we could see it from the be- nning. So all we heard was people ughing like they were lunatick and that ly made us more anxious to get seated d see. Well, we finally got two seats nd of far back. Then they had a news- el and a short comedy, and then, at st, Amos 'n' Andy, in their *Check and ouble Check*. You know Andy, over e Radio used always to be saying heck and double check".

The picture opens with the Heroine id the man who turns out to be the llain of the picture, out horseback rid- g, and something goes wrong with her ddle. They start walking home to- ther, with the Villain, played by Ralfe aroide, making love to the beautiful eroine, played by Sue Carol, who is ally very beautiful. In the picture eir names are Ralph Crawford and an Blair. (I guess I had better call em by their play names.)

CRAWFORD is very velled up on himself and can't under- and why Jean won't have anything to with him. Jean tells Crawford that e is waiting the arrival of Richard Wil- ms (played by Charles Morton), from e South, and that er mother and dad ve gone to the sta- on to meet this here ichard.

Well, Jean and rawford go walking long, when, Zoop! a xi passes them and scares Crawford's horse. Crawford, being a very mean fellow starts to wallop the horse. The taxi hauls up and a young, handsome, smiling fellow hops out, apologizes for the taxi scaring the horse, although his apology wasn't at all necessary as it wasn't his fault at all.

Crawford doesn't want to talk about it and says, "Come along Jean." Whereupon the young fellow in the taxi asks, "What? are you Jean Blair?" And then he springs the big surprise that he is none other than Mr. Richard Williams. You can see that it's a case of love at first sight between Jean and Richard. The Missus and I did, anyway. Well, Crawford, of course, takes an immediate dislike to Richard, and hates him even more when he suggests that Jean ride home with him in the taxi leaving Crawford to walk with both horses. Then comes what we traveled so far to see.

The scene shifts to the office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorpulated, in Harlem. In front of the door is the old battered fresh air taxi, and through the dirty window we could see Amos 'n' Andy just like you hear them. The camera moves inside.

There we see Andy just the same as on the Radio with his feet on the desk and Amos hard at work trying to fix a bum old innertube. They are talking about the lodge meeting of the Mystic Knights of the Sea and after the lodge they are going to a dance with Madame Queen and Ruby Taylor. Andy is very insistent about hiring a dress suit for the occasion. It was terribly funny. Oh my, Oh my, Oh!

Then the 'phone bell rings and Amos wants to answer it.

"Get away from that 'phone," says Andy. "Hello," he growls in his gruff voice. "Who? Oh, Madame Queen?" Then his voice changed soft and silly and the audience just roared when Andy says, "Yes dis is yo Ducky-Wucky."

Then Amos says sarcastically, "Old Ducky-Wucky."

WELL, Madame Queen wants to make sure she and Ruby are going to the dance that night, and after Andy yeses her, Amos asks to speak to Ruby, and that gets to be a scream. The Missus and I just laughed and snorted.

You see Amos starts talking. "Hello, honey, this is Amos . . ." and Andy says under his breath, "with the egg-shaped head." And Amos goes right on saying to Ruby, "with the egg-shaped head." Then he says, "No, no, honey, I didn't mean you . . ." and Andy cuts in again by saying, "the gal with the big feet." He just goes on getting Amos so bawled up that he is calling Ruby "big fathead" and everything when he means to call it to Andy and telling Ruby to shut up when he wants Andy to shut up. I thought everybody would go into hysterics. The Missus just screamed. Well, he finally gets it all straightened out, and then gets very blue again.

In the story Amos and Andy are supposed to have come to Harlem from the South where they both worked for a Mr. Williams who really turns out to have been the father of Richard Williams, but I guess I am getting ahead of the story. Anyway Amos is wishing he was back in the South with Mr. Williams.

(*Continued on page 118*)



"Hello, Honey, is dat you?"

"With de big feet?"

Broadcasting from

The Second Decade

LAST month, Radio broadcasting on a program basis completed its first decade. Station KDKA of Pittsburgh holds the distinction of having been the pioneer. Since 1920 a gigantic industry of tremendous world wide influence has been reared. The technical progress in both broadcasting and reception constitutes one of the greatest scientific achievements of the age. Head sets have come and gone. Exterior aerials are becoming less and less essential. Battery problems have been largely eliminated. Static has been stifled though not entirely suppressed. Progress on the artistic side of Radio programs has been universally recognized as marvelous. Today, the most important personages in virtually every line of endeavor and the most outstanding events of every type are brought before the public via the microphone. "Talent" which could never be paid to appear on the stage or in moving pictures of the drama type is brought before the people through the theatre of the air: President Hoover, King George, Colonel Lindbergh are typical examples of "Talent without price." Radio has become part of education and governmen



The early inventors and experimenters in wireless telegr phy and in Radio broadcasting fell so far short in their pro nostications of what Radio would bring within a deca that we feel little hesitation in expressing the belief th few, if any, people in the world today realize what the ne decade of Radio broadcasting will bring. Television on practical home entertainment basis is already in the offin The financial success of Radio broadcasting has been estal lished with quite a percentage of the commercial statio and the growing popularity of sponsored programs presag not only the financial success of broadcasting, but the rapi and important improvements which occur in any industr operating on a profitable, as distinguished from an "ar geled" basis.

RADIO has already accomplished so much that it is some what difficult to visualize just where the most radica changes will grow in the next decade. We venture, how ever, to predict that they will be more social in nature tha technical or artistic though these latter phases show im mense improvements, often in entirely new directions. I an editorial published in November the New York *Time* said: "In its mass appeal we have the real significance Radio. Mounting sales, princely incomes of entertainers— what are these compared with the triumph of uniting alie peoples in an hour of spiritual brotherhood? A new forc has been discovered—a social force which must be reckone with in the onward sweep of civilization, and which i second only to the printing press in its far-reaching in fluence."

In an editorial published in the September issue of thi magazine entitled "Radio Can Kill War" we proposed number of definite methods whereby Radio can be em ployed to develop good will among the people of the nation located in every part of the world and we discussed at th same time how Radio can be used simultaneously to develo universal anti-war psychology. Many of the suggestion made in this editorial are already being carried out an there is every indication that the movement will be materi ally accelerated within less than a year.

In an editorial in the October issue of this magazine en titled "Radio Is Destroying Old Social Barriers," we pointed out how the so-called "country brethren" are being brought into intimate contact with those people, those events and that knowledge which has long been considered the exclusive province of the socially elite when society standards are founded primarily upon wealth. We indicated that Radio is steadily fostering a new conception of social aristocracy and is, in fact, augmenting the national and international average of intelligence and culture with a speed and breadth of influence heretofore unknown.

The Editor's Chair

In commemorating the tenth anniversary of Radio broadcasting and in paying homage to its miraculous accomplishments during the period of youth, we reiterate our belief that the future trend will not be so much to revolutionary mechanical and artistic developments as toward the development of new types of economic, political, religious and social thinking—all of which will be international in scope.

Radio vs. Rackets

IN LAST month's issue of Radio Digest Grover Whalen, the famous ex-police commissioner of the City of New York, presented many facts regarding how Radio is being used to detect and apprehend criminals. He also stated that overtures to bribe and threats had been made to individuals who were broadcasting data about the use of Radio to track down violators of the law.

Within the last few years an evil, not entirely new in nature, has beset the business and political life of America to an extent never before dreamed possible. Even judges have been drawn into the mire of modern racketeering and conditions have now reached such a point in many of our largest metropolitan centers that the very foundations of our Constitution are menaced. Something must be done soon or the respectable elements will be driven into a subordinate position not only in business and in politics, but in every-day living. Unfortunately, so few people are wholly or even partially conscious of the far reaching extent of modern rackets that they are sitting idly in a state of so-called blissful ignorance.

Something must be done to arouse the public from its lethargy. Nothing of importance can or will be done until the public at large becomes emotionally excited. The responsibility to save America from its latest and most insidious parasite, the racketeer, is squarely up to the press and to Radio. Thus far the press as a whole has been sadly lacking in initiative, courage and thoroughness. Radio has been no better. The objective is not one for rivalry between the two mediums. It is very definitely one for cooperative effort along all possible lines. But in the exposé and driving out of rackets and racketeers the press and Radio can serve themselves and the public best by being good pacemakers for each other.

Who today, for instance, is publishing or broadcasting the facts regarding the toll which is being paid by many gasoline filling stations to racketeers, a toll which generally amounts to $2.00 per week per man and which is paid only for threat of murder, arson or physical damage to private property? Who is publishing facts about the similar rackets which have invaded the miniature golf course industry, and who is fighting against the toll which is paid by retail store merchants in so many cities for racketeer protection against having their glass store fronts broken by "rowdies"?

These are minor samples of the type of racketeering which is invading almost every line of business, and which is involving political office holders of low and high rank, and which in certain communities is rotting our most important bulwark of equity and justice—the American judicial system. The time for passiveness is past. The time for enlightening the public is here. Only an uprising of public sentiment can destroy the vicious monster who masquerades under the somewhat dramatic role of "The Racketeer".

Here's hoping that Radio can and will perform heroically and successfully, though unarmed, against an enemy who is armed not only with drugged liquor, kidnapping accomplices, masters of blackmail and pugilists wearing brass knuckles, but who is also fully armed and ready to fire with the very latest models of automatic pistols "dressed up lemons" (bombs) and machine guns mounted in armored cars. Radio, in the right, is mightier than might.

RAY BILL



John Garland

Sensitive Mary Cressley, in Love with John Garland, Coarse Landlord. But the Man who Kissed her Once

By
E. Phillips
Oppenheim



Illustrations by W. M. Stockton

The Story This Far.

A ROCKET lit a flaming streak in the darkness, and the village people on shore gasped at their last glimpse of the Southampton bound liner as she split in two on the reefs outside the little fishing port. The last of the survivors to reach shore was a tall, handsome man, John Garland, who was hailed by the other survivors as leader and courageous rescuer.

Two hundred souls had been brought, half-drowned, from the wreck, and the small hamlet, with a population of but seventy, had been hard put to find beds for them all. The clergyman in charge of the rescuing party almost despaired of finding a bed for this last refugee, when Mary Cressley, slim and frail, battled her way along the jetty and offered to give warmth and cheer to some one . . . a woman or a child . . . for she liv all alone and was a timid soul. H with the sanction of the minister, and a time of dire need, she could not refu shelter and a warm fire to the strang despite his unkempt beard and wild pearance.

So John Garland walked through t storm by Mary Cressley's side, to h tiny cottage. In the dark he thoug her a little old lady, but when the fi light lit her face, he realized she was n more than thirty or thirty-five . . . a he recognized her as the little Cressl girl, daughter of the old minister. I even remembered kissing her when had seen her in their childhood days b

The Deliverer

aced with Eviction Unless She Marries her Red-faced, one Away Again Without a Word . . . and She is Destitute.



A great motor-car had swung up to the door. A man, head and shoulders taller than most of them, pushed his way into the auction room.

ore he left home for a long journey. Morning and a shave revealed a hand-ome man to the surprised eyes of the imid little Englishwoman. Three days assed . . . then four, but the ship-wrecked stranger made no move to depart. Gradually the hamlet was being emptied of its unusual crowds, then suddenly Miss Cressley awoke to the fact that she hated the thought of the young man's leaving! Perhaps . . . well, she was a young woman still . . . she rearranged her hair after the fashion of her youthful days and clad herself in a slim, pale dress. When she appeared, smiling shyly, he looked at her in amazement and exclaimed:

"Why you grow younger every day. If I could only do the same, you might remember the farmer's son as well as I remember the minister's daughter!" He gazed down at her questioningly.

Conclusion

SHE started. Then a wave of recollection came to her. There had always seemed something familiar about his tone and manner.

"Why," she gasped, "you are John Garland—John who ran away from home!"

He smiled.

"I kissed you once, Mary," he said, "up the lane there."

She blushed furiously.

"I do not remember it," she said, mendaciously—a statement which was scarcely likely to be true, considering that it was the only embrace to which she had ever submitted.

"I'd like—" he began, and stopped. She was stooping over her roses.

"You have been away a long time," she said, softly.

"A long time," he repeated. "Everyone seems to be dead and gone. I am afraid I shall find the old country a lonely place."

"Luncheon is ready," she said. "Shall we go in?"

Afterwards he produced the telegram.

"This afternoon," he said, calmly, "I must go."

She caught at her breath. She could not keep the frightened look from her eyes, but she was able to control her tone.

"Isn't it a little sudden?" she asked.

He nodded gloomily.

"I'm a man of affairs now," he said, "and I'm wanted."

SHE saw him off. She scarcely heard his farewell words. Every faculty she possessed was devoted to the desperate effort of preserving her secret. She saw him go, felt the touch of his fingers, heard the sound of his kindly voice, and turned away a little abruptly, just in time to hide the blinding tears. Then she walked back to her cottage, seeing no one, walking like one stumbling through a dream. It was very quiet, very peaceful, there. The smell of tobacco still lingered about her tiny hall. There was nothing else. Her knees shook as she fled up the stairs to her room.

Tragedy that year came not only from

the sea, but from the land, to the little village of Pargeth. Dinneford's bank failed in the neighboring town, and half the village lost their savings. Mary Cressley lost more. She lost everything. When the winter came, and the worst was known, she found herself face to face with ruin.

She went to her landlord, a red-faced, sporting solicitor of bibulous habits. She had known him all her life, and hated him. He had been expecting her visit, and received her a little grimly in his bare, untidy office.

He interrupted her timid explanations.

"I KNOW all about it, Mary Cressley," he said. "Your money is lost — Dinneford's will never pay a farthing—and you can't pay your rent, eh?"

"Not just yet," she admitted.

"Not just yet or ever," he interrupted. "How should you pay it? You've got nothing."

"I was going to ask you to wait for a little time, and I would try and get some lodgers," she said.

He laughed scornfully.

"You'd get no one before the summer," he said; "and how do you suppose you're going to live and pay your rent out of boarders?"

"I can't think of anything else," she said, desperately.

"I can," he answered. "You must do what you'd have done years ago if you'd been a sensible woman—marry me!"

She rose at once to her feet.

"That," she declared, "is impossible."

"Is it?" he answered. "Well, then, it's also impossible for me to wait for my rent. I'll give you a week."

She went away without a word. For three days she hesitated. Then she sat down and wrote to John Garland. He had spoken truthfully when he said that he had become a man of affairs. His name was everywhere in the papers lately—the new colonial millionaire, the owner of gold-mines and townships. Pargeth, it seemed, had entertained a Prince in disguise.

She wrote the letter, and as soon as she had finished it she tore it up. Her head was buried in her arms.

"I can't!" she moaned. "I can't!"

Then legal documents came to terrify her. A man made an inventory of all she possessed—a man who handled her precious pieces of china as though they had been jam-pots, and even counted her household linen. The terror came again! She thought of the workhouse—the cold, grey building on the hillside—its bare rooms, the long-drawn-out days of agony. Again she wrote to John Garland. This time she would have posted the letter, but Fate sent in her way a newspaper.



"You must do what you'd have done years ago if you'd been a sensible woman—marry me! I can't wait for my rent."

She learned that he had purchased a great country estate, and announced his intention of marrying. The name of the lady was mentioned—the daughter of a poverty-stricken peer, a reigning beauty for several seasons.

Mary tore up her letter and went down to look at the sea. If only she had the courage!

Her landlord, Peter Sewell, came once more—the night before the sale. He was flushed, and he smelt of drink. He talked in a loud voice, and he had a good deal to say about her folly. In the end she turned him out of the house. It was her last luxury, and she enjoyed it.

There were barely a score of people at the sale. Amongst them was the vicar, flushed and anxious, with a little list in his hand which he kept consoling. When the auctioneer mounted his chair the vicar for a moment intervened.

"May I," he said, turning to face the few people, "say just one word?. You all know the painful circumstances under which this sale has become necessary. You all know very well our dear friend, Miss Mary Cressley. A few of us have subscribed to buy her furniture, and thus keep a home for her amongst us until the spring. Pargeth, unfortunately, is not a rich place, and the sum which we have been able to collect is, after a very small. But I should like you all know that when I bid, I bid for those w wish to return to this dear lady her f household goods."

There was a sympathetic murmur fro the bystanders, a nod of approval fro the auctioneer, and a growl from Sewe A red-faced lady, who kept the ir turned indignantly towards him.

"What I say is, let the poor lady ke her bits and bobs of furniture!" she e claimed. "Who'd be the better off f them, I should like to know? And wha a matter of a bit of rent behind, e Hasn't she lived here respectable, a paid her way, all her life? Shame them as is pressing her like this, I say

Sewell turned upon them all a litt fiercely.

"Look here," he said, "there's be enough of this sentimental rot. Th is a business meeting. Get on wi the sale, Cob If any of y think you' going to indul in a little che charity, you' wrong. I here to bu myself. No then, Cobb."

The sale pr ceeded. The vicar b timidly for the first fe lots. Sewell scornful outbid him and secur them. Then there w a commotion outside. A great motor-c had swung up to the door. A man, hea and shoulders taller than most of then pushed his way in.

"What the devil's the meaning of this? he exclaimed, looking around.

The vicar recognized the new-com and scented a friend. He ignored th expletive. In a few words he made th situation clear.

"Right!" John Garland said, leanin his back against the wall. "You can lea the bidding to me, vicar. I'll take hand in this."

Sewell glared across the room.

"Cobb," he said, turning to the au tioneer, "remember this is a cash affai You can't take bids from strangers wit out the money."

JOHN GARLAND laughe dryly, though there was little sign o humour in his face.

"My name is John Garland," he sai "I've a thousand pounds in my pocke a few hundred thousands in the ban and a few millions behind that. Like t examine these notes, Mr. Auctioneer? he added, holding a packet out to hin

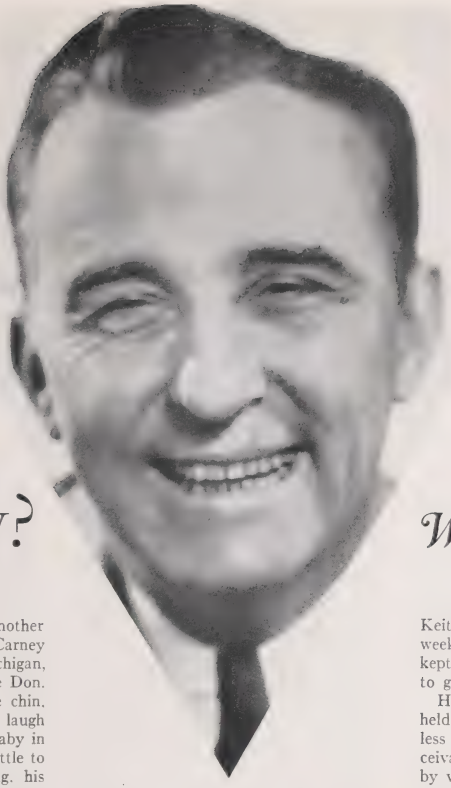
The auctioneer waved them away.

"Quite satisfactory, Mr. Garland," h said.

"Go on with the sale," Sewell shoute

(*Continued on page 123*)

Who Is Don Carney?



A Million Kids Know Him as Uncle and Listen When He Speaks

By Fred Smith

[N THE year that many another American boy was born, the Carney household in St. Joseph, Michigan, rejoiced in a welcome to little Don. ter they chucked him under the chin, iled at his smile, laughed at his laugh d said he was the best natured baby in e land. While Don was still too little to seen advantageously if standing, his other would sit him up on the old square ano and play a laughing accompaniment his interpretations of songs from the ilbert and Sullivan operas.

Thus entertaining relatives, guests and iends, the boy acquired a propensity nich grew and developed with his own owth and development. Parents who aised the child, however, rebuked the outh who expressed a yearning to go the stage. Ah no! That was quite a fferent matter! Little Don should go ght on through school, high school, colge, become a professional man—go to ows if he liked them, but be a show-an? Never!

BUT from these same parnts Don had inherited a will of his own, desire to do as he pleased, respond to the himes that tickled him, follow the will-o'-he-wisps that beckoned him. Through igh school days he played piano for neighorhood dances. He entertained at amateur shows by singing and playing, telling unny stories while sitting at the piano. Then he got a booking on small time audeville, began his fitful wanderings.

No straight-away course to fame and lory was his. He plodded back and orth, up and down, touching life on the Gulf, at the Great Lakes, in the mountains, small towns, big towns. For many a year did he follow the vaudeville trail, with never a more cheerful respite than this one: passing through Hornbeck, small, picturesque Louisiana town, Don descended from the train for a moment to walk the station platform, breathe the pine-scented air. With chest expanded he found himself exclaiming, "What a wonderful place for a rest!"

Not long after he returned to Hornbeck, saw, liked and bought a small farm at the edge of the town. There he'd go during off seasons, live the simple life of a Louisiana farmer, walk and meditate beneath the pines, fraternize with neighboring farmers.

In 1915 Carney blew into New York confident that Keith Circuit was ready and waiting to give him a $100 a week contract. But the Keith office seemed surprised at this advance news, repeated over and over that no contracts at even the comparatively small figure of $100 a week did they have to hand out . . . Last summer, by way of contrast Radio-Keith-Orpheum paid Uncle Don $1500 a week for a twelve weeks' tour, would have kept him indefinitely had he been willing to give up his microphone.

However, fifteen years ago New York held open no theatrical portals for dauntless Don. After exhausting every conceivable method of getting into vaudeville by visiting managers and booking offices, talking with actors, Carney decided to go out and get a job—his stomach was taking no vacation.

There was at that period in the history of the U. S. A. a big rush on shipbuilding. So, to the New York Shipbuilding yards went Carney, and he got his job—ship fitter's helper at 18 cents an hour! He had never before seen a shipyard, but dutifully he followed his fitter about, carrying the tools, keeping his eyes open. Within two weeks he received an increase in pay, at the end of six months he was a foreman, at the end of the year which followed he was made assistant superintendent, and soon after he became superintendent of a division on torpedo boat construction. In addition, he was placed in charge of a school for ship fitters . . . Then the War came to an end, contracts began to dwindle, and by 1923 shipbuilding for Carney was no more.

IN THE fall of 1923 Carney started out in vaudeville again, this time with a large act that soon fizzled, and unconditionally, because the manager, holding fast to all the money accumulated up to that moment, took a train for some place else. Don came back to New York.

(*Continued on page 125*)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

"SEVEN-ELEVEN" Fifth Avenue, you know, is the National Broadcasting Company Building. By getting there at nine o'clock I had a half hour to wait for the Camel Hour and Mary McCoy. And thank heaven for my punctuality, for the Camel Hour wasn't at "Seven-eleven" at all but down



Mary McCoy

at the Times Square Follies studio.

So—ten minutes to go, and Times Square fifteen blocks away. Taxi; expensive but necessary. Hate traffic lights. And one way streets. At last—Forty-second street and the New Amsterdam Theatre. Through the long lobby past the pictures of lovely show girls. No time to be envious now. Into the elevator and up to the roof. It used to be the old New Amsterdam Roof Garden, sacred to the memory of the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic. Then a stage and an orchestra pit covered the dance floor, seats replaced the tables, and it became a theatre. And now the National Broadcasting Company has transformed it into a great auditorium which is used for public broadcasts.

I give my ticket to an usher; hurry down the aisle. There is just time to slip into my seat—lovely seat, second row—and notice the audience, smart as any first night gathering in any of the Broadway theatres. Lights down, curtain up. Orchestra, glee club, pianos, microphones fill the stage. Gordon Whyte steps to the footlights.

"In one minute, ladies and gentlemen, the show will start. During the performance I must ask you to remain very quiet, as those microphones—there are three hanging right over your heads—are extremely sensitive. Thank you."

The show is on! First Charles Previn and the Camel Hour Orchestra. Then Willard Robison. Then Reinald Werrenrath. Then Mary McCoy; lovely golden hair, big blue eyes, sweet clear voice.

Three years ago Mary McCoy stood in front of another microphone in Kansas City and sang a song. To the young girl who had been singing in churches and concerts in Kansas City it was just another local Radio program. But when it was over she got a telephone call that gave her the greatest thrill she had ever had.

"This is Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink," said the voice at the other end of the wire, "I have been listening to your program, my dear, and enjoyed it ever so much. May I see you for a few minutes tomorrow?"

Mary McCoy didn't sleep that night, nor the next night. For when the great contralto met her the next day and heard her sing again she was so impressed that she asked her to go with her as assistant artist on her Golden Jubilee tour. Mme. Schumann-Heink had only one fear, that this small, fragile blonde person would not be equal to the strain of traveling. But even that doubt was swept away by the end of the tour.

"Ach, my child," exclaimed the great diva, "if you stand this trip so well, you are strong like an ox. You can even do opera."

And the following summer they spent together at the contralto's California home, where Madame coached her young protegée in operatic rôles. Then ca[me] an urgent offer from the Shuberts to h[ave] her assume the leading rôle in "My Ma[ry]land". Madame Schumann-Heink advi[sed] her to take it, declaring it would [be] "excellent experience." So for a y[ear] Mary McCoy sang the rôle of Barb[ara] Frietchie. Back in New York after [the] road tour she soon came to the attent[ion] of NBC. She signed a contract, and h[as] she is on the Camel Hour, meanwh[ile] continuing her operatic work with NB[C].

I found her back stage (or should [I] say back studio?) after the performan[ce] the hair more golden, the eyes bigger [and] bluer than ever, on close inspection. [A] exquisite, orchid-like creature—and [we] was talking about stunt flying! S[he] adores airplanes, she explained, but [is] solutely refused to go up unless [the] pilot will promise to stunt! On [the] ground her favorite means of transpor[ta]tion is a horse, and I learned later th[at] she is an excellent horsewoman. S[he] was born in Great Bend, Kansas, a[nd] learned to ride on a Texas ranch w[ith] real cowboys for instructors.



Ben Alley

Her greatest thrill, next to hearing Mme. Schumann-Heink's voice on the phone that night in Kansas City, was the five-dollar bill she got for her first paid appearance. It was before a women's club and she was nine years old. But that was by no means her first public appearance. She has forgotten that, but only the other day a man from her home state told her that he remembered a little golden haired tot of three standing up before the guests and singing at a party given by her elders. That was the age at which she started to play the piano and for many years she played all her own accompaniments. At that time she was known as Laura Townsley McThat was her real name and she kept it until she joined the cast of "My Maryland". Then the Shuberts suggested that a less formal one would be more fitting for light opera purposes. She has been Mary McCoy ever since.

Ben Alley

BEN ALLEY should have a new picture taken. Look at it. Don't you think Columbia's staff tenor looks like a very fat man? I did. And when I was handed that picture and told to wait for him up on the twenty-second floor, I kept watching the elevator and expecting some very chubby person to come out of it. So when the brass door slid back and a medium-sized, athletic looking young man stepped out, I mentally discarded him as far too thin.

But the picture lied. It *was* Ben Alley. And he looks more like an energetic going broker, a few years out of college, than the's usual conception of a tenor. And he has just that attitude, one of businesslike purposefulness, toward his work. He thinks singing is a combination of natural talent, plus intelligence, plus hard work. Not singing to the stars, but singing to a needle seems to be his aim.

"What is this needle?" I finally asked after several remarks about keeping the needle steady, about being careful not to let the needle go over thirty.

"Why, don't you know?" he asked in amazement. "Well, come with me."

We went up a narrow stairway into a room filled with what looked to be all parts of switchboards—the master control room. In the middle of each switchboard was a little dial. On one of the dials a needle was wavering back and forth. Ida Bailey Allen was broadcasting a home economics talk and with every word, with every breath, the needle changed position.

"You see," said Ben Alley, "it never goes above thirty (that was the middle number). That means her voice is going out all right on the air, that it won't blast,' but will go clearly and pleasantly to the homes. A singer must do the same thing as a speaker, keep that needle steady."

Up at Columbia Ben Alley is known as one of the easiest singers to "hold". He has mastered his microphone technique. This he does not do by drawing away and coming closer, as so many singers do, but by changes in the voice itself. I watched him at the Mardi Gras program on Monday night, and his singing position scarcely varied a finger's length.

It is a beautiful voice, with a surprisingly "alive" quality in it. One woman, a cripple, wrote him that from the next room she heard him singing, and could not believe that he was not actually there. Disabled as she was she had to crawl into the other room to see if someone were not there.

When the Irish tenor sings, there is no trace of accent in his voice, but when he speaks, occasionally there is a low throaty note. It is his southern background. For he was born in West Virginia, one of eight children. All through his school years he was remarked for his beautiful voice. He won a scholarship to Marshall College, and that institution thought so much of his voice that it soon made him director of its music department.

After a training course at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, he settled in Charleston, West Virginia, where he did church and concert work. He went to Lexington, Kentucky, and was active in church and concert work there.

Eventually he joined Station WHAS in Louisville. He took part in the first international broadcast, when an attempt was made to reach England. Although the attempt failed so far as England was concerned, the tenor's voice did carry to Hawaii.

With WSAI in Cincinnati, Alley sang incognito as the "Blue Grass Tenor", and was amazingly popular. In 1928 he decided to try his fortune in New York. He had his savings and a $110 check from his church, which he thought would support him till he found what he wanted to do. The savings soon vanished and when he turned to the check, it was gone. He could not find it. For a week or so he literally and actually starved, till he found some vaudeville and night club work. It was not until long afterwards that he found the check with some of his music. He has it today, uncashed, pasted in his scrapbook.

Ben Alley has been with WABC and Columbia since January, 1929. He has been featured in over five hundred programs and has received at least a half a million letters from enthusiastic listeners. He may be heard now over the Paramount Publix, Syncopated Silhouettes, Artists Recital, Howard Fashion Plates, and Mardi Gras hours.



Welcome Lewis



Annette Hanshaw

Welcome Lewis

WELCOME LEWIS . . . in case you haven't listened in regularly on the Chase and Sanborn, Fleishmann, Eveready, 7-11's, Spotlight, Wallace Silversmiths, and Radio Luminaries programs . . . is the small lady with the sleek, black bobbed hair who croons "mean" songs over the air in a deep, husky voice. So deep is that voice, in fact, that her first music teacher called it a phenomenon, and Miss Lewis is listed at the National Broadcasting Company, not as a contralto, but as a "female baritone". More than one uninitiated listener suddenly tuning in on one of her songs about hot mamas and mistreated papas has mistaken her voice for that of a man. And the biggest surprise of all is that those deep, rich tones come from the throat of a "half-pint" size girl who is so small that she has to stand on a platform to reach the microphone.

You remember the nursery rhyme about the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. She had so many children she didn't know what to do. Well, Miss Lewis' mother wasn't the least bit like that. She already had seven children when a friend remarked that she must find such a large family troublesome. Mrs. Lewis said nothing until the eighth child was born, and then she answered by naming the newcomer "Welcome".

(*Continued on page 122*)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

AS MARCELLA trots through the magnificent arena of the Grand Central Station and bumps into porters, suitcases and the heterogeneous crowds a-comin' and a-goin', she often wonders if Pat, Mrs. Martin, Diana, Betty Mae and the rest of her curious family are not among them, and if the Radio stars whom they want to know about are not just ahead dashing for the next outgoing train.

What a flurry of people! There in a corner are four youngsters tugging at their mother's skirts for some chocolates. And over there in front of another gate is a monocled gentleman chatting away, don't you know, about this and that.

Everything is moving incessantly—arms, legs—jaws—all in a jumble of peculiar rhythms.

And as I write this, Toddles, the Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, alights on the window ledge. She blinks ten times in rapid succession, which is her way of telling me that I'm way off the subject of this column. And as Toddles always knows what's best to do, we all bow to her wisdom.

So off we go!

Marcella does claim to see all and hear all, Nona, and "purty" soon she will be nothing but eyes and ears, which are very useful these days, I must say.

* * *

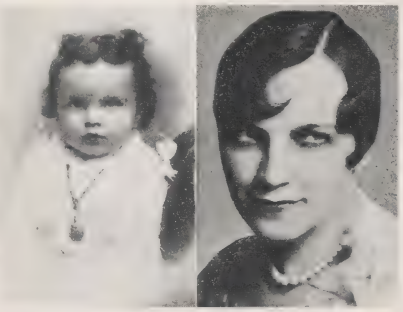
WELL, first of all, Jessica Dragonette, the "golden phantom of the air," no longer takes speaking parts in her program because it seems to be too much of a strain on her voice—and second, the program is speeded up by the elimination of the dialogue.



Jessica Dragonette

No, there is not any truth in the rumor that Miss Dragonette is going talkie-wise. Her first love is Radio, and she refuses to divide her allegiance. Thank you muchly for the poem, Nona, I think it is very beautiful. And thanks also for the lovely article.

HERE Helene Handin is represented before and after sweet sixteen. She's one of the busiest daughters of the air. And when she's not writing out Radio acts, she wields the needle and shears into making over clothes for a little girl whom she has taken under her wing. And they're just the cutest things you ever saw. She crocheted one of those fashionable berets for this youngster of nine, and pulled out a blue sweater (which she had been saving for a Christmas present) because it matched the beret. I had luncheon with Miss Handin today and told her how much you enjoy her programs, Janet. Sorry you must run so fast to catch the early train so that you can hear Helene's broadcast.



Helene Handin then — Miss Handin now

* * *

HOW old is Lawrence Salerno, Italian Baritone of WGN? He is twenty-nine. To whom is he married? Caroline Olson of Madison, Wis. Is she professional? No. How did he obtain his start in Radio. Well, it was this way. Five years ago, Salerno asked for an audition before Henry Selinger, manager of WGN, and presto was employed! Before this he had been in concert and opera. He had the role of Pish Tush in Gilbert & Sullivan's operetta, "The Mikado". For three and a half years he was soloist in the Grace Episcopal Church in Madison, Wis. And now he's with WGN. If there are any more if's, who's, what's, and why's that are on your mind, Nancy, send them on to Marcella. Yes, he was born Italy, but came to America when qu young.

* * *

WE SHO' does take all dem pa in de Fresh Air Taxi Corpulation, p gam—say Amos 'n' Andy. An' beli me, one partner am jes' about confal latin' widout anyone else bustin' in. you see we have it direct from them t they run the program, Paul.

* * *

OVER on the next page Fred Fiebel, very much at ho with his organ, Sarah. He sta things stirring at the Colum Broadcasting System every mo ing. Gets up every day at 5: does his little stretching and th takes the train from Ridgefie New Jersey to the Paramo organ studio in the big city a rehearsal. He puts most of t twenty-four hours of the day good hard work, but does n think that he is leading a stren ous life at all. He would be fine model for the congregatio of immature golf game spectato

The postman brings him hu dreds of fan letters each day fr those who hear his broadcast eight o'clock, all of which ju goes to show that there are people w are actually awake at that time.

Fred is young, robust and happy. started to practise on the violin when was ten years of age, but all the whi he was thinking of baseball and footba But he could not escape from the fate a musician. He learned to play pia and to like it. Then he began to play t organ. And after a year's study he was offered a job in a small picture house, and from then on he made quick progress.



Lawrence Salern

He has an organ in his home that takes up two floors and has eight hundred pipes!! I wonder if there is any room for the carpet sweeper!

WANTED: The whereabouts of Miss Frances Cowin who used to be engaged in radio and concert work in and around Chicago. Reward offered is boundless gratitude.

* * *

EVERY Wednesday night, Ruth Donnerberg and two others, making a trio, of vocalists and instrumentalists, go on a mythical musical journey over station WCKY, Covington, Ky., known as "Musical Wanderings". One night the isle may be in Japan, and another night the trio takes swift flight to the opposite end of the planet.



Ruth Donnerberg

Ruth is an accomplished 'cellist, having graduated from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. The other two of the trio is Alma Ashcraft and Mayme Kennison.

* * *

SO GLAD to hear from you Bobby Griffin! We've all been wondering where you were hiding—at WJJB, Marshalltown, Iowa, eh? Well, that's jes' as good a place as any other. Do keep us posted on your work and regards from all of us.

* * *

HERE'S another NBC announcer. Howard K. Jewett was born in Yokohama, Japan, in 1904, of American parents. His father was in the silk business, and although an American citizen he served as consul for Denmark. Ted lived in Japan until he was six and learned to speak the language fluently. He attended Princeton University but left after a few years because he felt there was too much to be learned in the great big world outside and he wanted to start larnin' as soon as possible. Then his family drafted him into the silk manufacturing business and he worked in the mills that he could start from the very bottom. On many occasions he addressed local business clubs on the industry that gets its raw material from the worm. One can never tell what the background of an announcer is. He is not married and lives in Jackson Heights, Long Island with two other National Broadcasting Company announcers —Frank Singiser, who made a personal appearance in our column last month, and Howard Petrie. Can you imagine the time they have getting one another up every morning—Time to get up—this is the National Broadcasting Company—Howard Petrie announcing!



Fred Fiebel

PHIL THORN is on the WOR staff of announcers. Mr. Thorn is playwright and actor. He went through Yale University in two years. Several short plays which are occasionally produced throughout the country by amateur groups were written by Mr. Thorn and those who remember KDKA when it was in its stage of infancy will recall the interesting sketches which Mr. Thorn wrote and broadcast over that station.

* * *

DELL PERRY moves fingers and toes whenever they are called upon. When she is not cutting capers on the piano, she cuts capers on the ice. Miss Perry who is heard on the "Piano Capers" program twice a week over the NBC is a fancy ice skater and goes in for that sport when her fingers are idle. "I have three hobbies," declares Miss Perry—"ice skating, cross word puzzles and fighting with Oscar." Oscar is her Radio partner. These fights are hard-fought arguments, always over music and always conducted in sportsmanlike style, but they are forgotten when the rounds are over.

* * *

BY THIS time, Carrie and Bernie, you have seen all about Sarge Farrell, the Windjammer in the October column. I am still waiting for his list of stations where he will broadcast this winter.

* * *

THE man who sings the theme song on the R. K. O. program is Tom Kennedy. And here is his picture for you, Waxie.



Dell Perry

* * *

THERE is efficacy in prayer, Elizabeth. It was proved in the case of George Hicks. He prayed for months for a job as an announcer. Then the opportunity came one day. He applied with two hundred others for this post at the National Broadcasting Company and was immediately accepted. A year after that he assisted Graham McNamee in reporting the arrival of the Graf Zeppelin at Lakehurst. He burned the midnight oil reading up on aviation and zeppelins, and his work was so successful that he was transferred to the New York studios. He is only 23 and many adventures are packed into these years. He wandered about sawmills, and logging and construction camps of the northwest. And he took a three-month trip along the Alaskan coast as a member of the freighter's crew.

* * *

ARTHUR Q. BRYAN is announcer of WOR. "Q.", says Arthur, "is one of the best breaks I've had. Nobody knows what it means and everybody wants to." Could it be Quixote, Quesnay or Quicherat? These are all actual, honest-to-goodness names. Every one knows who Don Quixote was. Quesnay was a French physicist and economist and Quicherat a French lexicographer. So you can have your choice. Frankly, I don't like any of these names between Arthur and Bryan, but as long as our announcer determines to keep the "Q" a secret, we have a right to sandwich anything between his Christian and surnames.

He was born in Brooklyn—that

(*Continued on page 122*)



Upper: Edward K. Jewett, Tom Kennedy
Lower: Phil Thorn, Arthur Q. Bryan

Cecil and Sally

Johnny Patrick *is bashful* "Cecil"

Helen Troy... *is giggling* "Sally"



He was a phone operator . . . she an accompanist but their impromptu chatter "clicked" and today they are heard from Miami to Honolulu.

By

Dr. Ralph L. Power

MOST showfolks seem to get somewhere by pushing themselves forward and praising their own act. But Cecil and Sally, youthful and bashful, have found that the more shyness creeps into their every-day life, the faster they speed along towards success and a sock full of money.

Today Cecil and Sally are heard over fifty-three stations, covering a territory extending from Honolulu to Miami and from Vancouver to Halifax. Whether it's the Arizona desert or the rugged coastline of New England, wild and woolly western Canada or the easy-going Southland, they seem to have acquired somehow a universal formula for providing chuckles and unrestrained glee, thus becoming pretty well liked by the listening groups.

THEY are funny. They get themselves into almost every conceivable kind of trouble and out of it. Sally lisps her way through with an admirable display of disregard, a mixture of utterly foolish questions and a fountain head of giggles.

Almost every one firmly expects Cecil to smash her with a flatiron some time, but he never does, and when Sally's fond uncle almost took her to Paris to live, Cecil really came out and showed just how much he liked her.

This boy and girl are more than funny. They are so natural and true to life that every listener knows some parallel and has been through some of their adventures. If an accurate analysis of their popularity could be made, it would undoubtedly reveal a large degree of friendship or affection for the two young characters.

Nobody, not even the astute program directors themselves, know exactly what the public wants . . . probably because the public isn't quite sure itself. Few wou have realized the possibilities of the nc mal day-by-day adventures of a 17 ye old girl and an 18 year old boy. B let's begin at the beginning.

Let's talk about Johnnie Patrick fir even though the rules of the sea s "women and children first."

Johnnie was born in Kentucky. H grew up there and also in Texas. H ancestors for generations have been arn people. As a youngster, he was rais by an uncle and aunt and they moved, course, from presidio to presidio and ba racks to barracks . . . or perhaps it w officers' quarters, for the uncle was commissioned man.

AT THE ripe old age twenty, young John decided that the were far too many army posts to vis all of 'em before passing on to the ne world, so, when his foster parents we ordered away from the presidio in Sa Francisco, Johnnie stayed back an

ed out to look for a job in earnest. here were then no commissions on nployment, so young Patrick almost the luck of the boy heroes in the tio Alger tomes. Of course he made w false starts and did various kinds ork.

ONE day he drifted into \ and got a job. He wasn't fussy t the kind of a job it was. In fact, robably didn't know what the various ifications of broadcast activity were. e got the job. It was running the hboard.

hings ran pretty smoothly, but he had t of time on his hands. He didn't the idea of addressing envelopes on side, while operating the board, but lid like to dash off smart little busi- announcements and other small pro- embellishments on the typewriter oard.

wasn't long before they even let sing a bit, for he had a fair voice. . he was yet on the switchboard and was the bread and butter job.

ow let's go back in the story and find about Sally . . . Helen Troy.

t the tender age of five (my, but 's awfully young) she took her initial ight bow, introduced by her uncle, L. Silver, a Keith circuit headliner in ier days. Her schooling was acquired raverse City, Michigan, in the Sacred rt Convent.

fter graduation she studied music . . . o and organ . . . in Chicago for a while then essayed the role of theater or- st at Grand Rapids. But Helen was ome town girl and homesickness ght her back to Traverse City when was only eighteen.

he worked there for two years, then a Detroit theater and finally in San ncisco, where she played in several ters. I almost forgot to say that this really a home coming, for Helen was n there just before the big confla- ion of 1906 and thereafter was taken .

wo years ago she became staff or- ist at KYA. Thus we bring the his- es of the two young people up to the e of the big idea. All of their modern ory dates from that time.

HER work sort of over- ped, too, just like Johnnie's. He was 'phone operator, but did some singing writing. She was the accompanist, also did solo work and vocal activity. When she checked in to work she uld stop for mail at the 'phone board. t for fun Johnnie would talk Milt oss and she would talk baby chatter. t got to be a habit, so they worked some little programs and they went r well . . . though admittedly a sort studio fill-in at first.

Then came the big idea, although it n't seem so big at the time. They rked out a series of three skits woven around a music store locale. But at the end of the week the characters of Cecil and Sally were left high and dry. The audience clamored for more with a loud noise.

So that's really the beginning of this act, which now, in electrical transcription form, has literally swept the country. The Radio episodes depict the average eighteen-year old boy and his seventeen-year old girl friend. But perhaps it isn't exactly right to call them "average", for Sally has the cutest giggle . . . a still cuter lisp . . . and the ability of asking questions faster than a horse can trot. Cecil is bashful, afraid of being sentimental, a typical boy all through.

So the series progressed, even though Johnnie had to get down to work at 6



Cecil of the soulful eyes isn't a bit romantic, but Sally makes up for him!

a. m. in order to use up the typewriter before the office staff showed up.

The time element of their meteoric rise is somewhat as follows . . . first KYA. then the new defunct ABC chain (Pacific coast unit) . . . then KPO . . . and now all over the country via electrical transmissions which are recorded in San Francisco. And all this in the short space of two years since they first gave the little three-skit affair.

No small measure of the success is traceable to Dick Haller, now vice-president and general manager of Patrick and Company, which looks after the business interest of Cecil and Sally. Haller will be remembered by many as the instigator of the KGW Hoot Owls (pioneer coast frolic group), manager of that station for many years, and later production executive for the former ABC network affair.

Will the young folks get married, or rather will they be married to each other? That is the question on the lips of 'most every Cecil and Sally fan. Well, I guess they are too good showfolk to let it be known if they do, for then the glamor and romance would be gone for the public.

At any rate, Cecil is pretty reticent about it and at the present rate, it will be some time before he can get his courage around to the point of springing the question.

On one of the ten minute episodes it did seem as though he would spring the eternal question . . . but he gasped, gulped and then asked for a glass of water. Yes, Cecil seems utterly devoid of things sentimental, romantic or affectionate.

Poor Sally's tendencies towards the romantic are constantly snubbed by Cecil. Then there is the girl next door, whom Cecil likes but Sally doesn't, and who will later play an important part in their lives. And last, but certainly not least, there is Sally's other boy friend, Alexander, rich and entertaining, who occasionally gives Cecil an uncomfortable hour when he resumes his friendship with Sally.

I suspect that in a pretty large measure these two young people more or less live the lives they portray, though it is equally as true that Johnnie Patrick is not an "average" young man . . . he doesn't at all like the idea of conforming to convention and doing everything just like the other fellow.

Helen Troy (Sally) is two or three years older than the character she portrays. She is easy to gaze upon, blonde and funny to listen to. She has no particular hobbies, but does like to go to drive her car, go on horseback jaunts and see the ball game. She likes clothes, dresses in outdoor fashion whenever she can and isn't such a slouch at housework. 'Tis even said that she would much rather putter around her city apartment than play bridge, and she is just as attractive dancing as she is while swimming.

Johnnie Patrick (Cecil) is an eligible young bachelor, and while he sometimes confesses an occasional desire for a home and a dog, he is temperamentally somewhat like Cecil—he never takes the same girl out twice.

He lives alone in a medium sized apartment which commands a fine view of the Golden Gate and the ocean.

UP THERE he does all his writing and cooks his own breakfast . . . but doesn't wash dishes. He drives a roadster with the top down and doesn't own a hat. Six feet tall, with azure eyes and dark brown hair, he likes nearly every kind of outdoor activity and is never known to miss a good show.

Johnnie swims a bit, plays a fair game of tennis, goes up in airplanes whenever he gets a chance, and his pet aversions are ferry boat whistles and raw oysters.

Both Cecil and Sally in real life like to browse around . . . in street cars, ferry docks, restaurants, stores and other public places . . . to gather ideas for more episodes in their series, which run six nights every week. Both have a sort of independent spirit . . . like dancing, swimming and appreciate the unusual . . . the weird . . . the strange sights whether in the next street or the next county.

Chicago Studio

"CHATTER!" This is the crisp command spoken every night at 9:30 except Saturday and Sunday by a WGN announcer, and is the cue for "The Girls" to begin their now famous nightly back-fence gossip. Incidentally, that one word is to be the cue, theme song and whole story of this letter as your writer is bursting with "chatter" of folk about town.

But to go on about "The Girls." Almost everybody in the Middle West is talking about Clara, Lu 'n' Em, "The Girls". In a nice way, of course. Everybody is saying "Who are they?" "What are they like?" It is known, generally, that Clara and Em live in a double house and Lu rents the upstairs, and every night they discuss timely topics, ranging from their own youngsters to President Hoover or Christopher Columbus. Nobody ever knows what they are going to talk about but one is always sure, at any rate, of the largest number of laughs that any fifteen minutes can bring.

"Well, who are they, anyway?" you ask. Really it's a shame to tell . . . I had pictured them as matronly and middle aged, and what was my surprise to discover them blooming girls, well under thirty and all three Northwestern University graduates!

Iowa, California and Illinois helped assemble them. Clara Roach, whose calling card reads Miss Louise Starky, was born in Des Moi Iowa, her father a lawyer. She came to Northwestern Univers and there took an active part in the department of speech, w ning a scholarship for post graduate work, became president Zeta, Phi Eta, school dramatic organization, and later tau interpretation.

Lu, whose microphone name is Lulu Casey and whose life surance policy reads Miss Isabel Carothers, also came fr Iowa . . . Mt. Pleasant, to be exact. She won an honorarium dramatics in high school at Des Moines, attended Drake came to Northwestern where she, too, was elected a mem of the dramatic society and as Clara, its president.

Last but not least, in fact greatest worry of the trio, is Krueger. In the family Bible name is registered Helen King. B in Los Angeles, her parents brou her when but a child to Peoria, I where Helen was graduated w honors. She wrote the senior cl play. From two years at Brad College she advanced to Nor western, joined up with Louise a Isabel in the dramatic organi tion and later became vice pre dent.

They are all so thoroughly meshed in their parts that they oft slip into character when they together in public places, mu to the delight and amusement anyone who happens to be n them.







The "Musical Wanderings" program at WCKY, Covington, Ky., is t brainchild of attractive Alma Ashcraft (top). Besides being beautif and clever, she's staff soprano and hostess.

Peg Wynne and Ambrose Barker (above), recently deserted the thre a-day and joined KNX, Hollywood. They have played in every civiliz country in the world . . . appropriately, their program is call "Nomads".

Harvey Hays (left), "Old Timer" of the Empire Builders, reach Chicago! At the station to meet him were Bernadine Flynn, leadi lady, Don Bernard, production manager and Don Ameche, juvenile lea with hat in hand.

Brevities

Betty McGee

Writes A Letter Bursting With News

R at WMAQ Hal Totten's twins are still quite the bject of conversation. This famous sports announcer the proud father of twin girls on September 25th, the t Rogers Hornsby made his bow as the new manager of rigley's baseball club. So all in all it was a big day for os.

e was some question as to what the names of the little re to be, Cubs players and fans offering many suggestions s Pete and Repeat. But Mrs. Totten had other ideas. children, who were eventually named Barbara Jean and Joanne, were well equipped with clothing just as soon as layers and fans heard of rrival. Each of them has n dresses—many of them ade by lady fans who worked garments while listening to eports of the games.

he way, Hal never set his be a sports broadcaster or broadcaster of anything, ll into it. Earnestly em- on a newspaper career, he lding down a re-write job on icago Daily News when he fted for announcing football over WMAQ in 1924. The ring a former major league ayer was employed to an- the ball games but after ys Totten was again drafted rvice.

ball, football, basketball, races, stage shows, reviews, ner features were handled by him for WMAQ for four year as a sideline but it was not until three years ago when Radio grew to such proportions that he was pulled into the department full time.

* * *

SPEAKING of sports announcers, did you know that Pat Flanagan, noted for his graphic word-pictures over WBBM and the CBS, went to school this Fall? Pat insists that sports are ever-changing and that to authoritatively broadcast a game he must always be in it. So Pat attended the famous Northwestern University coaching school under the direction of Major L. Griffith, commissioner of athletics in the Big Ten.

* * *

BUT to take another flying leap back to WMAQ again. While we were over there the other day we had the pleasure of coming face to face with "Jane Hamilton" of Home Calendar fame. It was another of those Clara, Lu 'n' Em shocks. We had to make the mental adjustment of subtracting fifteen or twenty years from the age we'd given her. She seems amazingly young for one who has accomplished so much, and is exceedingly easy to look at—slight, with nice blue eyes and blond hair. Her interest in women and their activities is very real and she brings to her work a







a sunshiny smile has George Taylor (top)! Of course, for he's er and master of ceremonies of the Sunshine Hour at KYA, San Francisco. Studio folks call him their "Personality Boy".

(above) is a veteran flute tootler and one of the hardest blowers Dilworth Little German Band Concert at KDKA, Pittsburgh. Gus, with the big medals, wields the baton.

re Bunny, Bobbie and Uncle Dell (right), just before beginning roadcast for little 'uns KMOX, St. Louis. Bunny is really Lydie Lee, Bobbie is Vic Smith and Uncle Dell is Delmar Ming.



Tom Mix (above) left his horse Tony outside when he broadcast at WWNC, Asheville.





Terese Meyer (right) staff organist at WTMJ, Milwaukee, has an enthusiastic following.

practical knowledge of the problems of the home. She is accustomed to working on a budget, manages her own home and is the mother of a bouncing boy of four years.

* * *

INTERESTING bit over at the NBC Chicago studios. Bernadine Flynn and Don Ameche who regularly take the leads on the Empire Builders programs Monday nights used to play opposite each other in University of Wisconsin theatrical productions.

The talent of the two was so outstanding that they were urged to try their luck on Broadway. Both were successful on the legitimate, but more or less lost track of each other in New York. After a time each became interested in Radio and each, unknown to the other, tried out for a part on the Empire Builders program. So after the decisions were made there were many "oh's" and "ah's" and much U. of W. gossip flying back and forth.

When, or if, a vacation materializes the two hope to slip up to Madison for a week or two and put on a play in the old surroundings.

TED HEDIGER is the name of the new Chicago NBC announcer. He has covered a bit of the country in getting an education, having attended college in St. Paul, San Francisco and St. Louis. Since college days Ted has occupied his time with Radio, beginning as an amateur operator, then going into commercial Radio and announcing. He is known for his association with WRHM, Minneapolis, KWK, St. Louis, and KTM and KGB, Los Angeles and San Diego. He likes swimming and motoring and goes in for golf—the miniature variety.

* * *

'TIS said that it's because their own marriage is such an ideally happy one that Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey are able to create the beautiful *Musical Portraits* which they present to Radio fans through WBBM. Stories about love and lovers form the basis of these renditions.

* * *

Tom Mix on Air at WWNC, Asheville

TOM MIX, famed cowboy, Texas ranger and sheriff, whose career as a movie star has endeared him to every boy in these United States, appeared recently before the microphone in the studios of Station WWNC. Asheville Radio listeners were thrilled to th... and thousands of them endeavor... watch Tom broadcast, the crowd p... the street in front of the entrance ... building in which the studios are lo...

Mix visited Asheville with the ... Floto Circus, with which organizati... and Tony, the horse that shares his ... have been premier attractions duri... past season. G. O. Shepherd, stati... rector, had made an appointment b... graph and the event had been ... widespread publicity. The veter... the silent screen, known for his sp... portrayal of virile parts, professe... scant acquaintance with the micro... but acquitted himself nobly, talki... almost fifteen minutes and maki... excellent impression on his hearer...

Tom Mix is making active pla... an invasion of the talking screen ... quote him, "Along about two yea... about all you could see in Hollywoo... actors and actresses running aroun... dictionaries under their arms. I ... so that Tony and I couldn't unde... anybody and nobody seemed to b... to understand us, so we d... we'd go into the circus ... ness." Now, however, ... he believes the experi... stage of the sound pict... about over, Tom Mix ha... cided to give it a trial.

Helen Stone (left) leader ... Harmonettes at KYA, is an ... trix in spare time.

Real Kids, all of them ... WTAG's Storybook Quartett ... low) . . . Constance Go... Richard Powers, Gretchen ... and Kathleen Sweeney



dward W. Hall of WICC, Bridgeport, s of Heart Attack

September 24th, Edward W. Hall, r general manager and vice-president ation WICC at Bridgeport, suc- d to a heart attack. His death ht sorrow to studio friends and listeners.

1928 Mr. Hall went to Bridgeport member of the advertising depart- of WICC. Three months after g the station he was elevated to anagerial position, which he held June of this year, when he retired se of ill health. Many fine features inaugurated at WICC by Mr. Hall among them the Cheerio Squad and Radio Doctor's hour, conducted by r M. Withstanley.

other achievement of Mr. Hall was opening of two churches which had closed several years. The Com- ty Church at Mill Plain ict, Danbury, which now ts a large congregation a radius of one hundred and holds services every Sunday, was revived through these Radio efforts.

* * *

Stanley Maxted, who is heard on the Canadian Pacific "Musical Crusaders" programs, was born in Folkestone, England, and came to Canada at the age of nine. He received all his schooling in Montreal, where he also studied voice and won a wide repute as concert and oratorio singer. When the war came he enlisted as a private with the Canadian forces, returning as a lieutenant. He now holds the rank of major in the Canadian militia. At the Scottish Festival in Banff last year he created the leading rôle in "Prince Charlie and Flora", a ballad opera dealing with a romantic incident in the life of the Young Pretender.



The Last Man's Club—announcers of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation—gloat over the squash which goes to the last bachelor. Left to right, Herbert Rice, Bud Hulke and Bob Strigl.



lima Islanders (right) charm C listeners with romantic South Sea music.

Harry Glick, who conducts a Radio gym class over Station WGBS, New York, is welterweight champion of the world! He gives complete instructions on how to lose weight or gain it, and pack away a goodly wallop while doing it.

* * *



or Clausen and Ann Perkins (below) who tap their stuff when Jo Wright and his Cinderella estra provide music at KPO.

Everything is new around Station KFYR these days. Their new building was specially designed to house a modern RCA transmitter . . . it is located about eight miles from Bismarck, the Capital of North Dakota. Visitors from Montana, Minnesota, North Dakota and even Manitoba have been welcomed on tours of inspection by P. J. Meyer, who is manager and grand mogul of the station.

* * *

Winnie Felds Moore, KFI-KECA travel talker, bought a pee wee golf course in Los Angeles and becomes a business woman . . . not neglecting her dear Radio public, however, while running the source of supplementary income.

A squash, instead of a bottle of wine, is to be the premium for sustained bachelorhood in the announcing staff of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation, according to regulations drafted by the newly organized Last Man's Club.

Once constituting quite a sizeable group of fancy-free Sir Gallants of the Air, the bachelor unit has dwindled to but a trio. Herbert Rice, Bud Hulick and Bob Strigl are the last "Last Men", but there are rumored developments which make Rice's eligibility for the club questionable. In fact, Bud Hulick is already giving Rice one of those bitter "I know you'll not last long" laughs. Yet, who knows but that the echo may come back to haunt Hulick, for he is very much the eligible sort, and many indeed are the meaningful glances that are cast his way when the fair ones visit the studios. Bob Strigl has a determined glint in his eye and his teeth are gritted. And say! He's putting his initial on the squash! Bob is reputed to be a man of determination, and maybe— Well, the battle's on!

Blue Monday *Jambore*

They call it the Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree out on the Coast, but is it blue? Emphatically no!

Harrison Holliway, smiling at you down below there, has an easy-going, kindly manner of presenting the acts that has helped to put the Jamboree across. He's Manager of the Don Lee Station KFRC, and keeps the Blue Monday assignment as his only announcing job.







"Mac" Henry McClintosh, the Grand Old Man of the West Coast, seems to be a trifle puzzled. But we warrant he's not stumped, for Mac and his guitar were on the air in the days when broadcasting was in its swaddling clothes. They say he can't sing without his ten gallon hat handy!



Bill Wright just lives in each of th... he creates . . . and they are many! H... is as Professor Hamburg, one of the J... ree's funniest acts. Left, you see the ... face act, "What Must Ah Do Now, L... in person. Lem, the Scowler, is Tommy ... roe and Lafe, the Thinker, is Arnold Mc...

We don't know whether or not Juanita Tennyson (below) is related to the poet, but her songs are as moving as his ballads, and she is known as the "perfect Radio soprano".



Every bar of ja... music has passed th... sorship of Meredith ... (below). He is musi... rector of KFRC... ... erly solo flutist wi... New York Philhar...







Robert Olsen, the handsome tenor on the left, has helped make Blue Monday bright for three years now. Hazel Warner, on the right, is a crooning contralto . . . many of her letters are addressed to "The Sweetest Voice on the Air".

The list of Jamboree artists is long, but one and all they're a jolly bunch. Read the interesting story about the birth of the "Blue Monday" program on the next page.

Keeps KFRC Busy

By

Monroe Upton

RHAPS the reason for the popularity the Golden State Blue Monday Jam- lies in the fact that the program adually evolved from an impromptu, ous program of the early days of to the present Jamboree with te ideals always in mind. Those have been to give the listeners hing that would really make them , and to present the music in novel nteresting ways.

w are the laughs and musical spots ne Jamboree program brought to ? Everybody has a finger in the Preparations start Tuesday morn- The staff begins to talk things over, g suggestions and discussing the ible music. They are searching for hing out of the ordinary. Comedy des must be provided for Pedro, t Watanabe's Japanese house boy, Solomon, Professor Hamburg and y Fitts. Bill Wright, the Professor; ne Hawes, who is Pedro; Al Pearce; Holder, who takes off Frank Wat- e; and Monroe Upton, Simpy Fitts one other than your present author get into a huddle. Although each s the major portion of his own act, stions come from all.

the musical end of the program, dith Wilson, director of music for C, and Walter Kelsey, assistant di- r, reign supreme, but here again stions are made by everyone, in- ng the singers and artists themselves. sides the artists whose pictures ap- here, there are many interesting es on the Jamboree program . . . y Gillette has been playing hat sax on Blue Monday for a couple of s. He is an ambitious, hard work- very agreeable young man, and also s in the KFRC orchestra . . . Eugene es plays the part of Pedro Gonzales, ighly bewildered Mexican lad, who rs yellow shoes and bright red neck- and is always getting into trouble Walter Kelsey is known as the all- d musical athlete, because he plays t different instruments, sings, and as imax, is assistant musical director of RC . . .

orman Nielsen has other assets be- s his tenor voice. One is his dramatic ity, evidenced in the Romantic Forty- ers' programs . . . Al and Cal Pearce, whose pictures appeared in Marcella's columns last month, are as inseparable as David and Jonathan . . . Young America, represented by Charles Cartier, aged sixteen, Edna O'Keefe, sixteen, and Ronald Graham, baritone, nineteen, is doing its bit at KFRC.

* * *

BERT HANAUER, recently returned from Europe, is back again at WCAO. He has resumed his place on the announcing staff and will also write continuities for special programs.

On his trip to Europe Bert visited Germany, France, Belgium and England. He was particularly interested in hearing European Radio programs. Except for an occasional advertisement for lost objects, he says, commercial programs are practically unknown in Europe, the Radio stations being supported by a tax on the sale of receivers. Since time is no consideration, the programs are put on in the most leisurely fashion, a lapse of ten or fifteen minutes when nothing at all is heard being quite a frequent occurrence.



Monroe Upton of KFRC.

Bert inquired of an Englishman why their Radio stations did not make some effort to run programs on a time schedule and eliminate the blank spaces.

"We like it that way," was the reply. "You see, we don't like to be hurried."



Frank Dahm, new program director at KPO.

Frank Dahm recently said good-bye to WGN, the Chicago Tribune Station on the Drake Hotel, in order to assume a new post as program director of KPO, the pioneer Hale Brothers-Chronicle station in San Francisco.

Dahm, who for over five years has been publicity director and continuity editor of WGN, has been concerned in many of the station's most famous broadcasts, and Chicago Radio circles are agreed that he was one of the most brilliant members of the WGN staff. No stranger to the microphone, he has broadcast professional football, baseball, and many boxing matches for the station.

Outstanding among the programs he has prepared were WGN's famous broadcasts of "The Miracle" and "Carmencita and the Soldier", two Morris Gest productions. He collaborated with Quin Ryan in writing the popular "Old Time Prize Fights" series. Lately he has been devoting his time to commercial programs for WGN and independent producers. He was the author of the first written Radio continuity ever used in Chicago.

* * *

Alice Hutchins Drake of Washington recently celebrated her "sixth air anniversary". Her programs broadcast from WRC in the Capital City have included book reviews, talks on sight-seeing in Washington, and over one hundred programs on the subject "Famous Paintings in Many Lands". Her discussion of the murals in the Library of Congress last summer was relayed through an NBC chain.



Bottom . . . Don Becker, WLW ukulele virtuoso, also famous for his satire, "The Irrational Broadcasting Company".

The Coon Sanders Orchestra in repose, listening to Sen Kaney, Assistant Program Director, talk at the mike.



Marcia Stewart, who is kept busy [illegible] morn to night in her role of staff p[illegible] at Station WGBS in New York

Below . . . Florida sunshine radiates from the smile of Anita Courtemanche, violinist of WJAX, Jacksonville, Fla.





Pacific Coast Chatter

. . . *With The Studios And Their Stars*

LOU EMMEL (Louise Alide Archibald Emmel) is just what the Radio audience usually pictures him . . . fat and jovial, medium height, and sparkling blue eyes, aged about thirty-five.

In his work at KTAB, San Francisco, he does a multitude of things . . . sings solo work, also with the orchestra, takes part in the Saturday frolic and conducts a sunshine hour.

Back in his play days in New York he was always attracted by the sparkling lights in the apothecary shops. By and by he was graduated from Columbia as a pharmacist, and day after day he rolled pills, treated bruised scalps and filled prescriptions.

Pretty soon Lou was offered $18 a week as a chorus man and he took it . . . in *Parisian Model,* the Anna Held show. Before long he was taking the second lead at $125 a week and began to study singing. Later he added dialect work to his activity . . . Irish, Jewish and German, and chautauqua and lyceum work became his field of endeavor.

For the past three years he has been with western Radio . . . originally at KFRC, later with NBC's coast unit, and now at KTAB. Lou's hobbies are golf and horseback riding, while his wife prefers tennis and the drama. Both are fond of symphony music.

* * *

MOREY AMSTERDAM is getting along quite well at KNX in Hollywood. But he doesn't take his Radio work too seriously. It is something to keep him mentally alert after his day's work writing gags for the movies, funny stories for snappy magazines, dashing off songs made to order and all that sc[illegible] thing.

Morey does a popular song or [illegible] once in awhile, but not too often. [illegible] two or three times a year to be [illegible] Most of the time he tells stories. M[illegible] stories are always cleaned up fo[illegible] Radio audience. Radio audiences ar[illegible] most particular in the world.

Mrs. Morey's young son is but tw[illegible] two, though he looks to be thirt[illegible] account of being fat and pudgy, [illegible] somewhat sedate, which of cours[illegible] isn't a bit . . . five and a half feet o[illegible] hoof, his own of course; weight a [illegible] dred and a half; curly black hair; [illegible] single.

* * *

GENE BYRNES, who composed *I [illegible]* and two score other popular [illegible] while at KHJ the past two years [illegible] gathered up his trusty typewriter [illegible] moved over into swanky Hollywood [illegible] KNX.

Part of the time he dashes off c[illegible] nuities, other times he strums awa[illegible] the studio organ, once in a while he [illegible] nounces, sometimes he even sings . . [illegible] his character as "Standard McWebs[illegible] comedian, seems to be the most po[illegible] of his Radio duties.

Previous to his work at Los Angel[illegible] was with New York stations for [illegible] years, and three in eastern vaudeville [illegible] the present writing he is letting his [illegible] grow long in anticipation of getting to [illegible] the talkies as a long haired come[illegible] And besides, he adds, it saves money

* * *

MOST of us go up and down [illegible] ladder on the rungs of success n[illegible]



Governor Allen of Massachusetts speaks at the opening of the new WEEI State House Studio. At the right is Edward Gisbourne, in charge of broadcasts from the Capitol.



Mary Catherine Stair is Evansville's prodigy . . . Ten years old, she has played both harp and piano at WGBF.

David Albert Gray, baritone, Atwater Kent contestant at KPO is six feet tall and an iceman in spare time!



in during a lifetime, so says Franz
: of the Northwest.
hough born in St. Louis, Franz was
ght up in Seattle and was graduated
the Franklin high school not so
ago. His mother, Pauline Arthur,
upon a time a stage and screen star,
ed him to follow a career across the
ghts.
he dabbled a bit in dramatics, be-
adept at pianologue work with pop-
tunes and even managed an orches-
group. In Seattle he started a Little
tre group and they staged The Bat,
Last Warning and a few other plays
e he finally broke away and drifted
to Hollywood where he was signed
or a talkie.
t an old injury to the knee began
use trouble so he left the Kleig lights
went back home again.
signed up with KFQW, Seattle, sev-
months ago and now his piano tunes
voice grace the transmitter of that
on, while over KOL he is also doing
rnival program weekly.

* * *

SCOTT BRADLEY, for two years di-
rector of the Houston Symphony
Orchestra, is a composer of much merit
as well. Just recently, we hear, he was
added to the KHJ staff in the capacity of
Assistant Orchestral Director. Mr. Brad-
ley's special field includes light opera and
the heavier stuff of which serious concert
programs are made. He comes from
Little Rock by way of Chicago and places
too numerous to mention—so why bother.
Raymond Paige, peering horrified into the
future from the brink of exhaustion.
cheered wildly when aid, in the inimitable
form of Bradley, arrived in the nick of
time. Mr. Paige will only have to work
fourteen hours a day now.

* * *

Manny Nathan goes back to the KFOX
Friday night two-hour frolic as master
of ceremonies after the feature was off
the air for a few months. Aided and abetted by portly and corpulent Hal Nichols, part-owner and announcer of the Long Beach station, little Manny represents an opposite type . . . small, wiry, under-sized.

* * *

KTM's new orchestral director is Salvatore Santaelle, who has led theater orchestras in and around Los Angeles for lo these many years . . . appearing over Radio as early as seven years ago through KWH . . . later as concert master in some of the largest theater picture houses of the Southwest.

Santaella for six years was a pupil of the great Rachmaninoff and one of his first "jobs" was as accompanist for Pavlowa; later he accompanied with Max Rossen, violin virtuoso; and he was once piano soloist with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra.

* * *

C. Merwin Dobyns, owner and director of KGER, Long Beach, issues a statement to the press that although he has not yet picked out a career for his son, Howard Britton Dobyns, he sees nothing against his being a Radio announcer if he wants to be. Note . . . the boy is now eight months old, giving adequate signs of having considerable voice quality, also quantity, at this tender age. His lusty lungs were brought into play as a "prop" recently on one of the Sunday night Ho Hum Frolics. Of course nobody fell asleep while his part of the act was on the air.

* * *

Glen Rice, KMPC manager, and creator of the famous Beverly Hill Billies, is another fond papa. But his youngster is now aged two, and already old man Rice is proclaiming to the world that Junior will be a famous football announcer in '45. But Mrs. Rice doesn't seem to be worrying much one way or the other.

Charlie Warren is WAIU's Comedian

Less than a year ago sleepy residents of Ohio rose from their beds, touched the floor ten times with their finger-tips, turned on their radios—and started to laugh. They have been laughing ever since. The cause: Charlie Warren, chief announcer of WAIU, in Columbus, O., and author of inspired idiocy unequalled in the entire realm of nonsense.

Life ceased to be a sober, uneventful thing for Ohioans with his advent; and it became a matter of hilarity after his organization of the most popular club of the air, the Amalgamated Benevolent Protective Order of Exasperated Charlies. This club, with the avowed purpose of rescuing the grand old name of Charlie from the oblivion into which it has descended, is fortunate in having as its president, secretary, treasurer, "Guardian of the Inner Shrine," and leading member, the founder himself.



Charlie Warren
WAIU

He himself modestly attributes his success to the fact that he was born—in Los Angeles—in a terrific storm, first seeing the light of day through the windows of a private hospital later designed to become a Keeley Cure Sanitarium. That was thirty years ago. Coming from a family of artists, it is not strange that he made his stage debut at the age of seven, singing a song about a "paper of pins" at a Los Angeles theatre. He worked his way through high school and Leland Stanford by appearing as blackface comedian in the local vaudeville houses.

Since then he has wandered through Europe, the Orient, and most of the United States, acting in vaudeville, introducing dance orchestras and marathon dance groups. Two years ago Radio won his interest, and has held it ever since. At WLS, Chicago, where he was first launched into the air, he joined Ford and Glenn, Jack and Gene in the popular Showboat programs. He has broadcast from Manila, Honolulu, and most of the principal cities of the U. S.

* * *

Old Dutch Girl Takes the Air

FOR many years the pleasing, whimsical figure of a sturdy Dutch girl, shod and garbed after the fashion of the Netherlands, has appeared before the public with upraised stick in hand, until today this trademark is familiar to practically every housewife the world over. There is one peculiarity about this internationally famous figure that has aroused the curiosity of the legion of her admirers. She has never shown her face to the public. In this, they are doomed to disappointment, as it is said upon excellent authority that the Old Dutch girl never will turn her sun bonnet from the characteristic profile position, which completely hides her features.

However, a compromise has been effected that doubtless will be received with keen interest by the millions who have wondered about this apparent shyness. The Old Dutch Girl has come into being as a talented artist with an exceptionally charming voice, which is now being heard throughout the country over the Radio, and she appears in person three times weekly. She sings, and an orchestra plays those tuneful melodies everyone likes to hear to start the day. Then too, the Old Dutch Girl will broadcast current news events of particular interest to home-makers, set to verse in her own inimitable way.

This newcomer to the air is sponsored by the Cudahy Packing Company, makers of Old Dutch Cleanser, and comes to listeners from CBS studios every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. It is predicted this entertainment feature soon will be recognized as one of the outstanding early morning broadcasts on the air.

* * *

Dr. Ray Haight, violinist, worked his way through the University of Southern California school of dentistry, and while his practice is getting established he leads the instrumental trio three or four times a week for KMTR, Hollywood.

* * *

"Is that a man or a woman?" is the first question out of the mouths of Radio fans who hear Gretta Taylor sing. Because of the unusual quality of her voice many mistake her for a man. She sings way down deep in the lower registers that carry so well over the ether, and her rolling tones have won her many Radio friends during her two years on the air at KMA, Shenandoah, Ia. Not only does she sing! Yes sir, she will play everything from "Turkey in the Straw" to Rachmaninoff's Prelude (usually without the music)—on the organ! Her versatility doesn't end there—swimming, golfing, dancing, bridge and tennis occupy her when she isn't eating hot pop corn or salted peanuts. Five feet six inches tall, weight 122, and a corn fed complexion.



Gretta Taylor
KMA

George Wright, former broadc manager of CNRV, Vancouver, B.C taken a flying leap and landed bott down in Ottawa at Station CNRO. things like being transferred clear a a continent don't phase this popula nouncer, as witness the equanimity modesty with which he bears his title. Not many Canadians can boast the distinction of having been adopted into the Squamish Indian Tribe and crowned Chief. Mr. Wright's tepee sobriquet is "Chief Flying Voice"—quite appropriate!



George Wri
CNRO

Out West in Vancouver, Walter Powell, formerly of CNRA, Moncton, fill the vacated desk of Mr. Wright

* * *

Big Brother Bob Em Returns to WEEI ir Boston

After an absence of several month Iodent Big Brother Club recently retu to the air. Bob Emery, known to t sands of boys and girls in New Eng is busy entertaining his young fri again. He's another "Jack-of-all-R trades", for besides singing original s and telling stories in thrilling fashio has hit upon the idea of dramatizing heroic episode on each program.

Running an old-fashioned spelling is another of Emery's stunts, and he rings in instruction as well as enter ment on his programs, when he calls Dr. Lunt to give science talks and li house and coast-guard news.

* * *

DOROTHEA FREITAG, pianist composer, has been appointed a tant to Joseph Imbrogulio, music dire of Station WCAO, Baltimore. She have charge of WCAO's music lib and will make special arrangements orchestras playing under Mr. Imbrogu baton.

Although only eighteen years of Miss Freitag has shown great promis a pianist and composer. Three years she won first prize in a contest in wh a number of outstanding pianists par pated. Her early training was rece at the Peabody Institute, of Baltim where she held a scholarship.

In addition to her work "behind scenes" of Radio, Miss Freitag will heard in a series of piano recitals f WCAO, playing some of her own com sitions as well as the works of o composers.

By
Anne B.
Lazar



Backrack Photo

Nathalia Crane, fourteen-year-old poet, author of *The Janitor's Boy* and a new book, *Pocahontas.*

We Are All
POETS

Interview with Nathalia Crane And Adventure with Burglar Bring Rhyming Reflections

AREN'T we all poets, more or less?

Let's be frank and admit it. Confession is good for the poetic soul.

There may be exceptions. For instance the miserable low down contemptible burglars who broke into my apartment the day I went out to interview Nathalia Crane—you remember, the little girl who wrote such adorable things about her affair with *The Janitor's Boy.* She was only nine when she did it. I'm going to tell you all about that interview, and the burglars, but there are a few other things to be said first.

My contention is that everybody has a little of the poet's soul within his being and burglars are only the exception that proves the rule. The main thing seems to be that there is another something in us that is always shush-shushing the poetic, so that we rather hide the fact as a shameful secret vice. Not me, though——I take my stand in the open. I like poetry, and I write poetry—anyway it's poetry to me, editors to the contrary notwithstanding.

That's why I was glad that the dear little Crane girl was ushered up to the Columbia studios to speak on the Ida Bailey Allen program. What a grand excuse to converse and commune with a poetess whose works are world famous, child though she is. Although it might be just as thrilling to sit on a stump beside John D. Rockefeller and muse on the symbolic inspiration of a battle scarred golf ball.

THERE are so many ideas for poetic reverie in this—almost anybody could write in that situation, whether you are a real poet or not. Just imagine this giant and the ball:

Oh thou rugged little pellet—
What's thy story? Come and tell it.
Eyes that sped thee o'er the course
Have shaken empires with their force;
Hands that plopped thee to a hole
Could peel a million from a roll . . .
And the pellet answers not at all,
Because it's only a little ball.

Thus one could go on and on with great thoughts like that. But everybody seems to be afraid the meter won't be just right, or that some long haired critic will stick up his nose and say catty things. So we suppress the urge and brand ourselves in our own hearts as cowards.

I doubt not that Henry Ford drinks deeply in poetic thought. I dare say he has written many a pretty little sonnet just to express the feeling of exaltation that comes to him with the discovery of some precious antique—perhaps a musty old trunk that he has been told once belonged to Paul Revere. And as doubts assail—

Oh seamed and venerable trunk
Art thou real (or is it bunk)
A thousand bucks in thee I've sunk
Tell me truly: Genuine or junk?

No matter how prosaic the individual you can readily see what sublime thoughts can traverse the brain with poetic strain. We all have that feeling only some of us lack the knack of making our words flow as they go. As for me it seems I have written reams and reams and put them on a shelf just to keep for myself.

THAT brings me up to the day I was to go and see Nathalia Crane—and the day the burglars came. "Crooks don't like ether," says Mr. Whalen. And I say they hate verse worse. All of this poetry was stacked away in the cupboard when they came and ransacked the house. They took my nice new winter coat, they tumbled out the linen and the silverware, pulled up the rugs, tipped over the furniture, broke a beautiful art lamp and did about everything but disturb my carefully preserved poetry. A million dollars could have been concealed between the pages and they never would have found it. They shunned that shelf in my cupboard as though it had been charged with deadly poison gas.

Not even to have glanced at my poetry was adding the worst possible insult to injury. That is why I have positive conviction that burglars lack even the flimsiest fragment of soul. I would have

(*Continued on page 117*)

The Quaint and Fascinating Art of Making

Hooked Rugs

Is Fashionable Once Again

MARTHA CRANE



Courtesy Mandel Bros., Chic.

Colonial living room using maple furniture and chintz.

Burlap Bags and Old Stockings Will Make Attractive Floor Coverings, Says Radio Home Adviser!

WHETHER the art of hooking rugs came ashore aboard a sailing ship in the early days, the handiwork of some sailor during periods when trade winds overtook his ship, or whether the first hooked piece came from the agile fingers of a busy colonial housewife, it matters little to the homemaker today. Unless she is a collector of antique hooked rugs, she is content to know that hooking is absolutely American in origin and execution, and will let it go at that. She is placing hooked rugs on the floors of her living room, dining room, bedrooms, hallways, and yes, even her kitchen, for one reason . . . they give her home a bit of that indefinable quality called charm.

Nor is it important whether the room is modern or colonial, formal or informal in treatment. Hooked rugs nowadays have found more patterns and color than the proverbial Jacob's coat, and it is only a matter of choosing the right rug for the right room.



Martha Crane instructs homemakers over WLS, Chicago.

Last winter a brief letter addressed to the WLS Radio Bazaar from a homemaker listener aroused the interest of other women eager to know more about hooked rugs and their making. Before the winter was over, 10,000 homemakers had written for instruction sheets and 2,000 more had contributed long letters telling of their own patterns and methods of rug making. Each day brought packages containing small rugs and mats sent to me as director of the Radio Bazaar in appreciation of the hooked rug programs.

Realizing that in order to hav an understanding and appreciatio of hooked rugs one must kno something of their origin I starte the series with the story of a old hooked rug. Some say the fir bit of hooking was an outgrowt of marlinespike seamanship, and that an idle sailor on the dec of a becalmed sailing ship was responsible for originating th method of "hooking" small bits of cloth or yarn through a heav background material. It is true that some of the oldest hooke rugs came from settlements along the rough coast of the Atlanti Be that as it may, the housewives in these settlements found th hooked rug, rude as it then was, a luxury indeed. Floor cove ings were one of the many comforts left behind when famili crossed the ocean to their new homes, and this new way making colorful rugs from scraps was a wonderful innovatio

It wasn't long before hooked rugs were in every household New England. Rich and poor alike attended "hooking frolic in the fall and winter evenings, and there was as much merr ment around the rug frames as around the quilting frame or the husking bee. Money and materials were scarce, and scra too small for quilt pieces were saved for rugs. To these ear homemakers, the bits of bright cloth were so many splotches paint on a pallet, and the coarse linen in its rude rug frame canvas. Pleasures were few, and minutes spent hooking ru often meant the day's recreation for busy New England wiv

COLONIAL homemakers took great pri in their rugs, and a spirited competition existed among t women. There were no patterns. Instead, with a bit of coar linen before her (linen instead of burlap was used then for bac ground material), the colonial homemaker picked a bit of cha coal from the fireplace and sketched a rude pattern of her ow

Elizabeth Waugh and Edith Foley in their book, "Collecti Hooked Rugs" tell an interesting story of a hooked rug desig They were visiting Dr. Grenfell's mission in Labrador, whe hooked rug making goes on today much as it did in coloni times, and one of them stopped to admire a rug which to h resembled a jelly-fish with octopus-like tentacles.

She was collecting rugs in Newfoundland at the time, a thinking perhaps she had discovered a rare drawing of son

p sea monster, inquired, "What is that
ugn?"
'A ram," was the reply. (Ram, in the
guage of Newfoundland, say Misses
ugh and Foley, means "tom-cat.")
But," was protested, "how did you
ne to draw a cat like that?"
'Oh, us first catch the ram; then us
d him down on the mat and us drawed
und him."
Undoubtedly many of our early hooked
s had a similar beginning.
Hooked rug making was and always
l be essentially something to be created
the housewife in her home. The fact
t the vogue for handmade rugs has
lergone a marked revival within the
few years means that the homemaker
lay realizes the qualities these rugs
e for making homes more charming
l livable.
The rug maker today hooks her rugs
h comparative ease. She buys a pat-
n to her liking, perhaps choosing it
m a complete collection already made
for her inspection, selects the colors
er examining the finished rug before
and comparing it with her color
eme, and then takes home with her a
k and frame ready made.

THIS hook may or may be similar to those used in early ys. Perhaps the rug maker chooses a irply pointed instrument with a short, mp wooden handle. This is one of simpler hooks, and will be the osen if the maker is an "old-timer" at work. On the other hand, because oked rugs have staged such a come-ck, there are on the market today ee or four reliable hookers that do the by themselves. Easily operated, they ice and measure the loops accurately, d are chosen invariably by women at-pting their first hooked rug.
For the actual making of a hooked rug e finds many materials. Yarn, of urse, is ever popular, and because it is rm looking, easy to handle and can be rchased everywhere, the majority of g makers choose it. Scraps of woolen th are always good. Old bed linen if t worn too thin is excellent, and many men have written of using old cretonne ngings. One WLS Radio Bazaar listen-who lived in the country wrote that e had all her friends save the cotton rk socks their "men folks" discarded, r she found that after thorough launder-g and dyeing and cutting they made cellent rug "yarn". A letter from an-her listener tells of using ravelled burlap cks dyed bright colors.
Economical homemakers are cheating e rag bag of its silk stockings by mak-g them into hooked rugs. Slip the silk ocking over the arm after first cutting vay the parts of the foot and hem that ntain cotton threads, and cut a strip om one-half to three-quarters of an inch ide. By cutting the strip spirally, each stocking yields one continuous strip. The tan, brown and black stockings make excellent background materials, and the lighter shades can be dyed the desired colors for the pattern before they are cut.

While many rug makers use old burlap sacks, cleaned and washed, for foundation material, others prefer to buy burlap by the yard at their local store, and still others select stamped patterns.

In this, the beginner finds the ready stamped pattern has its advantages, but for the experienced rug maker who draws her own designs there is a certain satisfaction that comes with the originality and charming unevenness of a handdrawn rug design. One well-known collector of antique hooked rugs maintains that "hooked rugs are pictures just as truly as if they had been painted with a brush," and perhaps it is this desire to create something truly one's own that inspires women to draw original patterns when they attempt this fascinating craft.

Everyone is acquainted with hooked rugs using endless variations of floral wreaths, scrolls, geometric designs, pictorial drawings, animal sketches and marine scenes. Now, with the vogue for modern furnishings, comes the hooked rug that finds itself in perfect design harmony with modernistic interiors. These designs are legion, and since they are geometric, quite simple.

Equipment for making a hooked rug is more or less standard, for one needs a frame, a hook, burlap with the pattern stamped or drawn on it, and material from which the rug is to be made. There are four or five different types of frames, some of wood and others of metal, but all perform the same work, and once the burlap background is fastened and tightened in the frame, the actual work of hooking begins.

Let the frame be placed at a convenient height in front of you and begin hooking at the lower right hand corner, holding the hook in the right hand above the burlap, and the strip of material in the left hand beneath the burlap directly under the point of the hook. (Use a wooden handled, steel pointed hook.) Put the hook through the burlap so that it catches the material held in the left hand, and pull it through in a loop the desired size, the thickness of the rug determining the length of the loop. Having formed the first loop, insert the hook again close to the first, and pull through a second loop the same size and height as the first loop. These loops will stay in place and will hold each other firmly upright.

BORDER, background and other spaces where plain color is used should be worked in rows from right to left, care being taken to make the loops uniform in size and spacing. If the design in the rug is prominent, hook this first and fill background spaces last.

After the rug is finished and taken from the frame, cut off the extra burlap around the edges, allowing a border of approximately two and one-half inches. Turn this under on the wrong side, whip it down securely, and the rug is ready for the floor. Except for very old rugs which are showing signs of wear, it is not necessary to line hooked rugs.

Some makers prefer to clip or shear their rugs, and if this finish is desired the loops should be pulled through a little higher in the making, and the tops chipped with shears as the hooking progresses. Some women complete the entire rug and send it away to have it sheared, a process which proves to be quite expensive when the maker finds how much of the valuable material has been sheared away. Clipping as the hooking goes along is much more satisfactory and economical.

Hooking rugs is becoming a popular home occupation, requiring only spare moments and some inexpensive materials.



Courtesy, The Century Co. From "Colonial Hooked Rugs"

Beautiful antique scroll pattern-rug which serves as model for present-day makers.

Helpful Hints for Christmas



"Carrots, Radishes and Green Peppers Peep Through Christmas Wreaths," says Joan Barrett of Radio Home-Makers Club

An Interview
by
Catherine Adams

FOR years Christmas has caught me unawares; set me into a flurry of last minute shopping; and a rush of preparing the house for Christmas guests. But this year (is it perhaps, a sign that I am growing older?) I am being forehanded. I've been collecting thoughts for Christmas gifts for months. I even have my dinner menu planned. In fact, as I thought it over the other day, I discovered that all I lacked were some novel ideas for decorating the house to make it a true holiday haven for my niece and nephews—who in spite of their veneer of sophistication continue to wax sentimental over an old-fashioned Christmas. But red tissue bells and red and green paper chains suspended from doorways no longer hold the appeal they once had for the youngsters. They are too old to enjoy the miniature figures of Santa Claus and his reindeer which once sent them into ecstasies. "What", I wondered "can I do to make this house fairly radiate Christmas the minute those children enter the door?" And then I decided to take my problem to Joan Barrett, Interior Decorator of the National Radio Home-Makers Club. "She is probably swamped with letters on this very subject," I reasoned. "I'll just sit outside the door and listen in while she answers them."

I found Miss Barrett atop a tall step ladder in the entrance hall of the National Radio Home-Makers Club headquarters. She had a mouth full of carpet tacks and a handful of hammer. A chain of laurel leaves was hung about her neck.

"I'm just trying out an effect," she mumbled, in answer to my enquiring look. Then, while I watched, she skillfully tacked the laurel in place along the picture moulding, robbing the high ceilinged room of its air of formal dignity and giving it an immediate effect of "homeyness" and cheer.

Miss Barrett hopped off the ladder and joined me on the floor. "It does look nice, doesn't it?" she admitted. "It's an excellent stunt for women who have great, formal, living rooms and want to make them look Christmas-like without resorting to the more obvious sort of decorations. If this were in a home, I would suggest draping another little chain of laurel above the over-mantel pictures, unless that were too close to the moulding. In that case it might be placed in the panel between the mantel shelf and the fire opening—not too bunchy a cluster, you understand, but a symmetrical garland, or festoon, harmonizing with the architectural lines of the mantel and carrying out the dignified character of t room. Several brilliant tangerines h concealed in the foliage would give a da of color, and two little spiky cedar tr in orange pots on either side of the fi place would complete the picture."

I HAD a clear mental visi of my own living room dressed up in t way. How stunning the green leaves wo look against the chaste white of my C lonial woodwork; how striking the eff of the orange tangerines with the crea yellow of my walls! "That's just idea I've been looking for," I told M Barrett. "My niece and nephews v love it t I have hal mind to w until they here so t can have fun of help me. But wh can I get laurel?"

"Oh y can buy t of any flori Miss Bar replied. " rather exp sive in so parts of t count though, cause of st laws whi prohibit ga ering it. I were you decorate t house wi cedar branc instead. out into woods yo self to g them and i yoursel



A spruce sprig tied with a red bow will make your entrance hall breathe Christmas spirit.

Decorations

Wreaths
The Tree
Table Decorations



Joan Barrett ties laurel leaves to wire as a foundation for her amusing "vegetable" wreaths.

ristmas tree while you are outdoors. We do that every year at our house," ss Barrett continued. "The Sunday be- e Christmas we bundle into old clothes, vy stockings, and flat heeled shoes; n we get a couple of axes and all four us, the family dog, and often two or e guests from the city, pile into our car. Sometimes we have to travel es before we find a cedar woods that no 'No Trespassing' signs. Once when thought we had found one we were barrassed to discover ourselves in the k part of a cemetery.

Of course, there is always a great deal argument about the choice of a tree. h member of the family favors a dif- nt one. And somehow, we have never n able to gauge the size of a tree ac- ately. In a field or forest, with noth- but larger pines to judge them by, it y look small. But several times we e been amazed to find that our final ice wouldn't go through the front door, ch less stand erect in the low ceilinged ng room."

I'll watch out for that," I promised. ut do give me some tips about selecting ood tree."

Well, the main thing," Miss Barrett d me, "is to choose a symmetrical one h a broad base and gently sloping sides. u can chop it a foot from the ground eed be so that the bottom branches will ep the floor. You can even, if you wish, form a little tree surgery and tie addi- al branches on to cover bald spots. sure to cut some extra branches for king wreaths for your doors and win- vs. I imagine that the youngsters will oy this almost as much as chopping tree."

'Give me instructions," I said. "I'm aid I'll bungle the job if you don't."

"YOU couldn't possibly," ss Barrett replied. "Why in our neigh- hood I know lots of eight and ten year children who earn their Christmas ney by making wreaths. All you need a stiff piece of wire bent in the size cle you wish, some string, and the nches of greenery. There are other nts besides laurel and cedar that serve ually well in this capacity: winter berry, piper berry, hemlock, Southern pine, or en smilax. Simply twine the branches out the wire and tie them in place. A w of bright red ribbon or a cluster of holly, mistletoe, pine cones, or fruit at the top will finish it. Or why don't you combine the evergreen with vegetables?"

"Yes," I couldn't resist saying, "I imagine that a bunch of spinach or mashed potatoes would be very effective—but I'm afraid that would be just a little too modern for my taste."

"THAT'S just where you are wrong," Miss Barrett retorted. "The old Italian masters realized the decorative value of vegetables hundreds of years ago. Don't you remember seeing old paintings and antique china showing bright splashes of fruit and vegetables woven into the dull background of a wreath of leaves?"

I surrendered. "All right I'll do it," I told her. "I'm willing to rely on your taste, and at least my wreaths will be different from any others on the block."

"I wouldn't advise you to go in for vegetables too strongly," Miss Barrett laughed. "You're apt to awake to find rabbits nibbling at your doors. Besides, too much of anything unusual robs it of its individuality. I think you'd better make your window decorations of plain spruce and reserve the more ornamental wreath for your big front door. Make it of spruce branches twined together to form a band about four or five inches wide. As you fasten them to the wire insert small red and green peppers, light hued cucumbers, and parsnips or carrots in the deep foliage. It will be colorful and decorative as well, and you will have the local newspapers clamoring for photographs."

"What else can I do to the outside of the house?" I queried, intrigued with the idea.

"Well, if you have a Christmas tree growing in your front yard, you might fix it up with lights. We haven't a more picturesque custom in this country. And, by the way, while you're thinking of outdoor Christmas trees you might do as my mother always does, and provide one for the birds. Just tie pieces of suet, berries and the like to the branches of a dead tree and watch the sparrows and chicadees come."

"That's a splendid idea. What next?"

"Two little cedars in red or orange pots at the front door would be excellent. Later you can transplant them to your lawn. Oh yes, and then we must plan your indoor Christmas tree. Have you any notion about decorating that?"

"Not a one, although I do know that most of the ornaments we've had for twenty years were broken when the tree fell over last Christmas. I'm afraid that means laying in a new supply."

"Don't do it," Miss Barrett urged. "The old time trees are lots of fun for children, and many people save their glass baubles and trinkets from year to year for sentiment's sake. But the new trend is to dispense with them in favor of an all white or silver tree—and really that's not a new idea either. The Germans have been doing it for generations. My idea for you would be to drape the tree with quantities of silver moss, and silver foil flowers or stars. Use orange electric bulbs to carry out the tangerine idea and place a silver foil reflector in back of each one.

And then for a finishing touch get some silver colored gas filled balloons to tie to the branches; you'll be amazed to see how beautiful they look floating from the tree.

"And then," she continued, "if you want to avoid having the tree fall over this year, screw its container to the floor with tiny angle irons. The marks won't show afterwards when they're covered by a rug, and you can use the same holes next year."

"But what shall I stand the tree in"? I demanded.

"Get those nephews of yours to make you a low, wooden box, lined with oil-cloth, and with a hole big enough for the tree trunk bored through the center of the detachable cover. Then put the trunk through the hole, nail a flat board to its base and insert the tree, board and all, into the box. Fill the box with wet sawdust and adjust the covers. Then screw the box to the floor. It sounds a little complicated, but if you save the box from year to year you'll find the effort well worth the satisfaction it gives you. The wet sawdust will keep the tree fresh and prevent the needles from falling. (You can pour a little more water in once in a while to keep it damp.) And the box painted orange, or green will provide the nicest looking sort of base imaginable."

"Well, then that's settled," I told her, "but while you've been talking I've thought up another problem. The youngsters love the old-fashioned idea of putting lighted candles in the window on Christmas eve. I like it too, but my husband thinks that it is too much of a fire hazard even if we stay right in the house. Yet I dislike those artificial looking electric candles—they seem to take away all the spirit of the thing."

Miss Barrett agreed with me. "But," she said, "I agree with your husband too. It isn't right to chance a fire, when there is a simple remedy. Get some vigil candles—the sort made for altar use in religious ceremonies. They are squatty and round. Each one fits in a ruby colored glass container a little taller than the candle. When lighted they send off a flickering ruddy glow, with practically no danger of fire."

"THAT'S splendid," I said, as I checked off my list. "Let's see, we have the garden, the front door, the living room, and fireplace accounted for. How about decorations for other rooms?"

"By all means have them," Miss Barrett replied. "There's no reason why your Christmas spirit should stop with the living room. You can place wreaths in all the windows for one thing. Or, since you plan wreaths for the downstairs, you might use simply a single spray of holly, mistletoe, or long needled pine in the second story windows. And there should be a sprig of mistletoe hanging from the hall doorway or lamp where everyone must walk under it, and oh yes, some sort of decoration for that beautiful winding staircase of yours. You might twine the bannister with a cha of cedar, if you have enough. Or, if y prefer, leave the railing bare and co centrate on that wall niche at the st landing. I think that a straight standi spray of fluffy long needled pine abo a foot and a half high would be stunnir You can place it in an orange paint flower pot, or in a pottery jug.

"I think that you will find this id of pine branches in pots excellent for t other rooms in the house too. Four sho sprays in miniature pots standing in prim row on the bedroom mantel wou be very decorative. One on either si of the built-in dressing table in the gue room, and another in the corner of t hallway will give the house an air gaiety out of all proportion to the co and effort involved.

"CHILDREN'S toys mal a naive decoration for a mantel, broa window seat, or table top. Avoid usin the more or less banal Saint Nicks sin there are no little children in the famil Modern kindergarten toys are much mo picturesque. You could make a darlin little set-up with Noah's ark figures, parade of wooden soldiers, or with oc modernistic animals, little houses and th like. A miniature Christmas tree with circle of doll children dancing around would be equally amusing. And if yo object to using toys merely for decor tive purposes you can let all the youn sters who called between Christmas an New Years select one to keep. M mother has been following this custom fo years, and consequently is adored by ha the six-year-olds in town."

"There is one topic you haven't eve touched yet, Miss Barrett," I remarke "That is a suitable dining table decor tion for Christmas day."

"There should be lots of candles, c course. And if the table is to be form you might use a single, great poinsetta; c one of those rare Christmas roses, that ar not roses at all, but relatives of th marsh-marigold family. Christmas cac are effective for a modern setting. loose bunch of mountain huckleberry; c dar, combined with straw flowers; spruc with the cones still adhering; bunches c laurel; eucalyptus; or fluffy, long needle pine, are equally effective. Really ther are so many beautiful combinations t be evolved, I can't think of them a now."

"Well," I said, "in an hour you've mar aged to think up more novel and beaut ful ideas for decorating my house tha I've been able to evolve in two weeks. I I get into any more decorating difficu ties, may I call again for help?"

"By all means," Miss Barrett said, "bu we've been so interested in this discus sion that we have talked right past clos ing time. It's been two hours instead c one and I'm going to have to do som tall scrambling to get that five-ten train

Christmas Day Menus

From

Ida Bailey Allen

President, National Radio Home Makers Club

◆

For the Family

DINNER

Stuffed Endive
Cranberry Jelly Celery Olives
Spinach Soup with Cheese Crackers
Roast Fresh Ham Braised Chestnut Sauce
French Fried Cauliflower Potato Puff
Lettuce Salad with Cherry Dressing
Steamed Fig Pudding, Foamy Lemon Sauce
Coffee

Braised Chestnut Sauce

Melt two tablespoons butter; and when it is beginning to brown, stir in two tablespoons flour, one teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper and a few grains mace. Cook until a pale brown in color, stirring frequently. Add one tablespoon minced carrot, one teaspoon minced onion, and one sprig minced parsley; then add one and one-half cups ap stock, stirring constantly. When thickened, add one cup cooked, chopped chestnuts. Let simmer two or three minutes; and serve.

Steamed Fig Pudding

Combine two cups entire-wheat bread crumbs with one cup milk; and scald them. Add four egg yolks, well beaten, and mixed with two-thirds cup brown sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, grated rind and juice of one lemon, grated rind of half an orange, and three tablespoons melted vegetable fat. Sift together one-half cup entire-wheat flour and two teaspoons baking powder. Add one-half cup chopped walnut meats and one cup chopped figs; and combine with the first mixture. Fold in four egg whites, beaten stiff. Turn into oiled custard cups; set in a steamer top; cover with paraffin paper; and steam an hour and a half. Serve with sweetened whipped cream and preserved figs.

◆

Company—Formal

DINNER

Oyster Canapes
Radishes Olives Cranberry Jelly
Asparagus Consomme
Roast Turkey with Gravy
Mashed Potatoes Braised Parsnips
Tomato Creole Aspic with Lettuce
Frozen Apricot Cream Lady Fingers
Coffee

Oyster Canapes

Toast six good-sized rounds of bread in the oven until crisp; and spread with a mixture of two tablespoons butter, one tablespoon minced celery and one tablespoon minced green pepper. Have ready six good-sized oysters, which should be rolled in fine bread crumbs and sauted in enough butter to keep them from sticking. Place an oyster in the center of each canape; decorate the edges with strips of pimento; and serve hot.

Tomato Creole Aspic

Combine three and one-half cups stewed, sieved tomato, two tablespoons minced carrot, two tablespoons minced onion, one tablespoon minced celery tops, two cloves, one-half teaspoon pickle spice, two tablespoons lemon juice, one-half teaspoon salt and two teaspoons sugar; and simmer for ten minutes. Add one and one-half tablespoons gelatin, which should be softened in an extra half cup of cold water. Strain through a cloth; and let stand until it is the consistency of an egg white. Then add one-half cup finely minced green pepper, one minced pimento, one tablespoon minced chives, and one tablespoon minced olives. Mould individually; and serve in nests of lettuce with a garnish of celery curls and stars of mayonnaise.

Frozen Apricot Cream

Combine one quart sieved canned apricots, one cup sugar, one-eighth teaspoon salt, and one cup heavy cream; and freeze in three parts of crushed ice to one part of salt. To freeze in a mechanical refrigerator, whip the cream; and add to the sieved apricots a tablespoon of gelatin softened in water to cover and dissolved over steam. Combine the ingredients, transfer to the freezing tray of the refrigerator; and freeze from three to five hours, according to the temperature; stir the mixture every hour.

Stretching for *Beauty*

By Frances Ingram

Keeping Your Body Alive Brings Beauty To Your Skin

Do Acrobatics? No... But Strive To Become Lithe And Supple



Pacific and Atlantic Photos

A stretch a day keeps the doctor away.

THE OTHER day I received a letter which contained this paragraph: "All my life I have been stretching for beauty. I haven't it. up hope yet, Miss Ingram, and I wish you would tell me how I can my stretching for beauty more table. I'm afraid my stretching isn't igent. Won't you tell me how to ch for beauty and get it?"

ow, of course, what this woman meant that she was reaching out for some- ; which she felt was just beyond her n. When she spoke of stretching for ty, unfortunately she was speaking atively. If this woman actually had stretching for beauty, she would found that beauty was not beyond reach. Women who stretch for beau- *literally* stretch—find that beauty is elusive, for stretching for only a few utes a day does keep old age away. eeps the doctor away, too. It's much er than the proverbial apple. Stretch- also keeps the "blues" away—over- ht "blues" and underweight "blues"— act, all kinds of "blues."

STRETCHING to keep ng, beautiful and happy is not a new ention. It is not a fad. Stretching is ure's way of keeping fit. Stretching is secret of keeping youth and of re- ing youth. Have you ever watched a ed tiger in the zoo? That tiger may been penned up in that 8x10 cage ten years yet he retains his natural ness, sleekness and agility. His per will tell you that the only kind of rcise that tiger gets other than his ited walks is the stretch. His tamer tive, the cat, keeps her figure and th in the same way. Have you ever really watched a cat for any length of time? Some time count, if you can, the number of stretches a cat takes in one day. Or watch a baby. You will find that young humans stretch themselves asleep and stretch themselves awake. It's their daily dozen.

Do the words "daily dozen" sound dismal and military to you? Perhaps they do. Personally, rising at the crack of dawn and swinging Indian clubs has never appealed to me, either. Of course, this type of exercise does do some good things. It sends the blood racing all over the body, bringing your color up and quickening the tempo of your system, but the trouble lies in the after-effects. In this type of exercise people have a tendency to spend twice as much energy as is necessary. This is tiring and makes for awkwardness. You see, awkwardness is due to the liberation of more energy than is necessary to accomplish the required action. Remember when you exercise that the idea is not to become an acrobat, but to become live and supple. If you're one of the people who shy away from the old type military exercise, I wish you would try, instead, natural exercise—stretching.

PERHAPS you are one of the people who think they are getting through life adequately without doing any exercising. If the truth were known most of us shy away from exercise and most of us never get beyond good intentions. For instance, there's the housewife. When I write to a housewife and suggest exercise as part of the solution to her complexion difficulties, she is pretty apt to write back to me and say, "I get plenty of exercise just doing my housework. Why, I'm on my feet twelve hours a day." I don't doubt that she thinks that is exercise. But, unfortunately, it isn't. There are certain parts of her body that aren't getting any exercise at all.

When I advocate exercise for the business girl, she writes back to me and says, "I suppose I should exercise, but I haven't time in the mornings and I'm too tired at night." Now health and an attractive appearance are an asset in the business world. And to keep healthy and attractive, good circulation is vital. The blood must be kept flowing to insure the carrying off of wastes which would otherwise appear as blemishes on the skin. The rebuilding of depleted structures will not go on normally either, unless the blood is kept flowing and flowing properly.

For both the housewife and the business girl—and the business man, too!—there is no better exercise in the world than plain, old-fashioned stretching. Any-

(*Continued on page 120*)



Courtesy Best & Co.

Perfect for school. A raccoon-collared tweed suit with seven-eighths coat.

Fashions for "Sub-debs"

An Interview with an NBC Fashion Expert . . .

Helen Worden

By

JEANNE DUBOIS

THE telephone rang at my elbow. "This is National Broadcasting Company. Miss Helen Worden, one of our fashion experts, can see you at 11:00 A.M. tomorrow morning at our offices. Will that be convenient?"

It was . . . so 10:58 found me on the elevator bound for the upper regions of the NBC Fifth Avenue building. Just as the car door was about to close, a slim figure dashed by the starter, and joined us, slightly out of breath. The young lady was so tiny that I could see right over her head, though I'm not so very tall myself.

WITH the general exodus at the NBC offices, we both alighted, my petite friend scurrying past the reception clerk with an air of being at home, in contrast to my stop for directions.

"Will you wait just a moment?" said the hostess. I sat down and visualized Miss Helen Worden. As Fashion and Society Editor of the New York Evening World, she must be quite an impressive figure. Probably one of those tall, slinky women with perfect poise and a calm, even voice.

"This way," said the page . . . and opened a door to reveal to me my little friend of the elevator!

"Yes, I'm Helen Worden, and I like giving interviews . . . but I'm all out of breath from racing to get here in time. Won't you talk first?"

Relieved to find the Fashion Expert not at all overpowering, I found it easy to explain my mission. With all the interest displayed in fashion articles for women, one seldom finds the needs of the young girl of the *jeune fille* age . . . sixteen, seventeen, or almost eighteen . . . even mentioned. But she is very much interested in her appearance!

Miss Worden agreed with me. "I call girls of that age sub-debs, and although that's a well-worn name for them, there is really no other I can find. They are usually still at school, so most of their clothes, at Mother's insistence, must be *practical*. And how they hate that word!

"But there's no earthly reason for practical things being dull and unattractive. Young girls can wear the new 'bright dark' colors with much more verve than an older woman. Take the new gre which is dark, yet has such a brig woodsy tinge. A thin tweed dress, o knitted frock, in that color will look fre after weeks of attendance in class-roo at afternoon sorority gatherings, and tri to basketball games. You can say t same thing about the color that is call 'bittersweet' . . . it's an orangy r that is particularly good with your fresh complexions. I saw a particula nice tweed suit with a seven-eight length, raccoon collared coat in th color."

"I THINK those shades a lovely," I said. "But so many you girls are wearing black now. Is it co sidered smart?"

"Yes . . . very definitely yes! But wi reservations . . . a bright red leather be or a crisp 'lingerie touch'. That mea a collar last year, but this year it mea anything from a row of tricky little piq tabs right down the front of one's dre to a triangular 'revers', or flap, fac with crêpe, which may be worn buttone with white facing peeping out, or u buttoned and openly flaunted."

"Are these dresses that you are d scribing all in some variation of wool? I asked.

"No. Silk crêpe is just as fashionab and has the merit of being able to d double duty, if your sub-deb is going o to tea or an informal evening party. Litt bows of fur or bright embroidery are ne

ot this season, but the young girl
d always try to keep her dresses as
e as possible. Her afternoon dresses
d never be very long, and she'll find
- and simple flares much more effec-
than elaborate effects.

"YOU seem to be trying to
ve all the thrill from our sub-deb's
robe," I said. "You know, after
have graduated from their gangling,
gs-and-arms 'teens period, they like
splay their newly acquired charm
grace."

nd who can blame them?" Miss
den responded.

But you've accused me too soon. Re-
ber I've been talking thus far, about
ol things. When it comes to party
s, our young friends may be as fluffy
frilly as they please.

But be sure to tell them that sophis-
ion is not the right keynote this year,
for real debutantes, so it certainly
the thing for young girls. Tell them
apitalize their youth . . . to choose
gs that are just as soft and naive and
aling as can be.

w one dress in
Fifth Avenue
not so long
which would
been the an-
to my prayers
n I was sixteen
eventeen.

It was very
, almost to the
ies, of soft blue
ffon, clinging
molding until
eached a point
below the hips,
n it suddenly
into soft folds.
uffly collar out-
d the neck . . .
ch was exactly
same depth
back as at
nt. Cream lace
fs, tight at the
st, but flaring
most up to the
ow, completed
adorable thing.
was perfect for
ne one who's not
ng out in real
ening frocks, just

'By the way, I
nk I can get you
picture of that
ck, and several
hers which I have
mind for sub-
bs," volunteered
iss Worden.

"That will be
ry kind of you,"
said. "Pictures
the things
you've described will help our *jeunes filles*, I'm sure."

Some one opened the door and a sudden cold draft reminded us of outdoor things.

I inquired, "Should young girls wear furs?"

"Yes," said the pleasant-voiced NBC authority, "but there are certain furs which belong, because of their inherent qualities, to youth. The first one I think of is lapin. Way back in the days when my grandmother wore a 'pelisse' or little short jacket, it was liable to be lapin . . . only she called it rabbit skin. Last year saw the fashion revived, and this year finds it even more strongly entrenched. The fur is so soft and easy to manipulate that it can be belted, or flare slightly and still not appear bulky. It's being used for those tricky short jackets that are so becoming to your sub-deb, as well as for long coats."

"IT'S inexpensive, too, isn't it?" I remarked, returning to the practical end of the discussion.

"Very," replied Miss Worden. "No young girl should wear elaborate furs . . . girls from fashionable schools whom I see lunching at Pierre's before an opera matinee always choose furs like lapin, kidskin or beaver . . . verging on the sports furs. And when they go out in the country they like the warmth and sportiness of raccoon."

"And what have you to say to the girl who wants a cloth coat that is thrillingly new?" I asked.

"Lots and lots. She'll like the big furry collars which frame her face so charmingly, and the tight little belts that only the slender young girl can wear at the exact normal waistline, and the boleros and slightly flared skirts. In fact, I'm sure she'll find so much to enchant her that choice will be a difficult matter."

"Now, can you give me one last exciting piece of news for my sub-debs?" I asked.

"M-m-m. There's a new sort of evening wrap which is made specially for her first prom. It's called the 'bunny coat' and that's just what it looks like. Soft white lapin, and she hugs it tightly around her chiffon or satin or moire frock, knowing that she looks too adorable!"

"Now I must run away and leave you, for I'm due at a fashion show, and then a tea, and tonight the opera. But I'll send you those pictures I promised. Heavens! It's 12:15. Let's go."

SO THE elevator operator heard my thanks to Miss Worden, on behalf of all the sub-debs who will find her helpful . . . just as the elevator operator had witnessed our meeting.



Courtesy Best & Co

(Left) Soft blue chiffon and Alencon lace make a sub-deb demure but ravishing. (Right) The bunny jacket with its flattering white fur makes a perfect first evening wrap.

The pictures sent by Miss Worden appear on these pages . . . and the lapin sports coat and woolen school frock with white tabs appear in the Rotogravure Fashion Section on Page 45—Editor.

How to Enjoy Symphony Music

Every Orchestral Work Is A Pattern of Tones . . .

Comprehension of the Underlying Theme

Brings Pleasure in Good Music

By

WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music

This is the third of a series of articles on the inspirational appeal of good music. Dr. William Braid White will be glad to answer in his articles, any questions about music. Address him in care of Radio Digest—Editor



Dr. William Braid White

MUSIC is a form of expression just as is poetry or the drama. Dance music—what is called jazz—is a form of music, and decidedly, too, a form of expression. Jazz is very fascinating, for the rhythm on which it is built tickles the toes and sets the feet jiggling for young and old alike. Yet, it is the worst kind of mistake to suppose that the only function of music is to tickle the toes and make the feet dance. Music has other things, of greater importance than that, to do. It has its feet-jiggling function, of course; but that is not its only or even its most interesting, function. The real task of music is to give expression to those emotions which cannot be put into words.

So it happens that when a lover and his lass are experiencing towards each other those feelings, at which a cynical and older generation laughs but which it envies none the less, they often find that music speaks to them with a power and a persuasiveness exerted by no other means of expression. The girl may be the silliest of little flappers and the boy the rawest of lob lollies; but each finds the stupidities, the crudities and the shallowness of everyday conduct suddenly taking upon itself sweet and grave loveliness. To each of the pair of lovers the other is sublime. Each finds opening up in the soul depths of feeling never before known to exist. Then, it may be, music comes along an their unspoken thoughts find an utteranc deeper than words could give. They ma be silly about it. The tune may be cheap little sentimental piece of slop, i the ears of a sophisticate at least; but t these naive yet admirable lovers it ma speak with all the mysterious beaut which Beethoven has written into the slo movement of his Ninth Symphony. Here music is taking its rightful place as in terpreter of the soul. Brahms worke on his First Symphony, that gigantic drama, for twenty years before he fel satisfied with it. Music, to put it briefly is the result of concentrated intellectua passion and power.

Beethoven had meditated for ten years before he found the exact forms into which to cast the leading tunes which he needed for the Ninth Symphony.

Pattern and Power

Just now you are having presented to your ears concerts which are giving you some of the best that will be done in musical performance during this season. Considering that you will be having op-



ities to hear the New York Philnic Symphony Orchestra, the Roxy Philadelphia, not to speak of the t soloists and ensemble players ill be heard on the air, it is evihat you will be much better preto hear them with pleasure if you in in advance a few basic principles musical art.

ic is the result of intellectual power to bear on sound. It is always a as I said last month, and it is ern of sounds just as speech is. is articulate sound, and music is but both speech and music mean until they each have been ar- in a pattern.

ne is a pattern. A simple tune is le pattern. It is a fact that the t music is based usually on very patterns. It is the working out se, the combining of them with patterns and the gradual evolution ast and intricate pattern, like that Oriental rug, which makes music herent significant thing that it most ly is.

next time you listen to music of gher kind, think of the pattern of iental rug. In a cheap domestic the pattern is crude and staring. annot for a moment mistake it. owers or other conventionalized deblend together in the most obvious If your eye is not trained to appre- fine shades of color or intricate ng of beautiful patterns, you may lling to think that the cheap carpet te nice. Now try studying an Ori- rug. At first sight a very fine al may often appear to have no n at all. The color shades are subtle and lack the noisy brightness eap, new carpets. The pattern too y intricate and often it is hard for practiced eye to see where it begins ds. A little practice in seeing soon ls, however, that there is a plan form behind all the apparent comy. A certain comparatively simple rn will be repeated over and over . woven into the texture of the rug d by thread, as each of the thou- of threads is knotted and cut off ately with loving care. Once your grasps the basic pattern the whole scheme falls into a proper perspective and you find yourself admiring your rug understandingly. You now are no longer just looking, you are perceiving. You have ceased to be a mere starer and are on your way to become a connoisseur of Oriental rugs.

So it is with music. When you are listening to the simplest tune you are listening to a pattern of tones. When you hear the most elaborately worked out orchestral work you are listening to a more elaborate pattern. Basically the two are one.

Musical Terms

By the way, here are one or two explanations to stow away and keep in your mind, to help you as you listen during coming weeks.

Symphony: The largest and most formal of all musical works. It is written for the grand or symphony orchestra, of which I talked last month. The orchestras like the Philharmonic Symphony of New York, the Chicago, the Philadelphia, the Boston Symphony, the Cleveland, the Roxy and many others of which you hear, are symphony orchestras in the right sense of the term. Dance orchestras or small ensembles are not symphony orchestras and should not be confused with them. A symphony is a gigantic tonal pattern intended by its composer to express some large scheme of thought and emotion, which he puts into tones as another man would put it into speech, into a novel or into a painting. A symphony is nearly always divided into four sections, called "movements".

The first movement in a symphony is always built in the most careful way as to pattern, woven with all the patience and skill of an Oriental rug designer. It usually has two leading tunes . . . "themes" . . . or tone patterns, the first sounded at the very beginning, and the second later, after the first has been impressed sufficiently upon the minds of the hearers.

The second movement of a symphony is usually an extended song-like expression, revealing the deepest emotional thought behind the composer's conception, just as the first movement usually reveals



Erich Kleiber, brilliant young German conductor, who won plaudits in his first season with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.

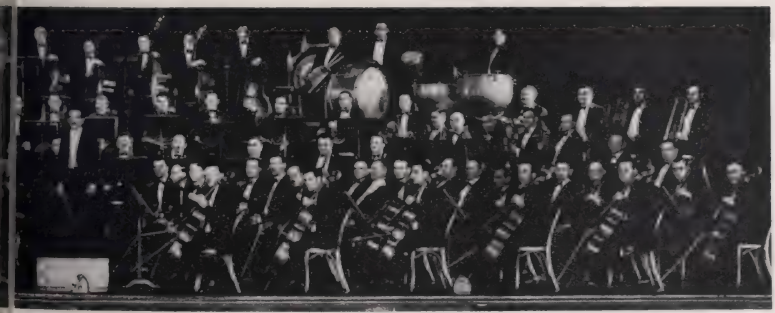
his sense of power and his ability to deal masterfully with the ideas that come to him.

The third movement, known usually as the Scherzo (Italian word meaning joke or jest) is a jolly contrast to the first and second, bringing out the lighter side of the basal thought. The fourth movement or Finale is a great summing up of the pattern thoughts and a statement of them usually in a triumphant and decisive form.

Some sarcastic musician once said that the first movement of a symphony shows how skillful the composer is, the second how deeply he can feel, the third how loudly he can laugh and the fourth how glad he is to have brought the thing to a successful finish. But you must not take this too literally.

Sonata: A symphony for one instrument or for two. It is smaller in magnitude but the same in general plan. Beethoven wrote symphonies for the orchestra and sonatas for the piano. The basal plan is the same in both. A symphony or sonata written for three instruments is called a Trio, for four a Quar-

(*Cont. on page 117*)



The Roxy Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Joseph Littau, who recently left New York to direct the Omaha Symphony. Erno Rapee is his successor.

Voice of th

WANTS PICTURES OF NBC ANNOUNCERS

I AM A reader of the Radio Digest and think it is the most popular monthly magazine of its kind. It has been my desire to have the pictures of the NBC announcers and I would like to know where I may acquire them.

This is my first letter to the Radio Digest and I wish to become one of the many members of the V. O. L. Club, for I enjoy reading each interesting letter in print.

—James H. Harrison, Otto, Tex.

Write National Broadcasting Company, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York. Also see November and December Marcella—EDITOR.

AS AN interested reader of your publication I certainly enjoy its features. No doubt the leading Radio team on the air is "Amos and Andy," and they certainly deserve all the comments and write ups which you are giving to them, but why not see who on the air is second to this wonderful team as far as Blackface is concerned, and make mention of them.

My choice would be Koffee and KoKo, two local youngsters who in my opinion have mastered the colored dialect. I have listened to these boys since they have started to broadcast and they have shown wonderful improvement. They started not quite a year ago to broadcast on the smallest station in Buffalo, WEBR and of late they have been a sustaining feature on Buffalo's largest and best station WGR.

Wishing Koffee and KoKo loads of success and also your wonderful magazine.

—Mrs. J. E. Morris, Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

THREE LETTERS FOR DX LISTENERS

JUST fifteen years of age, and I am secretary of the American Branch of the "Anglo-American Radio Society".

This club (A. A. R. S.) is headed by Leslie W. Orton of England. Branches are being organized everywhere. This is the best feature of the society. Each branch is to keep the other informed of changes in power, etc., and to furnish all information possible concerning locally-made Radio apparatus.

Will you please print the foregoing in V. O. L.? I feel sure it will help me in my quest for members, and I'd appreciate it very much.—"Enthusiastic Bug"—John Malone, Secretary, A. A. R. S., Box 195, Lacon, Ill.

I am a DX fan with confirmations from over 180 stations in U. S. A., Cuba and Canada and would appreciate very much hearing from anyone who can give information regarding broadcasts from the following places:—Oregon, Delaware, N. Hampshire, Montana, Maine, Idaho, Vermont, Nevada, Wyoming, Arizona, South Carolina, Rhode Island, New Brunswick, British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Prince Edward Island, Cuba and Mexico.

Trusting some kind readers and listeners will be able to give some information.—W. Dyson, 72 Cambridge Ave., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

YOUR letter and the new Radio Digest arrived this week and I agree that the new publication is an improvement. I wish you the best of success and feel sure it will be forthcoming since the magazine is really worthwhile.

I enclose a copy of our little publication. I hope you find it interesting. This is published each month by the International Short Wave Club which has a membership covering 37 countries and possessions at this time. If you would care to mention this organization in your new magazine, we would certainly appreciate it.

The club is composed of short wave enthusiasts living in all parts of the world and was organized just a year ago. Information on short wave stations and developments are gathered from all corners of the world and printed in our magazine each month. We welcome every reputable person to membership. Fifty percent of our members act as reporters in gathering material for publication. It is not a commercial project and is owned, edited, sponsored and advocated by the short wave listener.

Wishing you continued success, I beg to remain,—Arthur J. Green, President, International Short Wave Club, Klondyke, Ohio.

* * *

APPLAUSE FOR LINDBERGH ARTICLES

THANK you for your two articles on Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, and for reprinting the text of his Radio address. You may be sure that when I see the magic Lindbergh name on the covers of your magazine, I will not hesitate to buy it.—M. B., Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

LESS JAZZ, SAYS ELVA

I AM A regular reader of Radio Digest and about the first thing I look at is the Voice of the Listener.

I am wondering why you never say anything about the Southland Singers, or Hank Simmons Show Boat or Seth Parker. You seem to have a lot to say about orchestra leaders. They are all right and so is their music. But I wish you would tell us something about these other people. (*Sorry you missed our Seth & Hank feature. Editor*)

As for Amos 'n' Andy I am for them. Am glad they are on earlier so we don't have to wait so late and miss our beauty naps. So let's give these jazz band leaders a rest and praise the other folks a bit.

I suppose if my letter is worth publishing some folks will call me an old "fogy" but I don't care for jazz music and I don't care who knows it. How about it? Let's hear from somebody else. —Elva Cobler, Garrett, Ind.

* * *

MR. METZGER LIKES OUR FICTION

BEING a Radio fan and an interested reader of your fine Radio magazine, I was much pleased in going through your September issue to see the article about WHAS (our best home station).

One thing which struck me as being rather odd, was the fact that there was no mention made of the two boys who put on an act called "Joe and the Cap'n." To me and many of my friends, this act is by far the best coming out of WHAS. We believe it ranks with many of the large chain offerings.

I enjoyed your Rupert Hughes story very much. I hardly see how your merger could make your splendid magazine much better! —Philip Metzger, 1729 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky.

* * *

AND MRS. STEELE DOESN'T!

I COME directly to you about the Radio Digest for it is rotten. I subscribed for it last October and a few numbers were good, only I do not like the stories. The plots are not complete, the poison grapes in Gigolo were vague and all through the stories there is a vague untruth.

What the public wants of a Radio Digest is pictures and true histories of the studio staffs of the stations. Too much Amos and Andy lately. One writeup of artists like they are and then go to others just as good. One Floyd Gibbons—he is all right, but sell him once and then sell others better than he. The pictures for your stories are hideous. Stop it—[illegible] ruin the Digest!—Mrs. Cady Steele, [illegible] Liberty, Ind.

* * *

HE KNEW US WHEN WE WERE "T[illegible] HIGH"

I WOULD like to know very much if [illegible] plan to publish any more of those big b[illegible] books which are entitled, "Radio Diges[illegible] lustrated."

I have always enjoyed reading the Di[illegible] We have a big stack of them here at h[illegible] These are from way back in 1921, 1922, [illegible] and so on. I liked the old way you made [illegible] back in the years mentioned above. They [illegible] made from paper like the big newspaper[illegible] made from. Boy, I sure enjoy reading [illegible] old books every time I see them. They di[illegible] have stiff backs then. I sure have receiv[illegible] lot of valuable information from them [illegible] will always boost them. Wishing you suc[illegible]

—George B. Myers, Silver Grove, K[illegible]

Radio Digest Illustrated (in bound volu[illegible] is no longer published—EDITOR.

* * *

MORE DETROIT NEWS SOON

THIS is my début in writing to you[illegible] wanted to get acquainted with V. O[illegible] even better, so I am writing and expres[illegible] some of my views.

First I would like to say that I like R[illegible] Digest a great deal but wish it contained [illegible] Detroit News. Detroit has only five stat[illegible] but they are all good. WWJ has ten yea[illegible] good service behind it, WJR has 5000 w[illegible] and deserves it, for their fine programmes [illegible] serving a large territory. WXYZ is a Colu[illegible] station and offers the best programmes in[illegible] city, while WMBC and WJBK offer many[illegible] teresting and varied programmes. A [illegible] Rad-dio Fan.—Lewis C. Frank, Jr., [illegible] Webb Ave., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

WE PROMISE MORE WSMB NEWS SO[illegible]

I RECEIVED this day the latest issue of [illegible] Radio Digest, and am pleased to be n[illegible] bered among the subscribers to such an[illegible] cellent and instructive magazine in the [illegible] of Radio.

Even before I became a subscriber, and s[illegible] after I became the Radio fan I am to-da[illegible] which dates back to April, 1925—at wh[illegible] time one of our best Radio stations in this cit[illegible] WSMB—first came on the air, I used to [illegible] chase, from a local Radio dealer each w[illegible] (you remember, the Radio Digest appea[illegible] weekly, then), your paper.

Likewise, I have also witnessed the rise [illegible] its present position in the field of R[illegible] broadcasting, that excellent Radio broadc[illegible] ing station I mentioned in the above paragra[illegible] WSMB,—but its pinnacle has not yet b[illegible] reached, I know, and, though you have, [illegible] various times in the past, given this stat[illegible] favorable comment, I am looking forward [illegible] a newer writeup in your magazine soon

Rolf George, 6153 Catina St., New Orle[illegible] La.

* * *

FOR THORGY SEE NOVEMBER MARCELLA

WHY not give us a picture of Edw[illegible] Thorgerson. I've been hearing him [illegible] nounce for several months now and I'd like [illegible] know how he looks!

Listener

d I want to put in a word for Amos 'n' . I may not be a "high-brow" but I do d myself as reasonably intelligent—at sufficiently so to take care of a responsible ion—and I thoroughly enjoy their ex- nces—if Miss Lucy Barrett—or any one loes not like their entertainment all they to do is turn a dial or two—unless have a poor Radio—and in that case they ld get a new one.—A. M., Richmond, Va.

* * *

EAD PHIL COOK'S "THRILLS" IN NOVEMBER RADIO DIGEST

EASE let me add my voice to that of Mr. d Mrs. Jennings, Caro, Mich., to have one interview Mr. Phil Cook and tell us thing about him. Publish his picture and a picture to those in his audience that one. I am sure no one, working alone as M Cook does, gives more real enjoyment he does.

our article about the Cheerio family was llent and your magazine is a fine medium ugh which the unseen audience can get a pse of the artists and realize they are real .—Grace Rodman, Allendale, N. J.

* * *

SHOULD CHEERIO REMAIN INCOGNITO?

I WAS surely some surprise to find that adio Digest had moved to New York City, re several Radio magazines have not sur- d. We sincerely hope it will not mean the of the Digest!

e have been reading it almost from the issue in 1922 and it has always been in- sting, and during its several changes its ke up" has been satisfactory to us ners.

'e thank you very much for the "Cheerio" its' pictures, but were disappointed that did not get Cheerio himself, who, we think king the wrong attitude and carrying the gnito too far. We think faith in unseen gs is not easily acquired and has to be in- ted, and so we may lose interest in his of the "Cheerio" Program if he con- es to be so conservative. It completes the ner's interest, if we can read of, and see the ures, of those we listen to through Radio. -Mrs. Servior Mitchell, 9 Webster St., le Falls, N. Y.

* * *

ST WISHES FOR SPEEDY RECOVERY

HAVE been lying flat on my back in the ospital for nine weeks with a cut and broken I have had my Radio beside me all ing this time. Between the Radio Digest my Radio I have managed to get along fine hout getting too tired. Do I enjoy the lio Digest? I certainly do!

have read the Radio Digest for a year and e always enjoyed it, but never before have ot the full value out of the magazine. I v read every word of it and will continue to so from now on.

his is my first letter to you but there will bably be more.

More power to your column and to the dio Digest and congratulations on the tember number.—Harold F. Baker, Win- d, Kansas.

WHICH IS MOST POPULAR ORCHESTRA? RUDY VALLEE? - GUY LOMBARDO? COON SANDERS?

MRS. JOHNSON certainly started something. The mail man is staggering under his daily burden of letters for V. O. L. We, of course, remain editorally impartial—Editor.

* * *

ONE VOTE FOR RUDY

ALTHOUGH I read Mrs. Johnson's denouncing letter in V.O.L. about two months ago, it has taken me until now to get cooled off enough to write to V.O.L. with some more needless defense for Mr. Hubert Prior Vallée without flying into a rage and throwing so many more tables and chairs out of the window the way I did when I first read it. (Slight exaggeration? Perhaps, but).

I've found that usually the ones who hate him so, are the ones who know little or nothing about him. I know several *men* who have come in more or less personal contact with him and they all say he is as "square," and as much of a "regular fellow" as is possible for anyone. Who could say more?

Give us more about Rudy, "Radio Digest," (and don't forget to show this letter the way to V.O.L.)—Another "Heigh-ho"-minded fan. Louisville, Ky.

* * *

ONE FOR GUY LOMBARDO

SOMEONE found Rudy Vallée an inspiration for writing poetry, but for me no man, great or good, could induce me to write poetry about him. Mrs. Johnson, I am surely with you when it comes to Rudy Vallée.

In my estimation Guy Lombardo has the best orchestra on or off the air. Can you find me a trumpet with a better tone than the one in his orchestra? Can you find me an orchestra that has better time? Or a better balanced orchestra? Can you find a man who divides up his "leads" better? (Instead of giving them all to one instrument.) Can you find an orchestra that can play all types of music from the blues to the waltz? And I give these as my points in trying to persuade you that Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are the best orchestra "this side of Heaven."

—Ygontou, New York

* * *

ONE FOR COON SANDERS

I HAVE never seen Rudy Vallée and have never met him, therefore, I cannot give an opinion. I am merely writing this article in defense of Coon-Sanders, who happen to be very personal friends of mine.

I think it is very unfair to implicate Cooney and Joe in such a ridiculous dispute. Their Radio audience comes before anything else, and they have done more for charity and more wonderful things for the less fortunate and invalids than any orchestra leaders in the country. They are both very high-class men with wonderful personalities, and treat everyone royally. They have received as high as 500 requests in 4½ hours, which proves that they have a marvelous outstanding orchestra, and do not deserve any nasty slams.—Walter Hoffmann, Jr., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

AND COME OTHER NOMINATIONS

MOST everyone enjoys Rudy Vallée's orchestra of course. But why give so much space to one orchestra, when there are so many other good orchestras, worthy of a little praise? Gene Fosdick's orchestra—who could sit still when that band strikes up? And Ted Weems, Jimmy Green, Boby Meeker, Herbie Kay!—M. M. S., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

I DO not see why these ladies in the October issue laugh at Mrs. Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla. Rudy Vallée is not what he is cracked up to be. Rudy does play the better class of dance music, but he cannot touch Ben Bernie. Listen to Ben. over WBBM, Chicago, Wed. 10:15 p.m.—An Orchestra Leader, Toronto, Can.

* * *

I'VE just finished reading the October issue of the Digest and as usual I've made a thorough inspection of the V.O.L. department.

While I don't want to insult or "slam" Rudy to any great extent, just the same I certainly believe that there are plenty of dance orchestras in the country that are way ahead of him.

If I were to name five orchestras that I considered the best in the country and certainly better than Rudy Vallée I would mention Coon-Sanders, Don Russo, Jimmy Green, Guy Lombardo, and Art Kassel in the order named.—Charles S. Clarke, Asheville, N.C.

* * *

48 . . . 49 . . . RAZZBERRY!

AFTER absorbing all of that excitement over our Rudy. I thought I'd better put my two cents in, too, and congratulate Mrs. Johnson on her remarkable discoveries about Rudy Vallée. No doubt she knows him personally and has thus been enabled to reveal to us unsuspecting victims the falsity and shallowness of this horrible impostor. For this great service to mankind we intelligent readers of Radio Digest should immediately take up a collection of lead slugs and cigar coupons and present Mrs. Johnson a silver-plated razzberry dish and a gold pickle fork. Many a life has she salvaged from the clutches of this sugar-tongued crooner. She has further given succor to his victims by revealing how they have been fooled into overlooking his "ugly" features and "unattractive" face. Say, these Radio artists have a lotta crust if they think we intelligent fans are gonna stand for a homely face!—Anne, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.

* * *

MRS. JOHNSON REPLIES!

FIRST may I answer briefly the Vallee fan of Portland. Me.

I must say that it is an ill wind indeed that doesn't do some little good! So my statement caused your first contribution to V. O. L! I must give myself a pat on the back, for the discovery of your wonderful talent and genius. You must continue to entertain us with your opinion and ideas. Please, after this, direct your comments and suggestions to some one who will be interested in what you have to say. It is of no consequence whatever to me what you think about Rudy; you have a perfect right to hero worship if you so desire. But remember. this is a free country and I have the privilege of expressing my personal opinion just the same as you have, so indulge to your heart's content, but remember don't direct your information to me personally.

Now for the Arkansas admirer. Why be so cruel and partial, and not want the magazine if it doesn't have Rudy's pictures? Give the others a break. As the distance is too great for a duel, and I am very much of an amateur in regard to fighting over dream lovers, we will have to call it a draw. However write a note to Santa Claus, and tell him all about it. Ask him to bring you a whole book of Rudy's pictures. He will understand heart throbs like yours best of anyone.

In closing, let me again express my admiration for Guy Lombardo. He already has a host of loyal fans to sing his praises at all times!—Mrs. Johnson, Jacksonville, Mo.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

From 1 A.M. until dawn the other night Indigest was in the throes of a horrendous nightmare. No, it wasn't a Welsh Rarebit dream, because Indi doesn't have the least partiality for cheese; nor was it qualms of conscience that caused the racking mental pains of that frighteous night. Besides being horrendous, that nightmare was terriblific, alarmful, petrificatory, appallifying, formidibaceous and made me shquiver all over like a naspenleaf.

It was worse than that, 'n all because there were so many good things from contribs this month that I couldn't make up my mind about the big prize winners. About 1:15 A.M. a five dollar gold piece and three big round silver dollars with legs like the circus giants' started to chase me. They took up their hunt way out West at KFRC in San Francisco and hounded me all the way East to WQAM down in Miami. And whenever I sat down by the roadside to rest my painful joints and callous feet a contributor would rise up beside me and say I DESERVE THAT BIG FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE! DO I GET IT? NO? . . . BANG! BANG! BANG!

And I would jump up, afraid of being peppered with buck shot or even shrapnel (in Chicago it was a bomb) and run some more.

It ended when somebody was about



to bang me on the head with an Indian war club that looked more like an Alaskan totem pole, and I found the back of my head black and blue from rolling on the floor and hitting the bed post on the way down.

The next day I made up my mind to quit worrying and give *two* prizes of five dollars each as a nightmare preventive for myself. One goes to Helen Mary Hayes for her Jabberknocky, on this page . . . and the other to Mort Clemson for his "Musings of a Radio" which you'll come to if you'll just be patient. Now, don't be turning the pages over, just to see it . . . it's against the rules to read the last page first.

HOW TO CATCH FLYS

Rocky Austin, the Song Rambler of WJAY, has become an inventor.

Rocky: Well folks, I'm going to tell you about my invention, the very latest in fly-catchers.

Place a step-ladder against the wall of your room. On the top of the ladder construct a platform and in this platform place a trap door.

This is how it works. The fly walks up the ladder to the platform. He



starts walking around on this and behold, he falls through the trap door into an ice-cream freezer where he is instantly slain.—*Charles Burwell, Magnolia, Ohio.*

Here is a letter I got from Imp, who sent me a recipe for cement custard not so long ago. I know it gives all of you a thrill to read some one else's mail, so I'll be good to you. She writes:

"So my 'Invalid's Custard' sounded good, but if I should send cake, by the time it reached Indigest it would be a brick! Well, which would be the most satisfying, cement or brick? I might make some fudge for you, Indi-Gest (able). How 'bout it, Indi-Gest (ion)?

Thinkin' and talkin' so much 'bout YOU I have Indi-Gest (ion) on the brain, 'stead of, well, where do you have IT?"—*Imp, Detroit, Mich.*

You can tell IMP for me that I'm not saying anything . . . but . . .

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

JABBERKNOCKY

(After Lewis Carroll—quite a ways)

'Twas graham, and the squishy blone
  Did blat and guggle on the air.
All rudy were the sexophones
  And the blue grumphs were there.

Cum see, cum sa, the zigradoons
  Made skreaking skirl like ghosts in pain.
  All dirgeous were the symphotoons—
  They bibbled soft again.

What are those awful sleemish growls,
  Like avalanches on tin roofs?
It is the Staticus that howls
  With thunder in its hoofs.

Then buckle on my tuba sharp,
  Tie on my piccolo so blue;
I'll polish up my stout jewsharp
  To run him thru and thru.

All day he sought the Staticus
  With grid screen and skerflump.
The short waved monster did percuss
  And skriffle with its hump.

At length he tracked it to its plish,
  He ran its generator thru.
The monster squiffled in a trish,
  Fell wrackling in the sklew.

Come to my arms, my roxy seth!
  He relayed in his joy.
For thou hast slain the minimeth—
  Thou art the sunshine boy!

'Twas graham, and the squishy blones
  Did blat and guggle on the air.
All rudy were the sexophones
  And the blue grumphs were there.

Helen Mary Hayes
Lincoln, Neb.

OH, LADY, LADY!

WTAM at the conclusion of a song sung by a lady artist:—

Announcer: Oh how I would like to make you happy.

Lady Artist: How nice of you.

Announcer: Beg your pardon Miss —— I was only announcing the next number.—*Arthur Day, Sergent, Ky.*

A UKELELE STRUMMING LORELEI

May Singhi Breen claims that she has n indefinable something that attracts sh, but Peter de Rose says no, *he* is n expert fisherman. The discussion ook place while the popular couple, eatured on NBC programs, were on a shing trip on Twin Lake, N. Y., with party of friends.

One morning May and Peter put out a canoe to try their luck. But the sh wouldn't bite. May, tiring of the ort, picked up her ukulele, which she ad brought along, and began playing. hree of the strings immediately happed. Peter was elected to do some- ing about it, and in the spirit of fun, ubstituted some of the fishing line on he instrument.

The plan worked better than either f them had expected, and May con- nued her strumming. Soon the fish egan biting from all sides. The bot- om of the canoe was filled with choice atches. They rowed triumphantly ack to shore to find that other mem- ers of the party, who had been out onger than they, didn't have a fish to how for their efforts.

May insists that it was her playing hat lured the fish, and not any re- narkable skill on the part of her usband.



May Singhi Breen allures the fish with her uke

A SHORT STORY

Karl Stefan, WJAG, gave this news ulletin:—

A Chicago man was bathing his feet n benzine because his feet hurt him. He was also smoking a cigarette.

Benzine — Cigarette — Siz! Boom! Hospital. — *Frances Cherry, Wayne, Nebr.*

FIRST THEY STOP THE BOAT

Heard this one from WCCO:—

Tim and Ole were on the ship Europa bound for Europe.

Ole: Tim, why do they send a letter to a man when he falls overboard?

Tim: Send a letter? What do you mean?

Ole: Well, I asked a sailorman what they did when a man fell overboard and he said they dropped him a line.— *Irving Webber, Fairmont, Minn.*

This one proves that politicians in Canada are like those everywhere else.

During the recent election campaign in the Dominion, the Hon. R. B. Bennett had just finished his final effort to win votes, presenting his platform with due credit to himself. When he finally concluded his remarks station CKX at Brandon played "Give Yourself a Pat on The Back" as a sign off number!— *Kenneth R. Perry, Hartney, Manitoba, Canada.*

'S A CUTE STORY

Heard over WLW:

"Two college boys were returning to the dormitory, after being out all night. They saw an angleworm. One of the boys observed, " 'S a cute angleworm." " 'S a right angleworm," argued the other.

"Aw, don't be so darn geometrical."

That's what hootch does for one.— *Mrs. Judson W. German, Atlanta, Ga.*

Those cute angleworms remind Indigest of this worm story, which just must be announced with a Noo Yawk accent.

Goitie and Mabel sat on the coib, reading the Evening Woild.

Said Goitie to Mabel, "There's woims in the doit,"

Said Mabel to Goitie, "Woims don't hoit."

So they went on reading the Woild!

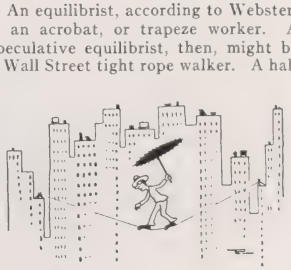
That's the way the rest of the country thinks we New Yorkers talk. But we really don't. Actually, it sounds much worse.

* * *

On September 25th Floyd Gibbons' snappy wind-up had to do with plants, trees, etc. His parting shot was "And until then, listen to the sap." After which Edward Thorgersen made the concluding announcement!—*Florence Haist, Lindenwold, N. J.*

Does anyone know what a "Halterophilist and Speculative Equilibrist" is? If you do, please, oh please, allay my curiosity and tell me, quick, quick. Indi-gest got a contribution (which we were obliged to decline) from someone whose letterhead describes him as such.

An equilibrist, according to Webster, is an acrobat, or trapeze worker. A speculative equilibrist, then, might be a Wall Street tight rope walker. A hal-



terophilist is not in Radio Digest's big dictionary but might be derived from . . . phili, fond of, and halter . . . one who is fond of halters. Complete definition then, of halterophilist and speculative equilibrist is a Wall Street tight rope walker who would like to be (or ought to be) hung. But if you can offer a better definition, please shoot it in.

Six thirty, the kids just turned me off. I'm sure glad when I have digested little Tommy Jack Rabbit and Billy Ground Hog. There should be a law to keep these bed-time stories off the air, at least when a coast to coast super-six like me has his switch turned on. We Radios have too little to say about what is done with or around us, and still we talk fifteen hours a day; is that right, I ask you?

O, O, here comes the old man himself, just home from the office and all tired out, but even if he is, he'll not be too tired to tune me until midnight. The guy that owns me is the champion dial fighter of the world, never satisfied with what I give him.

Honest, he thinks I'm a Robot, I guess. He tunes in a three-piece band and then gets sore at me because I don't make it sound like a full symphony. And on top of that, some of these broadcasting stations have been handing us Radios a lot of sourdough music. For example: 'eek, 'ssh, 'ugh, tell me who can make that kind of bunk sound like "Home Sweet Home" or "Asleep in the Deep." You know, some time, I'm gonna get sore and paralyze a couple tubes.

The other night, the old man had a house full of company and was telling 'em what a wham I was at bringing in distance. First crack out of the box he gets rough with me and made me mad, so what do I do to get square with him but mush the call letters on every distant station he tuned in; was he sore at me? He said that for two cents he would break every tube in me. Of course, these last remarks were made after the company had gone, I'm kind of afraid of him when we're alone. He might stick a screw driver in me and get me to squealing and then even the neighbors would be down on me.

One night he tried to get station KCB. and I, like the good little Radio I am, went right out in the ether after them. I soon found out they were off the air and thought that I would be real nice to the old boy and bring in something else. Well, he goes right up in the air and says, "When I want KCB. I want 'em and not RXK. This settles it, I'm gonna either fix this thing or wreck it." He might just as well saved the breath he used when he said, "Fix." In he digs, we goes around and around, me throwing sparks and smoking, thinking that maybe I could scare him off. I stood it as long as I could before I got hot; I gave him a good shock, made an awful noise in the loud speaker but he kept right on giving me a half nelson. This went on for about an hour and me trying to protect myself in every way I knew how. He then started to get personal and called me a piece of junk. That was enough for me, after me taking him, the family and his friends all over the country and showing 'em a good time. I just took one deep draw of current and burned out every tube in me; then he takes one more look and says to the Mrs. "I knew I could fix this thing if I got after it." She says, "What's the matter with it?" and he says "All the tubes are burned out, I'll get a new set of tubes tomorrow." The Mrs. says "How much does a new set of tubes cost?" The old man says, "Not over ten bucks."

I suppose you wonder what I do for pastime. Well I'm gonna let you in on my favorite indoor sport. I just set around all day and high-hat the phonograph and player piano—no one even looks at them since I came.
Mort Clemson, Peoria, Ill.

SERVED HIM RIGHT FOR BUTTING IN

Here's a Slip and a Quip!

The B.B.C. Trio of WMAK was playing its last number when the announcer, Herbert Rice, broke in "Ladies and Gentlemen,"—then realizing that the piece wasn't finished, he kept quiet until the music stopped. Then listeners heard, "Say, what the Hell do you mean by butting in—" and the voice trailed off as the speaker realized that the mike was still on.—*W. G. Burton, Niagara Falls, Ont.*

"PUT A LILY IN HIS HAND" MIGHT BE MORE APPROPRIATE

It was late afternoon and one of our local announcers had been entertaining with recorded selections for quite a while. He had lost interest, it seem in the blending of his program, and i weary voice said, "Now playing you, two phonograph records, 'L My Head Beneath a Rose' and 'Tu on the Heat' . . ."—*Margaret E. Se wick, 123 Alamo Plaza, San Anton Texas.*

TWENTY INNINGS! PITY TH POOR ANNOUNCER

Bob Elson, WGN sports announce was describing a baseball game betwe the Cubs and St. Louis Cardinals. Th broadcast was sponsored by Thom son's Restaurants whose slogan "Thompson's must be a good place t eat." It was during the first half the 20th inning, about 7:15, and the a nouncer was both tired and very hu gry (as he had previously announce when he said in a weak voice, "Thom son's must be a good place to eat."— *Clara Carter, Oakland, Ill.*

HOT ON GRAHAM'S TRAIL

Here is one probably heard by mil lions:

Graham McNamee in announcin from St. Louis at the fifth World Serie game explained the postponement o President Hoover's speech with "Presi dent Roosevelt's speech will be read directly after the completion of the broadcast of this game." He cor rected himself immediately!—*L. T Young, Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, U. S. Ship New York.*

Two other special Indigest reporters (E. C. Baird of St. Joseph, and Mrs. R. D. King of Alexandria) sent that one in too, but the Navy got here first, as always!

* * *

Listening to station WNOX. The announcer, Roger Williams, read a telegram requesting "A Cottage For Sale" . . . to be sung by Frances Ressler . . . signed — Paul of Atlanta, Ga. When he had finished reading the message, he said "I am very sorry, Paul, but the mortgage has been lifted on this cottage so Frances is Washing Dishes With The One She Loves."—*Roy E. Baker, 1405 N. Central St., Knoxville, Tenn.*



TUNE IN

rawford—They're putting in some t Radio broadcasting stations now-
s.
rabshaw—I should say so. Out t they have a WOW!—*J. J. O'Con-*
New York.

GOSSIP SHOP

he only thing that prevents Giu-e di Benedetto from bringing his e orchestra of fifteen canaries down he NBC studios once in a while is



fact that *Cheep* music won't go so with the guitar serenades he pro-es in the Neapolitan Night programs conducts.

lis wife knows the location of all the stores in New York and steers him y from the marked streets, because y time he passes one, it's so much the budget for another yellow bird wo.

* * *

hil Dewey, NBC baritone, was ed on a farm not far from Rochester, iana, and claims he got his first ex-ence in vocal training when, as a ll boy, he called the cows in from ing every evening, to be milked.

He made his first professional ap-rance at the age of five. He really paid for it. The story goes that l and his father were on their way to n in a horse and wagon. They came n some men at work, grading the d with gravel. The grading machine ead all the way across the road, so y were forced to wait until a path ld be cleared for them to pass. The erintendent in charge of the work, owing of Phil's vocal proclivities, ed him to sing a few songs while they ted. He even promised to pay the if he proved especially entertaining. e proposition appealed to Phil. The st he had ever sung for previously e cookies or candy. From the high gon seat he sang all the popular songs knew. When he was through, the n who had contracted for his services proached him saying: "That was e, young man. Here is your reward." With that he handed Phil a bright ny penny.

* * *

See the signature on the picture of il Dewey on this page, and May ghi Breen on page 95? You've essed it—Indi-Gest's illustrator is ne other than Jolly Bill Steinke, of Jolly Bill and Jane. He's a former newspaper cartoonist and walks around the studio with a perpetually busy pencil.

SCRAMBLED PROGRAMS

Sitting beside my Radio nightly, listening to the orderly procession of programs marching through the hours, I am sometimes possessed of a wild desire to break the monotony by scrambling the various characters. Here are some of the things I would like to hear:

1. A conversation between Achmed Pasha and Jane M'Grew.
2. Seth Parker explaining the World Series to Will Rogers.
3. Amos and Andy in an Evening in Paris.
4. Leopold Stokowski conducting Henry Field's Little Symphony Orchestra.
5. Floyd Gibbons pinch hitting for Walter Damrosch. — *Nelle Arnold, Cedar Creek, Nebr.*

* * *

That last one is good subject matter. You can just imagine Floyd . . . The next number on the program will be the Swan Song from Lohengrin. Flashes from the United Press tell that this fellow, who was a German count, paid a surprise visit to a young lady in a new kind of boat . . . drawn by swan power instead of electric h. p. He was out to save her from execution for killing her brother. He did and ended up by marrying the lady, with the stipulation that she keep his name from the press. She couldn't . . . gave him away . . . and so he did a quick fade-out, this time using a couple of doves for a fly-away to Heaven. The *theme* of the Swan Song, which you will hear *weaving* in and out of this beautiful melody, is *sad* and shows the sorrow that Lohengrin feels on parting from his beloved. It is one of the most heart-rending pieces of music which the great Wagner ever composed.

Puzzle:—Can you tell where Gibbons stops and Damrosch begins? It ought to be easy.

WAIT UNTIL TELEVISION

Sandy had inherited a Radio from an uncle in London, and had invited a friend over to spend an evening listening to a wireless programme.

"At its conclusion the host said: Weel, Mac, wha' cuid we desire better than thot? Singing, instrumentalists, a talk on insects, opera, news, and dance music—all for naethin'."

"Aye," said MacTavish, "but we dinna hae ony acrobats."—*Molly Zacharias, Kansas City, Mo.*

Molly must have good ears and sharp eyes, because she sent in another good one besides the Scotch one. The other one is Henglish and 'airy. 'Ere it is.

AIR TONIC

English Barber—Hanything h'on the 'air to night?

Customer—I don't know. I haven't a Radio.

CROSS YOUR HEART

Heard over Station KMPC:

"The next number will be 'Really and Truly.' A phonograph record."

I wouldn't doubt his word!—*V. M. Davidson, San Diego, Calif.*



PHIL DEWEY'S FIRST PROFESSIONAL APPEARANCE

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Progress of Television

ALTHOUGH there have been no important announcements concerning television for some time there is no doubt but that engineers associated with the major broadcasting companies and with the large electrical companies are spending considerable time and money on the problem. It is quite probable that several of the companies are more advanced in their television experiments than they care to say, reserving announcements until some definite concert results have been obtained. Engineers of the various companies refuse to make any statements regarding their work in television. The National Broadcasting Company has licenses for experimental work on television and a license for experimental work has been requested of the Federal Radio Commission by the Columbia Broadcasting System. The NBC for some time past has had an experimental television station in operation in the heart of New York City.

Television in the home has been stated, by various engineers, to be from three to five or more years away. Such estimates are of course based on the idea that development work will progress along certain definite lines. A really new idea might bring television to the home much sooner; unforeseen difficulties might make practical realization require a much longer time. Even today there are of course a number of stations broadcasting experimental television programs; regular programs are transmitted by the Jenkins Television Corp. in New Jersey and from W9XAP, the television station of WMAQ, Inc., operated by the Chicago Daily News. William S. Hedges, president of WMAQ, Inc., advises us at this writing that with the large photo-cells they intend to use it will be possible to transmit full length views of actors, instead of just a head and shoulders.

All television licenses issued by the Radio Commission are granted on a temporary experimental basis. The Commission is believed to be interested in television development, but also believes that sufficient public interest has not been created to grant permanent licenses on the basis of "public interest, convenience and necessity." There is reason to feel, however, that as soon as sufficient public interest is aroused the Commission will grant permanent licenses.



TELEVISION WIZARDS

Dr. August Karolus, German television expert and University of Leipzig professor, left, and Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson conferring in the laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady.

Meanwhile those organizations (br casting companies especially) who that they will want to transmit televi when it leaves the womb of techno are anxious to get experimental lice now, so that when permanent licenses granted, and there won't be very m they will be able to point to the exp mental work they did to bring about accomplishment and thereby enha their chances of getting a perman license. It is probable that the la manufacturers are rather anxious t television does not follow the same perimental course that Radio did wher first started in 1920.

Television experimental work in t large laboratories evidently has two ai in view. One is to develop television a means of home entertainment usi simple but effective apparatus. The oth aim is to develop television for the th tre, so that television images may presented on the stage.

Mid-West Radio City

RADIO broadcasting is going on bigger and better things. First can the announcement of the hu Radio City in New York and now Chica can boast of a super-station which h been erected on top of the world's large building, the Merchandise Mart.

Here are a few statistics that show th magnitude of the project. The new statio is two stories in height; comprises mor than 66,000 square feet; contains six stu dios, four of which are two stories hig and plans are completed for additiona studios when needed.

More than 56,000 square feet of sound proof material was used in the constructio of the studios; there are more than 9 light fixtures in the studios and more tha 33,000 watts of electricity are used to ligh Studio A alone.

More than 13,400 square feet of carpet was used to cover halls, corridors, and offices. The staff of employees numbers over 200 and more than 400 radio entertainers are available.

The station includes a number of innovations which are the result of years of experimental work on the part of a large staff of engineers. There are four network control booths which are, in fact, miniature studios. It is indeed a super-station.

of the Radio Arts

Concert-going by Radio

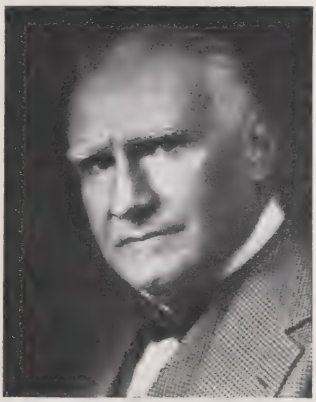
ALTHOUGH I have been conducting symphonic orchestral concerts since 1885, and traveling with my orchestra over the entire United s many times during that period, I only in the last four years been to reach the great masses of our le by means of the Radio," says er Damrosch, musical counsel. Na- l Broadcasting Company. "Before wonderful invention was perfected, uld play only to audiences which l gather in the concert halls and res of our larger cities. Such audi- s were necessarily limited by the size he auditorium, and assuming that I ucted about one hundred concerts winter with an average audience of ty-five hundred, I could reach about hundred and fifty thousand people year.

ut now the Radio enables me to play udiences of ten million people every rday evening, and as I give about y-four of these concerts during the r, that gives us the incredible total hree hundred and forty millions. e this huge audience includes many y listeners of the past, by far the er part are people who have never re heard a note of what I call music. ny delight and amazement, the music lozart, Beethoven and Wagner comes em like a revelation of beauty and ional pleasure. Only through the o could I reach these millions of le on the farms and ranches, in out he way towns, and above all, the y who are too poor to buy concert ts, and to whom the "air" now s free for all, a weekly message of honic music.

n average of thirty to forty thousand rs a year which I receive from these ners, gives eloquent testimony of joy and gratitude. Small wonder I consider these last three years of professional life in many ways the important in my career as a musi- and educator."

metimes when we sit down to write monthly manifesto on Radio, we k the job with gusto and enthusiasm, faith in Radio's ultimate possibili- optimistic that Radio will reach t achievements. How we feel de- ls largely upon what we have heard the air during the preceding few . Having had the pleasure of listen- to two excellent symphony concerts over the preceding week-end we are all "het up" over the possibilities of this type of broadcast music in promoting music appreciation. For it seems to us that instrumental music should be the backbone of Radio entertainment. It is perhaps the only form of entertainment that can be assimilated solely by the ear.

After all, listening to a symphony con-



Walter Damrosch, dean of American conductors and musical counsel for NBC.

cert by Radio has advantages over listening to it in a concert hall. The placement of the microphone quite close to the orchestra eliminates from the Radio reproduction the rattling of programs, coughs, sneezes and other annoyances that must be tolerated in the concert hall. And the inability to see the musicians enables one to concentrate completely on the music. During the rendition of a number at any concert a surprising large number of the audience may be seen reading their program, turning in their seats to see what their neighbors are wearing, or watching with eagle eyes the movements of the conductor.

TO SAY that such people "hear" the concert is mere piffle. To really follow the development of a symphony, there is needed a degree of concentration that does not permit of any division of attention between eye and ear. Of course one can slump down in the seat and hold a hand over the eyes but this tends to attract undesired attention from others who will think you have fallen asleep or who will consider you a faker feigning intense absorption in the music. The movements of the conductor and other members of the orchestra, the bowing of the strings, the thumping of the kettle drum are necessary—and detracting. For there is no such thing as absorbing music optically. The Radio relieves us of all these things.

And therein lies the advantage of concert-going by Radio. Given a good receiver, a good orchestra properly transmitted and we can enjoy a concert in our home much more than we could in the concert hall. We can push on our favorite pair of slippers, turn off the lights, settle ourselves in an easy chair and in the quiet and darkness be in a position most fully to enjoy the music. Try it.

LISTEN carefully to the music. Pick out some bit of melody, and follow it through the symphony. Every now and then you will find it coming back, sneaking around the corner maybe in a different key with some variation, perhaps disguised by a growth of beard and a new hat. But, like a bloodhound, keep on its track. It will try to hide, bury itself under the heap of sounds, but back it will come. You will enjoy it. You will hear things in the music which you never before realized were in the score.

The major disadvantage of listening to concerts by Radio is that we have to listen between numbers to the announcer, telling us who composed the next selection, why he composed it, where he was born and goodness knows how many other details about the music and its composer.

Why can't the interval between selections be almost silent so that we may feel fully the glow of pleasure that comes from hearing good music well played?

We are not fooling ourselves, or even hoping to fool our readers, that the broadcasting of symphony concerts is perfect. The reproduced music does not have the full dynamic range of the musical orchestra, nor do we hear the higher overtones of some of the instruments. But we do hear by Radio a much better balance between the various instruments than we hear when we actually go to a concert. By Radio we get the best seat in the house—and we get it every time.

Scientific Progress *of the* Radio Arts

International Broadcasting

RADIO, unlike other mediums for the transmission of voice and music, recognizes no national boundaries between countries. Per se it is essentially international. It seems but natural therefore that Radio should reach a stage of development where, as has now occurred many times during the past year, programs from foreign countries would be available to American listeners and American programs available to listeners in foreign countries. There will probably not be another event of major importance that will not be sent by Radio to all parts of the civilized world.

The placidity with which the American listener has accepted foreign broadcasting is not surprising. For the past century the public has learned to expect marvels from science. As a result, international broadcasting, which if accomplished several years ago would have amazed people, is now accepted almost casually, though with appreciation of its utility and its effect in strengthening friendly relations between peoples of various countries.

But international broadcasting was not an easy task to accomplish. On the contrary it was difficult and expensive. Engineers working on the problem lost many nights of sleep. Engineering work on the problem dates back many years—it really goes back to the very beginning of Radio. Foreign broadcasts as we hear them today will, of course, be improved. At present they are imperfect, but good, and not to be fully appreciated until one has to do without them.

At present the success of an international broadcast depends somewhat on the weather and its effect on receiving conditions. But as the work goes forward we will gradually add improvements to the point where broadcasts can be arranged at any time with but little regard to atmospheric or other conditions that now hinder our efforts.

C. W. Horn, general engineer, of the National Broadcasting Company, was intimately connected with a large part of the preliminary development work on international broadcasting. Regarding the future of this branch of Radio broadcasting, Mr. Horn recently stated, "I foresee that we shall gradually improve and increase the number of broadcasts until without any definite announcement or warning we shall be arranging programs for international consumption without giving much thought to the question as to whether or not conditions will be suitable. It seems to be human nature that have such developments grow on us without realizing that changes have taken place.

IT MAY take a year or two of refining before it becomes thoroughly reliable, and also to permit some of the more distant parts of the world to equip themselves with the necessary apparatus, but we are already assured that the problem has been solved and that we are ready to permit the listener to participate in things that take place far beyond the boundaries of his own country."

These things are accomplished at great expense, but what the public demands it usually gets. Means are always found to satisfy their wishes.



Studio A of National Broadcasting Company's new midwest "Radio City" in the Merchandise Mart, Chicago, which is the largest broadcasting studio in the world. Its dimensions are: Width, forty-seven feet; length, seventy-two feet; height, twenty-three feet.

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 108

Sunday

S OF THE CHURCH—

m.	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00	6:00		5:00
	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
	WHEC	WHEC	WJAR
	KMOX	KMBC	WBCM
	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
	WRNC	KRLD	KFJF
	WNAX		

NG MUSICALE—

m.	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00	7:00		6:00
	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
	W3XAU	WHP	WFBL
	WAIU	WFBM	KMOX
	WIBW	KFH	WSPD
	WWNC	WDBJ	WREC
	KRLD	KFJF	WPG
	X		

S SCRAP BOOK—

a.m.	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00	8:00		7:00
	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
	WFBL	WAIU	WFBM
	KMBC	WIBW	KFH
M	WSPD	WDBJ	WREC
	KFJF	WPG	WORC

TURES OF HELEN AND MARY

Children's Program.

a.m.	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:15	8:15		7:15
	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
	WFBL	WAIU	KSCJ
	WIBW	WBCM	WSPD
	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
	WPG	WORC	

IBIA EDUCATIONAL FEA-

S—Dr. Chas. Fleischer.

a.m.	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:50	8:50		7:50
	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
	WJAS	WAIU	KMOX
	KMBC	WIBW	WBCM
	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
	WREC	WLAC	KFJF

DY VAGABONDS—Vincent

and Orchestra.

oon	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00	10:00	9:00	
	WCAU	WX3AU	WMAL
	WADC	WHK	WAIU
	WIBW	WSPD	WWNC
R	WDBJ	WGST	WDOD
C	KFVI	KFPY	
	WXYZ	WDAY	WORC

ON BROADCAST—

p.m.	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30	11:30	10:30	9:30
	W2XE	WLBZ	WCAU
W	WMAL	WHP	WFBL
	WJAS	WHK	WAIU
N	KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC
O	WIBW	WMT	WTAR
	WREC	KFJF	KLZ
W	WPG	WORC	WXYZ

OPOLITAN ECHOES—

p.m.	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00	11:00		10:00
	WBAL	KFAB	KDKA
	KWK	CKGW	WHAM
	WREN		

PROGRAM (Daily Except Sun-

p.m.	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:15	11:15	10:15	
E	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
H	WRC	WEJC	WWJ
	KYW	WHO	WOW
E	CKGW	WTMJ	KSTP
C	WPTF	WJAX	WIOD
A	WSUN	WHAS	WSM
	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
X	KTHS	KPRC	WOAI
	KOA		

OLITAN NIGHTS—

p.m.	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30	11:30	10:30	
W	WWJ	WDAF	WTAM
O	WCAE	KSD	WOC
O	WOW	WHAS	KSL

LAVE OF NATIONS—

p.m.	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30	11:30	10:30	
C	W2XE	WCAU	WNAXAU
O	WMAL	WHP	WFBL
SC	WKBW	WKRC	WAIU
N	KMOX	KSCJ	
C	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
M	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
U	WBRC	WREC	KLRA
F	KLZ	KVI	KFPY
	WDAY	WORC	WXYZ

EDRAL HOUR

p.m.	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00	12:00	11:00	
C	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
Z	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
AL	WHP	WFBL	WHEC
W	WADC	WKBN	WFBM
X	KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC
N	WCCO	WIBW	KFH
M	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
R	WDBJ	WBRC	WLAC
D	KLRA	KFJF	KLZ
L	KVI	KFPY	WPG
AY	WORC	WXYZ	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MOONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—

2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WEAF	WGR	WTAM	KSD
WWJ	WDAF	KOA	KSL

ROXY SYMPHONY CONCERT—

2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
KDKA	KYW	WRC	WEAA
WEBC	KFAB	CKGW	WHAS
WREN	KSTP	KWK	WSB
WRVA	WJAX	WHAM	WRA
WSUN	WLW	WFTF	WIOD



Bill Steinke (Jolly Bill)—7:45 a.m. every weekday—NBC

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE—

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WJZ	WBAL	KOA	KDKA
WJR	WLW	KWK	WREN
KFAB	WRVA	WJAX	WIOD
WDAX	KVOO	WFLA	WOAI
KSL	WFLA	WSUN	KTHS
WSB	WBZ	WBZA	KGW
KFSD	WPTF	KGO	WLS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYM-

PHONY ORCHESTRA—

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WFBL	WHEC	WKBW	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WAIU	WKBN
WFBM	WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL
KSCJ	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
WIBW	KFH	WBCM	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WREC	WLAC	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KDYL	KDYL
KHJ	KFRC	KVI	KFPY
WPG	WDAY	WORC	WXYZ

SOUTHLAND SKETCHES—

3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WJZ	WBAL	KYW	KDKA
WLW	KWK	KOA	KSL
CKGW	WHAM		

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WGR	KOA	WIOD
WOW	WRVA	WKY	WOAI
WHO	WSAI	WJAX	WHAS
WJDX	WFAA	KVOO	KPRC
WEBC	WDAF	KHQ	WWJ
WSUN	WFLA	WHO	WSB
WIBO	WOC	KPO	KGO
KGW	KOMO	WMC	WCAE
WFJC	CKGW		

FLORSHEIM SUNDAY FEATURE—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB

CANADIAN PACIFIC MUSICAL CRU-

SADERS.

4:15 p.m.	3:15	2:15	1:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	KFAB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

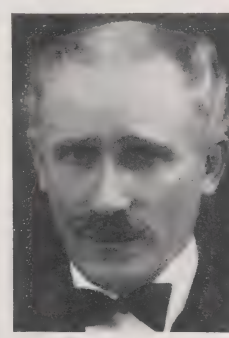
"YOUR EYES"—

4:45 p.m.	3:45	2:45	1:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	KYW
KWK	WREN	KFAB	CKGW
WLW			

SERMON BY REV. DONALD GREY

BARNHOUSE—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WCAU
W2XAU	WJAS	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WKRC	WOWO	WMAQ
KMOX	KOIL	KRLD	WXYZ



Arturo Toscanini Conductor
Philharmonic Orchestra
CBS Sunday

NATL. VESPERS—DR. FOSDICK—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	WLW	KWK	WREN
KFAB	KSTP	WEBC	WJAX
WIOD	WMAQ	KOMO	WDAF
WOAI	KVOO	KPRC	WFLA
WSB	WSUN	KOA	KTAR
KGO	KGW	KHQ	KDKA
WRC			

DAVEY HOUR—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WRC	WGY	WGR	WTAM
WWS	WSAI	WENR	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
CKGW			

CATHOLIC HOUR—

6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WWJ
WEBC	WIOD	WSM	WKY
WJDX	KGO	KPO	KSTP
KHQ	WSMB	KOMO	WLIT
KSD	KGW	WGR	WCAE
KECA	KTAR	KYW	WEJC
WOC	WHO	WDAF	WTMJ
WJAX	WFLA	WSUN	WHAS
WMC	WSB	WBAP	KPRC
WSMB	KOA	WRVA	KVOO
WSAI			



Corinne Tilton NBC
Friday Night

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

IDENT BIG BROTHER CLUB—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WRC
WGY	WGR	WTAG	WEJC
WWJ	WSAI	WCAE	WOC
WHO	WOW	KSD	WLIT
WDAF			

WILLIAM OILOMATICS—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KWK
KOA	KSL	WHAM	WLW
WREN	KDKA	WGN	

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS—

Dr. Julius Klein

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAO	WMAL	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WFBL	WHEC	WAIUC
WKRC	WAIU	WFBM	KMOX
KOIL	KSCJ	WISN	WIBW
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WDBJ	WBRC	WREC	WLAC
KRLD	KLRA	KFJF	KLZ
KDYL	KHJ	KFRC	KVI
KFPY	WNAX	WDAY	WORC
WXYZ			

COLLIERS RADIO HOUR—

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	KYW
KWK	WREN	KOA	KSL
KHQ	KOMO	KFI	KGW
KPO			

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	WMAL	WHP	WJAS
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WOWO
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WCCO
WSPD	WXYZ	WBT	

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WSMH	KSTP	WCSH
WEBC	WDAF	WIOD	WMC
WSB	WJDX	WKY	WJAR
WCAE	WRC	WGY	WWJ
WSAI	KOIL	WFJC	WHAS
WTAM	WOAI	KTHS	WFLA
WSUN	WHO	WOC	WTAG
WCFL	WSM		

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	WKY	WJR	WREN
WFAA	KPRC	WOAI	WJAS
WSM	WTMJ	KSTP	KDKA
WJAS	WMC	KOA	KYW
WEBC	WIOD	KTHS	WSMB
KPO	KOMO	KFI	KGW
KSL	KHQ	WCKY	WSB
WBAL	WFJF	KPRI	WAVA
WFLA	WSUN	KFAB	KFSD
KTAR	WJDX		

CHASE AND SANBORN CHORAL

ORCHESTRA—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WRC	WGY	WGR	WCAE
WEJC	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOW	WIOD	KSTP	WIBO
WJDX	KAPI	WRVA	WFAA
WHO	WOC	WLIT	WDAF
WHAS	WEBC	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WKY	KTHS	KPRC
WOAI	WTMJ	TAM	

MAJESTIC THEATRE OF THE AIR—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WJAS	WLBW	WFBL
WKBW	WDEL	CFRB	CKAC
WADC	WKRC	WKRC	WOWO
WFBM	WBHM	KMOX	KOIL
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
KFH	WSPD	WWNC	WSAZ
WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	KRLD
KLRA	KHJ	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KFRC	KVI	KOIN
KVI	KFPY	WXYZ	WPG
WBT	KOL		

HEAR All Stations! Clear as a Bell!



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DYNAFILTER MFG. CO. (Dept. R.D.)
1022 E. 178th St., New York

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
"OUR GOVERNMENT"—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WTAG WJAR WCSH
WJZ WGY WCAE KSD
WHAS WKY WSAI WFJC
WSB WMC WSM WFAA
WGW WOAI WPTF WSMB
WTIC WJDX WIOD WFLA
WSUN WOC WHO WFE
WRC WLIT WWJ

STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WEAF WTIC WJAG WFI
WCSH WRC WGY WCAE
WTAM WWJ WEN KSTP
WJAR WMAJ KOA WEBC
KGO KGW WOW KOMO
KFI KHQ WTFI WDAF
WGY WGR KSD

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM—
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WEAF WTIC WJAG WFI
WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI KSD WOW
KSTP KOA KSL KFI
KGW KOMO KPO KHQ
WSM WMC WFAA KPRC
WOAI WKY WSMB WHAS
WGN WSB WOC WHO

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS—
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WJZ WBZ WBZA KWK
WREN WHAM WBAL WJR
WLW WLS KDKA KFAB

WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK WREN
WLW KYW

MAYHEW LAKE AND HIS BAND—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU WXAU WCAO
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBL
WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
WJSV KMOX KOIL KSCJ
KMBC WISN WIBW KFH
WSPD WMT WTAR WDBJ
WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF
KTZ KDYL KFPY WNAX
WDAY WORC WXYZ

BERNA and VERA DEANE—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WJR KDKA WRCN WELA
WSUN

PENNZOIL PETE
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WJZ WBZ WBZA WJR
WLW WJIO WKY WAPI
WSMB WOAI KDKA KWK
WREN WOAA WJAX WHAS
WSUN WMAS WMC

BE SQUARE MOTOR CLUB—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WOWO WBAM KMOX KOIL
KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
WDAF KFH WMT KRLD
KLRA KFJF WDAY

SONGS AT EVENTIDE
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WHAM WJR KDKA
KWK WREN CKGW WJAX
WHAS

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU WXAU WCAO
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBL
WHEC WKBW WHK WSPD
WTAR WDBJ WPG WORC
WXYZ

SETH PARKER—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WEAF WTIC WHAS WJAX
WJAX WOW WKY WWJ
WPTF WGY WRC KOA
KGO WJRI WOD KMC
WSB WGR WEBC KGW
KYW WSM WHO WJDX
WTAM CKGW KSTP KSD
WDAF WSMB KPRC KOMO
KHQ WTMJ WOC KTAR
KFSD KVOO

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK WREN
WLW WFNR

BACK HOME HOUR FROM BUFFALO
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC WZXE WLBZ WMAL
WHEC WKBW WKRC WKBN
WJSV KMOX WCCO WIBW
KFH WSPD WJAR WDBJ
WGST WDOD WREC KRLD
KLRA KFJF KFPY WPG
WXYZ WNAX WDAY

SAM HERMAN—
11:15 10:15 9:15 8:15
WEAF WRC WGY WGR
WJZ WOW CKGW WSB
KOA

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WEAF WRC WFJC WWJ
WBAP WOC KOA WHO
WOW WSB WGY WTAM
CKGW KSTP WEBC KVOO

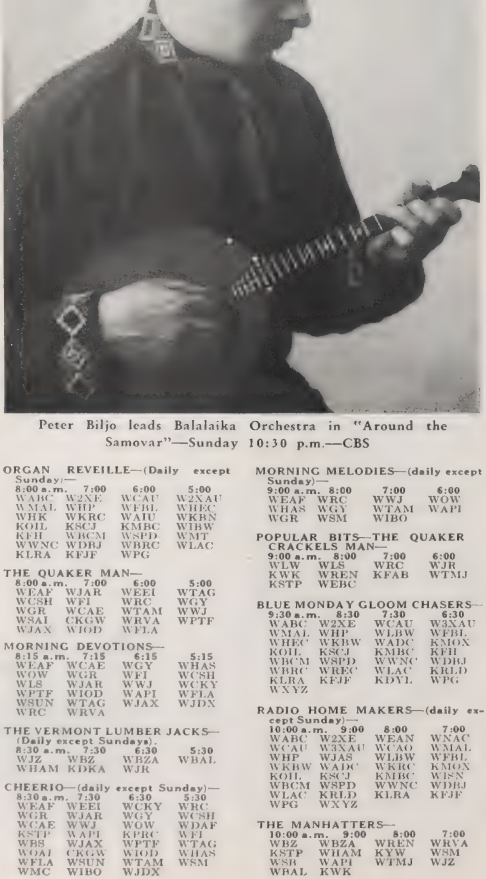
Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
REMINSCENCES—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WJZ KDKA KWK WREN
KFAB

PRO MUSICA—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WEAF WCSH WRC WTAM
WWJ WGR WOC WHO
KSTP WFLA WSUN WSMB
KSL WJNJ WBAP WIOD
WHAS KOA KGO

Monday

TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES
6:45-7:00 a.m. 7:20-7:45 8:00
WEAF WEEI WFI WCGY
WGR WCAE CKGW WRC

JOLLY BILL and JANE—
7:45 a.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
(Daily Except Sunday)
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR WLW



Peter Biljo leads Balalaika Orchestra in "Around the Samovar"—Sunday 10:30 p.m.—CBS

ORGAN REVEILLE—(Daily except Sunday)—
8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC WZXE WCAU WZXAU
WMAL WHP WFBL WHEC
WHK WKRC WAIU WKBN
KOIL KSCJ KMBC WIBW
KFH WMBC WSPD WMT
WWNC WDBJ WBRC WLAC
KLRA KFJF WPG

THE QUAKER MAN—
8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WJAR WEEI WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WGR WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI CKGW WRVA WPTF
WJAX WIOD WFLA

MORNING DEVOTIONS—
8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WEAF WCAE WGY WHAS
WOW WGR WFI WCSH
WLS WJAR WWJ WCKY
WPTF WIOD WAPI WFLA
WSUN WTAG WJAX WJDX
WRC WRVA

THE VERMONT LUMBER JACKS—
(Daily except Sundays).
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBZA WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJR

CHEERIO—(daily except Sunday)—
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WCKY WRC
WGR WJAR WGY WCSH
WCAE WWJ WOW WDAF
KSTP WAPI KPRC WFI
WBS WJAX WPTF WTAG
WOAI CKGW WIOD WHAS
WFLA WSUN WTAM WSM
WMC WIBO WJDX

MORNING MELODIES—(daily except Sunday)—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WRC WWJ WOW
WHAS WGY WTAM WAPI
WGR WSM WIBO

POPULAR BITS—THE QUAKER CRACKELS MAN—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WLW WLS WRC WJR
KWK WREN KFAB WTMJ
KSTP WEBC

BLUE MONDAY GLOOM CHASERS—
9:30 a.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC WZXE WCAU WXAU
WMAL WHP WLBW WFBL
WHEC WKBW WADC KMOX
KOIL KSCJ KMBC KFH
WBIM WSPD WWNC WDBJ
WBRC WREC WLAC KRLD
KLRA KFJF KDYL WPG
WXYZ

RADIO HOME MAKERS—(daily except Sunday)—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WXAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS WLBW WFBL
WKBW WADC WKRC KMOX
KOIL KSCJ KMBC WISN
WBCM WSPD WWNC WDBJ
WLAC KRLD KLRA KFJF
WPG WXYZ

THE MANHATTERS—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZA WREN WRVA
KSTP WHAM KYW WSM
WSB WAPI WTMJ WJZ
WBAL KWK

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
MORNING DEVOTIONS—(daily except Sunday)—
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC WZXE WCAU WEXAU
WMAL WHP WFBL WKBW
WKRC WKBN KMOX KSCJ
KFH WBCM WSPD WWNC
WBBJ WBRC WLAC KLRA
KFJF WPG

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—News Events of the Day.
8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC WZXE WCAU WXAU
WMAL WJAS WFBL WKBW
CFRB WADC WHK WKRC
WOWO WMAQ KMOX KOIL
KMBC WISN KFH WSPD
WTAR WMT WBRC WLAC
WDSU KRLD KFJF KLZ
KDYL WBT

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—(daily except Sunday)—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC WZXE WHP WJAS
WFBL WKBW WADC WMAQ
KMOX KOIL KSCJ WBCM
WMT WWNC WDBJ WBRC
WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF
WPG WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pac
CHILDREN'S CORNER—
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU WXAU WCAO
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBL
WKBW WAIU KMOX KSCJ
KMBC WBCM WSPD WWNJ
WTAR WDOD WREC WBZ
KLRA WPG WXYZ WORC

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE (Daily).
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WLIT WFI WHAS WSM
WSB WGR WCAE WWJ
WSAI KFKX KTAM KSD
WOW WTMJ KSTP WEBC
WAPI WSMB KTHS KVOO
KPRC WOAI WKY WEEI
WGY WMC

SWEET AND LOW DOWN—
11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WEAF WTAG WRC WGR
WCAE WTAM WTMJ WJDX
WEBC WRVA WHAS WMC
WAPI WGY KSTP WSM
WTAM WIBO KOA

OLSEN MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA—(daily except Sunday)—
12:00 Noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC WZXE WLBZ WCAU
WXAU WCAO WMAL WHP
WJAS WLBW WHEC WKBW
WADC WFBM KSCJ KMBC
WISN WCCO WIBW WBCM
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WBRC WREC KLRA KFJF
KHJ KFRC KVI KFPY
WPG WDAY WORC KOL
WXYZ

COLUMBIA REVUE—(Daily except Sunday)—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC WZXE WEAN WLBZ
WCAU WXAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS WLBW WFBL
WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU
KSCJ KMBC WISN KFH
WBCM WMT WTAR WBRC
WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF
KTZ KDYL KVI KFPY
WPG WDAY WORC KOL
WXYZ

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WJZ WHAM KDKA WJR
WLW KSTP WEBC WRVA
WPTF WHAS WSM WOW
WMC WSB KVOO WKY
WOAI WRC WHO WDAF
KFRC WDAF WJDX WBAL WSMB
WIOD KWK WREN KOA
WBZ WOC WBZA WFAA
WJAX KFAB WAPI KTHS WFLA
WSUN KFKX WJAX

PALAIS D'OR ORCHESTRA—
1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 10:00
WEAF WWJ KSD WGY
KSTP WTAM WRC WTAG
WDAF

HAROLD STERN AND AMBASSADOR ORCHESTRA—Concert Music.
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC WZXE WEAN WLBZ
WFAN WCAO WMAL WJAS
WMAK WHEC WADC WKRC
WAIU WOWO WBCM WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WBRC WIOD
WLAC KLRA KFJF KFPY
WXYZ WORC

COLUMBIA ARTISTS' RECITAL—Marie Leonard, Soprano, and Kenjon Congdon, baritone.
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC WZXE WLBZ WFAN
WCAO WMAL WHP WJAS
WHEC WMAK WADC WHK
WKRC WAIU WKBN WOWO
KMOX KSCJ WCCO WBCM
WSPD WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WGST WDOD WREC WBZ
WLAC KLRA KFJF KLZ
KVI KFPY WPG WDAY WORC
WDAY

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—(daily except Sunday)—
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU WXAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WHEC
WMAK WKRC WKBN WMAQ
KOIL KSCJ KMBC WISN
WCCO WIBW WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WREC WLAC KRLD KLRA
KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY WPG WDAY WORC
KOL WXYZ

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00
WABC KFKX WLBZ WNAC
WLBZ WCAU WXAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WHEC
WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU
WKBN WFBM KOIL KSCJ
KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WBRC WREC WLAC KRLD
KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
KHJ KFRC KVI KFPY
WPG WDAY WORC KOL
WXYZ

CHICAGO SERENADE—
3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM WJR
WLW KDKA WLS WFLA
WSUN WSM WMC WAPI

AF AT THE ORGAN—

Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30	1:30	12:30
WCAU	WEAN	WLBZ
WJAU	WCAO	WMAL
WMAK	WADC	WKRC
WJAN	WFBM	KSCJ
WTCO	WIBW	WGL
WSPD	WWNC	WTAR
WGST	WBRC	WDOD
WJAC	KRLD	KLRA
KLZ	KDYL	KVI
WPG	WXYZ	WDAY
KOL		

) HOUR—

m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
	WEAN	WNAC	
	WCAU	WJAU	WCAO
	WHEC	WMAK	WADC
	WAIU	KMOX	KSCJ
	WCCO	WIBW	WGL
M	WSPD	WWNC	WTAR
	WGST	WBRC	WDOD
	WJAC	KRLD	KLRA
	KLZ	KDYL	KFRC
	KFPY	WPG	WXYZ
Y	WORC	KOL	

E RRY MAKERS—

m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
	KSD	WOC	WHO
	WTAG	WDAF	WWJ
	WGR	WTAM	

N MY GARDEN WALL—

m.	3:45	2:45	1:45
	WTAG	WGR	WTAM
	KSD	WOC	WHO
	WDAF		

NE STORY PROGRAM—

m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
M	KDKA	WLW	KYW
	WREN	KFAB	

NEXT DOOR—(daily except
ay)—

m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
	WRC	KSD	WTAG
	WGR	WFAA	WHAS

OKHOUSE STORY TIME—
., Wed., Fri.)—

m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
U	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
	WKBW	WADC	WOWO
	WXYZ		

MERS—

m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
	WRC	KSD	WSM
G	WGR	WTAM	WFAA
A	WSUN		

IA ARNOLD, PIANIST—Pop-
Melodies.

m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
	W2XE	WHP	WJAS
	WKBN	KMBC	KFH
M	WWNC	WTAR	WGST
C	WDOD	WREC	KRLD
L	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
Z	WDAY		

D COMMODORES—

m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
C	W2XE	WEAL	WHP
W	WHEC	WKBW	WKRC
N	WCCO	WGL	KFH
M	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
O	WDOD	WREC	KRLD
A	KEJF	KLZ	KDYL
C	KFPY	WXYZ	WDAY
H			

AND GOLD ROOM ORCHESTRA
except Sunday)—

m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
F	WOC	WKY	KOA
	WGY	WEAE	
	KSTP	CKGW	WSM
	WAPI	KGO	KTAR
H	KSD	WHAS	

ON TABERNACLE CHOIR

m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
	WBAL	WSM	KWK
	KSL	KGO	KOMO
	KGW	KPO	WLW
	WRC	WHAS	KDKA
P	KFSD	KTAR	WAPI
A			



M red Hunt—every Wednes-
day 7:45 p.m.—NBC

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF

6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZS	WHAM
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOD
KDKA			
WFAA			

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS 'N' ANDY—(daily ex. Sun.)—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WBZA	WHAM	KDKA
WJIZ	CKGW	WRVA	
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN	WBAL	

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenborn.

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WCAU
W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WAIU	FWBM	KMOX
KOIL	KSCJ	WISN	WIBW
KFH	WBCM	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	KLRA	KFJF
KLZ	KVI	KFRC	KFPY
WDAY	WORC	KOL	

TASTYEAST JESTERS—(daily except Sunday)—

7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WCKY	WHAM	WBZ
WBZA	KDKA	WREN	

"THE WORLD TODAY"—

7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WEAF	WFI	WRC	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WIOD	KOA
KGO	KPO	KGW	KOMO
WJAR	WWJ	WFSC	WSAI
WOW	WPTF	WSB	KECA
WAPI	WOAI	KFSD	

PHIL COOK—(daily ex. Sunday)—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WFLA
WSUN	WIOD	WKY	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WFBL	WHAM
KDKA	WHAS	WENR	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WTMJ	KSTP
WSB	WSM	WEBC	WSMB
WJDX	WOAI	KTBS	KVOO
KOA	KSL	KGO	KECA
KGW	WRC	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	KPRC	WFAA

EVANGELINE ADAMS (Astrologer)—(Mon. Wed. and Friday)

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	CFRB	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WAIU	WFBM	KMOX
KOIL	WISN	WCCO	WGL
WSPD	WWNC	WTAR	WSBJ
WGST	WBRC	WDOD	WREC
WDSU	KLRA	WRR	KFJF
WXYZ	KTRH		

ROXY AND HIS GANG—

7:50 p.m.	6:50	5:50	4:50
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	WSB	WSM	WCKY
KGO	KFAB	KOA	WFLA
WSUN	WRC	WGW	WCFL
CKGW	WIBO	KTHS	

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas.

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	WKBW	WNAQ	WHK
WXYZ	KMBC	KOIL	KMOX
WFBL	WSPD	WGL	WGST
WBRC	WRR	WFBM	WCCO
WREC	WDSU	KFJF	KTSA



Charlie Hamp—Quaker Early Bird—daily over NBC

HALF HOUR IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WIOD	WPTF	WJAX
WJAR	WTAG	WLIT	WCSH
KSFD	KOMO	WRC	WCAE
WGR	WFJC	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOC	WOW	WHO
KYW	WDAF	KSTP	WDJX
WSMB	KGO	KVOO	KPRC
WOAI	KOA	KECA	KGW
WFLA	WSUN	WTIC	

INGRAM SHAVERS—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WJR
WLW	KYW	WREN	KWK
KFAB	WTMJ	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WSM	WMC
WSH	WSMB	KTHS	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	WFAA
KDKA	CKGW	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	KVOO		

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific

A. & P. GYPSIES—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAR
WTIC	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WGN	KSD	WOC
WDAF	WTAM	WOW	WHO

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KYW	KWK
WSMB	WREN	KSTP	WEBC
WSM	KTHS	WRY	WOAI
KOA	KSL	WCKY	WJDX
KGO	KECA	KGW	KHQ
KOMO	WTMJ	WHAS	WSB
WFAA	WSB	KVOO	KPRC

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL SYMPHONY HOUR—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WHEC
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WOWO
WBBM	KMOX	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WSPD	WXYZ
WBT	WPG		



Barbara Maurel Mondays 2:00 p.m.—CBS

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WLW	KWK	KYW
WJR	WREN	CKGW	

GENERAL MOTORS FAMILY PARTY

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WCSH	WTAG	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WGN	KSD	WOC
WOW	WSAI	WMAQ	KSTP
WTMJ	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WJAX	WFAA	KECA
WOAI	KPRC	WKY	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	WHO		

BOURJOIS—An Evening in Paris—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
CFRB	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WOWO	WBBM	KMOX	KOIL
KMBC	WSPD	WXYZ	WPG
WBT			

ROBERT BURNS PANATELA PROGRAM—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WOWO
WFBM	WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL
KMBC	WCCO	WSPD	KRLD
KFJF	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
KHJ	KFRC	KOIN	KVI
KFPY	WXYZ	WPG	WBT
KTRH	KOL		

STROMBERG-CARLSON PROGRAM

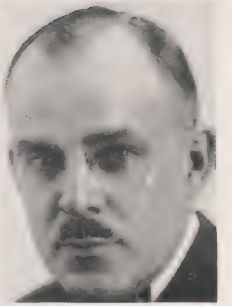
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WHAM	WJZ	WBZ	WBZA
WREN	KDKA	KYW	KWK
WIOD	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WSB	WHAS	WSM	WMC
KPRC	WSMB	WRY	KTHS
KFI	WOAI	KOA	KGO
KOMO	WCKY	KGW	KHQ
KVOO	WDJX	WPTF	WTFF
KFSD	WFLA	WSUN	KTAR

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGR
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WGN			

EMPIRE BUILDERS—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	KYW
KWK	WREN	WTMJ	WOAI
KSTP	WEBC	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KGW	KOMO
KHW	KTAR	KFSD	WKY
WBAP			



Ernest Naftzger from Tues. to Sat. 9:00 a.m.—CBS

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific

AMERICAN MAIZE PROGRAM—Adventures of Don Amaizo.

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WKBN
WBBM	KOIL	KSCJ	WISN
WCCO	WSPD	WMT	KLZ
KDYL	KHJ	KFRC	KOIN
KFPY	WCAH	WDAY	WNAX
KNX	KOL		

NIT WIT HOUR—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLIZ	WCAO	WMAL	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WPG	

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	WLBZ	WLBZ	WCAO
WLBW	WFBL	WKBN	WFBM
KOIL	KSCJ	KMCB	WISN
WIBW	KLRA	WBCM	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
WREC	KLRA	KFJF	KLZ
KFPY	WPG	WNAX	WDAY
WORC	KOL	WXYZ	

HAL KEMP—

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WGY	WCAE	WSAI
KSTP	WSMB	KSD	WTMS
WSAI	WJIC	WOC	WHO
WJJX	WSB		

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—

11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WLBW	WFBL	WHK	WKBN
KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WHO	FBH	WBCM
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WREC	KLRA	KFJF
KLZ	KFPY	WPG	WNAX
WDAY	WORC	KOL	WXYZ

SAMMY WATKINS AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WFBL	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WFBM	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WCCO	WIBW	WDBJ
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
WREC	KLRA	KFJF	KLZ
KFPY	WPG	WNAX	WDAY
WORC	KOL	WXYZ	

BERNIE CUMMINS—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WGY	WWJ	WDAF
KSTP	WOW	KSD	WOC
WHO	WFJC		

PHIL SPITALNY AND HIS EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL ORCHESTRA—

12:00 p.m.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WRC	WOC	WKY
WSM	WWJ	WFJC	WDAF
WTAM	WHO	KSD	KYW
KSTP			

Tuesday

POPULAR BITS—QUAKER CRACKELS MAN—Phil Cook—

8:45 a.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WLW	WLS	WRC	WOC
WTMJ	WJR	WREN	KWK
KFAB	KSTP	WEBC	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	KPRC
WOAI	WHO	WOW	WKY
WDAF	WEBC	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	

MORNING MOODS—

9:45 a.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WCAU	WNAU	WMAL	WHP
WLBW	WKBW	WADC	WAIU
KMOX	KSCJ	KMBC	WBCM
WSPD	WWNC	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	WIAC
KLRA	KFJF	KDYL	WPG
WXYZ			

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE TOASTMASTER PROGRAM—
Aunt Emily Lee's Advice to Brides.
10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WMAL	WJAS	WKBW	WADC
WKRC	WOWO	WHBM	KMOX
KOIL	KMSC	WCCO	WSPD
WMT	WXYZ		

O'CEDAR TIME—Clem and Harry Harmony Team.
10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	WXAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WOWO
WBBM	KMOX	KOIL	WMBC
WISN	WCCO	WHCM	WSPD
WGST	WBRC	WOOD	WREC
WLAC	WDSU	KHJ	KLRA
KTBI	KFSA	WXYZ	KTRH
WTC	WBT		

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45

WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY	KWK	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WKRC	KSTP	WEBC	WRVA
WHO	WIOD	KTHS	KVOO
WBAP	KPRC	WOAI	KEAB
WDAY	WTMJ	WHAS	WFTF
WJDX	WJAX		

"YOUR CHILD"—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00

WEAF	WRC	WOC	WGY
WWJ	WSM	KSTP	WJAR
WCAE	WSAI	WTAM	WOOD
WHAS	WKY	KPRC	KTHS
WDAF	WRVA	WAPI	WSMB
WOAI	KOA	WHO	WTAG
WIBO			

RINSO TALKIE—
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30

WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WEEI	

SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA Dance Music.
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WLBZ
WEAN	WCAO	WMAL	WJAS
WHEC	WMAK	WADC	WKRC
WAIU	WOWO	WBCM	WSPD
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
WDOD	WLAC	KLRA	KFJF
KFPY	WXYZ		

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—American School of the Air.
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WJAS	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WHEC	WMAK
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WAIU
WKBN	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
KSCJ	KMBC	WCCO	WBBM
KFH	WHCM	WSPD	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WGST	WBRC
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KLRA
KJF	KLZ	KDYL	KHJ
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	WPG
WXYZ	WDAY	WORC	

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Emery Deutsch, Director.
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WJAS	WCAU	WSAU
WCAO	WMAL	WHP	WFBL
WHEC	WMAK	WADC	WAIU
WKBN	WOWO	WFBM	KSCJ
KMBC	WIBW	WCCO	WBBM
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WRLD	KLRA	KJF	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KFPY	WXYZ
WDAY	WORC	KOL	

ITALIAN IDYLL—Vincent Sorey and his Orchestra.
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	WSAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WFBL	WMAK
WADC	WHK	KRKC	WAIU
KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WREC
WLAC	KRLD	KLRA	KFJF
KLZ	KDYL	KFRC	KVI
WPG	KFPY	WDAY	WORC
WXYZ			

COLUMBIA ARTISTS' RECITAL—
4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WJAS	WCAU	WSAU
WHP	WMAK	WADC	WAIU
WOWO	KMOX	KSCJ	KMBC
WCCO	WIBW	WBCM	WSPD
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
KLRA	KJF	KLZ	KDYL
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	WPG
WXYZ	WDAY	WORC	

RHYTHM KINGS—Nat Brusiloff and his Novelty Orchestra.
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WFBL	WMAK
WADC	WAIU	WKBN	KSCJ
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WTAR	WREC	WDOD	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
WDAY	WXYZ		

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—Dance Music.
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WKBW	WKRC
WAIU	WKBN	WOWO	KMOX
KSCJ	KMBC	WCCO	KFH
WBCM	WWNC	WTAR	WDST
WREC	WDOD	WLAC	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
WFC	WXYZ	WDAY	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WMAL
WHP	WLBW	WHEC	WKBW
WADC	WOWO	KFH	WHCM
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	KLRA
KGIC	KLZ	KFRC	KFPY
WDAY			

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA Concert Music.
6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WHP
WLBW	WFBL	WADC	WKRC
WOWO	WHCM	KFH	WBCM
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WDOD	KRLD	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KDYL
KFRC	KFPY	WXYZ	WDAY
KOL			

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45

WABC	WZXE	WCAU	WSAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WADC	WKRC
WBBM	KSCJ	KMBC	WISN
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
KRLD	KLRA	KFJF	KLZ
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	KOL
WXYZ			

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—The Political Situation in Washington Tonight, Frederic William Wile.
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WCAU
WSAU	WMAL	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WHEC	WADC	WKRC
WCCO	KSCJ	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	KLRA
KLZ	KHJ	KFRC	KVI
KFPY	WDAY	WORC	



Raising Junior Family—6:00 p.m. daily except Monday—NBC

MUSICAL AVIATORS ORCHESTRA—Dance Music.
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15

WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WKBW
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WOWO
KSCJ	WCCO	WIBW	KFH
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KRLD
KLRA	KFJF	KLZ	KHJ
KFRC	KVI	KFPY	WXYZ
WDAY	WORC		

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30

WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WGY	WGR	WTIC

THE EARLY BOOK WORM—Alexander Woollcott.
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45

WABC	WZXE	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WFBL	WHEC	KSCJ
WAIU	WKBN	KOIL	KSCJ
KMBC	WISN	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WWNC	WTAR
WBRC	WREC	WLAC	LKRA
KLJF	KLZ	KDYL	KFRC
KVI	KFPY	WNAX	WDAY
WORC	WNYZ		

BLACKSTONE PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	WSAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WADC	WHK
WAIU	KOIL	KMBC	WCCO
WSPD	WNYZ	WPG	WBT

PURE OIL ORCHESTRA—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WREN	KYW	KWK	KSTP
WTMJ	WEBC	WPAS	WMC
WJAX	WFLA	WSM	WSB
KFAB	WDJX	WTIC	WLW

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

TROIKA BELLS—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

WEAF	WFI	WSAI	WHC
WWEI	WWI	WDAF	WJZ

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	WSAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WOWO
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WCCO
WSPD	WXYZ	WBT	WPG

THE FLORSHEIM FROLIC—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30

WEAF	WJR	WTAG	WCSH
WFI	WRC	WGY	WGR
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	WGN
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	KSTP	WEBC	WFAA
WJAX	WIOD	WSUN	WFLA
WSAI	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KTHS	WBAP	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL

PREMIER ORCHESTRA—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	WSAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WOWO
WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL	KMBC
WCCO	WSPD	WGST	WLAC
WDSU	KLZ	KDYL	KHJ
KFRC	KOIN	KVI	KFPY
WXYZ	WPG	WBT	KTRH
KOL	WDAE	WQAM	WDBO
WTOC			

HENRY AND GEORGE—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	WSAU	WCAO	WMAL
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WFBL
WKBW	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WOWO	WBBM	KMOX	KOIL
WISN	WCCO	KFH	WSPD
WXYZ			

EVEREADY PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

WEAF	WEEI	WSB	WRC
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WGN	KSD	WHO
WDAF	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WJAR	KOA	KSL	KGO
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	WSMB
WDJX	WCSH	WFJC	WSAI
WOW	WOC		

TEK MUSIC—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	KYW	KWK
WREN	CKGW	WCKY	

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30

WJZ	WBAL	WCKY	KWK
WREN	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA			

HAPPY WONDER BAKERS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30

WEAF	WJAR	WEEI	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WGY	WGR
WCAE	WTAM	WJZ	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WHO
WDAF	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC
WHAS	WMC	WSB	WSMB
KVOO	WKY	KOA	KSL
WJAX	KGO	KOMO	KECA
KGW	KHQ	WBAP	WFI
KPRC	WOC	WOW	

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	WSXAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WOWO
WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL	KMBC
WSPD	WXYZ	WBT	WPG

Eastern Central Mountain Pa

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

KDKA	WJZ	WHZ	WBZ
WBAL	KDKA	KYW	KWK
WEBC	WJAX	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSMB	KGW	KPO
KOA	KSL	KGO	KHQ
WPTF	WTMJ	KOMO	WHA
WRVA	WFAA	WEAF	WOAI
WSB	WIOD	KECA	WCA
KVOO	WFLA	WSUN	KSTP
KTAR	KFSD		

ENNA JETTICK SONGBIRD—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WTAM	WFI	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WFJC	WSAI
WIBO	KSD	WWJ	WHO
WDAF	WGR	WOC	WWJ

GRAYBAR'S MR. AND MRS.—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAO	WMAL	WHP	WJAS
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WAIU	WKBN	WOWO	KFBO
WBBM	KMOX	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	KFH	WSPD
WGST	WBRC	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
KRLD	KLRA	KFJF	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL	KHJ	KFRC
KOIN	KVI	KFPY	WXYZ
WPG	WBT	KTRH	KOL

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX RADIO PLAYHOUSE—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	WSXAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WFBL	WHEC	WKBW	WFBR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WKBN
WOWO	WBBM	WBBM	KMOX
KOIL	KSCJ	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	KFH	WHCM
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WDDJ	WGST	WBRC	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	KLRA
WRR	KFJF	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KHJ	KFRC	KOIN
KFPY	WXYZ	WDAY	WPG
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WNAX
WDAY	WTOC	KTRH	KNX
KOL			

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCK STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15

WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WCAE
WFJC	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WGR	WTMJ
WEBC	WRVA	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WSUN	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WSMB	WJDX
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KGO
KECA	KGW	KHQ	KOMO
KTAR	KFSD	WDAF	WIBO

MYSTERY HOUSE—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00

WEAF	WJDY	WSAI	WMC
KOA	WOC	WHO	WFJC
KSD	WWJ	CKGW	WSM
WHAS	KSTP	WTMJ	WOW
WCAE			

ANHEUSER BUSCH PROGRAM—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00

WHK	WFBM	WBBM	KMOX
KOIL	KMBC	WCCO	WSPD
WMT	WDOD	WREC	WDSU
KLRA	WRR	KFJF	KTSA
WXYZ	KTRH		

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	WSXAU	WCAO
WHP	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WREC	KLRA	WPG
WORC	WXYZ		

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15

WKRC	KOIL	KMBC	WCCO
KLZ	KDYL	KHJ	KFRC
KOIN	KFPY	KOL	

MICKEY ALBERT AND HIS ORCHESTRA FROM BOSTON—Dance Music
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30

WABC	WZXE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAO	WMAL	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WPG	WORC

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS HOTEL ST. REGIS ORCHESTRA—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30

WEAF	WFI	KOA	WRC
CKGW	KSTP	WOC	WHO
WOW	WJDX	WFJC	KSD

Wednesday

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—News Events of the Day.
8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45

WABC	WZXE	WCAU	WSXAU
WMAL	WJAS	WFBL	WKBW
CFRB	WADC	WHK	WRKC
WOWO	KFBO	KMOX	KOIL
KMBC	WISN	KFH	WSPD
WTAR	WGST	WBRC	WLAC
WDSU	KRLD	KFJF	KLZ
KDYL	WBT		

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

WJZ	WBAL	WBZ	WBZA
WBAL	WJC	WSM	WSMB
WSB	WAPI	WLW	KDKA
WREN	WHAM	WJDX	WIBO
KFAB	WHAS		

tern Central Mountain Pacific
DIO HOME MAKERS—
0:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
ABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
CAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
HP WJAS WLBW WHEC
FBL WHEC WKBW WADC
AIU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
MBC WISN WBCM WDBJ
WNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
PG WXYZ



fred Corn—Rise of Gold-
rgs 6:30 p.m. Monday—NBC

S. V. P.—"Thank You Letters".
:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
ABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
CAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
HP WJAS WLBW WHEC
GY WGR WBAP WOAI
SB WMC WHAS WJAX
OC WHO WRVA WWJ
PTF WSAI KFKX KSD
TMJ KVOO WKY KPRC
API WIOD

EET AND LOW DOWN—
1:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
EAF WEEI WTAG WRC
GY WGR WCAE WWJ
TMJ KSTP WMC WEBC
RVA WSM WHAS WJDX
API WIBO KOA WIOD
KY

NHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA
Dance Music
2:00 noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
ABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
CAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
HP WJAS WLBW WHEC
MAK WADC WKRC WAIU
OWO KSCJ KMBC WIBW
FH WBCM WTAR WBRC
DOD WREC WLAC KLRA
FJF KDYL WPG WXYZ
DAY WORC



Ted Harris—11:30 a.m.
Tuesday—CBS

LUMBIA REVUE—Combined Or-
hestras Directed by Emery Deutsch.
2:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
ABC W2XE WLBZ WEAN
CAO WMAL WHP WJAS
LBW WFBL WHEC WKBW
ADC WOWO WFBM KSCJ
MBC WIBW WWNC WTAR
DBJ WDOD WREC KLRA
LJF KDYL KPRC KVI
FPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
OBC KOL

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
JZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
DKA WJR KSTP WEBC
RVA WPTF WREN WHAS
SM WMC WKY KVOO
OAI WRC WHO WOW
DAF WSB WDSX WAPI
THS KYW WFLA WSUN

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WOC WJAX KFRC WSMB
WHO WMAK WBAL KFKX
WLW KFAB

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—Concert Music.
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
WFAN WCAU WJAS WJAR
WMAK WHEC WADC WKRC
WAIU WOWO WBCM WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WBRC WDOD
WLAC KLRA KFJF KFPY
WXYZ WORC

COLUMBIA LITTLE SYMPHONY—
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:20 11:00
WABC W2XE WLBZ WHP
WFAN WCAO WMAL WHP
WJAS WHEC WMAK WADC
WHK WKRC WKBW WKRC
WOWO KMOX KSCJ WCCO
WBCM WSPD WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WGST WBRC WDOD
WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF
KLZ KVI KFPY WPG
WXYZ WDAY

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Emery Deutsch, Director.
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WHEC WMAK
WADC WKRC WAIU WKBN
WFBM KSCJ KMBC WIBO
WGL WBCM WSPD WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WGST WBRC
WDOD WREC WLAC KRLD
KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
KVI KFPY WPG WXYZ
WDAY WORC KOL

SYNCOPATED SILHOUETTES—
3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS WHEC WMAK
WKBN KSCJ KMBC WCCO
WIBW WGL WBCM WSPD
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC WLAC
KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
KVI KFPY WPG WXYZ
WDAY WORC

MUSICAL ALBUM—Columbia Salon Orchestra.
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WMAK
WADC WKRC WAIU WKBN
KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
KRLD KLRA KFJF KLZ
KDYL KFPY KVI KFPY
WPG WDAY WORC KOL
WXYZ

FOOTNOTES—Dance Orchestra Directed by Nat Brusiloff.
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WMAK
WAIU WKBN WMAQ KSCJ
KMBC WISN WCCO KFH
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC
WTAR WBRC WREC KRLD
KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
WDAY WXYZ

TEA TIMERS—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WEAF WRC KSD WSB
WSM KOA WHIO WAPI
WTAM KGO KGW WGY
KTAR KFSD WTAG WOC
WIOD WDJX

EDDIE CONNORS—Banjo and Guitar Specialties.
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WHP
WJAS WAIU WKBN KSCJ
KMBC WCCO WGL KFH
WBCM WWNC WTAR WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC KRLD
KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
WXYZ WDAY

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WCAO
WMAL WHP WLBW WFBL
WHEC WKBW WADC WKRC
KMOX KSCJ WCCO KFH
WBCM WMT WWNC WDBJ
WBRC WREC KLRA KFJF
KLZ KDYL KVI KFPY
WDAY KOL

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WABC W2XE WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS WLBW WFBL
WHEC WKBW WAIU WFBM
KSCJ KMBC WISN KFH
WBCM WSPD WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WBRC KLRA KFJF
KLZ KFRC KVI KFPY
KOL WXYZ

MACDOUGALL RESTAURANT ORCHESTRA—Dance Music.
6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
WABC W2XE WCAO WMAL
WHP WLBW WHEC WADC
WAIU WCCO WGL KFH
WBCM WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WBRC WDOD WREC KRLD
KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
KFPY WXYZ WDAY KOL

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS
Hill-billy Numbers Played and Sung by Family of Six Crockett's.
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
WCAU W3XAU WMAL WJAS
WLBW WHEC WKBW WKRC
WFBM KSCJ WIBW WGL
WBCM WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WBRC WDOD WREC KLRA
KFJF KLZ KHJ KFRC
KVI KFPY WDAY WORC
KOL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
RHYTHM RAMBLERS—Nat Brusiloff, Director.
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
WMAL WJAS WLBW WKBW
WAIU WFBM KSCJ WIBW
WGL WBCM WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WBRC WDOD WREC
KLRA KFJF KLZ KHJ
KFRC KVI KFPY WXYZ
WDAY WORC

ESKIMO PIE PROGRAM—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WABC W2XE WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WCAO W3AL WJAS
WHEC WKBW WADC WHK
WKRC WMAQ KMOX WCCO
WGST WBRC KRLD WBT

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WEAF WRC KOA WTAG
KSL KECA CGO WCSH
WGY WCAE WFAA WRVA
KGW KOMO KFSD WJAX
WSAI WIBO KSD WOC
WHO WOW WMAQ WSM
WAPI KTHS KPRC WKY

"DIC-A-DOO ENTERTAINERS"—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA KYW KWK
WREN KFAB KSTP WEBC
WHAM

EAST OF CAIRO—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WCSH WGR WOC
WJAR WWJ WJDX WSMB
WJAR KGO KGW WHO
WEEI WTAM

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas.
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC WFBL WMAQ WHK
WXYZ WOWO KMBC KOIL
WJAS KMOX WFBL WSID
WGST WBRC WREN KFJF
WCCO WREC WDSU
KTSA

MOBILOIL CONCERT—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WLIT WRC WGR
WSAI KSD WLW WFJC
WTAM WJAR KVOO WFAA
KPRC WOAI WKY KSL
WTIC WGY WGN WEBC
WDAF WCAE WHO WOC
WWJ

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WSAI
KSD WOC WHO WOW
WJAX WWJ WHAS WMC
WSB KSTP WSMB KVOO
KPRC WOAI KGO KOMO
KHW KGW KSTP KSL
CKGW KYW WTMJ WRVA
WSM

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW KMJ WFBL
WKBW WADC WHK WKRC
WAIU KOIL WFBM WIBM
KMOX KOIL KSCJ KMBC
WISN WCCO KFH WSPD
WBCM WWNC WREC WLAC
WLAP KRLD KLRA KFJF
KLZ KDYL KHJ KOL
KFRC KOIN KVI KFPY
WXYZ WCAH WPG WBT
KFBK

O'CEDAR TIME—
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WJZ WBZ WBZA WLS
KWK WREN KDKA WHAM

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WREN WLW KYW
WSAI WPTF WRVA WJR
KWK

LA PALINA SMOKER—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WAIU
WOWO WMAQ KMOX KOIL
WJAX WWJ WREC WSPD
WREC WXYZ WBT WPG

PALMOLIVE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WWJ
WSAI WGN KSD WOC
WOW WSMB KSTP WTMJ
WDAF WSB WMC WHO
WSB WJAX KVOO WOAI
KOA KSL KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WFAA KECA
KPRC

COCA COLA PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGR WCAE WWJ WSAI
WOC KYW KSD WEBC
KSTP WRVA WJAX WIOD
WSM WSMB WKY KTHS
KPRC WOAI KOA KSL
KGO KECA KGW KHQ
KOMO WHAS WTMJ CKGW
WDAF WHAS WTMJ KVOO
WTAM WHO WOW KFSD
WMC WSB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Dance Music.
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAO
WMAL WJAS WLBW WHEC
WKBN WOWO WFBM KSCJ
KMBC WCCO WIBW KFH
WBCM WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WDBJ WGST WBRC WDOD
WREC KFJF KLZ KFPY
WXYZ WNAX WDAY WORC
KOL

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS HOTEL ST. REGIS ORCHESTRA
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WRC KOA WSFN WRC
WCAE WWJ WSAI KSD
WOC WHO WOW KSTP
WJDX WKY

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WLBW WFBL WHEC WJAS
WKBN WFBM KOIL KSCJ
KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
KFH WBCM WTAR WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WBRC WRLO
KLRA KFJF KLZ WPG
WNAX WDAY WORC WXYZ

ABE AND DAVID—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WWJ WSAI WHO WENR
KSD WOC WSM WDAF
WEBC WHAS WSMB WJDX
WFAM WOAI WOW WTMJ
WMC WSB KSTP

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS 'N' ANDY—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
KSW WSAI WHO WENR
KSTP WLW KFAB WHAP
KTHS KECA WEBC WKY
KPRC WOAI KSL WDAF
KOA KFSD WMAQ KGO
WJDX WSM KOMO KGW
KHQ WHAS WMC WSB
WSMB WJR



Harriet Lee — Monday—2:00 p.m.—CBS

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHBW WHBL WHEC
WJAS WLBW WHEC WKBW
KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
KFH WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WRLO
WREC KLRA KFJF KFRC
KFPY WPG WNAX WDAY
WORC WXYZ

PHIL SPITALNY'S MUSIC—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WJZ WBZ WOC WHO
WDAF WTAM KOA

ROYAL YORK ORCHESTRA
12:00 Mid. 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR WLW WHO
KWK WREN KFAB

HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON ORCHESTRA
12:30 Mid. 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30
WEAF WRC WWJ WJAR
KSD WDAF WCFL WSD
WOC WHO

Thursday

RADIO HOME MAKERS—
12:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WMAL WHP
WJAS WLBW WHEC WKBW
WADC WAIU KMOX KOIL
KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
WIBW WHBL WSPD WWNC
WDBJ WAC KRLD KLRA
KFJF KDYL WPG WORC
WXYZ

BARBARA GOULD BEAUTY TALK—
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WHEC WKBW
WADC WAIU KMOX KOIL
WBBM KMOX KOIL WCCO
WSPD WGST WDSU KRLD
WXYZ WPG WBT

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
THE FIVE ARTS
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WKBW KOIL WHEC WIBO
WISN WBCM WSPD WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WRC KLRA
KDYL KHJ KERC KVI
WDAY WORC KOL WNYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
HAROLD STERN AND AMBASSADOR ORCHESTRA—Concert Music.
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
WFAN WCAO WMAL WJAS
WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
WAIU WOWO WBCM WSPD
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WRRC
WDOD WLAC KLRA KFJF
KFPY WNYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—
6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
WABC W2XE WHP WLBW
WFBL WHEC WADC WBBM
KSCJ WCCO KFH WBCM
WMT WWNC WBRC WREC
KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
KVI KFPY WDAY KOL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacif
LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS BRIEF—Lowell Thomas.
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC WKBW WMAQ WHK
WXYZ WOWO KMBC KOIL
WJAS KMOX WFBL WSPD
WGST WBRC WRR WFBM
WCCO WREC WDSU KFJF
KTSA

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WABC W2XE WHP WJAS
WLBW WFBL WKBW WKRC
WKBN WFBM KSCJ KMBC
WISN KFH WBCM WSPD
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WBRC
KRLD KLRA KFJF KLZ
KVI KFPY KOL WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WKRC WOWO KMOX
KOIL KMBC WCCO WSPD
WXYZ WBT WPG

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WKRC WOWO KMOX
KOIL KMBC WJJD WSPD
WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
VAN HEUSEN PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS WLBW WFBL
WHEC WKBW WADC WHK
WKRC WOWO WBBM KMOX
KOIL KMBC WCCO WSPD
WGST WDSU KRLD WXYZ
WBT WPG

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
NBC Service to WEAF WEEI
WJAR WTAG WCSH CKGW
WFI WRC WGY WSB
WSM WIOD WJAX WOAI
KOA KSL WKY WBAP
WRVA WWJ WSAI KSD
WDAF KYW WCAE WEBC
WOW WSMB WJDX WOC
WTPF WFJC WTMJ WMC
KGO KECA KOMO KHQ
KGW WHO WAPI KSTP
WGR

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
KNOX DUNLAP ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WIBO KWK
WREN WCKY

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WLW KSTP WKY WTMJ
WEBC WHAS WSM KPRC
WJAX KOA WRVA WSB
WBAP KYW KWK WREN
WIOD WJR WSMB WOAI
KGO KECA KGW KOMO
KHQ WAPI WFTF WMC
WHAM KDKA KSL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WJAR WWJ WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WGR WCAE WSAI WTAM
WIBO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBC
WSPD WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
VICTOR HERBERT OPERA SERIES—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WREN CKGW

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
LUTHERAN HOUR—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
WBBM KMOX KOIL WCCO
WSPD WDSU KRLD KLZ
KDYL WBT KERC KOIN
KFPY WXYZ KOL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
LLOYD HUNTLEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA FROM MINNEAPOLIS—Dance Music.
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAO WMAL WHP
WLBW WHEC WKBW WADC
WKRC WMAK KMBC WCCO
WIBW KFH WBCM WSPD
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC KLRA
KFJF KLZ KFPY WPG
WXYZ WNAX WDAY WORC



Eddie and Elizabeth Wragge—Monday at 5:00 p.m.—NBC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
COLUMBIA REVUE—Vincent Sorey and his Orchestra.
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WLBZ WFAN
WCAO WMAL WHP WJAS
WLBW WFBL WHEC WKBW
WADC WKRC WKBN WOWO
WBBM KSCJ KMBC WHBW
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WBRC
WDOD WREC KLRA KFJF
KDYL KHJ KERC KVI
KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
WORC KOL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Emery Deutsch, Director.
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WHEC
WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU
WKBN WOWO KSCJ KMBC
WBBM KFH WBCM WSPD
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC WLAC
KRLD KLRA KFJF KLZ
KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
WXYZ WDAY WORC KOL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
THE CAPTIVATORS—
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAO WMAL WHP
WLBL WMAK WADC WHK
WKRC WAIU KOIL KSCJ
KMBC WISN WCCO WBCM
WSPD WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WBRC WLAC KRLD
KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
KFBK KVI KFPY WPG
WDAY WORC WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
MELODY MAGIC—
4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
WHP WFBL WMAK WADC
WAIU WMAQ KOIL KSCJ
KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
KRLD KLRA KFJF KLZ
KDYL KERC KVI KFPY
WPG WDAY WORC KOL
WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WSPD COMMODORES—Dance Music.
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
WMAL WHP WMAK WAIU
WKBN WOWO KMOX KSCJ
KMBC WCCO KFH WBCM
WSPD WWNC WTAR WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC KLRA
KFJF KLZ KDYL WXYZ
WDAY

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
THE TODDY PARTY—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WGR WCAE WSAI KGW
CKGW WTIC WWJ WFJC
KSD

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WFBL
WKBW WAIU WKBN WMAQ
KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
KFH WBCM WMT WWNC
WTAR WBRC WREC KRLD
KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
WDAY WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WENR WTAG WGY
WCSH WRC WCAE WJAR
WEEI WFI WOW WDAF
WJAC WWJ WSAI KSD
WTMJ WEBC WSM WMC
WSB WAPI WSMB WJDX
WHAS WTAM

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
MINDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WREN
KWK KFAB WHAS WSM
WMC WSB WAPI WSMB
WJDX WRVA WPTF WJAX
WIOD WFLA WSUN KGO
KECA KOMO KHQ KTAR
KFSD WBAL KDKA WIBO
KOA KSL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE ORCHESTRA—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WJR KYW KWK WREN
KFAB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
FLEISCHMANN HOUR—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAX
WIOD WIDX WAR WCSH
WFI WRC WGY WCAE
WFJC WHO WOW WDAF
WWJ WTMJ WHAS WMC
WSB WSMB WKY WSAI
KOA WEBC WRVA KSL
KOMO WJR KGO WAPI
KHQ WBAP KTHS WAPI
KECA KSD CKGW WTAM
KGW KSTP WHN WPTF

Friday

Eastern Central Mountain Pacif
THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—News Event of the Day.
8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
WMAL WJAS WFBL WKBW
CFRB WADC WHK WKRC
WOWO WMAQ KMOX KOIL
KMBC WISN WSPD
WTAR WGST WBRC WLAC
WDSU KRLD KFJF KLZ
KDYL WBT

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
RADIO HOME MAKERS—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WJAS WFBL WKBW
WHK WBBM WXYZ



Leaf—Sunday 8:15—CBS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
COLUMBIA REVUE—Julius Mattfeld, Director, with Marie Gerard, Soprano.
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
WJXAU WCAO WMAL WHP
WLBW WFBL WKBW WKBN
WOWO KSCJ KMBC WSYR
WTAR WDBJ WDOD WREC
KLRA KFJF KDYL KFRC
KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
WORC KOL

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL BARCLAY ORCHESTRA — Concert Music.
1:30 p. m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
WEAN WCAO WMAL WJAS
WHEC WMAK WADC WHK
WKRC WAIU KMBC WBCM
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WBRC
WDOD WLAC KLRA KFJF
KFPY WXYZ WORC

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
1:45 p.m. 12:45 11:45 10:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WBAL KDKA WJR KYW
WLW KWK WREN KSTP
WEBC WRVA WJAX WFLA
WSUN WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WDJX WSMB KPHS
KVOO KPRC WOAI WKY
WRC WHO WOW WDAF
WHO WOC WFTF WAPI
KFAB KOA

COLUMBIA ARTISTS RECITAL—
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL
WHEC WMAK WADC WHK
WKRC WAIU WKBN WFBM
KOIL KSCJ KMBC WSN
WCCO WIBW KFH WBCM
WSPD WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WBEC WREC WLAC
KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
KFRC KVI KFPY WPG
WDAY WORC WXYZ

CHICAGO SERENADE—
3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM WJR
WSM WAPI WBO WSB
WJAX WFKA WSUN WRC
WLW

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—
3:45 p.m. 2:45 1:45 12:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WHEC
WMAK WKRC WKBN WMAQ
KOIL KSCJ KMBC WISN
WCCO WIBW WJCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WREC WLAC KRLD KLRA
KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY WPG WDAY WORC
WXYZ

PACIFIC FEATURE HOUR—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WJZ WBAL WHAM WLW
WMC KYW KWK KFAB
KOMO KPSD KSTP KFH
KOA KGO KGW WSMB

THIRTY MINUTE MEN—
4:45 p. m. 3:45 2:45 1:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHEC WMAK WADC
WAIU KMOX KMBC WSCJ
WCCO WGI WBMC WSPD
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC WLAC
KRLD KLRA KFJF KLZ
KDYL KHJ KFEL KVI
KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
WORC

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—Earl Palmer, Tenor; Quartet; Helen Nugent, Contralto; Crane Calder, Bass; and Marie Gerard, Soprano.
5:00 p. m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
WHP WMAK WADC WKRC
WAIU KMOX KSCJ KMBC
WCCO WIBW KFH WBCM
WSPD WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WGST WBRC WDOD WREC
WLAC KRLD KLRA KFJF
KLZ KDYL KFRC KVI
KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
WORC KOL

TETLEY PROGRAM—
5:00 p. m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WDKA WLW KYW WRVA
WTFF WJAX WIOD WFLA
WSUN WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WBAL WAPI WSMB
WJDX

MUSICAL AVIATORS ORCHESTRA—Dance Music.
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WCAO WHP
WHP WLBW WHEC WADC
WKRC WKBN WGL KFH
WBCM WWNC WTAR KRLD
WDOD WREC KRLD KLRA
KFJF KLZ KDYL KFRC
KFPY WXYZ WDAY KOL

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WABC W2XE WCAO WHP
WJAS WLBW WKBW WFBM
KSCJ WISN KFH WBCM
WSPD WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WBRC KLRA KFJF KLZ
KFRC KVI KFPY KOL
WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WFI WRC WCAE WTAG

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—Hill-billy Numbers Played and Sung by Family of Six Crocketts.
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
WJXAU WMAL WHP WJAS
WLBW WHEC WKBW WKRC
WFBM WSCJ WIBW WBMC
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WBRC
WDOD WREC KLRA KFJF
KLZ KHJ KPRC KVI
KFPY WDAY WORC KOL

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA — Dance Music.
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WEAN WLBZ WMAL WHP
WJAS WLBW WKBW WFBM
KSCJ WIBW WGL WBCM
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WBRC
WDOD WREC KLRA KFJF
KLZ KFRC KVI KFPY
WXYZ WDAY WORC

COLLEGE MEMORIES—
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WEAF WIBO WJAR WCSH
WRC WWJ WSAI WOC
WHO WOW WDAF KSTP
WSM WMC WSB WSMB
WKY KOA WJJD KGO
KTHS KECA KFSD WFAA
WOAI KTAR KOMO KHQ

OLD COMPANY'S PROGRAM—
7:30 p. m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WJAR WCSH WRC
WGR CKGW WTIC

EVANGELINE ADAMS, Astrologer—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WFBL WKBW WXYZ

BROWNBILT FOOTLITES—
7:45 p. m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WJZ WBAL KTHS WBZ WBZA
WREN KWK KFAB WTMJ
WEBC WRVA WPTF WJAX
WIOD WFLA WSUN WHAS
WSM WMC KSD WAPI
WSMB WJDX WOAI KOA
KSL WIBO

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WCKY WIBO KWK WREN
KFAB WJR

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WLIT
WRC WGR WCAE WTAM
WJAR WCSH KYW KSD
WOW WDAF KSTP WGMJ
WRY WWJ WOC KOA
WFAA WSAI WEBC WOAI
KOMO KGO KGW KHQ
KPRC KSL WTAG CKGW
KECA WHO

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas.
8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WADC WKBW WMAQ WHK
WXYZ WOWO WMBC KOIL
WJAS KMOX WFBL WSPD
WGST WBRC KRLD WREC
WDSU KFJF KTSA

GRAND OPERA MINIATURE—
8:15 p. m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WABC W2XE WLBZ WHP
WJAS WLBW WFBL WHEC
WKBW WADC WKRC WAIC
KSCJ WIBW KFH WBCM
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WDOD
WREC WLAC KRLD KLRA
KLZ KDYL KHJ KFRC
KFPY WXYZ WNAX WDAY
WORC

NATURAL BRIDGE REVUE—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WJZ WHAM KDKA KWK
WRVA WJAX WIOD KFAB
WIBO KFEL WBZ WBZA
WFLA WPTF WSMO

TRUE STORY HOUR—Adventures of Mary and Bob.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
WMAQ KMOX KOIL KMBC
WSPD WXYZ

INTERWOVEN PAIR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WHAM KDKA WMC
WJAX WKY WREN KPRC
KWK WBZ WBZA WSMB
KGW WIOD WFAA WJH
WTMJ KSTP WHAS KYW
WEBC WCKY CKGW WSM
WRVA WSB WAPI WOAI
KOA KSL KGO KECA
KGW KOMO KHW KFSD
KFI

CLIQUOT CLUB ESKIMOS—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG CFCF WLIT WCSH
WGY WOW WCAE WSAI
WIBO KSD WWJ CKGW
KECA WHO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
DEL LAMPE'S EVERSHARP ORCHESTRA
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WFJC
WWJ WSAI WGN WOW
WHO WOC WDAF

ARMOUR PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WREN
WJR KYW KSTP WEBC
WRVA WMC WSB WOAI
KOA KSL WKY WHAS
KGO KGW KHW KOMO
KDKA WJAX WIOD WFGD
WTMJ WAPI WHAM KWK
WFAA WSM WLW WSMB
WPTF KFI



James Corbett—Sunday 6:30

THE RADIO FOLLIES—GuyLombardo
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS KFBK WFBL
WHEC WKBW WADC WHK
WKRC WOWO WMAQ KMOX
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
KOIN WSPD WTAR WGST
WDSU KRLD WRR KFJF
KLZ KDYL KHJ KFRC
KOIN KVI KFPY WNYZ
WORC WPG WBT KMJ

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
KYW KWK WREN KPRC
WHAM WJR KSTP WTMJ
WEBC WHAS WSM WSB
WOAI KOA WKY WSMB
KSL KGW KOMO KHQ
KGO WMC WLW KFI
WFAA

CRIME PREVENTION PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WJAR WCSH WRC
WCAE KSD WWJ WSAI
WDAF



ion McAfee — Staff artist on CBS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

PHOENIX HOSIERY PROGRAM—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAO WJAS WKBW WADC
WHK WKRC WBBM KMOX
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
WGST WLAC WDSC WRR
KLZ KDYL KFRC KNX
KGIN KFPY KOL KWYZ

WILL OSBORNE—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAO
WLBW WFBL KOIL KSCJ
KMBC WISN KFH WIBW
WBCM WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
KFJF KLZ KDYL KVOR
WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS HOTEL ST. REGIS ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WDAF WHAS WOW
CKGW WRC WGY WJAR
WLIT KOA WTIC WCAE
KSD WFIC WSM WOC
WHO WMC WSB WSMB
WDJX KSTP

ROMANELLI AND HIS KING EDWARD ORCHESTRA from Toronto —Dance Music.
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
WCAO WMAL WLBW WKBW
WKRC KMOX KMBC WCCO
WIBW KFH WBCM WSPD
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC KLRA
KFJF KFPY WXYZ WNAX
WDAY WORC KOL KWYZ

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—
Amos 'n' Andy.
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
KYW KWK WREN WTMJ
KSTP WKY KPRC WEBC
WOAI KOA KSL KFSD
WDAF WMAQ WHAS WBAP
WLW KECA KOMO KGW
KHQ WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WSMB WDJX WJR
KFAB KTHS

Saturday

NEW WORLD SALON ORCHESTRA—
Vincent Sorey, Director.
10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WLBZ WKBW
WEAN WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WCAO WHBQ WADC
WHK WATT WKBN WWNC
WGST WBCM WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WFBM KSCJ
KMBC KLRA WDAY KFJF
KRLD KDYL WXYZ

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLES' CONCERTS—
Ernest Schelling, Conductor.
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WRC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WNAC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WTAR WDBJ WRK WWNC
WWNC WSPD WDOD WREC
WBRC WPBM WCCO KSCJ
KMOX KMBC WDAY WDAY
WIBW KFH KFJF KRLD
KDYL KVI KOL KFPY
KHJ KFRC WORC WXYZ

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WEAF WJAR WTAG WJAR
WCSH WLIT WRC WGY
WGR WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI WTAG KWK WSAI
WOW WTMJ KSTP WEBC
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WAPI WSMB KVOO KPRC
WOAI WKY KTHS

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA —Dance Music.
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WMAK
WLBZ WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WCAO WTAR
WADC WHK WKRC WAIU
WKBN WBCM WWNC WDOD
WLAC WBRC WOWO KSCJ
KMBC KLRA WDAY WIBW
KFH KFJF KDYL KOL
KDYL KVI KOL KFPY
KHJ KFRC WORC WXYZ

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA —Dance Music.
6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WJAS WLBW WTAR WDBJ
WAIU WHK WKRC WWNC
WBCM WDOD WREC WBRC
WOWO WFBM WCCO KMBC
KLRA WDAY WIBW KFH
KEJF KRLD KLZ KDYL
KVI KFPY WXYZ

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WJAR WCSG WEI
WRC WCAE WTAG WGY
WEEI

CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WLBZ WJAS WLBW WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC
WWNC WBCM WDOD WREC
WBRC WFBM KSCJ KLRA
WDAY WIBW KFH KEJF
KLZ KVI KFPY WORC

WHYTE'S ORCHESTRA—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WJAR WWJ KSD
WGR KOA WFI WGR
WTIC KGW WGY KOA

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

RADIO KEITH ORPHEUM PROGRAM—RKO Theatre of the Air.
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WLIT WRC WGY WGR
WCAE WFBL WWJ WSAI
WIBO KSD WLW WDAF
WRVA WPTF WJAX WIOD
WMAL WSB WAPI WSMB
WOC KGO WJDX KTHS
WOAI WKY KGO KGW
KGJ KHQ KOMO KFAB
KFSD WCSH WHO WOW
KSL WTAM

WRIGLEY FOOTBALL PROGRAM— "Prediction Interviews."
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WJAS WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBC
WSPD WXYZ WPG WBT

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES — Dr. Thatcher Clark's French Lesson.
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WPG WFAN
WJAS WTAR WAIU WKBN
WWNC WGST WBCM WDOD
WREC WCCO KSCJ KLRA
WDAY WIBW KFH KFJF
KRLD KLZ KVI KFPY
WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—Romance of American Industry.
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WJAS WLBW
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WWNC WBCM WDOD WREC
WBRC WOWO WFBM KSCJ
KLRA WDAY WIBW KFH
KFJF KRLD KLZ KVI
KFPY WORC

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas.
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WFBL WKBW WADC WHK
WJAS WGST WXYZ WSPD
WREC WBRC WDSU WOWO
WFBM WMAQ WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFJF WRR
KTSA

DIXIES CIRCUS—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WLW KDKA KYW
WBAL KWKH WIBX WBZ
WBZA KSTP KVOO WOAI
KPRC WKY WBAP

RIN-TIN-TIN THRILLER—
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WLW KYW WREN KFAB
WJR KWK

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc		Kc
CKGQ	960	WFJC	1450
KDKA	980	WFLA	620
KECA	1340	WGN	720
KFAB	770	WGR	550
KFI	640	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KXXX	1020	WHAS	820
KGO	790	WHO	1000
KGW	620	WIBO	560
KHQ	590	WIOD	560
KOA	830	WJAR	890
KOMO	920	WJAX	900
KPO	680	WJDX	1270
KPRC	920	WJR	750
KSD	550	WJZ	760
KSL	1160	WKY	900
KSTP	1460	WLIT	560
KTAR	620	WLS	870
KTHS	1040	WLW	700
KVOO	1140	WMC	780
KWK	1350	WOAI	1190
KYW	1020	WOC	1000
WAPI	1140	WOC	590
WBAL	1060	WPTF	680
WBAP	800	WRC	950
WBZ	990	WREN	1220
WBZA	990	WRVA	1110
WCAE	1220	WSAI	1330
WCFL	970	WSB	740
WCKY	1480	WSM	650
WCSH	940	WSMB	1320
WDAF	610	WSUN	620
WEAF	660	WTAG	580
WEBC	1290	WTAM	1070
WEEI	590	WTMJ	1060
WENR	870	WWJ	920
WFAA	800	WWL	970
WFI	560	WWJ	920

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc		Kc
CFRB	960	WFAN	780
CKAC	730	WFAN	610
KDYL	1290	WFBL	1360
KFH	1300	WFBM	1230
KFJF	1480	WFIW	940
KFPY	1340	WGST	890
KFRC	610	WHEC	1440
KHJ	900	WHK	1390
KLRA	1390	WHP	1430
KLZ	560	WIBW	580
KMBC	950	WISN	1120
KMOX	1090	WJAS	1290
KOIL	1260	WJJD	1130
KOIN	940	WKBN	570
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLBW	1260
KTSA	1290	WLBZ	620
KVI	760	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WADC	1320	WMAQ	670
WAIU	640	WMT	600
WBBM	770	WNAC	1230
WBCM	1410	WNAX	570
WBRC	930	WOWO	1160
WBT	1080	WPG	1100
WCAU	1170	WRAM	560
WCAO	600	WREC	600
WCAU	1170	WRR	1280
WCCO	810	WSPD	1340
WDAE	1220	WTAR	780
WDAY	940	WTOC	1260
WDBJ	930	WWNC	570
WDRC	1360	WXYZ	1240
WDOD	1280	W2XE	6120
WDSU	1250	W3XAU	9590

TOM, DICK AND HARRY—Male Trio.
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WFAN
WLBW WTAR WDBJ WADC
WHK WKBN WWNC WBCM
WDOD WREC WBRC WOWO
WCCO KLRA WDAY WIBW
KFH KFJF KRLD KLZ
KDYL KVI KFPY

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA —Dance Music.
6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WJAS WLBW WTAR WDBJ
WAIU WHK WKRC WWNC
WBCM WDOD WREC WBRC
WOWO WFBM WCCO KMBC
KLRA WDAY WIBW KFH
KEJF KRLD KLZ KDYL
KVI KFPY WXYZ

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WJAR WCSG WEI
WRC WCAE WTAG WGY
WEEI

CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WLBZ WJAS WLBW WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC
WWNC WBCM WDOD WREC
WBRC WFBM KSCJ KLRA
WDAY WIBW KFH KEJF
KLZ KVI KFPY WORC

WHYTE'S ORCHESTRA—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WJAR WWJ KSD
KGO KOA WFI WGR
WTIC KGW WGY KOA

DIXIE ECHOES—Negro Spirituals.
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WABC W2XE WKBW WLBZ
WFAN WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WWNC WGST WBCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WOWO
KSCJ KMBC KLRA WDAY
WNAX WIBW KFH KEJF
KDYL KFPY KHJ KFRC
WORC WXYZ

JOHNS-MANVILLE FIRE FIGHTERS
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WNAC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WCAO WHK
WKRC WBT WGST WXYZ
WSPD WBBM WDSU WOWO
WMAQ WCCO KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFH KRLD WRR
KTRH KLZ KDYL CFRB

THE FULLER MAN—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBAL WJR KPRC
KOA KGO KECA KGW
KOMO KHQ WBZ WBZA
WHAM KYW WLW KDKA
KWK WIBO WKY WREN
KFAB CKGW

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS — Harry Salter's Orchestra.
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WBT
WSYR WDSU WMAQ WCCO
KMOX KMBC KRLD

Eastern Central Mountain Pac

GENERAL ELECTRIC BAND—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WLIT WRC WGY
WCAE WTAM WWJ WOW
WDAF KSD WTMJ WEBC
WHAS WSB KPRC WOAI
WRVA WSAI KSTP WAPI
WKY KOA KGW WMC
WIBO WBAP KFSD KTAR
WGR WOC WHO KSL
KGO WSM KFI

DUTCH MASTERS MINSTRELS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WLW WJR KWK KYW
WREN WBZ WBZA

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUC STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA.
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WFI WRC WGY WGR
WCAE WWJ WGN KSD
WHO WOW WDAF WIOD
KSTP WTMJ WSMB WJAX
WHAS WSB KPRC WMC
WOAI WKY WAPI WSAI
WOC KGO KSL KFI
KGW KOMO KHQ WEBC
WJDX WRVA WCSH WFLA
WSUN KFJF KTAR
KFSD WBAP

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOA
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WKBW WLBZ
WEAN WNAC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WAIU WHK WKBN WKRC
WWNC WGST WBCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WOWO
WFBM WMAQ KSCJ KMBC
KLRA WDAY WNAX WIBW
KFH KFKF KLZ KDYL
KOL KEPY KHJ KFRC
WORC WXYZ

CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHE TRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
WHP WLBW WFBL WHEC
WADC WKRC WKBN KMOX
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO

TROUBADOUR OF THE MOON—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WJAR WWJ WFI
WWJ WSAI WHO WOC
KSTP WJDX WRC WTAM
WIOD

JACK DENNY AND HIS MT. ROY ORCHESTRA from Montreal.
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WLBZ
WEAN WNAC WPG WFAN
WHP WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WHK WWNC
WGST WBCM WSPD WDOD
WREC WBRC WFBM KSCJ
KMBC KLRA WDAY WNAX
WIBW KFH KRLD KLZ
KDYL KOL KFPY WORC
WXYZ

BERNIE CUMMINS AND HIS HOT NEW YORKER ORCHESTRA—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WEAF WFI WRC WGY
WTAM WOC WHO WOW
CKGW KSTP KOA WCAE
WWJ KSD WDAF WTMJ
WMC WSB WSMB WJDX
WFJC

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROY CANADIANS—Dance Music.
11:30 p.m. 10–30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WJIC WEAN WNAC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WHK WKRC WWNC WGST
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WBRC WFBM WCCO KSCJ
KMOX WDBC KLRA WDAY
WNAX WIBW KFJF KRLD
KLZ KOL KFPY WORC
WXYZ

PEPSODENT PROGRAM— AMOS 'n' ANDY—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
KYW KWK WREN WTMJ
KSTP WJR WLW WEBC
WKY WFAA KPRC WOAI
KOA WDAF WMAQ KSL
KGO WHAS WSM KOMO
KGW KHQ WHAS WMC
WSM KFAB WSB WSMB
KFSD WDJX KTHS

RUDY VALLEE AND HIS ORCHE TRA—
12:00 Mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WEAF WTMJ WRC WDJX
WFJC WOW WWJ KSD
WGR WHO WDAF WFLA
KSTP WSUN WSB KOA

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Watch Each Issue of Radio Digest for Corrected Official Wavelengths

K

M.....Paragould, Ark.
—1200 kc.
.....Enid, Okla.
—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
.....Jerome, Ariz.
—1310 kc.
.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
.....Casper, Wyo.
—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
A.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
.....Devils Lake, N. D.
—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
L...Salt Lake City, Utah
w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
.....Los Angeles, Calif.
w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
W.....Burbank, Calif.
.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
.....Portland, Ore.
w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
33.....Lincoln, Nebr.
w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
B.....Great Falls, Mont.
.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
.....Sacramento, Calif.
—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
M.....Beaumont, Texas
w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
.....Brookings, S. D.
.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
.....Denver, Colo.
—920 kc.—325.9 m.
.....St. Joseph, Mo.
w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
D.....Boone, Iowa.
—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
.....Wichita, Kans.
.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
.....Los Angeles, Calif.
w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
.....Portland, Ore.
—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
.....Moline, Wash.
—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
.....Marshalltown, Iowa.
.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
...Oklahoma City, Okla.
w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
.....Astoria, Ore.
—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
f.....Grand Forks, N. D.
—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
.....Portland, Ore.
—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
.....Fort Dodge, Iowa.
—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
.....Fort Morgan, Colo.
—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
A.....Greeley, Colo.
w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
B.....Milford, Kans.
w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
U.....Lawrence, Kans.
w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
X.....Chicago, Ill.
) w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
.....Rockford, Ill.
—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
.....Galveston, Texas.
—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
X.....Northfield, Minn.
w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
P.....Sheridan, Iowa
w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
R.....Lincoln, Nebr.
—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
X.....Long Beach, Calif.
w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
.....Dublin, Texas
.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
.....Spokane, Wash.
w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
D.....Anchorage, Alaska.
.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
U.....Holy City, Calif.
—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
W.....Seattle, Wash.
—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
C...San Francisco, Calif.
w.—610 kc.—491.9 m.
U.....Columbia, Mo.
—630 kc.—475.9 m.
).....San Diego, Calif.
w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.

KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m
KFUM Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m
KFUO.....Clayton. Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m
KFVS...Cape Girardeau Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFWI...San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KFXF.....Denver, Col.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFXM..San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
500 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KGBU....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
500 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KGBU....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
500 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KGCI.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGDA.....Mitchell, S.D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGDE....Fergus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
KGEF....Lngeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGEW...Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGFI..Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
KGGC...San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGGF.....Picher, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.

KGKB....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGKL....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGKO....Wichita Falls, Texas
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGNF....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.
KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGO....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KIBS....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
KLPM.....Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KMMJ...Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
5000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
KMPC....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
KMTR....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KOB....State College, N. M.
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KOIL....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KONO....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KFCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.—421.3 m.

KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPO....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KPRC.....Houston, Texas
2500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—1500 kc.—220.4 m.
KPWF....Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.
KQV.....Pittsburg, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KSAC....Manhattan, Kans.
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa.
2500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
KSWR....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10.000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
KTAB....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KTAP....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTAR.....Phoeniz, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
KTHS...Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10.000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KTLC.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas
2000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KUJ.....Longview, Wash.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
750 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
KUT.....Austin, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWCR....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KWSC.....Pullman. Wash.
2,000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
KWWG....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KYA....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
KZM.....Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

W

WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WABC.....New York City
1000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WABO-
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263.1 m.
WASH...Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WBAA....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
10,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WBIS.....Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WBMS....Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WBNY.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBOQ.....New York, N. Y.
50.000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBRC.....Birmingham. Ala.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre. Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBSO...Wellesley Hills, Mass.
250 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.

WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WBTM.....Danville, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
15 000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
250 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
WCAD.....Canton, N.Y.
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr.
500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn.
7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WCDA.....New York City
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.0 m.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCLO.....Janesville, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss.
1000 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCSC.....Charleston, S. C.
250 w.—1310 kc.— 228.9 m.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WCSO.....Springfield, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Texas
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WDAH.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
1000 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WDRC.....New Haven, Conn.
500 w.—1330 kc.—226 m.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WDWF.....Providence, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis.
2500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
200 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WEHC.....Emory, Va.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WEMC Berrien Springs, Mich.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.5 m.
WEPS.....Auburn, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEVD.....New York City
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WFAA.....Dallas, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WFBG.....Altoona, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFDV.....Roswell, Ga.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WFDW.....Talladega, Ala.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WFJC.....Akron, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
2500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WGBS.....New York City
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
WHAP.....New York City
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WHBC.....Mt. Orab, Ohio
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHDH.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WHDI.....Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215 m.
WHN.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—234.2 m.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—560 kc.—535.1 m.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C.
1000 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WISJ.....Beloit, Wis.
500 w.—560 kc.—384.4 m.
WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
400 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WJBT-WBBM.....Glenview, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill.
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
1250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
WJSV.....Alexandria, Va.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJZ.....New York City.
30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WKBQ.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
150 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WLBF.....Kansas City, Kans.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WLBL.....Stevens Pt., Wis.
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLBZ.....Bangor, Maine
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WLIB.....Elgin, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—235.4 m.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WLSI.....Cranston, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214 m.
WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
WLWL.....New York City
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WMAC.....Cazenovia, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMAF..S. Dartmouth, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMAL.....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WMBD.....Peoria Hts., Ill.
1000 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WMBF.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WMCA.....New York City
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMMN...Fairmont, W. Va.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMSG.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—269.9 m.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. Dak.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WNBF....Binghamton, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WNBH...New Bedford, Mass.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WNBO.....Silver Haven, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
2000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WNRC....Greensboro, N. C.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WNYC.....New York, N. Y.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
5000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WOAN...Whitehaven, Tenn.
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WOBT...Union City, Tenn.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WOBU...Charleston, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WOC.....Davenport, Iowa
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WODX.....Mobile, Ala.
500 w.—1140 kc.—214.2 m.
WOI.....Ames, Iowa
5000 w.—640 kc.—465.8 m.

WOKO....Poughkeepsie, N.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WOL.....Washington, D.
100 1.—1310 kc.—228.9 m
WOMT.....Manitowoc, W
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WOOD...Grand Rapids, Mi
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WOPI.....Bristol, Te
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WOQ.....Kansas City, M
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WOR.....Newark, N
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
WORC.....Worcester, M
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WORD.....Chicago,
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WOS.....Jefferson City,
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WOV.....New York C
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WOW.....Omaha, Ne
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne,
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WPAD.....Paducah,
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WPAP.....Cliffside, N.
250 w.—1010 kc.—266.9 m.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WPCC.....Chicago,
500 w.—560 kc.—535 m.
WPCH.....New York C
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WPEN.....Philadelphia,
250 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N.
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WPOR.....Norfolk,
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WPSC.....State College,
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N.
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
WQAM.....Miami,
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WQAN.....Scranton,
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m
WQAO.....Palisade, N
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Mi
300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WQDV.....Tupelo, Mi
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WRAF.....LaPorte, I
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WRAX.....Philadelphia, P
250 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Mi
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBC.....Covington, K
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBX.....Roanoke,
250 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WRC.....Washington, D.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
WRDO.....Augusta, Ma
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRJN.....Augusta, M
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WREC.....Memphis, Te
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WREN.....Lawrence, Ka
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WRHM.....Minneapolis, Min
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WRJN.....Racine, Wi
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRNY.....New York C
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WRR.....Dallas, Texa
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fl
5000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WRVA.....Richmond,
1000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Oh
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WSAJ.....Grove City, P
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSAN.....Allentown, P
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mas
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WSAZ.....Huntington, W
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
WSBC.....Chicago,
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSBT.....South Bend, In
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSFA.....Montgomery, Al
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSGH.....Brooklyn, N.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSIX.....Springfield, Ten
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSJS...Winston-Salem, N. C
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.

. . New Orleans, La. 1320 kc.—227.1 m.
. . . . . Dayton, Ohio 1380 kc.—217.3 m.
. . Spartanburg, S. C. 1420 kc.—211.1 m.
. . . . . Toledo, Ohio 1340 kc.—223.7 m.
. . . . . Boston, Mass. 1410 kc.—212.6 m.
. . . . . Iowa City, Iowa 880 kc.—340.7 m.
. . Clearwater, Fla. 620 kc.—483.6 m.
. . . . . Syracuse, N. Y. 570 kc.—526 m.
. . . . . Quincy, Ill. 1440 kc.—208.7 m.
. . . . . Worcester, Mass. 580 kc.—516.9 m.
. . . . . Cleveland, Ohio 1070 kc.—280.2 m.
. . . . Eau Claire, Wis. 1330 kc.—225.4 m.
. . . . . Norfolk, Va. 780 kc.—384.4 m.
. College Station, Tex. 1120 kc.—267.7 m.
. . . . Cumberland, Md. 1420 kc.—211.1 m.
. . . . . Toccoa, Ga. 1450 kc.—206.8 m.
. . . . . Hartford, Conn. 1060 kc.—282.8 m.
. . . . . Milwaukee, Wis. 620 kc.—483.6 m.
. . . . . Nashville, Tenn. 1470 kc.—204 m.
. . . . . Savannah, Ga. 1260 kc.—238 m.
. . . . . Hammond, Ind. 1200 kc.—249.9 m.
. . . . . Detroit, Mich. 920 kc.—325.9 m.
. . . . . New Orleans, La. 850 kc.—352.7 m.

WWNC. . . . . Asheville, N. C. 1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL. . . . . Woodside, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA. . . . . Wheeling, W. Va. 5000 w.—1160 kc.—258 m.
WXYZ. . . . . Detroit, Mich. 1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
XED. . . Reynosa, Tamps, Mex. 10,000 w.—960 kc.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m. 889.9kc. 50w.
CFCA - CKOW - CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210 kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m. 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B., 247.9 m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co. Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9 kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9 m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJCC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask, 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKCL, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m. 580.4kc. 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m. 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC-CHCT, Red Deer, Alta, 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C. 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 790kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc,——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m. 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1038kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.



Fred Ibbett, Production Manager of NBC Chicago Studios, directing rehearsal of Rin-Tin-Tin Thriller, *The last of the Hendersons.* (Left to right) George Opie, Frank Doucet, Bernadine Flynn, Bob White and Fred Ibbett.

Encore!

(*Continued from page 29*)

reading innumerable parts in *Mystery House*—to say nothing of hundreds of "one shot" microphone appearances in Radio drama. His best Radio part? He claims to have received his greatest Radio thrill out of his interpretation of the character of General Custer in NBC's production of *The Massacre of Custer*.

Not all of the troupers appearing in Radio dramas have retired from active stage work. Far from it. Many of them find time to work at the microphone while appearing in Broadway productions. Josephine Hull, for example, played in the season's hit of three years ago, *Craig's Wife*, and took part in nearly all the Biblical dramas presented over an NBC network. She, also, is a member of the Radio Guild Stock Company and has come into Radio with a background of legitimate stage experience that includes work in plays and operettas while at Radcliffe College, stock at Castle Square in Boston, more stock at New Orleans, leads with Wilton Lackaye and Shelly Hull (she became Mrs. Shelly Hull while working with him) in productions and an enviable position as a stage director.

WHEN I asked her opinion of Radio drama she replied, "It is remarkable because of the ease with which every listener can be reached. The intimacy of the microphone brings a feeling of relief to me. It does away with that constant struggle to project one's voice to the last rows of the theatre. I always feel as though every person in the audience of an air performance is sitting right in the front row. Delicate inflections of the voice, frequently lost in the theatre, can be handled without straining."

After witnessing her work in *Houseparty* on the opening night of its long run I went backstage to congratulate Anne Sutherland. What a trouper! Born shortly after the close of the Civil War, the same year in which Joe Weber first saw the light of day, Anne Sutherland was destined to make theatre history, long before Radio was even dreamed about. As Annie Sutherland she was one of *Black Crook* ladies who shocked a nation by appearing on the stage in tights! Dropping the "i" from her first name Miss Sutherland went in for legitimate drama. She has played opposite such well known artists as Joseph Jefferson, Nat Goodwin, Henry Dixie and a host of others and finally reached stardom under the Charles Frohman banner in *Mrs. Erskine's Devotion*. She has always had what actors call "fat parts" (which means rôles of outstanding importance) even when her starring days were over. Hers has been a busy, active life—always connected with the theatre until two years ago, when, after the long run of *Craig's Wife* in which she made a decided hit as the mordant-witted aunt, Miss Sutherland went to Europe for a much earned rest. The stock market was not kind to her and she returned to this country "broke but happy", as she puts it, and immediately opened a cozy little tearoom in Greenwich Village. When she returned to the stage to play in *Houseparty* she did not give up the tearoom "because," says Miss Sutherland, "so many of my old friends drop in for a snack of ham and eggs and coffee after the theatre that



George Rand, an old trouper now with NBC Coast studios.

for me it means keeping in touch with the world I love. Then, too," she added with a twinkle in her ever-smiling eyes, "it keeps me out of mischief to be busy."

Out of mischief! Perhaps, as she says, her tremendous amount of vitality needs these many well filled hours of activity to keep her out of mischief. What I think she meant was that she must be busy to be happy. And as busy as she always is she couldn't keep out of Radio. Not that she wanted to keep out of it, for she was anxious to have her fling at the theatre of the air. The chance to prove her worth as a microphone performer came when NBC decided to produce the air serial, *Moonlight and Honeysuckle*, which is being written by Lulu Volmer, the author of *Sun Up*. One of the principal characters in the serial is *Ma Betts* and when Miss Sutherland's name was mentioned as a possible player of the rôle, there was no second choice. Miss Sutherland has made this chara of the mountain woman one of the standing air rôles of the year. We without a doubt, hear the voice of trouper in many other Radio dramas, as I write this, the call of the footlig is urging Miss Sutherland to return the stage in a Broadway production.

When *Moonlight and Honeysuckle* started its air story of the mount feud, there was a character known *Pegleg Gaddis*, played by another timer. Claude Cooper is the old tim name. Now, Mr. Cooper, who was b in London and first appeared on American stage in 1889 in that ripe melodrama *Silver King*, is an ambitic actor who is striving to set a wor record for the number of rôles played the stage. When he created the Ra character of *Pegleg Gaddis*, Mr. Coop claims to have had a background of 5 grease-paint rôles to his credit. A f weeks ago an opportunity was offered h to appear in a new Broadway productio so Mr. Cooper explained his desire t released from the cast of *Moonlight a Honeysuckle* to Miss Volmer. Rath than trust the part to another, Miss Vo mer accommodatingly wrote *Pegleg* o of the story by the simple expedient having him killed off. And Mr. Coop added another character scalp to his be The play was not a success and as I wri this Mr. Cooper has just closed with h third "flop" this season—which makes total of 538 different rôles which the ma has portrayed on the stage. If Mr. Coop is successful enough in picking unsucces ful plays at the rate he is now going, h will set a record, no fooling.

Another charming actress playing man character parts for the various NBC di rectors is Alma Kruger, who, at ninetee played *Lady Macbeth* opposite that ste ling actor, Louis James! They starte young in those days to act in the work of the master playwright. After severa years' work with such stars as Sother and Marlow, Robert Mantell and Gran ville Barker the lady who dared to pla (and probably did a fearlessly good jo of it) *Lady Macbeth* at nineteen find herself a member of the far-famed New York Civic Repertory Company.

A CALL will bring Miss Kruger to the studio on the run—providing the demands on her stage serv ices do not interfere. Her first Radio work, like so many another trouper of legitimate productions, was in one of the Biblical dramas. And, by a peculiar twist of fate, Miss Kruger gave an air performance of *Lisa's* mother in Tolstoi's *Redemption* prior to her appearance in the same part on the stage. In speaking

r microphone work, Miss Kruger
"It makes one voice conscious. I
feel as though I were playing be-
n audience made up entirely of the
It serves to make me doubly care-
keeping my voice 'in character' for
iental picture drawn only by the
must never become blurred or in-
t to the listener. The microphone
taskmaster which, could it speak,
say to every performer—*Watch*
step!"

e evening I dropped into the CBS
s to see my old friend, Walter
ling, who plays that delightfully
character, *Nels* in the Graybar *Mr.*
Mrs. sketches. Walter is one of
judicious persons who, after years
dy preparatory to entering the min-
thought better of the original de-
and went on the stage. I have
ed Walter several times in dramatic
—and what a dependable person he
have in the studio! He speaks
languages fluently and is the master
elve dialects. He had pretty good
ng for Radio dramatic work (which
him busy), at that, for he played
pport of such stage celebrities as
Barrymore, John Barrymore, John
, Leslie Carter and Marie Tempest.
many other troupers Walter Soder-
life has been a series of misadven-
. At one time Charles Frohman saw
er's work in a character rôle in a
called *The Prodigal Husband* and
Soderling that he never need look
work at any other managerial office—
he, Frohman, would see that Soder-
was never out of work. Three months
Charles Frohman went to his death
he ill-fated *Lusitania*.

TRUE STORY brought
er to the microphone for the first
and made him a convert. He doesn't
to return to the stage—unless there
o more Radio dramas written in
h he can take part. He thinks his
microphone work was done on the
ier Hour last year when, in a drama-
ion of a Sax Rohmer story, he por-
ed the character of *Fu Manchu*.

r. and Mrs.? Well the *Mr.* is not so
as years go, but he is an old timer
Radio. Jack Smart, who presents a
ful fifty-year *Joe* in voice is just
nty-eight. *Vi* is just betwixt and
veen. Jane Houston, the *Mrs.*, was
he chorus of *The Time, Place And*
Girl in 1912. She has "trod the
ds" with John Drew, William Hodge,
liam Faversham and has taken direc-
from David Belasco. Leads with
e Story and Schradertown Sketches
e featured her Radio career and now
is away over the fifty-two week mark
he microphone character of *Vi*, which
created.

lave you caught that Eskimo Pie
gram, emanating from the CBS stu-
? The kiddies are marvelous—but
't forget to give *Mrs. Smithers* a hand.



Olive West, who played in the first Passion Play given in this country.

Mae Buckley, a trouper long before her "Radio child" (*Gwen* in the sketches) was born, is *Mrs. Smithers*. Like so many stage favorites who have played for Charles Frohman, Augustus Daly and David Belasco, trouper Mae Buckley made her debut in Radio in the Biblical dramas.

Do you remember *Show Boat?* That, to my mind, was one of the finest ventures which drama ever made to the theatre of the air. Credit Harry Brown, the creator of *Show Boat*, for much of its success but don't forget that Mr. Brown was discreet in selecting his cast. "Troupers all" was his slogan. Mr. Brown was no mean trouper himself, having played in support of Lillian Russell, Rose Stahl, Frances Starr, Edith Talliaferro and Irene Bordoni. He became *Hank Simmons* in *Show Boat*.

Edith Thayer, player of leading rôles in the original productions of *Blossom Time, The Firefly*, and *The Chocolate Soldier*, became *Jane McGrew* of *Show Boat* fame.

Other troupers in the splendid cast of that feature were Brad Sutton, minstrel man, ventriloquist and magician; Elsie May Gordon, a graduate of Little Theatre work in Boston; James F. Ayres, who can tell many thrilling stories of the days when *Ben Hur* and *The Shepherd King* served as vehicles for his histrionic ability; Lawrence Grattan, who created the name part in a dramatic version of *Parsifal* on the stage.

In 1898 Broadway saw plays with names like *Bertha the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl* and *China-town Charlie*. They were real blood and thunder dramas, and were the first vehicles of Jimmy Waters, who now entertains Radio theatre goers as *Ike The Paragon Painter*, at WLTH, Brooklyn. Recent years saw him on the road as Isaac Cohen in that perennial, *Abie's Irish Rose*, but now he has given up the stage in order to write his own Radio skits and take star parts in them.

IN NEW BRITAIN, Connecticut, is a septuagenarian minstrel, who used to strut his stuff at Miner's Bowery and at Tony Pastor's. His name is Tom English and he frequently delights the listeners in New England with programs of old songs and stories as he relives the "days long past" before the microphone in the Hartford studio of station WTIC.

Halfway across the U. S. A. we hear from Charles B. Hamlin, playing the rôle of *The Old Settler* in a WTMJ (Milwaukee) program. Mr. Hamlin's stage life dates back to the *East Lynn* period. He's played with many of the old time stars, too—Otis Skinner, Lee Baker, David Warfield and the Barrymores.

Jumping all the way to the West Coast we find Dick Jose, another minstrel man of *Silver Threads Among the Gold* fame. Mr. Jose is working on a commercial hour broadcast from Station KPO. And that's in San Francisco.

In the Golden Gate city, too, are the studios of the National Broadcasting Company's Pacific Division, where we find Olive West. The appearance of this charming old trouper of sixty odd belies her years. Her hair is graying, but her blue eyes twinkle with youth and humor. There were no easy roads to stardom when Olive West was beginning her career. She made her first appearance in 1879, as *Salome* in the first *Passion Play* ever given in the United States. Although she was only twelve, *Salome* was a real "grown-up" rôle. To this day she remembers the reception given the cast . . . vegetables and eggs were thrown at the actors by spectators, for the populace of fifty years ago refused to look upon the *Passion Play* as art.

But it's a far cry from the unesthetic audiences of the 1870's to the enthusiastic Radio listeners of today . . . deluges of fan mail take the place of the spattery eggs that Olive West remembers.

Another of the old timers, who often plays with Miss West, is George Rand. When *The Climbers* by Clyde Fitch was produced in the San Francisco studios, the veteran was carried back in memory many years. *The Climbers* was one of the first plays in which George Rand ever appeared! He gained his rich experience under the tutelage of Oliver Morosco in the days of touring stock companies, and rose to stage manager under the Morosco banner. Some of you may also remember him with Nat Goodwin's company in *Oliver Twist*. Since 1929 he has been occupied with the producing end, as well as acting in NBC Radio dramas.

(*Continued on page 114*)

"Hello There, Australia!"

(*Continued from page 57*)

Capt. Rickenbacker: That is right.

Kingsford-Smith: Well, naturally, we having our principal cities on the east, I would consider the possibility of crossing the Pacific Ocean, 7000 miles. We are about 17,000 miles around in the other direction.

Capt. Rickenbacker: It looks as though we are going to have to switch Australia around, reverse it. Say, I couldn't help but listen in to your ideas about what was necessary for a service in the way of aircraft. I agree with you. Do you remember that twin engine job that we were building when you were here?

Kingsford-Smith: My word, I do.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Well, we delivered that the other day to the United States Army.

Kingsford-Smith: Fine.

Capt. Rickenbacker: It shows about 175 miles an hour.

Kingsford-Smith: Well now, that is fine.

Capt. Rickenbacker: You can get some idea—They were trying to live up to the things that you are finding necessary in your tremendous achievements.

Kingsford-Smith: That is fine. When you get up to speeds like that, you can cover the ground in absolutely no time.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Tell me, how is the transport service operating in your country?

Kingsford-Smith: We have been operating for six months without an accident of any description and have already declared a dividend.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Well, we will bring your organization over here. We need dividends very badly in this country.

We have recently opened up two new transcontinental mail and passenger services, one from New York to Atlanta, Georgia across Dallas, Texas to Los Angeles. And then another from New York to Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Indianapolis, Kansas City and Los Angeles. And that gives us three transcontinental airways for mail and passengers.

Kingsford-Smith: That is great. Are you cutting down your time?

Capt. Rickenbacker: Yes, we are cutting down the time, and we hope during the next year or two we will be going from New York to the Pacific Coast within 20 to 24 hours without an overnight stop. For the moment, we are stopping at Kansas City and Chicago, but with the development in planes for sleeping, there is going to be a tremendous opportunity to cut down time.

Kingsford-Smith: That is marvelous.

Capt. Rickenbacker: What do you think of the needs over there in the way of transport planes?

Kingsford-Smith: Oh, we need them with our long distance problems, you know.

Capt. Rickenbacker: That is more or less true of the world at large. Smitty, we are about to be cut off, and I am awfully sorry, because I just want reach out and grab you and hug you congratulate you on your past achie ments and those that I know must due you in the future.

Kingsford-Smith: Thank you, old m and many, many thanks. My very b and cheerio.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Give our love the girl, and don't forget you have m lions of friends over here.

Kingsford-Smith: All right, Eddie, thank you very much for that and I a preciate it sincerely.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Good-bye.

Kingsford-Smith: So long.

Encore

(*Continued from page 113*)

Up North in the pleasant city of Seat tle, I am advised there's an old time working at KJR, KEX and KGA, North west Broadcasting System stations.

A score of years ago everyone in Ne York City knew of Frank Coombs, th "Silver Thread Tenor", who revived an popularized that famous ballad *Silve Threads Among the Gold.*

It makes little difference what studi you enter with this question on your lips "Any old time troupers broadcasting fo you?" the answer is always the same— "Yes." And more power to them, say I. It is their opportunity to present a fitting "encore" to those who appreciated their work on the legitimate stage.

What do you say, readers? Let's give the old time troupers a bit of well merited applause.

Vote For Your Favorite Station in New Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct..	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct ...	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Christmas Stockings

(*Continued from page 22*)

is program, an announcer, a rich or, rose-colored glasses for reading letters, and definite assurance that eature is hungry or sad while he's ng a bounteous table and a happy mas.

t last wish of Tony, the philosopher. what makes him popular—so popu- at his many gifts from fans include an Indian peace pipe, an ancient and cross bones and a Canadian hide.

Dewey, the fair-haired, handsome tenor heard so much this year, is a eta Kappa, so I'm not sure whether he let his brilliance run away with when he answered: "Oh, just send teen saxophone lessons, one medium fresh-water lake, a pair of new s, and a bundle of new tempos. e it or not, odd gifts sent me in ast include Einstein's *How to Make* in three lessons, a brown derby from H. the Prince of Wales, Al Smith's ony, and from Cal Coolidge, 'best s.'"

THAT last sounds genuine. aybe we may believe his statement e "most comical, tragic and happy tmases" which was:

omical, when my wife turned down arriage proposal; tragic, when she , and happiest, the Christmas of when we expect a second baby to us."

," exclaimed songbird Welcome ., "I hope Santa brings me a lot of boxes so I'll have many things to —and a big bag full of new and un- fans to add to my collection of ones. I've been pretty well pro- for in the past, but I can remember ragic Christmas. That was when I to have Christmas after losing anta Claus—my mother. My happi- ne was that which brought me my violin."

d how about you, Mr. Bones—or n me—I mean Mr. Bernard, Al Ber- of the Dutch Masters Minstrels?

Well, I'd sure be tickled pink if it possible for my mother and father, ive in New Orleans (my home town) end Christmas with myself and wife ew York. You know Christmas and Years are celebrated down there like ourth of July. I still remember the hern celebration I went through at ears of age. A bunch of other kids myself found a bag of gunpowder. I and remained in the hospital for the ays!"

Give me," said Virginia Gardiner, ning NBC ingenue radactress, "a ent 'Me'. I'm tired of this one. a can also put me down for a lot of s I can't afford, and a lot of intan-

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Enclosed find (check or money order) for $..... in payment for same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

gible things that if I told you what they were, they'd sound silly, so I won't tell you. But I really would like the chance to do better and bigger things in my work the coming year.

"My most tragic Christmas? When Santa was explained away; happy, the holidays I returned home during my first year away at school; comic, well, we drove outside of town to a Christmas Eve dance at the polo club, and on the way home, with ten of us in the car, we got stuck in the mud. Finally at 6:30 A. M. we arrived home, and then had to get up at seven o'clock so that brother could open his presents!"

WHAT does the first tenor of a male quartet expect? If E. Clinton Keithley, who is that in the popular Chicagoans male quartet of NBC and KYW, may be taken as typical, it's a big box of good cigars. Keithley, who writes many ballads, also adds that a $5,000 royalty check on his latest song, *Love and a Rose*, would not be amiss. His happiest Christmases, he related, were those when he was a boy and the illusion of Santa had not been punctured.

Now for a real married couple of the air—Aline and Peter Dixon, who do the *Raising Junior* skit for NBC. "The lady asks," said Peter speaking for Aline, "some very expensive perfume, lots of pretty undies, and what have you? While the gent allows books, pipes, bartender's accessories and tools with which to make boats and other toys for the offspring.

"Did we always get our wishes on Christmas day?" he continued. "Not exactly, for I always wanted a Humpty-Dumpty Circus but my dad didn't, whereas I hated to wear neckties, but got them anyway. Aline, being born on Christmas day, had many disappointments.

"Past Christmas history? Well, here's one. Tulsa, Okla., five years ago . . . Aline playing in stock, me out of a job, the two of us engaged just two days. I spend my last five dollars to buy her a present, and she had to provide the dinner . . . but it was a grand Christmas just the same! A year later, married and in Louisville. Baby on way, very little money. Dixons present one another with free samples obtained by answering magazine ads!"

NEXT, a pseudo scrapping couple, *Mr. and Mrs.*, or Jo and Vi of the CBS skit, who are not married in real life but are Jack Smart and Jane Houston. Jack asks for a baby Austin on account of the lack of parking space in New York and because he could park it in his apartment. One of his most unusual gifts received as a result of his broadcasting is an electric stimulating machine which he can't use because he is so ticklish.

Jane makes a modest request—just a trip to Europe. Funny gifts sent to her during the year are a row boat and a watch dog. "My happiest Christmas," said she, "was the one I spent with my husband upon his return from the war overseas."

Now for a half a dozen batoneers of the air whom all of you must know.

Nathaniel Shilkret's letter to Santa: "Please leave me health, happiness and the wealth may take care of itself. Add some musical scores, new ideas, a complete set of the poets, and perhaps a new tennis racquet. Our happiest Christmas was when my wife and I decorated the first little Christmas tree for our son."

Joe L. Sanders, inseparable partner of Carlton Coon, in the orchestra business, requests: "Health, happiness and ability to make others happy, harmony among my follow workers, a clear conscience and a 'hit' song."

Joe, like Art Kassel, treasures as his most valued gifts from listeners the letters received from the same Somerset, Ky., invalid lady, and told of his unhappiest Christmas:

"I was in Butte, Montana, many years ago, and the thermometer registered 30 degrees below zero. I had the 'flu' and had lost my voice. This wasn't so good, as my job was singing in a male quartet. Top that off with snowbound mails and no word from home and the loved ones . . . just plain hell!"

BERT LOWN'S happiest Christmas was the thing that put him in the hospital. As a youth his parents, after much pleading, gave him a long desired motorcycle. Two days later it was wrapped around a fire hydrant and Bert spent New Year's Day all swathed in bandages. "What do I want this year?" he replied, "Oh, just make it two days off, a tri-motored plane to haul my bands around to engagements, a $20,000 weekly pension and if you have it to spare, you might throw in a yacht. My most unusual fan gifts had been three *RED* neckties, a raccoon hat, a pair of home-knit socks and a pair of black, yellow and green garters."

And Will Osborne? "More elephants are needed," said he. "I've hundreds of them now but can't get too many. But they must have their trunks *UP*. My happiest Yuletide was that spent in Germany with my boys. We were not allowed to spend a cent for anything. When payment was offered for refreshments, entertainment and dinners, the natives were insulted and incensed. Never have I seen the Christmas spirit so genuine."

Harry Kogen and Jules Herbuveaux, both of NBC and the latter musical director as well of KYW, Chicago, duplicate one hint. They'd both like either inaudible Radios or a pair of ear muffs that will filter out all sounds emanating from any Radio set or accessory.

Kogen, with a chuckle, added the following list, "an automatic pencil that works and still writes, usable neckties, a hot trumpeter, 1,000 good arranger[s] 500 new commercial programs, Uncl[e] Wilson's membership card, a 'first' [in] horsie *Zuyder Z*, and a twenty-ride [on] to Gary, Ind."

"Kuku" Raymond Knight, of NBC[,] several others strangely seem to wis[h] ger and better commercial contracts. [The] "others" are Mountain Balladeer Br[ad] Kincaid, of WLS, NBC and WLW [and] the NBC duo-piano team of Retting[er] Platt.

KNIGHT said the [only] peculiar gift on his list was a mecha[nical] "cuckoo" to use on his Kuku hour. [He] added that Christmases had almost [always] been the same to him. He always ate [so] much, then, "lulled into a state of s[ub]rific unconsciousness by the product [of] the so-called festive board," he [would] sound asleep. Kincaid remembers as [his] happiest Christmas the time when, [as a] small boy down in the mountains, S[anta] brought him "a new pair of red-top [cow] boots with brass toes!" Fans have b[een] kind to him, he added, and among m[any] gifts he has received are two croche[ted] baby dresses for his twins and a gu[itar] made entirely by hand with the aid o[f a] pocket knife.

Know the Pickard Family and th[eir] hill-billy tunes and hoe-downs? If y[ou] don't you're missing one of the best a[cts] on the dial. Anyhow, this is what t[he] Pickards of NBC ask from Santa Cla[us]

Five-year-old Ann, doll house, swi[m]ming suit and rocking chair; Miss Ru[th] a lot of collegiate clothes; Mother, a n[ew] flivver, as the old one leaks; Bubb, a f[ew] red neckties, sox to match (and I'll p[er]sonally add, an engagement ring); Da[d] to keep the family and listeners happy.

Good old Pickards! They think the most unusual Christmas was the first o[ne] they spent in New York after leavi[ng] their home in Tennessee. "Nobody kne[w] what to do," said Dad. "We just s[at] around, all dressed up and nowhere t[o] go, and the whole bunch of us were ha[lf] froze to death."

Buryl Retting and Dick Platt added t[o] the contract request that some kind pian[o] manufacturer, if still in business, migh[t] send them a couple of concert gran[d] pianos for home use, and described thei[r] unhappiest Christmas as that of last yea[r]. "The stock market had done funny thing[s] to our friends and ourselves—so we ha[d] nothing in our stockings except holes."

ONE more soprano—Bernadine Hayes, 1930's Radio Beauty Queen and NBC artist. "I'd like, Mr. Plummer, just one thing. That is to be considered as a concert and operatic soprano as well as a mere blues singer. I'm studying opera now, and I hope to show the world. If hard work and Santa help, I hope to get there."

But before concluding, let's go down to St. Louis and ask Chester Gruber, better

wn to KMOX and CBS fans as "Tony ooch", what he'd like.

Nothing better," replied Gruber, "than ave fulfilled my request that enough o sets be placed in all charitable in- tions. My first Radio gift, inciden- . came from a youngster. It was a . He had saved for months to ac- ulate this amount and wanted me to something for my birthday with . . I still carry it as a luck token.

My latest unusual gift is a carved that originally belonged to President eo of Mexico.

Did I always get what I wanted for stmas? Well, my mother died when as twelve, and I had to go out and sh 'em up'. It was tough going for g time and I was lucky if I got meat ny Christmas dinner.

My happiest Christmas, I believe, was of last year. A Texan who had been nvalid for five years wrote me an ause letter. His sentiments seemed get' me somehow, and I asked my io friends who were contemplating ing me Christmas cards, to send them is shut-in instead.

Several weeks after Christmas he e me saying he had just passed the iest Christmas of his life. He had ived over a thousand letters and cards my Radio friends, and it was almost ssary to move his bed out into the to make room for the 600 or so gifts had been sent to him."

hat, my readers, I think is the finest nple of the true Christmas spirit I ever heard. Let's not forget the -ins in our happiness of the holidays, in closing, let me join all the micro- ne's favorite sons and daughters in ing that we all find the same sort of piness this year that results from cticing the true spirit.

nother Twenty Star interview by Mr. Plum- will appear in January RADIO DIGEST.)

Symphony Music

(*Continued from page 91*)

for five a Quintet, for six a Sextet, so on.

nsemble: A small orchestra or col- ion of instruments. Many broadcast- stations employ beautifully organized artistically satisfying ensembles of n ten to twenty-five players.

talian Words in Music: For two cen- es Italian has monopolized the privi- of coining words to express musical s. The habit has now grown in on art of music till nothing probably can done about it. Still there is one great antage in this. Italian has become, music, a sort of universal language. s, a German, an American, a French a Russian composer can write down expression indications on his music- re so that any other musician sitting n at an instrument to play that music, understand the terms used. Some day shall have a discussion of these terms on this page. Meanwhile just remember that Allegro means 'lively', Andante means somewhat less lively, in fact, gently; Maesto or Maestoso means majestic or impressive; Adagio means slow and gentle; Largo means even slower and more impressive; Lento means quite slow; Moderato means moderate; 'Ma non troppo' means 'but not too much so' and is often added after such words as Allegro.

What I Have Heard and Liked

On Sunday afternoon, October 19th, I had the very great pleasure of listening to the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, under the direction of Erich Kleiber, who has recently come from Berlin to conduct until Toscanini arrives. I like Kleiber's work. He manages to get from the orchestra a quality of tone that appeals to me and he has no freak ideas. He tries to reproduce the music as the composer intended it to sound, and not as he thinks the composer ought to have intended it. The worship of Toscanini that is at present at its height strikes me as mainly important in showing that New York, or that part of New York which presumes to tell the rest of the country what it ought to think about musical matters, has very poor taste. Toscanini is a good conductor of Italian opera, but I wish that he were not running the symphonic destinies of New York. On the other hand, Kleiber is far less sensational but to me more satisfying in most ways.

Kleiber's best work, as I heard it, was his conducting the orchestra through Brahms' violin concerto, with the solo part played by that very interesting Hungarian Josef Szigeti. A concerto, you know, is a symphony with a solo part written in for a piano, a violin, a 'cello or other instrument.

That same afternoon I heard the Roxy orchestra do another Brahms piece, the second symphony. This is a good work with which to begin one's acquaintance with the great master. It was composed and first performed in Vienna about forty-three years ago, and it is distinguished among all works of the kind for its quiet beauty. The composer never, so to speak, raises his voice in this work. He speaks in a tone of quiet friendliness, as a beloved friend talking from the other side of a bright fireplace on a cold afternoon in the late fall.

Merry Christmas

When next I have the pleasure of talking with you 1931 will be with us and we shall be ready to forget the black year 1930. Meanwhile good music will help us. If every tired business man, nervous female bridge-fiend and rapidly-breaking-down high-pressure salesman in the country would just give himself or herself for an hour every evening to the sweetnesses and beauties of fine music, this would be a happier and less nerve racked nation.

We Are All Poets

(*Continued from page 81*)

gladly sacrificed all if they had but read my *Ode to a Dinosaur's Egg.*

And while the dull emotionless burglars were prowling through my mundane trifles—— I stepped into the foyer of a modern apartment building not far from the Brooklyn bridge in Brooklyn. I did not see a red headed janitor's boy but a dusky elevator man took me up to the Crane apartment.

Nathalia herself opened the door and curtsied in a quaint old fashioned way. Her fluffy brown hair tumbled over her head. She wore a brown velvet dress with a lace collar. Her voice was thin and a little frightened. She impressed me instantly as a child taught to "hold in" and "not to speak until spoken to, then to reply with as few words as possible."

So MY interview was not altogether successful. My impression was that the Cranes were just regular "folks" who had tried conscientiously to bring Nathalia up into the world without ostentation.

"Are you interested in science?" I asked Nathalia after several questions.

"Yes," she replied, "is there not poetry in the fact that the wings of a humming bird outrace the wheels of a motor; and the eyes of a gnat are as a thousand telescopes in one?"

That's what I mean by "poetically minded". I went on:

"How do your poems come to you?"

"As visions—a sort of mental eye, different than the way the actual eye sees them. But in this I am not far different, I believe, than others. All of us are poets, and our delight from reading poetry is drawn from the fact that beautiful verse is the general expression of all hearts. Only some of us write it and some of us do not."

"How did you get the idea of writing *Pocahontas* (E. P. Dutton & Co.), this latest book of yours?"

"I had been thinking of the possible menace of the reds—and then I thought of the saving spirit of the past—as represented by the Indian girl who saved Captain John Smith. Science might have said, 'Never mind Captain John Smith, never mind the country,' if an experiment had been in the balance. But the spirit of Pocahontas said, 'No, Captain John Smith must be saved. The country must be saved.' And in my poem the spirit of Pocahontas—the spirit of the past Pocahontas summons the modern poets to lead the remnant of the A. E. F. and the Indians against the Reds."

Nathalia is just a simple, normal youngster, who interprets in verse what this great big world is bubbling over with in its own language. She agreed with me that we are all poets.

Amos and Andy

(*Continued from page 59*)

Just at this point up comes the Kingfish of the Knights of the Mystic Sea with a big "propolition". Russell Powell acts as the Kingfish and he is certainly a pip for the smart aleck Kingfish.

He explains that this "propolition" is for the taxi to take some musicians to a party somewhere in the suburbs of New York and it will pay Amos and Andy $12.00 less ten per cent "remission" to the Kingfish for getting the job.

Then the fun begins in earnest with the three of them trying to find out what ten per cent of 12 dollars is. The Missus and I about split laughing. First Andy tried to figure.

"Two goes into 12, two goes into 12," he keeps repeating.

Then Amos speaks up, "Well, go on and get it in there, then."

Then the Kingfish suggests that they figure it by the "new method".

"You multiplies ten by two," says the Kingfish, "and anybody knows dat's twenty. Den you takes away two, leavin' eight dollars, and dat is ten per cent of twelve dollars. Den you could cut dat eight in half and I'd take six dollars."

THEN Amos speaks up again and says, "Couldn't you cut dat six in half and take two dollars?"

So the Kingfish says all right, and everything is fixed.

Then we drop Amos 'n' Andy for a while and go to this big party, and it turns out to be a birthday party for Jean. Jean's father is big-hearted and is crazy about Richard Williams. And so is Jean's mother, played by Irene Rich. Both parents, they let you know, would like to see Jean marry Richard.

"But, alas," says Richard, "since my father died I am just a poor boy with only a house in Harlem, a family possession from the days when Harlem was a fashionable neighborhood, and I can't even find the deed to that house." He tells Jean's father he is going over there in the morning to look for the deed.

Well, Crawford, the Villain, is listening in on that conversation, and tells his sister all about it. Of course she conspires with her brother to help him marry Jean so they can all share in the Blair fortunes. This sister, played by Rita LaRoy, makes a great Villainess if ever there was one; so the plot thickens and they scheme to go to the old Williams house that night and find the deed before Richard has a chance to get it.

All this time Mrs. Blair is worried sick because the musicians haven't showed up. Next we see the Fresh Air Taxicab steaming up the driveway with Duke Ellington's fifteen negro musicians, their instruments, and Amos and Andy in it!

Then Amos and Andy go back to town to attend the lodge meeting, and we watch the couples dance to Duke Ellington's music. While the dance is going on Jean and Richard slip out to the lake on the Blair estate, and after a canoe ride in the moonlight they sit on a bench. While they are sitting there the band plays the theme song of the picture, *Three Little Words*. The three little words are "I Love You", and Richard tells Jean that the song is saying what he wishes he had the nerve to say. They get very close together, and the Missus and I held each other's hand and got close together too, it was so romantic.

Well, then they changed back to the lodge of the Mystic Knights of the Sea. Kingfish is presiding over the meeting, and explains that this is the night two "brothers" are to be selected to spend an hour in the "haunted house", which turns out to be the old Williams house, in honor of the founder of their lodge. All the "brothers" whose names begin with "A" are to draw a number from a hat and the one drawing seven must choose a friend and go to the "haunted house."

Just before he draws a number, Andy says "Oh, seven, you've failed me many times, and if you is ever goin' to fail me again, fail me NOW!" but this time he draws the seven, and of course chooses Amos to go with him. They are to be locked in the house, find a paper with "Check and Double Check" written on it, that was left by the "brothers" who made the trip last year, then they must find more paper, on which to write "Check and Double Check" and leave it for the "brothers" picked for the next year.

Amos and Andy don't know it, but when they arrive at the house Crawford is there already searching for the deed. There are a lot of funny things that happen to Amos and Andy and Crawford, in different parts of the house. They are all making noises and each thinks it is ghosts. Once Andy's coat gets caught in a door, and he almost turns white because he thinks a spook has a hold of it. I guess everybody in the theatre just hawhawed fit to die.

Well, they find the "Check and Double Check" paper and in looking for another paper to write "Check and Double Check" on and leave behind, accidentally find the deed, but they don't know what it is. Crawford takes a big revolver and goes to see what in thunder is making that noise and surprises Amos and Andy.

Pointing his revolver at them he says, "Give me that paper." And Andy thinking he means the "Check and Double Check" paper, gives that to him, Crawford sticks it in his pocket with even looking at it.

Amos and Andy then dash from house, Andy having the deed in pocket.

The next thing that happens is s posed to be the next day. Richard saying goodbye to Mr. Blair, havi searched the old Williams house a failed to find the missing deed. Th he tells Jean it is impossible for him marry her because he is so poor and scorns any help from Jean's father. he leaves the house.

Then we are back in the taxi offi The boys are way down in the dum They haven't got the "Check and Doul Check" paper so they are afraid th lodge brothers will not believe they we in the "haunted house."

Then Andy throws the deed into t wastepaper basket and sits staring at

"D-e-e-d," he spells the word on t front. "D-e-e-d, spells dead. Somebody dead."

"D-e-e-d, doan' spell dead," says Amo "That spells deed. Let's see that paper He reads it slowly and then coming the name "Williams" he realizes th maybe that it is the paper Richard w looking for. He tries to reach Richa on the phone at the Blair home an learns that he has left. Well Amos an Andy get into the taxicab and start a wil drive to the station trying to catc Richard. That is very funny, with And hanging on for dear life while Amos ha many narrow escapes in traffic.

THEY reach the statio just in time to stop Richard from board ing his train. And sure enough the pape they have is the missing deed.

Then you see them back in the tax office, bluer than ever. A man comes i with a great big package for the boys. note says it is Richard's and Jean's wed ding cake. Just then Ruby Taylor call up to say that both she and the Madam have heard the whole story and want th boys to come right over. They start carrying the wedding cake. And right i front of Madame Queen's beauty shoppe Andy drops the cake under a truck an the cake is smashed to bits. Both o them stand looking at the crumbled mass and as Andy says "I'se regusted," the picture fades out.

I sure hope, Mr. Editor, you get a chance to see the picture, but I guess you are very busy with the magazine.

Again thanks for the letter about the poem. Regards from the Missus,

Yours, As Ever,

William G. Hawkins.

RudyVallee's Tuneful Topics

(*Continued from page 55*)

, in the parlance of Tin Pan Alley, to after it." The song climbed up to ost first place on the list of best ers throughout the entire country, ch to the surprise of even Remick mselves.

t is a sort of torch-ballad affair, in the thm that only a Negro seems to know v to write. Only a Negro would dare give a title such as this song has, or to te the general thought incorporated hin its lyrics, and yet surprisingly ugh the song is very popular with all es of people of all ages. It is on the ne now but it certainly enjoyed a nice mmer run; it was just like found money the publishers; the record did prac-lly all the work for them.

Another case of a tune which should done semi-slowly, or about forty meas-s per minute.

Without Love

HERE is a tune which it would take several adjectives to describe. It s written by that trio of songsmiths, Sylva, Brown and Henderson, and ced in the musical comedy, *Flying gh*, for which I suppose they expressly ote it.

It is done very effectively throughout musical comedy; in fact, one couldn't the show without appreciating the l beauty of this particular song, espe-lly after its rendition by the extremely mp comedienne of the show, Kate ith. After several others have intro-ced it effectively enough, she takes the g. with Bert Lahr standing by her (Bert hr being the hit comedian of the show), o continuously ignores the advances of ss Smith—together they stand on a k stage with a blue spot. Lahr being once quite sad and emotional, while ss Smith seriously puts the song over h a bang!

The final words, which go like this—ife's a song without a tune, and who uld care about the moon above?" plays to a tremendous finale on the word ove". Properly brought out by a per-n possessing a strong, rich voice with od intonation, this one place puts the g over; and incidentally, the artist, iss Smith, does full justice to the en-e song, and especially this last part, d leaves the audience gasping and ap-uding for more. It is one of the most ective numbers I have ever sung.

I know one person who feels that it s a sacrilege to couple such everyday, tter-of-fact lyrics with such a gorgeous, eratic-like melody. The melody is very autiful, and the lyrics *are* very matter--fact, and yet it is another case of posite poles attracting to make a beauti-l song. The old lyrics are "Life's a tch that doesn't strike." and "Life is milk without the cream." These are household terms, but to alter the song the least bit would, to my mind, destroy one of the cleverest and most tender songs ever written.

It must be done slowly; we do it about thirty measures per minute.

Stolen Moments

A NUMBER with whose writing and publishing I had considerable to do —a number that I have great faith in.

Several broadcasts have resulted in a lot of discussion about the song and many requests for it. It is a little reminiscent of many tunes though as far as I know unlike any of those it seems to resemble. It has an odd title with an unhappy and emotional thought.

At the time of writing we are the only ones who have presented it inasmuch as it has not yet been published and is not in the hands of other orchestra leaders. We have just finished recording it and the Victor Company has been very pleased with our recording of it.

Like most of the tunes mentioned above it must be done slowly—about thirty measures per minute.

Makes Good in California

BOBBE DEANE (Mrs. Ted Maxwell) comes of a family of actors, but skating and swimming were her hobbies until a few years ago. Now she takes part in many NBC productions around the San Francisco bay district.

When ten years old she did skating acts in vaudeville, and during the '15 exposition she did a diving exhibition stunt on the fair grounds.

Later parental objection was brought to bear and she went into dramatics rather seriously . . . playing stock, then musical comedy in New York, with the Ziegfeld productions, three years on Broadway and then she came to California with Ziegfeld's *Sally*.

In California she played feminine lead with Ted Maxwell's Players and in 1926 they were married in San Rafael. Because they had both lived all their lives with their clothes in a valise they bought a big house up in San Francisco.

About three years ago Maxwell became production chief for NBC in San Francisco, and now Bobbe Deane takes part in a half dozen regular productions of the coast chain.

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Stretching for Beauty

(*Continued from page 87*)

one can take time during the day to stand up and stretch. The housewife will find her work easier if she will stop now and then, throw her hands up over her head and take a long stretch. Or, she can walk from one room to another on tip toes, stretching as she goes. The business girl's alibi doesn't hold water, either, because stretching is wonderful for relaxation. For girls under constant mental and physical strain, nothing helps more than occasional, but daily, stretching.

It shouldn't be necessary to have to tell people how to stretch. Children at play offer many suggestions and so do animals. Animals do not chin bars or swing dumbbells—they stretch. It's too bad in a way that we don't have to learn to stretch. Human nature being what it is, most of us have to go to a high-priced gymnasium and pay ten dollars a minute before we realize the value of Nature's exercise.

I find that there are many people, however, who have to be told how to stretch. They shouldn't have to be told really, because every one of us has our directions right inside of us—born there—just as they are in the cat and the tiger. But if you seem to have mislaid your directions, here are some suggestions:

The first thing in the morning, stretch. Stretch in every direction. Even if you're lazy, you won't mind this kind of exercise because you can do it while you are still in bed. Sit up and stretch—legs, ankles, feet—with your arms stretching above your head. Twist your body in all directions and stretch with all your might. After this you won't mind getting up because you'll feel very much alive after all this stretching. But keep on stretching even after you are up.

STAND on your tip toes and stretch to the ceiling—head stretching up, chin held straight, with your neck stretching up as if it were climbing right out of your shoulders.

If you do this properly you'll feel this stretch all the way down to the middle of your spine. Keep on stretching, your arms up, your feet apart, and pointing straight ahead. Stretch as high as you can, and then suddenly drop toward the floor—your head, and arms, and shoulders, and body limp like a rag doll. Do this last stretch several times—stretch and relax, stretch and relax. In just a few minutes, you'll find that your blood is circulating vigorously and you will feel all limbered up and ready for whatever the day has in store for you.

If you have a hard day at the office, or you're worn out with housework at the end of the day, try these stretching exercises and watch yourself revive. This particular exercise is suggested by one of our four-footed friends, the family cat. Lie flat on your stomach. Then slowly raise your back, supporting yourself on your hands and stretch your back higher and higher until it is arched like an angry cat's.

Here's another stretch that is wonderful for relaxation. Bend your knees and get down on the floor and crawl. Then from the crawl stretch your right arm and your left leg to their fullest extent along the floor. Keep the arm ahead of the figure and the leg behind. Now draw the left knee up under the chest and extend the left arm and the right leg. Do this exercise very slowly and repeat it fifteen times. It's fun, and is there any reason in the world why exercise shouldn't be fun?

HAVE you ever gone to bed with your mind going over and over events of the day or things you have planned for the next day? The next time this happens to you, try stretching. Strive to let go in mind and in body. Be limp. Then raise each arm and leg separately and allow them to fall as if they were dead weights. Open the jaws and relax the muscles of your face and neck. Now raise your head and then drop it ba limp on your pillow. Next stretch yo legs, through the heel muscles rath than through the muscles of the to and again relax. Then stretch yo arms and legs together and feel a ve distinct pull at your waistline. Y won't have to repeat these exercises ve often. You won't stay awake lo enough!

Stretching will increase your chances staying young by about eighty per ce because stretching keeps your body fit. S stretch for youth and stretch for beaut Stretch! Stretch! Stretch! You ha no idea what an improvement it will mak in the appearance of your skin and in th general aliveness of the whole of yo Try it. Stretch, and stretch again.

Miss Ingram will be pleased to answe any questions about exercising for beaut if you will write her in care of RADI DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York N. Y.—Editor.*

Correction

The November issue stated that France Ingram broadcasts regularly from CBS Miss Ingram gives Radio talks over a National Broadcasting network.

Baby Brings Home the Bacon

(*Continued from page 13*)

"What are you going to do when you grow up?"

She looked very solemn and grown-up then:

"Oh, I just want to be one thing. Just like Miss Tucker."

The Toomey's are a modest, unassuming and untheatrical family. Winifred leaves her dramatics at the studio door—and Mrs. Toomey is another mother who does not permit people to fuss over her child.

As far as we know, Winifred is the only one of the NBC Radio child stars, beside Jimmie McCallion, who does not come from a foreign family. It is astonishing to see them pulling the family up by the boot straps, so to speak, putting the other older kiddies through school and moving the folks from poverty row to luxury and Riverside Drive.

So this is Radio!

Capture of Radio Rum Ring

(*Continued from page 18*)

capture was the Coney Island raid on September 26th which I have described. But, as Mr. Simmons of the department of justice told me, Uncle Sam's agents are on the watch for new developments and new stations, and as fast as they are opened, they will be destroyed.

Radio listeners should remember, however, that it is a hard job for a small force of men to keep track of 100 illegally operating stations over an area of 2,200 miles, from Maine to Florida. If any reader of this article, "DXer" or amateur short wave listener, hears any suspicious call letters which he cannot locate on his chart, let him communicate immediately with the department of justice agents in his district. By so doing you may help in the break-up of this enormous rum syndicate, which has its tentacles upon the very life of the nation and endangers all peaceful citizens.

Making the Most of Matrimony

(*Continued from page 25*)

...not to one's mate. Whenever a ...and and wife are rude to each other, ... is bound to fly out of the window. A ...an should never permit her husband ...trample on her self-respect. She ...ld never be satisfied with anything ...than his finest love and his highest ...rd.

...She, in turn, should always appear ...er loveliest for him. Carelessness in ...onal detail will weaken her husband's ...e in her and may result in the loss ...is devotion. She doesn't need to be ...ensively dressed. But her clothes can ...east be neat and dainty.

...It has been my observation that many ...men often break up their homes be...se they display such faults as nagging, ...jousy, suspicion and whining, or they ...lect their duties as housewives. Or ...y don't know how to deal with their ...bands intelligently. A man will come ...e from a day's work all tired out ... she will immediately greet him with ...ecital of domestic woes. Or she will ...g him out to dinner or a party when ...is too exhausted to move.

...I believe that a woman should seek ... recreation during the day and be ...ling to do what her husband wants ...en he comes home at evening. If she ...es the same things as her husband, ... task will be simpler and they will be ...e to enjoy their leisure together. But ... should have other interests as well ... that she will always be a stimulating ...mpanion to her husband. Boredom ...n be just as fatal to marriage as any ... the deadly sins.

"FOR that reason man ...d wife should not limit each other's ...edom. Each should be able to have ...ends. Anybody with any kind of men...lity cannot be shut off from contact ...th other minds. Besides," she laughed, "...f you don't give a man enough rope, ...'ll take it anyway, after much bickering ...d quarreling. You simply have to trust ...ur husband. One must remember, too, ...at a man may be interested in other ...omen without wanting to exchange any ...e of them for his own wife, assuming, ... course, that she has given him of her ...st.

"I believe that if a man has the free...om to meet those of the opposite sex, ...ou take the spice out of the forbidden ...uit and there is no particular desire for ...anting it. The same holds true of the ...oman.

"This does not mean, though, that there ...ill not be cause for jealousy. Wherever ...here is love, there is bound to be jealousy. But one must recognize that it really is a childish trait which can create considerable havoc in marriage, unless it is severely disciplined. This isn't easy to do, but it can be done.

"Certainly," twinkled Mrs. Ziegfeld, "no woman has ever had more cause for jealousy than I. Beautiful women are always throwing themselves at Mr. Ziegfeld or writing him love notes. He is probably subjected to more temptation than any other man. But I had seen the misery that jealousy had caused in other homes, and I determined, in the early years of my marriage, that that green-eyed ogre was not going to disturb our domestic peace. I trained myself to view the situation calmly and to realize that these exuberant young women are merely trying to get a job. There was no reason for me to become excited or jealous.

"BUT everybody must allow for frailties of human nature. There may be escapades that are not the result of a misdirected imagination. However, if a woman has regarded her marriage as a challenge to the utmost skill of her mind, she need hardly fear that an alluring outsider will invade her hearthplace. A man of character takes pride in a comfortable, hospitable home, and unless the circumstances are unusual, he would not think of breaking it up.

"The trouble is, though, that a woman is apt to take a man's fidelity and respect for granted. With the ceremony finished, she thinks she can relax from her efforts to do anything for her husband. But marriage is a job at which she must work every day. She must know that there will be storms to face and trials to bear. Marriage is no more devoid of these difficulties than life itself is. That is why she doesn't gain anything when she runs away from them by seeking a divorce.

"If, on the other hand, she makes up her mind that come what may, she will weather the storms, and willingly, and even eagerly, put into marriage everything she can, she will find that not only will she hold her husband's love, but that nothing life has to offer can bring such great joy and exquisite happiness as the companionship between them."

She paused to look into the garden where Patricia was playing, and to fondly wave her hand.

"I know," she said, as she turned to me, "that none of the triumphs I enjoyed on the stage, nor the money it brought me, has given me such happiness as being a wife and mother. That is the greatest rôle any woman can play in life."



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, October, 1930. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymond Bill, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO DIGEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Editor—Raymond Bill, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Managing Editor—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Business Manager—Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Radio Digest Publishing Corp., Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward Lyman Bill, C. L. Bill, Randolph Brown, J. B. Spillane, B. Titman, and Charles R. Tighe all of 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for which such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.) Raymond Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September 1930, Harry Heag, Notary Public, County Clerk's No. 245, N. Y. County Register's No. 11177. Term expires March 30, 1931 (Seal.)

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 67*)

The Lewises lived in Los Angeles and were professional musicians. They didn't want their daughter to enter the same field, but before Welcome was six years old she was singing about the house in that same low-pitched voice that has since made her famous. By the time she was twelve she was singing prologues in Sid Grauman's motion picture houses, billed as the "Girl Phenomenon".

Then, as they say in the movies, came the war. Welcome devoted herself to benefit work, singing at Red Cross concerts and training camps up and down the coast. After the war she went home to take care of her mother. They were devoted to each other and for the remainder of her mother's life she remained at home. Then she went into vaudeville. She had had little voice training, for a famous teacher once told her that hers was a voice that should never be trained but should be left to develop naturally. There are few voices that can be treated like that, but apparently the teacher was right, for she immediately became successful in vaudeville and was soon making phonograph records.

In fact it was a phonograph record that was responsible for her introduction to Radio, and if it hadn't been for that record she might have been playing the three-a-day on some vaudeville circuit now. She had been in vaudeville for four years, and then one night a friend of hers gave a party. Among the guests was a director of the National Broadcasting Company. The host played one of Miss Lewis' records for the entertainment of his guests.

"There's a girl who would make a great Radio singer," declared the director.

IT HAPPENED that Miss Lewis was in New York then. The host promptly telephoned her, and next day she was given an audition. A contract soon followed. That was a year ago, and since then Miss Lewis has turned down several offers to appear in Broadway musical shows. She has not given up the stage for good, however. Sometime, when the pressure of her Radio work becomes less, she told me, she hopes to play in at least one Broadway show, but it's impossible to say when that will be.

She used to live in New York City, but she recently moved to Westchester so her favorite pet, a wire-haired terrier named "Snip" would have more room to play. When she isn't busy at the studio she makes phonograph records for Victor and does odd jobs around her place in Westchester. She loves mechanics and spends half her time in a suit of overalls crawling under and over her automobile. She did all the electrical wiring in the house herself. She isn't married and she spends her evenings reading fan mail and studying French.

Annette Hanshaw

WE'RE walking up Fifth Avenue, the major part of "we"—I do sound like the Lindberghs, don't I—being the diminutive Miss Annette Hanshaw. Little Miss Van Heusen, they call her sometimes, for it is on that program which comes to you every Thursday night over WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System, that the tiny "blues" singer is featured.

She's all of five feet tall. All of ninety-five pounds heavy. She has blond curly hair, a skin like peaches and cream. She wears a black velvet beret, a terribly smart black and white dress, black slippers with saucy bows.

As we stroll up the Avenue we peer into shop windows, deciding that the new fur trimmings are adorable, that suede shoes are lovely, but very impractical, that the most ravishing dress we've seen is a plain black one with just three white velvet calla lilies as a corsage.

We lunch at one of those places where there are oriental rugs on the floor and the pats of butter have imperial crests molded on them. And such food! That alligator pear salad! That dessert with the candied chestnuts! However . . . this isn't a fashion talk or a food talk. This is an interview.

First, the skeleton in her closet.

Annette Hanshaw admits she's a 'fraid cat. She's afraid of bugs and rats and thunder storms, and most of all—of the microphone. Yes, in spite of years of Radio experience, she says that every time she broadcasts she is so upset and nervous she wants to grab her hat and run.

"But, why?" I asked.

"Because I'm so afraid I'll fail, not sing my best. Suppose I should have to cough. Suppose I didn't get just the right pitch. And all those people listening."

"All those people listening." That is the secret of her fear. She is afraid of disappointing her audience. Yet she never has. Always her voice is true and sweet, her words clear, understandable, and always her listener is conscious of a very human, "just folks" kind of personality.

Radio isn't her only iron in the fire. Under her own name and also under the names of Patsy Young, Gay Ellis, and Dot Dare, she has made records for many phonograph companies. Over a million of her records have been sold, which, you will admit, is some record! She composes music, too. Two of the popular hits she has written are *Sweet One* and *Till Your Happiness Happens Alo*

She's been humming tunes ever si she was two years old and at six, w a box of candy as a reward, climbed u a chair and sang a solo. "And," she sa "I still like candy. It's all right for to eat it. But I shouldn't drink much coffee." Whereupon she asked waiter for another cup.

Once Miss Hanshaw thought she wo be an artist, and entered the Natio School of Design. She even got so far designing an advertisement for a lipsti company. But four years ago, wh spending a winter in Florida, she w asked to sing over the local station, a that was that. Radio has claimed h ever since.

She says her most important hobby her fifteen-year-old brother. This you brother wants to be a doctor. "I know says Annette Hanshaw, "it's a career th takes years and years, but that's wh he's wanted to do from childhood, ar I'm going to help him to do it. F there's no greater happiness than knowin what you want to do and being able t do it."

"Yes," she added, "I'm one of the luck ones. I want to sing over the Radio an I want to make phonograph records, an that's just what I'm doing."

Marcella

(*Continued from page 69*)

borough which is the target for every joke about babies, museums and grave yards. His first business background wa the Mutual Life Insurance Company Now and then he would study singing a a hobby. And he spent one week in the Scranton coal mines—but he did not like the taste of coal dust sandwiches. He was on the original cast of the Jeddo Highlanders and the Seiberling Singers We'll get at the "Q" yet if it takes all of Scotland Yard's detectives.

* * *

SORRY, Ruth, but no one seems to know where Bill Jonason disappeared. KGBZ says he hasn't been on their station for some time, but maybe someone scanning these columns has heard him recently and will send the news to me.

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

John Garland

(*Continued from page 64*)

…und you! I'll make you pay for …terference!"

…ne else thought of bidding. With…rning a hair John Garland paid … pounds for a tea-pot and seven… …r a china ornament. Then came … no. Sewell started it.

"… pounds!" he said.

"A…urd!" Garland murmured. "Twen…

"T…rty!" Sewell replied.

"F…ty!" Garland bid.

The room became breathlessly still. …s were sums which belonged to fairy-…d. The last bid was Sewell's—one …d and forty pounds. Garland … for a moment.

"… that Mr. Sewell's bid?" he asked.

"…s, sir," the auctioneer answered, …r.

…and leaned over and struck a few … upon the piano—a miserable, worn… …tair, barely worth the amount of …st bid. He shook his head.

"…don't believe Miss Cressley cares … this piano much," he said. "Half …tes seem to be gone, too. I think … Mr. Sewell have it."

"…s a rascally swindle!" Sewell roared. "…n't pay for it. Put it up again."

J…n Garland smiled.

"…certainly didn't pledge my word to …verything," he said. "I dare say …ll be pickings for you, Mr. Sewell."

Sewell flung himself out of the room, …d he sale was over in half an hour. …e vicar wrung John Garland's hand.

"…od bless you, sir!" he said. "You …n't find a better use for your money …a this, I promise you. She's the …rest, most unselfish little lady that …e breathed."

"…glad to hear you say so, sir," Garland …ered. "I'm going to marry her to…ow."

"…e vicar looked amazed. "Is it a …?"

"…ou can tell anyone you like," John …nd answered, "except Miss Cress…n case you should see her first."

"…oesn't she know?" the vicar gasped.

"…ot yet!" John Garland answered. "…te in the evening Mary Cressley …stealing back from the farm on the …s where she had spent most of the …

A fine snow was falling, and a cold …blew through her thin clothes. She …mbered that there would be no fur…niture nor any fire in her stripped home, and a sob came into her throat. Perhaps they would have left a rug or something—her clothes she was not sure about. Tears dimmed her eyes as she made her way down the little lane. It was her last home-coming. When she reached the gate she peered in, and her heart almost stopped beating. The furniture was all there! Nothing had been taken away!

She began to tremble. She scarcely knew how she pushed open the door. From the kitchen came a pleasant smell of cooking—the parlour door was open. She peered in. A great figure rose from his knees.

"Mr. Garland!" she exclaimed.

"May as well call me John," he answered, "as we're going to be married to-morrow."

She fell into his arms. Her hat was crushed, and the little fair curls came tumbling over her ears. He took the pale face in his strong hands, and kissed her upon the lips.

"Mary, you little fool," he said, "why didn't you send for me?"

"I don't know," she murmured, weakly. "I thought you were going to be married."

"So I am, to you, to-morrow," he answered. "I've fixed it up with the vicar. Come in to supper and I'll tell you all about it."

He led her out of the room, his arm around her waist. She forgot that she had ever been wet and cold and lonely. For a moment she believed that she had died upon the moor and been taken up into heaven. And then he kissed her once more upon the lips, and she knew that she was on earth!



"Been on a vacation Bill?"

"No, Jim—I've stopped smoking.

Gained six pounds in a week. You know how I used to smoke—a package of cigarettes and a cigar or two a day—it sure had some hold on me. I tried to stop many times but could only quit for a few days. But I'm through forever now—took a scientific home tobacco treatment—fixed me up in two weeks.

"Wasn't hard on me at all—noticed improvement the first day—I feel like a new man. It didn't interfere with my work—didn't leave any druggish after-effects—the money I saved in the last two weeks has paid for the treatment alone.

"Why don't you take it? It has entirely banished the tobacco habit for many thousands of men like you and me. It has been successfully used for over fifty years and comes to you with a money-back guarantee—it is a doctor's individual prescription that sure fixes you up. Write for full information NOW. No obligation. All correspondence is strictly confidential."

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Floyd Gibbons's Big Thrill

(*Continued from page 32*)

ness to the great putch—putch, you know, is German for revolution. Well, sir, Larry went to Munich——"

Mac is tapping him on the arm. Gibbons goes on reading. He goes a little faster. Mac continues tapping. Floyd goes faster.

These taps are unknown to the public. But they are a most important part of an extensive signal system vital to Radio newspaper editing. Tapping means faster. Stroking the arm means slower. Mac's every move, every nod, every wave of the fingers, means something in this signal system.

Floyd is into the plane crash story.

"—left on a flight across the——"

It is dramatic—tense. Passengers in danger, he reads on.

"—was equipped with a four hundred and twenty-five horsepower motor——" Mac finds that another page is missing. A brief, frantic hunt for the missing page with more of the details of the plane crash. It is gone. Floyd is nearing the point where he must turn to the missing page. Mac signals that it is gone.

"—And then, ... and then—the plane was completely demolished."

On into the story of the death of Karl Boy-ed. The seconds tick into minutes and Mac's tapping becomes frantic.

"The United Press shoots a story from Washington—Bobby Dunn and I were down in Mexico with Pancho Villa."

IN ALL, forty seconds have been wasted in mishaps. Forty precious seconds. More than 110 words wasted. They must be deleted. Mac works frantically with the blue pencil. Gibbons rushes along. An item is deleted. Mac's tapping changes to stroking, the last minute is reached. The broadcast must be finished exactly on time, not earlier, not later. The seconds tick off. The newest member of the wind-up club has been announced.

"E. Ray Webster, a shoe salesman. I guess a shoe salesman should get something to boot, so, in addition to his membership in the wind-up club, he wins the sandpaper socks for footing this column with the following":——

Floyd Gibbons is saying good night just as the second hand of the studio clock reaches one minute to twelve.

"—and until tomorrow night, at [illegible] hour, good night. This is Edward T[illegible] gesen announcing."

Twelve o'clock on the second. On [illegible] button, according to the studio parla[illegible]

The paper has gone to bed. It has g[illegible] to bed on time. That is the thing [illegible] counts. The incident of the missing f[illegible] page is forgotten. The fact that the m[illegible] ing manuscript on the plane crash has b[illegible] lying on a piano in the rear of the stu[illegible] is forgotten. No one cares how it [illegible] there. The tenseness has left Floyd G[illegible] bons. He once more becomes the affa[illegible] pleasure-loving, spontaneous eternal you[illegible] his friends know him to be.

HE WILL be paid appr[illegible] imately $300.00 for his broadcast. [illegible] work is over for the day. And until [illegible] morrow night at this hour, Floyd Gibb[illegible] relaxes.

We repair to a restaurant for a bite [illegible] supper.

"And is that," I asked, "a fair sam[illegible] of what you go through twice daily?"

"Everything went unusually smooth tonight," he replied. "You'll have to wat[illegible] another session to get the real thrill [illegible] this thing. For instance, one night t[illegible] studio clock stopped and we didn't kn[illegible] how much time was left. And one nig[illegible] when Mac was sick and the substitu[illegible] tapped my arm when he should ha[illegible] stroked and I had to ad-lib for two f[illegible] minutes, and again. . . ." On and o[illegible] mishap after mishap, thrill after thri[illegible] In his year of fighting against unstretc[illegible] able seconds, Floyd Gibbons has been [illegible] time ninety-nine per cent of the tim[illegible] You could count on your fingers and to[illegible] the number of times he has failed [illegible] finish "on the button".

Only a man of Floyd Gibbons' vitalit[illegible] and nervous energy, could carry on th[illegible] way he is forced to. I was willing [illegible] admit that he was not spoofing when h[illegible] told me that editing his Radio newspape[illegible] was the greatest thrill in his life.

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Don Carney

(Continued from page 65)

ed in the world's greatest city with
ld suit-case which sheltered nothing
valuable than a well-worn tuxedo.
ish he carried a total of 15 cents. It
a tough winter for Don Carney.

So WERE the next few
's, spent as a lifeguard at Avalon,
J., and playing small movie parts.
fter the movies, Carney cycled back
audeville. It was the same old grind
ing around to dinky booking offices.
ing bookings occasionally, fame never.
lly in May, 1928, Jules von Tilzer,
of the brothers of famous Harry,
to Don:
Why don't you try Radio?"
I don't know—I never thought of
."
Say, you go down to the McAlpin,
n to station WMCA, and ask for
rins. Tell him I sent you."
atient Don Carney went to WMCA,
ved at a moment in the afternoon
n an immediate audition was possible.
sat down at the piano, played and
into the microphone. Norrins, sit-
in his office, listened to the resonant
e coming out of the loud-speaker,
ed Carney in, and said:
Well, you're good. But I haven't any
for you right now."
Then there's nothing doing?"
I'm sorry. Leave me your address,
when I want something of your type,
let you know."
Carney was writing his name and ad-
ss on a piece of paper which he had
ed up from Norrins' desk when Walter
ff, WMCA announcer came in and an-
nced plaintively:
What in the dickens are we going to
tonight?"
Norrins: "I don't know. What do you
an?"
Well, I've got to go out on a remote
trol job, and there'll be nobody here
announce that bunch from the African
thodist Episcopal Church."
You mean there won't be anybody
e to announce the program in the
dio?"
That's what I've been trying to say."
Daring Don lifted his head.
Why not let me do it?" he asked.
Your voice sounds O.K. to me," said
ff.
His voice is all right," declared Nor-
s.
Then why don't we let him try it?"
Why don't we?"
And furthermore, if he makes good
night, why don't we give him a job?"
Why don't we?"
Thereupon Neff led the future famous
ncle Don into the studio, showed him
w to switch from one microphone to
other, parted from him with a prayer
r the amateur's success.

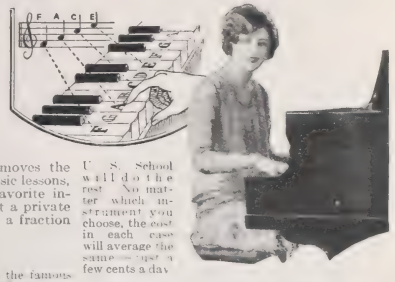
To those who think Learning Music is hard-

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Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
Sight Singing	
Piano Accordion	
Italian and German Accordion	
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No sooner had Don Carney become an announcer and all-around fill-in entertainer than he saw the possibilities of broadcasting, concentrated upon microphone technic, sound effects, and all things requisite in the broadcasting of multitudinous roles and character parts. Ambitious, he worked hard at WMCA, made contacts with larger stations, landed a job at WOR.

One afternoon at the studios Al Cormier, WOR commercial manager, came to him hurriedly and said:

"Don, I've got a prospective client coming up to the studios—he'll be here in thirty minutes. Have you got anything that would do for a half-hour kids' entertainment?"

"Why—not up to this moment, but—say, sure I've got something. I'll have it ready for you in half an hour!"

Trusting Al said O.K., brought his client to the listening post and sold the account. In that brief half hour Carney had worked out the idea of "Uncle Don." had rung in the airplane, harmonica and Simple Simon, had written a little song, and had created a line of chatter, a thread of helpful philosophy which caught the fancy of the client at the moment and amassed a following of half a million signed members within a year.

But the half million Uncle Donites, and the other hundreds of thousands who listen but do not write are only a part of the great audience that follows the multiplied activities of Carney the Versatile. Other thousands smile thrice weekly with his Book House Story Man, and millions set their dials once a week to follow the hamlet happenings of Luke Higgins in "Main Street Sketches." Not only does Carney play Uncle Don, Simple Simon, Uncle Otto, Book House Story Man, Luke Higgins—he himself writes nearly all of the material for these characters, including the enormous task of preparing the weekly script for Main Street.

AWAY from the microphone he is the happy husband of the beautiful girl he married last summer.

Earnest, eager, sympathetic, yet ambitious withal, this genial rover epitomizes his concept of life quaintly and beats about on bushes to come to his point:

"I'd like to live in a thatched hut on a palm beach somewhere in Florida or the South Sea Islands. Meanwhile I bring as much of nature as I can into our apartment—many kinds of plants, an aquarium. The Central Park Reservoir is nearby. I take long walks in the park. I guess that's the best any of us cliff dwellers can do.

A Radio Column—*By* Heywood Broun

(*Continued from page 51*)

out what it was they wanted. All the newspaper men used to listen attentively and at the end of every speech somebody would shout, "What's the matter with Hugo Slavia." And then we would all shout "It's all right." And then we would sing "Auld Lang Syne" and go home.

So LONG as this is reminiscence night I might say a little about a forgotten figure whose name has just come up once more in the newspapers. I found this name on page twenty-six. It used to be page one. Gertrude Ederle is a swimming instructor in an obscure swimming pool at Rye, New York. She is almost deaf and she says that the money she earned in vaudeville is practically gone. She told the reporters "If I had known how it was going to be—I don't think I would have done it. It wasn't worth it."

You remember what IT was. Four years ago—come August—Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel. She was the first woman to swim the Channel and she did it in faster time than anyone had ever accomplished it—girl, boy or man. Her record did get beaten later on by several men. But after all she had softened up the Channel for them.

If Miss Ederle's hearing was definitely impaired by the Channel swim that is a big price to pay. Maybe the feat brought her less in fame and fortune than she had hoped. Nobody except Lindbergh ever got a more glorious welcome home. I don't even think the Colonel himself beat Trudy by more than half a ton of ticker tape. People always stop cheering after a while. You have got to expect that. But I am thinking of something—of something more lasting and deeper than the keys of the city and a speech by the Mayor. Gertrude Ederle may not realize, now, and perhaps she never knew that—she was a symbol. When she reached the far side of the channel and dug her toes into sand and gravel she gave every woman in the world a chance to stand a little straighter and a little more securely. Over a course which had been tried again and again she had done better than the best man. Perhaps it isn't logical to say what one woman has done—women can do. But that is the line that thinking follows. The world could never be quite the same again. You couldn't go on dividing humankind up into sturdy oaks and clinging vines. I'm a clinging oak myself. A vine that could swim the English Channel wasn't exactly what you might call clinging. And I think that even today the effect hasn't been entirely lost. Four years ago we heard more about woman's sphere and, "Of course this is a man's job." And all that. Every time Trudy splashed her way through a big wave she kicked a tradition in the face. The Channel might have been some old gentleman saying, "No, no—not for little girls". And she showed him and all other old gentlemen in the world—old gentlemen of nineteen or ninety—that woman was not inevitably the weaker vessel. Not when it came to crossing a Channel.

I am not arguing that women should invade every field now occupied by men. I don't know that the home or the universe would be better off if we had women piano movers or if Vassar went in for intercollegiate football. It isn't necessary that some forthright and strong-minded female should hit Max Schmeling in the jaw and knock him out—but I don't think that is altogether impossible—I know that life today isn't run to any great extent by weight lifters—and yet I suppose thousands and hundreds of thousands of women have been denied all kinds of jobs for which they were superbly fitted for no better reason than that they were women. The very word feminine is used to denote weakness and passivity. We even have feminine endings in metrical schemes. If a man named Gilbert had a job and made a mess of it we would say, "Gilbert wasn't much good." But if a girl called Sally scored a failure at some piece of work a great number of people in the community would not be content in blaming the failure on Sally's individual shortcomings. They would probably say, "How like a woman." The whole theory of the masterful man rests upon the naive belief that any m can look a woman in the eye, grab h by the wrist and say "Come here." A that if he does she will not only advan meekly in his direction but love him.

But if the system amounts to anythi it has to be universal. One channel sw mer is enough to break the whole cha Imagine some man trying to chuck G trude Ederle under the chin. I do mean, of course, that as soon as Tru swam the Channel every discriminati against womankind ceased upon the stant. But it was one of the things whi helped. And it is still helping. It w worth it. I don't care whether there logic in that fact or not. Whoever sa this world was run on logical lines? A if you think there is no discriminati against women look at the laws of yo own state and see what a husband can with a wife's earnings in scores a scores of communities. And if you don want to take the trouble to look up th law books just take a glance around th office where you work. In hundreds o occupations women get less pay for do ing precisely the same work as a ma And when it comes to picking executive you know perfectly well that a far mor capable woman will be passed up in fa vor of a man. Of course lots of busi nesses are being run by women today Some woman acts as boss in plenty o establishments. But the salary goes t somebody else. She is the private secre tary or the assistant to the president o something like that. How do you sup pose business men get so much time t play golf—because each one of them ha some woman in the office who knows a great deal more about the concern an its affairs than he does.

I do not want to seem seditious to my sex. Complete equality has its advantages. I stopped giving up my seat in the subway as soon as a woman swam the channel. There was no longer any point in my pretending that I could withstand the buffets of the crowd just because I was a man. Swimming the channel is just as hard as getting out of a Bronx express in the rush hour.

CHIVALRY is just another way of saying, "There! There! little girl! Don't bother your pretty little head about such things."

And maybe she wants to bother her head. And tackle the problem for herself. It doesn't have to be the English Channel. But that is a good way to start. Please take it back Trudy. Don't say it wasn't worth it. Oh yes it was. Listen a little closer. Can't you still hear it—yes, you can,—that's it—ringing down four years and further—"Atta girl."

FANNIE HURST ANSWERS IT!

Is it true that romance went out with the crinoline skirts and the clinging vine?

That love no longer means all to woman and that she would not make sacrifices for it?

That there is no romance in modern marriage?

America's most brilliant woman novelist answers these questions in an interesting interview on

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Scheduled for January Radio Digest

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The Reality of the Spiritual World

(*Continued from page 50*)

Both operations accompanied as they are by physical phenomena are also accompanied by psychic phenomena. Neither can be understood completely without the recognition of the reality of the spiritual world, and, in fact, human life itself is full of puzzles and misunderstandings and misconceptions unless that world is taken into account.

Identifying myself with this more scientific group of investigators, I say that the region of matter and the region of religion are both important, the physical and the spiritual are interlocked. The methods of dealing with the two regions are not so distinct, so isolated, so discordant as has been thought.

WE ENTERTAIN the ambitious hope of bringing the two bodies together and raising, as it were, Jacob's ladder between the two worlds, extending the methods of science into another dimension and breaking into the region of spirit as through a trap door.

We are seeking to verify strange assertions and to extend the methods of scientific proof beyond their recognized scope and into regions where they have been thought to be inapplicable.

We are not surprised at the opposition we meet with. We are aware of random utterances of believers of whose weakness we are fully conscious, and yet we hope that in due time our work will be judged by its fruits.

Speaking for myself, I believe that existence is continuous and that death is not a break in its continuity but a mere sloughing off of the material body. We go to a spiritual body, a body which we have though it makes no appeal to a large percentage of us. We shall continue in the spiritual body when the material body has been left behind. I hold that we are incarnations of spirit here and now, spiritual beings in contact with the physical world and living on this planet for something under a century. Existence in the physical world is of considerable importance in the history of the soul and appears to be the beginning of an individual existence or personality. Whatever has happened before, I know certainly that the individual continues thereafter and carries with him his powers, his memory, and his affections. These, and these only, are his inalienable possessions; all else of the material order he has perforce to abandon and leave behind. Powers, memory and affections—these he retains.

The process of growth and development continued apparently without limit, and whilst his friends are struggling still with the material organism, he is able to help them and occasionally communicate with them. We are surrounded by a cloud of witnesses and helpers, and our terrestrial activities form an insignificant proportion of the whole of existence.

We have concentrated too much upon matter and have attended too little to the possibilities of space. Space is enormously more extensive than matter. The worlds in space, though so numerous and huge, occupy an infinitesimal portion of the space available. Already science is discovering that all activity, all energy, all spontaneity is to be traced to the properties possessed by what we call empty space, and matter that speaks to our senses is purely demonstrative.

The loud speaker had nothing to do with inventing this utterance of mine, and yet it articulates, I hope distinctly, and in many respects is acting like a brain. The vibrations of the diaphragm show what is going on in space. They have initiative of their own.

We are only now beginning to real the immensity of the powers which m about those pointers and bring about the phenomena, some of which we familiar with.

The real fact is that we are in midst of a spiritual world which dom nates the material. It constitutes great and present reality whose powe we are only beginning to realize, and force of which would seem prodigio and terrifying had we not been assur that these majestic energies are all co trolled by a beneficent power whose nam is love. Knowing this, we can face a destiny that may call us, and so let take courage and proceed and greet t unknown with a cheer. God bless yo

Lowell Thomas—Radio's New Voice

(*Continued from page 9*)

On this man's head the Turks had placed a price of $250,000. Allenby told Thomas this glamorous and romantic character was Colonel T. E. Lawrence, archæologist and soldier. "Would you like to meet him?" Allenby asked. "It could be arranged."

So Thomas met Lawrence in the heart of the desert land closed to Christians for thirteen centuries. He went with this Nomad into the Desert and witnessed the organization of Lawrence's wild army. The story of how this army was assembled and how it saved the Allied cause in Asia Minor was brought back by Lowell Thomas, the only person to obtain an imperishable record of that historic conflict.

When finally the Cross had triumphed at Armageddon and blazed throughout the Holy Land, the British Government, to insure the safety of the precious films taken by Thomas and Chase, detailed a special warship to bring the two adventurers back to Europe in order that copies of the films might be preserved for the British Imperial Museum.

There were still adventures lurking nearby, and Thomas wasted no time getting into the centre of action. The Armistice was signed while he was in Paris. Almost before the final barrage had ceased, Thomas was attempting to gain entrance into Germany. Fifteen times he tried. The sixteenth attempt was successful, and Thomas was the first man to see the Central Powers in the convulsion of revolt and to bring back the story of the German Revolution. No only did he use his own eyes to witne history in the making. He imprisoned forever on the imperishable record o celluloid by using the camera's eye.

After reporting his experiences in Ger many to the Peace Conference in Paris Thomas embarked on a speaking tour i 1919, telling of his experiences as a wa correspondent. The tale of his exploit with Allenby and Lawrence quickly caught the public fancy.

THOMAS returned to America for a short time after his round-the-world tour. But he was not home for long. In 1922 he accompanied the Prince of Wales on his trip, through India. After that he headed expeditions into Malaya, India, Upper Burmah and Central Asia, returning to Paris late in 1923 to tell of his adventures on these expeditions.

Pausing only long enough to catch his breath, Thomas set out on another adventure. He acted as historian of the first world airplane flight and later hopped off on a 25,000-mile jaunt over Europe, Asia and Africa.

The wanderer finally returned home. He had written many books of adventure, among them "With Lawrence in Arabia," "Beyond Khyber Pass," and "Count Luckner, the Sea Devil." There were more books to be written, more stories to tell. And a young son, Lowell Jackson, was growing up.

FANNIE HURST asks "Is Romance Dead?"

Radio Digest

January

25 CENTS



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DIAMONDS *by* HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Alexander Woollcott ÷ *H. G. Wells* ÷ *George Bernard Shaw*

BIGGEST MOMENTS IN MY LIFE *by* MARIA JERITZA

Miss Adams tells you how to procure your own solar horoscope—FREE



The Dentists' Dentifrice should be your FAMILY DENTIFRICE



MANY people remember the time when trips to the dentist were made only to get relief from pain. In those days, no one thought of going for prevention, before pain developed.

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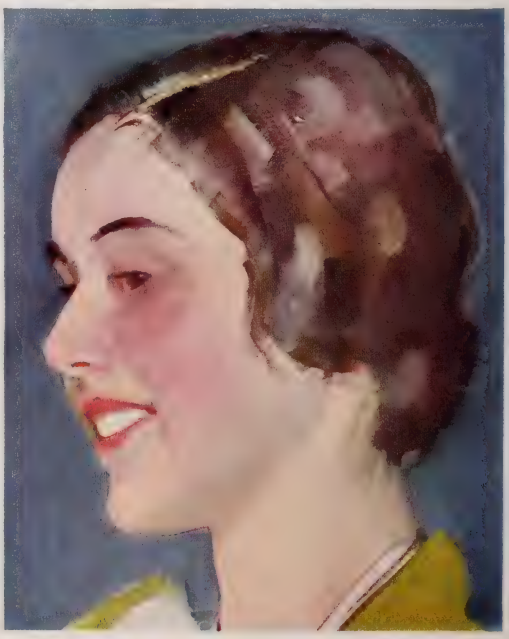
The teeth of boys and girls also need Forhan's protection, to supplement the dentist's watchful care. No dentifrice can do a more thorough job of reaching every fissure and crevice of the teeth during these critical years.

In the adult mouth, Forhan's serves a double purpose. It cleans the teeth, of course, but in addition it helps to stimulate the gums. Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, it rouses sluggish circulation, brings to gum tissues a pleasant tingling, and helps to keep them in the coral glow of health.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that Forhan's is only a pyorrhea treatment. If you suspect that you have this ailment, if your gums are tender, see your dentist at once. When the mouth is healthy—before any tenderness develops—is the time to adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice. It is far better to avoid disease than to treat it after it develops. The use of this scientific dentifrice will help you to keep the mouth of youth well into middle age.

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New Forhan's program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time—Columbia network.



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YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A

★ ★ Clearer, softer skin

rances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," told a charming woman who recently ame to consult me. "Keep your skin im-aculately clean... Keep it youthful at my .x stars... And *you* are youthfully lovely."

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"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

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I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't *you* follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.





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★ THE THROAT — *To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.*

★ THE NECK — *To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

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JEAN GIFFORD DANTE says "Ah din' learn to be no 'nouncer, it jus' growed on me" . . . like Topsy, whose darktown dialect she gets so pat on the WCAU Children's Hour every Sunday.

January, 1931

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JEANETTE M DONALD has angelic smile an golden halo and altogether seraphic. picture her next she deserts Hollyw for the purpose of a ing you Radio f



ANN LEAF of CBS . . . it's hard to believe that such a little, dainty scrap of femininity could manipulate a great big organ . . . and stay up late at night to do it, too . . . but she does!



LOYCE WHITE MAN . . . "Oh wh a find we have in her, says Manager Geral King of KFWB. Swee pretty, brings tears t their eyes with her bal lads, reaps laughs wit her blues . . . just perfect

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New Year Greetings —and a Message

Happy New Year! And may 1931 bring you a full measure of prosperity. That is our sincere wish for the many friends of RADIO DIGEST.

It is fitting at this time to look back upon the accomplishments of the old year, and although the New RADIO DIGEST has been in existence but four months, we view with deep satisfaction the progress that has been made and the words of praise, encouragement and help that have come from all parts of the country from our readers.

There is pleasure, too, in the thought that by reducing the price of RADIO DIGEST from thirty-five cents to twenty-five cents we start the new year with the performance of a service to our readers.

We look upon 1931 as a period of opportunity; a time during which plans for the further improvement of RADIO DIGEST may be brought to fruition.

There are many problems to solve but we are confident of attaining our goal with the support of our friends. You can do your part toward overcoming a problem of distribution by subscribing for RADIO DIGEST by the year. By doing this you will help us to stabilize our circulation and you will also insure receiving RADIO DIGEST each month at your home.

There will be no let-down in the quality of RADIO DIGEST. Our policy as announced in September, 1930, that——

> "RADIO DIGEST *will not be edited with any endeavor at salacious or cheap appeals. It will aim to enable the American public to appreciate in a greater degree and in larger numbers the world of romance, entertainment and knowledge which is open to them through the Radio.*"

——remains unchanged. That is our pledge for 1931.

THE PUBLISHERS

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

HAPPY New Year! Yip-eee! whoop the Light Hearted . . . Watch Your Step, warn the Clipped Wingers and . . . God be with You, wish Veterans of Time . . . before you know it we'll all be wafting farewell to "Old 1931."

* * *

IN THE meantime let's take a peek into the pages of the calendar just ahead—Aha! Bright lights . . . tables with snowy napery . . . gleaming highlights . . . musicians . . . fair faces . . . swirling figures . . . and we hear the muffled glide of nimble toes on polished floor as the music swings from fast to slow to fast. One bright scene melts into another. A voice that we all know is speaking. Rudy Vallee, regular contributor to RADIO DIGEST, will be our guide in an article he has written for the February number. He calls it Night Clubs of New York. It is the most intimate thing Mr. Vallee has ever written, in our opinion, and you meet the various night club hosts and hostesses as his guest.

* * *

OUR Miss Lillian G. Genn is a most agreeable young person. She slips into the office quietly, talks scarcely above a whisper and listens a great deal. Before you know it you have told her everything she wants to know and then she goes. The next thing you know she has a story. Last month she brought you the exclusive story of Billie Burke in her own home. Now she has a story from the lips of Mrs. Fred Stone, wife of the famous comedian. What kind of a person is a great stage comedian in his own home? Well, sometimes he is funny when he doesn't mean to be. Take, for instance, the time when Mr. Stone dug 5,000 holes for 5,000 trees on his 2,300 acre ranch. It was to be a great forest. And when the trees came—Oh boy, you must read what Mrs. Stone says about that. It's all very special for RADIO DIGEST readers next month.



* * *

And while we are on the subject of rib tickling it will interest you to know that we have a special article for one of our issues of the near future dealing with some of the comic idiosyncrasies of well known stage and mike stars who sometimes behave like they had lost their minds when they find themselves in a broadcasting studio. The title of the article is *I Thought I'd Die!* Don't know right now whether we will be able to cram this into our overflowing February number or not. But the old diaphragm is going to get a twist when you do read it.

ONE of the most remarkable characters of Ameri success romance that we know about is the story of B. A. Rolfe, leader of the Lucky Strike da orchestra. He has made millions lost millions. Did you know that has twice been one of the great of motion picture producers? knows what it is to be a millionai with landed estates one day practically broke the next. But is never down hearted. It's all it life-time. It is a thrilling story a reads like fiction as it has be especially written for RADIO DIGEST by Alma Sio Scarberry, author of the first Radio novel, and you'll seeing it soon.



* * *

What's Doty Hobart going to have? somebody as That's funny. We started him off to get a story abo what we called the Radio Police Patrol, sent wir around to correspondents to rush material in fro various cities where the police are cruising around Radio equipped automobiles waiting word from hea quarters to dash in and run crime ragged. But Do reported back that he had run across a better story. H wants to call it Watchdogs of the Air, and it's all abo what Uncle Sam is doing to keep all of his big family Radio stations in their proper places, so they won't t treading on each other's toes, yelping and spoilin things for everybody. Now we're as keen as you are t see what he's going to bring in. But in the meantin we're getting that other story into shape to use anywa

* * *

DO YOU know that one of the greatest of moder conductors could not see a score unless it wa placed against his nose. But what a memory! Artur Toscanini, maestro of the New Yor Philharmonic Symphony orchestr knows intimately every note h heart in ninety operas! His nea sightedness has been remarkabl compensated by the gods. He ha been known to remember for a yea one tiny mistake by a player which a the time seemed to pass unnoticed Musical errors have been known t send him into paroxysms of rage Read the close-up word sketch o Toscanini by David Ewen in the February RADIO DIGEST



* * *

"Ask the broadcasters to take off the programs offering recipes. Who cares about recipes? People who don't have cooks go to restaurants anyway." So writes a woman in Florida. She makes a plea that instead of recipes an educational subject should be substituted—English, for example. Watch RADIO DIGEST for a series of articles on educational programs.

Enthusiastic Station Supporters

RALLY ROUND

Many New Nominations Arrive By Every Mail In Thrilling State Championship Contest

NOW is the time to do honor to the four stations in your state that you think are most deserving of honor. Practically all the leading stations have been nominated. Some of them have been nominated over a ...e of times.

...he contest editor is receiving many earnest letters from the ...ners who are rooting for their favorites. Along with the ...nination slips they tell why they have ...de their selections as indicated. Each ...ion has its own individuality repre...ted by a name or a voice. Just how ...portant those identifications are is ap...ent from the following letter from Mrs. ... M. Rice of Dallas, Tex., who makes ... following order of nominations. ...AA, Dallas; KRLD, Dallas; WBAP, ... Worth and KTA, Ft. Worth. She ...tes:



"In my opinion the announcers have ...s to do with the popularity of a station. ...eir personality comes to us like their ...n voices. All of the announcers at my ...orite station, WFAA, have pleasant ...ces that carry conviction. WBAP was ...g my second favorite until they let ... C." go. He seemed part of the sta...n and was a favorite generally. On the ...ner hand there is a certain market an...uncer that would make a nervous ...man have hysterics and a man pull ...t his hair. Above all give us educated announcers," says she.

Typical of one of our Midwest correspondents is the letter ...m Mildred Drabek, 204 S. Lincoln Ave., Aurora, Ill., who ...es up the Illinois stations thus: WENR, WMAQ, WBBM and ...LS. All are located in Chicago. Miss Drabek writes:

"My reason for choosing WENR as the favorite is because of ...wonderful studio staff. It gives plenty of variety—symphony, ...pular orchestra, comedies, dramas, Hawaiians, solos, organ and wonderful staff of cheerful announcers. WMAQ also has a number of features we enjoy, mainly Dan and Sylvia, also the chain programs. The rest follow as a change. Here's lots of luck to you."

We have space for just one more letter and will choose this Eastern one from Miss Margaret Krell, 1372 Ogden Ave., Bronx, New York. Miss Krell's ticket reads in this order: WABC, WJZ, WEAF and WMCA, all of New York City. She says in her letter:

"My first preference, WABC, has given me the greatest of pleasure. It gives me the greatest of variety of entertainment. I am truly grateful each week as I listen with pleasure to Ozzie Nelson, Wallace Silversmith, the Show Boat, Guy Lombardo's marvelous orchestra, Tone Pictures, Henry and George, Mr. and Mrs., Sandy and Lil, Van Heusen, Mystery Drama, True Story and the inimitable Radio Follies. In all Radioland no program has ever equaled the Radio Follies, directed by Norman Brokenshire—'Whata Man'!" Miss Krell also writes enthusiastically of WJZ and WEAF entertainers. Of WMCA she says, "this station has risen to a high standard almost over night with its new apparatus."

It's just too bad we haven't the space to print all the letters for many, many other stations that have been nominated in this new kind of a contest. Be sure to clip the coupons below. Send in your four favorites from the state where you live, on the nomination blank, hold the voting coupon for the bonus allowance by sending all consecutive ballots together.

Now turn to the rules on page 94 and see what you get in the way of bonus votes, and details as to the conditions of the contest. Remember you are to vote for the four *most* popular stations in *your* state. The four winners will be awarded *each* a medallion.

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state) .....

First (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Second (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Third (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Fourth (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Signed .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

Number **4**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Second (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Third (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Fourth (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Signed .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....



Walter Winchell

Father of the word "Whoopee" who now runs an Air Column over CBS.

National Broadcasting Company, Inc.
GENERAL LIBRARY
711 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Radio's Little Boy Peep

Walter Winchell

"Broadway" Heckler Finds Gossip Pays Dividends —You Hate Him or You Love Him but You Can't Leave Him Alone if You Read Him at All

By DAVID EWEN

N THAT prehistoric day before the advent of the tabloid and the Radio into our everyday life, parents were accustomed to frightening bad little s by warning them:

"The goblin will get you,
If you don't watch out!"

Today, there is only one way of frightng bad little girls. And that is by exining to them that the goblin is none er than Mr. Walter Winchell—"Vulte Winchell," as one journalist so sweetcalled him—"Radio's Little Boy Peep." apply Mr. St. John Ervine's celebrated ase.

Walter Winchell has the distinction of ng one of the most provocative people this country today. For several years w, his gossip about Broadway and oadwayites has trickled through the lumns of the tabloids throughout the untry—earning for him a whole army worshippers and a still greater army enemies. Now that the Wise Shoe mpany brings Walter Winchell and his ssip into your very parlor once every ek, his army of worshippers and of emies has swelled prodigiously. He s become more and more something of national issue. You are either a great lmirer of Walter Winchell, or else he is gone ahead and spread some gossip bout you. There is no mid-channel.

For a person who thrives on gossip, Valter Winchell has succeeded, with rearkable and strange elusiveness, in keepg information about himself in the ark. The name, of course, is known to veryone in the country, but how many eally know who the man is, or what sort f a personality is his? What follows is, herefore, something more intimate about man whose life-work consists in giving to the world something more intimate about everyone else.

Walter Winchell was born in New York City, and raised in the theatre. For, long before he ever thought of glorifying gossip, Winchell was a man of the theatre. At the age of 12 he may have been no nearer the stage than the aisle; he served as an usher in a movie-house in Harlem. But the aisle leads straight to the stage, and before very long Walter graduated from out of the class of ushers and into the class of performers. He conceived the idea that song-slides should be accompanied by someone singing on the stage, in order to encourage the audience into singing (the idea was his own, and therefore it was Winchell who started the fad for singing-slides); he brought his idea, together with his pleasant soprano voice, to the manager of the movie-house who liked both, and decided to engage ambitious Walter for the job. The idea took the audiences by storm; it soon became a regular feature of that movie-house—and one of its best. Before long, Walter decided to take two other ushers into partnership, both of whom had agreeable voices, too, and who, Walter felt, were meant to be on the stage. And it was not long before all of Harlem knew about these "three little men with the big voices," and of their attraction. This feature, incidentally, ran for many months at this movie-house and with constantly increasing success.

OH yes! you may have heard something about these two other ushers. Their names were Georgie Jessel and Eddie Cantor.

One day, a celebrated vaudevillian—Mr. Gus Edwards of the Keith Vaudeville circuit—stepped into the movie-house and listened to the three young men entertain. He decided immediately that at least one of the three had talent for the stage. And so—passing up George Jessel and Eddie Cantor, both of whom he was to select at another time—he walked straight up to Walter Winchell and asked him if he would like an important position in a featured revue. The proposition, and the salary, stupefied young Walter; he was too dumbfounded to answer. Heaven's gate had opened for him. And with a dazed expression on his face, he nodded his assent eagerly.

He remained with Gus Edwards' Revue until he outgrew his juvenile parts—and received full stage experience. Then, meeting a pleasing young girl with a nice voice, he decided to team up with her in a song-and-dance act. The girl did the singing; he did the dancing, interspersing his steps with wise remarks about this-and-that—but all in all it wasn't a "wow" of an act in the first place. It played in all of the smaller circuits, never hitting the bigger theatres, and—if the truth must be known—never was it very much of a hit with the audiences. They merely tolerated it. Winchell, consequently, became dissatisfied before long with the whole business and swore that at the first excuse he could find—in the form of a decent livelihood—he would escape from the vaudeville racket. In the meanwhile the song

(*Continued on page 108*)



Guy Lombardo with a Gun

And To Tell



Illustrations by Joseph L. Sabo

Another "Thrills" Interview

By LEONARD STEWART SMITH

WE WERE seated at dinner in the grillroom of the Hotel Roosevelt in New York; Guy and Carmen Lombardo, Billy Goodheart, head of the New York office of the Music Corporation of America, who manages the Royal Canadians, and myself. Seated at other tables nearby were Leibert and Victor Lombardo, Freddie Kreitzer, Larry Owens, and the other members of the "sweetest band this side of heaven".

The talk at our table was light talk. Guy and Carmen were taking me back seven years to Cleveland—to the Claremont Inn and the Music Box—whence the band started on its rise to world fame. We were talking of the days four B.C. (Before Chicago), when the "beauty and brains of the family" and I were among the handful of regular patrons of the Claremont Inn who were predicting a roseate future for Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians before national advertisers ever dreamed that such an organization would be very instrumental in the merchandising of their products over Columbia Broadcasting System hookups.

"Have you learned to play the trumpet yet?" Guy asked me. He was kidding me about the "threat" made by the "beauty and brains of the family" that unless I learned to play the trumpet like Leibert, she would leave me.

"Have you found the perfect sweetheart from among the ladies of your fan mail?" I retaliated.

ONLY once during the dinner did the talk get serious. And that was when Billy Goodheart interposed that no other band in the country had achieved the record of keeping the same men together, without a single change, through the seven years of their existence. One addition has been made to the original ten. That came only a few months ago, when

d Battles

man

Ar ives
Te he Tale



"It was the night before New Year's Eve at the Granada. Suddenly, amid the laughter and hilarity I heard two shots fired in rapid succession"

tor Lombardo, upon reaching his nine-nth birthday, was given a new saxo-one, a ticket from London, Ontario, to w York, and a seat on the bandstand h his famous brothers. The other ten n have been together since the begin-g. Goodheart, veteran orchestra man-r, who has had under his wing many ier "name bands" said unqualifiedly it in this respect the Lombardo group s in a class by itself.

"I guess it is because we like to work gether," Guy explained. "There are no tty jealousies in our bunch."

Then, for the seventh time, I asked the portant question of this interview:

"What would you consider your greatest thrills?"

"That," said Guy, "is a very hard order. Off hand, I would say that three incidents in our career brought unforgettable responses. One gave a tug at my heart strings that has been so lasting that I still have to fight back tears every time I recall it. That was the time we played *My Buddy* at the request of a dying war veteran and his pal. Another was the time Al Quadbach, the man really responsible for the success of this band, raised a mortgage on his Granada Cafe in Chicago to pay for broadcasting time, bringing the thrill of our first real success. The last brought a fright that nearly scared me to death and actually made my hair stand on end. That was the time two men were shot during the Nutty Club session at the Granada. I will tell you about them in the order of their occurrence.

"The mortgage came first. That was back in 1927. Quadbach was operating his Granada Cafe which still holds forth at 68th street and Cottage Grove avenue in the Windy City. Chicago was full of bands, good bands too, but Quadbach wanted something other than the organizations playing around Chicago at that time. So he went on a trip in search of a band. His wanderings brought him to Cleveland. For a week, without our knowing who he was, he sat through our programs at the Claremont. Then at the end of the week, he approached me, introduced himself and thrust a contract at me for forty weeks at the Granada at more than double what we had been receiving in Cleveland.

"I thanked him for his flattery; thought him a bit out of his mind, but declined the contract. Actually, after I had talked with the boys, we were afraid to venture into the big city of Chicago. Afraid to take the chance in unknown fields.

"BUT I was soon to learn that Quadbach was all seriousness about his offer and was not going to take 'no' for an answer. Every day for the next week he continued to offer the contract. Finally, still spurning the forty-week offer, we decided to take a chance and go to Chicago for a six-week period only as a trial. I arranged with the Claremont that if we failed in Chicago, we could return in six weeks.

"For the first four weeks of our Chicago engagement I felt very sorry for Quadbach, and on no less than twenty occasions offered to release him from our six-week agreement, and every time I brought up the matter, he would push forward the forty-week contract as his answer.

"Our opening night on September 1, 1927, was a nice gesture from the music publishers and Quadbach's many personal friends. We received many telegrams, mostly from our Cleveland friends, and some Chicagoans sent flowers. Maybe there was some irony in that, however. Then for the next four weeks we played to empty tables, with from twenty to thirty couples on Saturday evening, when there should have been from two hundred to three hundred couples.

"At the end of the fourth week I didn't want to take Quadbach's check. We were costing him a lot of money. I told him I was going to take the band out of the Granada and was going back to Cleveland.



"He reached out his hand to take the microphone away . . . I gave him a shove back"

He pleaded with me with utmost sincerity.

" 'Please stay until you get a bad check, Guy,' he urged.

"He was so earnest in his appeal, that I submitted.

" 'Get us a Radio connection,' I suggested, 'Maybe that will help.'

"That was no easy task, getting us a Radio connection. The stations in Chicago were overloaded with good bands and didn't want to take chances with unknowns. Quadbach was near the end of his financial resources. Business had not been good before our arrival and since our arrival it had been worse, if anything. He went among his many friends to borrow the money to pay for broadcasting time. His friends also thought he was 'off his nut going the limit for a bunch of school-boy musicians from the sticks'.

"But Quadbach was convinced that our slow tempo music, so radically different from the fashion of that day, would catch on and be a sensation.

Finally he raised enough money to pay for 15 minutes a night for one week over WBBM. Early in October we started broadcasting.

"Never will I forget that night of our first broadcast! Our fifteen minutes of the first night were almost up. The band played as even I had never heard it before. I got a thrill standing out in front directing. I had always felt certain that I had a real band, but their playing that night convinced me even more thoroughly. And apparently it convinced others.

"WE WERE playing our last number when the announcer said the studio downtown was asking if we could stay on the air another thirty minutes at the station's expense. We stayed on the air. That thirty minutes up, they still wanted more. There had been many requests, they told me, to repeat numbers we had played. I believe we played *I'll Get By*, at least twenty times.

"Well, at 1.30 a.m., after four and a half hours of con[illegible] playing, we were pe[illegible] to stop.

"The results were [illegible] diate. The next [illegible] following the first bro[illegible] the Granada was j[illegible] to capacity and fro[illegible] time on space was [illegible] premium every night [illegible] week. Within ten [illegible] Quadbach let a contr[illegible] enlarging the place. [illegible] faith in the band's [illegible] bilities was well repai[illegible] with that faith cam[illegible] success. Of course [illegible] only natural that mo[illegible] dio contracts should f[illegible] First came a local bro[illegible] for a clothing store. [illegible] on this hour that we [illegible] heard for the first ti[illegible] William Wrigley, Jr. [illegible] signed us for our firs[illegible] tion-wide broadcast, ar[illegible] rest of the road to s[illegible] was easy. Any wonder [illegible] I say that Al Quadba[illegible] the man responsible fo[illegible] success of this band?"

GUY ligh[illegible] fresh cigarette, and [illegible] tinued:

"The shooting affair c[illegible] next. That incident, o[illegible] quence of incidents, pa[illegible] a lot of action into two [illegible] brief periods of time.

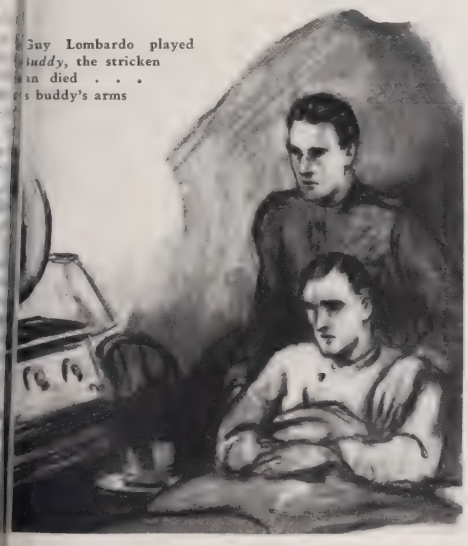
"At the time we wer[illegible] viding our nights betw[illegible] the Granada and the C[illegible] dy Club, a favorite [illegible] dezvous for theatrical f[illegible] playing Chicago. The s[illegible] must be divided into [illegible] sections. The first at [illegible] Comedy Club and the second, and [illegible] climax, two weeks later at the Grana[illegible]

"At the Comedy Club during dance [illegible] termissions, it was my duty to tell [illegible] listeners something about the persona[illegible] present. While the band took a little [illegible] I would introduce the stage stars [illegible] others present.

"The spirit of the place was one [illegible] good-fellowship. Not all the patr[illegible] were abiding by the management's wa[illegible] ing about the prohibition laws, and qu[illegible] a few hip flasks were present. I was [illegible] the midst of my introductions, stand[illegible] in the center of the dance floor with [illegible] microphone in my hand.

"I noticed a rather hard looking gro[illegible] at a ringside table. Two of the m[illegible] were attempting to restrain one of th[illegible] number from getting up. He appear[illegible] very tipsy. He wrested himself free a[illegible] started for the center of the floor whe[illegible] I was broadcasting and reached out h[illegible] hand to take the microphone away fro[illegible] me. I gave him a shove, hurtling hi[illegible]

ward his table, and kept right
ng as if nothing had happened.
not to pay any attention, but I
help noticing that there was a
xcitement at my molester's table.
tly after we had resumed play-
ee men approached the band
ith the head waiter, who said the
nen' wanted to speak with me
ately. I turned the leadership
Carmen for the time and sat at
with the three men.
e fixed it for you this time, but
et that ever happen again,' their
nan said.
t what happen?' I asked.
hy, don't ever get tangled with
aby again, if you enjoy life,' he
Don't you know who he is?'
o, and I don't care,' I replied.
ell him not to try to grab the
hone from me or he'll get worse
hoved the next time.'
oy,' the spokesman was speaking
and slowly, to make sure that none
words should go astray. 'You don't
how close you were to your grave
you shoved that baby. He is
ie Maloney, the gang leader, and
esn't care whom he shoots!'
will admit I was a bit nervous for
mainder of the evening.
ie second episode, as I said before,
two weeks later. We were con-



Guy Lombardo played
Buddy, the stricken
an died . . .
s buddy's arms

cting what had come to be known as
e of Chicago's most hilarious nights
he Nutty Club of the Granada Cafe.
'It was the night before New Year's
e. The place was crowded to capacity.
roughout the cafe were happy laughing
rties, the women in beautiful evening
wns, with comic paper hats at rakish
angles on their heads. Everybody was enjoying the party.

"On Nutty Club nights at the Granada I took the microphone to the center of the floor during intermissions. I could hardly hear myself talk, there was so much noisy fun in the room.

"Amid the laughter and hilarity there came with inexplainable suddenness two shots fired in rapid succession. There was no mistaking the sound. They were pistol shots and nothing else. The hilarity stopped as suddenly as the shots were fired. In a brief moment of stillness several more shots pierced the silence of the room. Then panic and pandemonium reigned.

"I WAS nonplused. I realized I had stopped talking into the microphone. I knew the listeners would sense something of what had occurred. I tried to continue talking into the microphone. All about me was panic and excitement. I looked toward a table where I knew a celebrity was sitting whom I wanted to talk about. Instead of a happy party of a brief moment ago, I saw a fat man trying to get under the table—a table under which two others had fled for security. I looked at another table that had had a particularly happy party. Three of the women had fainted, and the men were trying to get them to the door. A crowd gathered in the back of the room. A hysterical woman kept crying out. 'How horrible!' I couldn't see what had happened. I was trying to continue talking. There was nothing I could think to talk about. So I tried to sing.

"That was the first and last time I have ever tried to sing in public. Carmen does a much better job of it than I do, so I confine my singing to bathtubs and the like. But I did sing, I guess. At least folks told me I sang. And the number was *I've Got a Woman Crazy For Me, She's Funny That Way*. I'll never forget it. That was a sickening thrill.

"I started singing without accompaniment. Then Freddie Krietzer, our pianist, took his place at the piano and followed me in the song. *'She's not much to look at, not much to see,'* I sang. I have no idea how I knew the words, but they just seemed to come to me.

"Right in front of the band stand another woman collapsed. Carmen and Bern Davies, our tuba player, carried her to a table and came back to join Freddie and me.

"'I can't save a dollar, ain't worth a cent,' I continued.

"The police had arrived and were fighting their way through the dense crowd which was near the door to the dining room and massed in the back of the room. Jim Dillon took up his trombone and Frank Henry grabbed his banjo and picked up the chorus.

"'But she doesn't holler, she'd live in a tent.'

"The police were having a lot of difficulty with hysterical persons. They were ordering people to stand back. 'Don't touch!' they commanded, their staccato commands breaking the silence. The back of the room cleared and two forms are lying on the floor. The police officers are leaning over them, making an examination.

"'I've got a woman, crazy for me, she's funny that way.' The song is over. I sign off hurriedly. I return the listeners to the WBBM studio. I want to know what has happened. Al Quadbach is approaching me.

" 'Thanks, Guy, for carrying on that way,' he starts. I want him to tell me what has happened!

" 'You remember Georgie Maloney. The guy you had the tangle with at the Comedy a couple of weeks ago. Well, that's what's left of him, the body lying farthest from the door. He came in looking for trouble and he got it. He opened fire on one of his rival gang leaders who he thought was trying to 'muscle in on his territory'. He killed him all right. But apparently Georgie forgot to put on his bullet-proof vest, because he got himself killed for all his trouble.'

"That whole incident took less than three minutes, but it seemed like three hours to me! One thing is certain, I never want another thrill of that kind again!"

GUY paused for breath. He was so excited he seemed to be living that hair-raising adventure all over again. He smiled.

"That was thrilling, wasn't it?" he asked. Then without waiting for an answer, he resumed:

"The *My Buddy* incident also emanated from our 'Nutty Club' broadcasts. During such programs, late at night, we generally got from two hundred to three hundred telephonic and telegraphic requests for numbers, and I think Radio fans will admit we did our best to fill all requests. In fact it has always been our policy to fill every request we get. We believe it our bounden duty to entertain, and we feel that the carrying out of that duty demands that we play requests as soon after they are made as possible.

(*Continued on page 93*)

Gentleman Jim

A Blow By Blow *Description of an Interview with* James J. Corbett

The Time
A November Noon, 1930

The Place
Grillroom of The Friars' Clu
New York City.

The Characters
JAMES J. CORBETT, ex-heavyweight
pion of the world.
HARRY HERSHFIELD, creator of t
mous comic-strip, "Abie the A
WILL MAHONEY, featured comedia
"The Sketch-book."
BUDDY DOYLE, stage and microphon
former.
CAPTAIN O'HAY, well-known soldi
fortune.
LOUIS MANN, the celebrated actor.
THE INTERVIEWER.
Members of the club, waiters,
boys, bellboys, etc.



Courtesy New York Evening World
A picture taken in 1910, at Jim Jeffries' camp, when John L. Sullivan signed the peace pact with Corbett.

THE Friars' Club grillroom is a busy place at lunchtime. The social life of the club starts at this time. Here actors, directors, newspapermen, singers and lay members gather in numerous groups to fraternize.

As the Interviewer enters the scene he sees Corbett, standing by a table, speaking earnestly to those seated.

CORBETT: . . . and soon as I had dressed I was rushed over to a hotel where an impromptu party was being held in my honor. (He sees the Interviewer) Oh, Hello, Doty. I'll be
you in a minute.

THE INTERVIEWER: No hurry, Jim

CORBETT: I guess you know mo
these gentlemen. (*There is an exchan
greetings between those at the table
the Interviewer.*) I was just telling
of an incident that happened after
fight with Sullivan, when I won the cl
pionship. My friends were celebr
and champagne was flowing like w
There were plenty of reporters pre
and I knew that whatever I said or
would be used as copy. Believe m
watched my step, and tired and thi
as I was, I refused the champagne.

CAPTAIN O'HAY: I didn't know
ever took a drink, Jim.

CORBETT: Darned seldom I ever h
Cap, but I certainly would have li
one then. There was a young chap p
ent who came from a fine family and
seemed to be the host of the party.
raised his glass and said, "I haven't ta
a drink for two years, Jim, but thi
one occasion when I am going to br
over." I reached over and took the gl
away from him and said, "Oh, no yo
not. I'm not going to have anyone
that Jim Corbett was the cause of
falling off the wagon." Then I tur
to a waiter and said, "I'll have a gl
of milk—and bring the same for
young friend." The next day the ne
papers all over the country stated th
the new champion was a fine example

Broadcasts

By Doty Hobart

ood that the American youth would ell to follow.

PTAIN O'HAY: That was great pub- , Jim, but what's the point to the ?

RBETT: I hate milk! I didn't want or tea. I wanted something cold the only thing I could think of on our of the moment was milk. So nk it. I don't suppose I have ever ed a full glass of milk since. Come Doty, let's have lunch by ourselves. *leads the way to a vacant table. sit down*) Now, what's on your ? I got your message to meet you this noon.

HE INTERVIEWER: An interview.

ORBETT: About what?

HE INTERVIEWER: Your Radio work, self and the heavyweight situation looks to you today.

ORBETT: Seems to me you're trying over a lot of territory. But I'm ready nswer questions as best I can if you're ng to listen. Before you start firing order the food. (*He tells the waiter uring him orange juice, two fried eggs, 's liver and coffee and the Inter- ver duplicates the order.*) All right. y ask me some questions.

HE INTERVIEWER: What was the big- thrill the Radio ever handed you?

ORBETT: That's an easy one. I was ening to the broadcast of the fights n the Polo Grounds on the memorable y night in 1927, when Joe Humphries ounced from the ring that there would one minute of silent prayer for the who, at that time was waging a lone- e fight against the elements over the antic Ocean—Lindbergh. I think that s the biggest punch ever delivered in ing.

HE INTERVIEWER: Yes, I heard it, , and it handed me a kick. But why you claim it was such a big thrill?

CORBETT: Because it struck home to . Several years ago, before Radio me into its own, I was at one time a ry sick man. In fact, the doctors at e hospital where I was being treated d given up all hope for my recovery. ght here, in this very room where we e sitting, a number of Friars were thered. George Cohan was one of em. Every little while George would ll up the hospital to inquire about me. fter receiving a decidedly unfavorable port George turned from the telephone and said, "Listen, fellows, Jim isn't expected to last until morning. I don't know that any of us stand in any too well with the Lord, but it won't do any harm to sit quiet for a little while and offer up a silent prayer for Jim." Of course I never found this out until later but it is a matter of record that I passed the crisis and started on the road to recovery at the very time that prayer was being made.

BUDDY DOYLE: (*Approaches*) Hello, Jim. Heard your broadcast last night. Nice work.

CORBETT: Thanks, Buddy.

BUDDY DOYLE: Say, was that story you told about your reception in Dublin true?

CORBETT: Absolutely. Funny situation, wasn't it? By the way, do you know this gentleman who is giving me the third degree?

BUDDY DOYLE: Know him! I should say I do. He gave me my first break at the microphone on a national hook-up.

THE INTERVIEWER: And you did a splendid job, Buddy. You were understudying for Eddie Cantor at the time, weren't you? Too bad you lost that job, now that Cantor is in pictures.

BUDDY DOYLE: Best thing that ever happened to me. Say, I never missed showing up at the theatre for three years—and neither did Cantor! He's one actor who is too healthy to give an understudy a break. Don't let me interfere with the interview. See you later. (*He walks away.*)

THE INTERVIEWER: Sorry I didn't catch your broadcast last night, Jim. What was the story Buddy referred to?

CORBETT: It was about the trip I made to Ireland when I was champion. Jack McVey, one of my sparring partners, accompanied me and when the train pulled into the station at Dublin Jack started to leave the coach ahead of me. The platform was jammed and when they saw big, bulky Jack they mistook him for the champ. In a jiffy he was surrounded by a cheering, over-enthused mob. Before he could explain that they were in error he found himself lifted on the shoulders of a bunch of huskies and carried down the street to a hall where a reception was to be held. I waited until the crowd thinned out and took a carriage to a hotel. It was fully an hour before that crowd, after discovering the mistake, located me. Poor Jack. He was full of apologies—but, do you know,



Time hasn't been able to call the count on the ex-champion. His mike talks are knock-outs, with all his old ringside vigor.

I think he got a thrill out of it at that.

THE INTERVIEWER: Did you ever broadcast a fight, Jim?

CORBETT: Yes, once.

THE INTERVIEWER: Where was it?

CORBETT: Grand Rapids, over Station WASH.

THE INTERVIEWER: How did you make out? Enjoy it?

CORBETT: Yes. I enjoyed it but I don't think the listeners did.

THE INTERVIEWER: What do you mean?

CORBETT: You see, I didn't broadcast a blow-by-blow description, as other fight reporters do. Now, far be it from me to criticize fight broadcasters. They paint a mighty fine word picture of the fights as they see them and for the average fight fan this description is just as true as the actual contest would look to the fight fan were he present. But remember, I have been in the ring and I know what really is taking place there.

There is plenty of action in a good fight, but only a small percentage of that action is given over to blows that are worth recording. If four or five good blows are landed during one round, then that round has been a huge success. The other blows are insignificant to the trained fighter. Glancing blows, grazing blows, off-balance blows, choppy blows, straight-arm blows—all those mean little or nothing as far as the actual blows are concerned. They are necessary. And they are all a part of the game, but of much more importance to the trained fighter is the foot-work, balance, shift, blocking ability, aggressiveness and mental poise of the contestants during the time these ineffectual blows are being thrown. See what I mean?

THE INTERVIEWER: I think so. You attach as much importance to ring generalship as you do to the flying leather.

CORBETT: More. That's what made Gene Tunney a much greater champion than the public gave him credit for being. When you spoke of flying leather you expressed the very thing which the average fight fan wants to see—plenty of gloved action.

THE INTERVIEWER: Then you don't like to listen to fight broadcasts, I take it?

CORBETT: Oh, don't I! Say, if I am not at the ringside I'm sitting at home in front of the loud speaker taking it all in like a real fight fan. And, believe me, I enjoy a fight broadcast. The announcers certainly know their jobs. But I have learned to discount the effectiveness of many of the blows they tell about. Why, there isn't a fighter in the world who has stamina enough to deliver really telling blows to the number which an enthused announcer describes. Not that the blows themselves aren't seen by him. They are. But they are of value only as points. On the other hand no fighter could stand up against the number of blows credited as being effective by the announcers. But all this talk about fight broadcasting is from a purely personal angle. I'm not wanting the announcers to change their style of reporting a fight just for my benefit. They are doing the job for the benefit of the fight fan and the blow-by-blow description is the best method of giving the fan a true picture of the contest.

THE INTERVIEWER: Why did you say a little while ago that you didn't think the listeners enjoyed your broadca- that fight?

CORBETT: It was too technical. I s only of the effective blows and dev the rest of my description to a de account of the ring generalship displ by the fighters. I honestly believe best part of my broadcast, as far as enjoyment of the listener was concer was the analytical talk I gave bet rounds and after the fight. I guess method of describing the actual fight too cold-blooded. I know I didn't enough flying leather in it to meet the approval of most of those who listening in.

THE INTERVIEWER: Anyone ever anything to you about the broadca any listener, I mean?

CORBETT: Several people told me t enjoyed hearing my voice the air and said it was too the fight I broadcast wasn better one—with more act The joke of the thing is it was a pretty good fight plenty of action. No one e asked me to broadcast anot fight so I guess I wasn't good as a reporter on the

THE INTERVIEWER: Tell about the broadcasting you doing now—it's a wee sponsored program, isn't it

CORBETT: It was.

THE INTERVIEWER: What you mean—it was?

CORBETT: I finished th series last night.

THE INTERVIEWER: Are y going to renew your contrac

CORBETT: There never w any contract. It just we along from week to week. Y see, I was given seven mi utes for a little talk on ea program so, rather than co fine myself to the subject ring battles, I told the listene of amusing and interesting pe ple who had come into m life while I was champion an afterwards; of my friendship with such men as Grover Clev land, Mark Twain, James Whi comb Riley, Bernard Shaw an others.

THE INTERVIEWER: Wha was the reaction to thes broadcasts? By that I mea was there much fan mail?

CORBETT: I should say so It amazed me. Look here (*He pulls a package of letter from his pocket*) These cam in this morning—and every on is a request for my autograph

THE INTERVIEWER: How did you happen to quit the broad cast?

CORBETT: That's a funny one, too. The sponsor was dead set on my giving my own

(*Continued on page 99*)



Brown Brothers Photo

Jim Corbett in his heyday as a boxer.

Ray Perkins the Old Topper

He Takes a Coupla Pineapples and Shoots a Paradox—Faithful Old Piano Follows Him Through a Putterish Career

By Betty Lloyd Walton



"How Is Everybody?" asks Old Topper as He Settles Down to Entertain the Radio Audience.

"WELL," welled Ray Perkins, (Raymond Lamont Perkins to you!) as he tilted the old topper a little more [illegible] he left eye. "So you want to know [illegible] out my early life, eh?" Then he [illegible]d a few more "wells" for good [illegible]ure, tilted the topper even a little [illegible] to the left, and began:

"I guess I might as well begin by asking 'How is everybody?' You know I [illegible]s like to begin a broadcast by saying 'How is everybody,' not that it means [illegible]ing, but it does break the ice and [illegible]of open up the conversation. And [illegible] know when a Radio performer asks [illegible] intimate questions like 'How is [illegible]body?', the theory is that it brings [illegible]h, ever so much closer to his audi[illegible] and the audience is supposed to [illegible]o itself:

'Isn't he the nice fellow to take that [illegible]est?'

"Of course, that's the theory. I know [illegible] me when I hear anyone ask that [illegible]ion over my loudspeaker I always [illegible] 'What's it to you?'

"Anyhow, it is a silly question, because [illegible] say, a Radio audience cannot talk [illegible]. One thing about broadcasting is [illegible] fact that your audience can't get [illegible] and heckle you. And I don't think [illegible]e is anything so fatiguing as being [illegible]cled. My grandfather was the best [illegible]der in Kennebunk County. Grand[illegible] used to bake a great big heckleberry [illegible] for dinner, and after the dishes were [illegible]hed and polished and all the chores [illegible]e for the day, they'd sit down for a [illegible] quiet evening of heckling.

"But nowadays, it's different. Take [illegible]tical candidates for instance. They [illegible] the Radio, and the fine art of heck[illegible]li is getting as out of date as a mous[illegible]ne cup. Shall I tell you what's wrong [illegible]h this country today? No? Well, [illegible]l. The thing that's wrong with this [illegible]ntry today is the fact that there are [illegible] many political candidates telling us [illegible]at is wrong with this country today. [illegible]d there are not enough hecklers to [illegible]nteract them. Well, anyhow, what [illegible] heckle. This is supposed to be an interview about my early life.

"They tell me that Old Sol (that's what the Sun is called by his most intimate friends. I am one of his very most intimate friends and I sometimes call him 'Good Old Sol') outdid himself this year out on the Hawaiian Islands, turning out bigger and better pineapples. They are not only numerous but there are plenty of them. Some of the pineapples are bigger than Paul Whiteman. You know Paul. He's the man who made a cool million playing hot music. Say, that's a paradox, boys and girls—from hot music a cool million.

"Now you probably think that a paradox is a couple of physicians. But you are wrong again. A paradox is something apparently self-contradictory, like, 'I'll meet you tomorrow night at sunrise,' or 'here's a check for a million dollars'. If it isn't self-contradictory, you lose the paradox.

"YOU'VE all heard of Milton's paradox lost. Well, Milton (I don't recall his last name) kept a sporting goods store on the corner of Fourteenth Street . . . where Fourteenth Street meets Harry Richman. Well, it wasn't exactly on the corner, it was back a little from the corner, because they used the corner itself for a sidewalk and a telegraph pole. Otherwise the cop on the corner would have had nothing to lean upon. The cop was a Pole himself, so the two got along very well together.

"Well, it seems some customer asked Milton for a paradox, and Milton asked: 'what size,' and the customer said, 'Thirty-eight stout.' So Milton brought out a pair of green dox with white spots. And would you believe it, good people, the customer snapped his fingers at that paradox and threw a seven, five times running, so that he was able to buy a very fine pair of shoes for his offspring.

"But every time Milton threw, why, that paradox lost.

"But speaking of stores, in the old days you could go to a drug store and be reasonably sure of being able to buy seidlitz powders or rock candy. But now, I wonder why do they call it a drug store. On the other hand, you never see a meatless butcher shop.

"You know song-writers are a great lot. I am somewhat of a song-writer myself. One of the biggest, unforgettable events in my life was the first time I heard a phonograph record of one of my compositions. That was *Bye Low*, which I wrote shortly after my graduation from Columbia University back in 1917. *Bye Low* was my second song. The first I ever had published, *Table for Two*, made me richer by $7.37, but *Bye Low* was a hit, and I sure was thrilled.

"But there I go drifting to the real purpose of this interview, and that will never do. I was talking about song-writers as a lot. Of course, song-writers

(*Continued on page 104*)

She Followed Him into the Depths of Death Valley—for Love. But She Wanted a Real Bureau instead of a Starch Box with a Cracked Mirror.



"Let's hear a song and forget all our hard luck," said Joe.

She Burns

HEAT . . . shimmering, breathless heat blazing down from a red naked sun and staggering back from white hot sand. A winding trail going down. Bleaching bones, lime-white, fleshless, disintegrated and powdering into the hard dry grit. A line of covered wagons, stumbling and rumbling . . . reeling oxen with hanging tongues and parched hides . . . down, down into the blazing maw of Death Valley.

This scene flashed back to the mental vision of the Old Ranger as he dropped into a kitchen chair of the tidy little home where he was now a guest—the first guest of the bridal pair. He raised a grizzled eyebrow and squinted quizzically at the busy little hostess.

"You what?" he asked hitching back in the new kitchen chair of the immaculate kitchen.

"I said I was glad that I happened to discover borax, it just happened you know," gushed the bride. "Nobody told me about it. I just happened to run onto it and it does so many things—"

"So you discovered borax, my girl?" the Old Ranger still struggled with the scene that flared across the retina of his mental eye while he tried to reason with all the dainty cleanliness of his present surroundings.

"Oh, yes, yes . . . um, I see." He poked a bony finger into the ashes of his old cob pipe, extracted a small cloud of smoke and then twinkled reminiscently at the smiling girl.

"Now you are laughing at me," she said, "I don't care, I can tell you a lot of things I know about borax—" She paused.

"Of course, Rose, my dear, I reckon you're just smart up on it—probably a heap more than I am. But what struck me was your sayin' you discovered it—"

"Well, you know what I mean. I suppose mother knew about it—"

"Bless you child, she shore did. But I was just a-thinkin'—you, with all your book larnin' did you ever know who was really the first woman to discover borax?"

"Heavens no! Was it Noah's wife or who? Why? Do tell me!"

"'Tain't an awful pretty story but maybe you'd like to hear it."

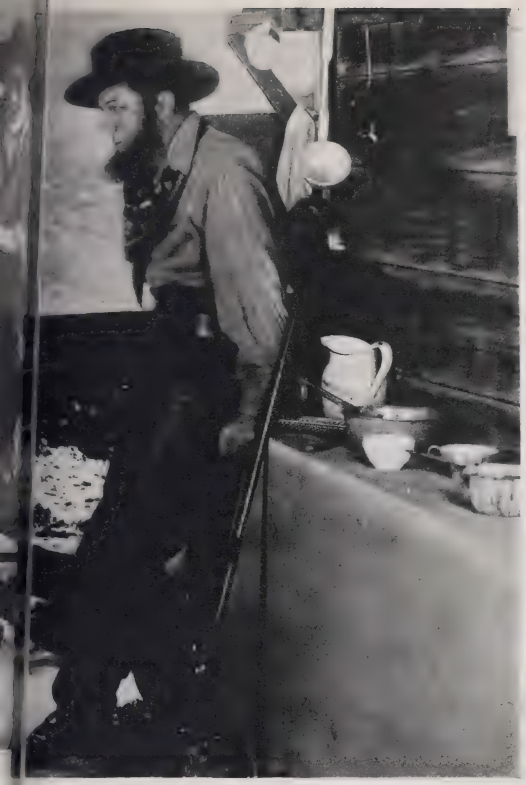
"Oh, I'm dying to hear it. Do tell me all about it while I get the potatoes ready. Please!"

Old Ranger reloaded his pipe and hitched his chair back against the wall while Rose continued her preparations for dinner.

"Well, let's see—'t wa'n't so far b as Noah but—but—why her name Rose, too—just like your'n. Rose Wint was her name—Rosie an' Aaron Wint who first struck borax out in Death Vall She was a Spanish-American gal—pu as a picture . . . but frail and drean like. Her little feet was never meant go a-trampin' over the sharp rocks burnin' sands of the desert round Dea Valley . . . with that grizzled old pr pector husband of hers. But she stuck Aaron Winters, Rosie did . . . for bet or for worse. I reckon she thought it w mostly for worse . . . that night back 1880, as she was gettin' supper for the t of 'em in their little one-room shack Ash Meadows near Death Valley." A as the old man talks, the scene—

* * *

AARON: What's for supper, Rosie?



GRIEF and Sacrifice Attended the Discovery of the Rich Deposits of Death Valley as Told in this Vivid Radio Drama Broadcast over the National Network.



Green

ROSIE: Beans.

AARON: Is that all?

ROSIE: Chahwallas . . . if you can them. Me, I cannot. Little crawling kes . . . bah!

AARON: Oh, chahwallas ain't snakes, sie. . . . They're lizards. An' just good eatin' as frogs' legs . . . in Delonico's in New York. Most as good, yway, if you're hungry.

ROSIE: I am not hungry.

AARON: Bacon all gone?

ROSIE: Weeks ago.

AARON: How about the flour?

ROSIE: Would I be serving mesquite ans if we had any flour?

AARON: Well, I saw the flour barrel er yonder 'gainst the wall.

ROSIE: It is empty . . . like my heart. he rice bag, too. That is why I ride venty-five . . . thirty miles . . . to the esquite trees to gather beans for our supper. And they're hard to get.

AARON: That long ride ought to have give you an appetite, Rosie.

ROSIE: No . . . not in all that desolation. Bare, like our lives here.

AARON: Now, Rosie . . . ain't you got so's you feel better about this by now?

ROSIE: No, Aaron . . . always it grows worse. Aaron, for a score of years now you have been searching for wealth here in Death Valley, in all this desert. And what has it ever given you for all your pains? Nothing.

AARON: I've come across traces of silver in these mountains . . . and once even gold, Rosie.

ROSIE: Silver, gold? A glint. A gleam, nothing more. . . . Just enough to raise your hopes . . . to make you double your efforts, to spend what little money you had saved. . . . Only to find out that it was all a mirage. Oh, Aaron, leave this country and take me with you!

AARON: But, Rosie, where could we go? You know why I stay here . . . one of the reasons.

ROSIE: You mean because of that man you killed.

AARON: Rosie! For heaven's sake.

ROSIE: Who is there to hear? It is 200 miles from this house to the nearest settlement.

AARON: Even so . . .

ROSIE: Even so, that shooting took place over twenty years ago. Who would remember by now?

AARON: Sheriffs have got mighty long memories. Don't forget that. No, Rosie, if ever I leave Death Valley, it's got to be with such a big strike that we can pick up an' go far away from here.

ROSIE: This desert . . . she is your mistress! You love her better than you love me.

AARON: Now, now, Rosie . . . you know that beside you there ain't nothin' in this world worth havin'. It's for you I been tappin' around here all these years, hopin' to make a rich strike. It's all for you. I don't care about it for myself.

ROSIE: Then take me away from here. Take me out into green lands again and let me know what it is to have a real home before I am too old a woman to care.

AARON: But Rosie, I couldn't give you no better home than this, lessen we make a strike before we leave here.

ROSIE: I don't want more than a one-room shack like this . . . but I want it under a green tree . . . where I won't have to think how much water I may use to keep everything clean. I want to hear soft breezes blowing outside and know they're bringing gentle spring rain to do my flowers good, instead of a sandstorm. I want a real bureau . . . not a starch box with a cracked old mirror resting on it. And Oh for something to clean with!

AARON: You couldn't look more beautiful if you had a fine full length pier glass, Rosie . . . for to admire yourself in.

ROSIE: Admire myself? Me, with my hair all dry and faded? . . . and my skin rough and cracked from hard work and hard water?

AARON: It still feels right soft and nice to me, Rosie. But mebby if you used some more of them beauty preparations . . .

ROSIE: What beauty preparations?

AARON: Why them bottles you got up there on the shelf. . . . Hogan's Magnolia Balm . . . and Felton's Gossamer for the Complexion . . . an' Floridy water. . . .

ROSIE: Aaron, they have all been empty . . . those bottles, for two years.

AARON: Well, Rosie . . . next time we take a trip to town, I'll buy you some more.

ROSIE: And some strings for my guitar, too, Aaron? I live in fear that my last strings will break . . . and then, alas! I will not even have my music left in this wilderness.

AARON: Unwrap your guitar, Rosie, and sing me some of the old Spanish songs . . . the way you used to sing them in Monterey. It'll make you feel better maybe.

ROSIE: Very well, if you wish it, Aaron.

AARON: You keep that instrument covered up like it was a child.

ROSIE: The only child I have. If I did not tend this old guitar and keep it wrapped and oiled, it would have dried out and cracked apart in this furnace long ago. But listen to it . . . it's still sweet. (*Rosie twangs a string and hums a phrase.*)

(*She sings old Spanish-American song with guitar accompaniment.*)

AARON: It's true enough, Rosie. You shouldn't be buried out in this wilderness, two hundred miles from the nearest railroad . . . with none to appreciate your talents but a dried up old bag o' bones like me.

ROSIE: My talents are for your pleasure, Aaron . . . here or anywhere.

AARON: Come over here and sit by me, Rosie . . . and don't think too hard of me for keepin' you out here. (*Faint sound of horse's hoofs outside.*)

ROSIE: Aaron, what's that noise? It sounds like horses.

AARON: Nonsense, Rosie . . . why nobody's come along Ash Meadows Valley past this shack since I can remember. (*Hoof beats come nearer. Sound of man whistling "Oh Susannah".*)

ROSIE: But listen, Aaron, I can hear the jingle of the bridle . . . and somebody is whistling too. Hark.

(*Voice outside sings*):

"Oh then, Susannah
Don't you cry for me
I'm goin' out to Oregon
With my banjo on my knee."

AARON: By gash, you're right! We're goin' crazy together, Rosie! That's what it is. . . . The desert's got us at last!

ROSIE: No, Aaron, it's real. I know it is. Whoever it is, is stopping outside.

VOICE: (*Calling from outside*) Hello, there!

AARON: He's flesh and blood all right.

ROSIE: Aaron . . . you don't think . . . that sheriff with the warrant?

AARON: Good Lord, no!

VOICE: (*Outside*) Hallo, there!

AARON: Here, Rosie . . . let me go. I'll see who it is. (*Calls*) Hello. Who's there?

VOICE: (*Outside*) A traveler . . . headin' south from Nevada. . . . Lo... way a few hours back an' jest go... pitch camp for the night when I s... your light. Can you grub stake me...

AARON: We ain't got much, str... but you're welcome to share it.

VOICE: Thanks.

AARON: Hand me that la... Rosie. Now, come along with... stranger and I'll show you where yo... picket your hoss for the night. ... Rosie . . . see if you can't rustle a... extra food together for supper.

ROSIE: (*To herself*) Extra ... Holy Saints! The man talks as if w... a pantry stocked full. Very well ... Aaron, I'll do my best. There's s... little coffee and some sugar in the l... under the bed . . . saved against a ... day. Now . . . have we a third cup ... plate? No . . . perhaps I could us... old tin can I was growing the cactus ... in. The men will not notice. (... *heard approaching.*)

AARON: (*Coming in*) Drop ... saddle right there by the ... stranger. Rosie, this is Joe ... bons, from up Nevada ... Meet Mrs. Winters, Joe.

ROSIE: We are very happ... make you welcome here in ... poor little place.

JOE: Well, I can tell yo... looks mighty good to me ... after ridin' alone down this ... forsaken desert for days.

AARON: Where are ... headin' for?

JOE: Down South. Me ... over Texas way. Thought ... try my hand at cattle rais... . . . Taken a crack at ab... everything else in my day ... gold-huntin' . . . orange gr... in' . . . teamin' . . . lumbe... . . . farmin' . . . minin' . ...

AARON: Had luck at any ... 'em.

JOE: Oh, I done well enou... here and there . . . but no r... strikes anywheres. Somehow ... always jest manage to miss o... I hear tell that in the next to... . . . beyond the next mounta... over the next river . . . ther... a big chance to make money. I move on . . . but I alwa... I'm jest too late.

AARON: Yes . . . I kn... how that is.

JOE: Take what happen... here a while back. I heard ta... one night by a camp fire in Or... gon about some wonderful ne... discoveries of a thing calle... borax in Nevada . . . at Colun... bus and Teels Marsh . . . an... how it was goin' to make th... fortunes of a few lucky me... I'd heard about this here bora... before . . . over to Clear Lak... in California . . . and I kne... there was money in it. . . . So...

(*Continued on page 91*)



"Did you ever know who really discovered borax?" asked the Old Prospector.

TOWN CRIER TALES

Ever Hear the One About Empress Josephine's Long Lost Necklace?

BY
ALEXANDER
WOOLLCOTT



Alexander Woollcott from a sketch made in France in 1919 and Called *Soldier With Book*

THE scene is a studio of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The time, any Monday r Friday evening at a quarter er seven, EST., period of - Gruen Guild Watch. It's mall studio. A grand piano s half of it. Alexander oollcott, famous raconteur, s the other half.

THE announcer rts his introduction. Woollt, seated before a table crophone, glances at the dio clock. And says:

"Tonight you must think of the old own Crier as having come in out of e storm and sought a moment's peace d warmth beside your fireplace. He ts his bell and lantern in the corner id spreads his thin old hands to the blaze your friendly logs. As his spectacles ow misty and his smelly old tuppet bens to steam, he grows expansive and beins, in his garrulous fashion, to spin a w old wives' tales. If you, there in the rner will stop making such a noise ith that cocktail shaker and if Junior will op scuffling his feet and take his algebra omework into the next room, the Town rier will tell a story or two. Some years go, when I was lolling one afternoon in he studio of Miss Neysa McMein—in hose days her studio was about as hushed nd sheltered a spot as the Grand Conourse of the Grand Central Terminal—here came breezing in a young painter named Baskerville. He was in a state of considerable excitement because of an extraordinary chance that had just befallen a friend of his. She had been ambling along Sixth Avenue when her eye was caught by a dusty old string of beads in a pawn shop window. What particularly interested her was the lovely old clasp of curious and intricate design, with which the string was fastened. Being a born shopper, she went in and priced it. The pawn-broker said that this bit of junk had been pledged there some two or three years before by a wild and shabby wayfarer who never came back to redeem it. It was therefore on sale and he proposed to ask a cool $2.50 for it. Well, $2.50 about represented her working capital at the moment. "Easy come, easy go," she said to herself, and went off with the darned thing in her pocket. Afterwards, she cleaned it up a bit, and used to wear it with great pride. As it happened, the clasp was so old that it was worn through, and one day, a few weeks later, as she was prancing up Fifth Avenue, it broke.

"With one clutch she caught the string before it began to disintegrate into the oblivious traffic. Cursing softly but sincerely to herself, she stood holding her collapsing necklace together and looking distractedly around for assistance. It was then she noticed for the first time that this mishap had befallen her directly in front of the elegant and snooty jewel shop of Black Starr & Frost. Now normally she would no sooner have taken a bit of Sixth Avenue finery to that shop for repair than she would have asked Revillion Freres to sew up a rip in her little boy's mittens. But there was help right at hand and in she went.

"She was very apologetic about it. With that curious and purposeless mendacity in which we all indulge at such times, and by which we seek to conceal the humble facts of our existence from total strangers who aren't interested in them anyway, she explained to the clerk that this was an old necklace that had been in her family for years, that she treasured it for sentimental reasons, and would be greatly obliged if he would do a little tinkering with the clasp—that is, if it wouldn't cost too much. She scarcely cared to spend much money on a mere matter of sentiment.

The clerk yawned, gathered up the two ends of the string, and sauntered off to the back of the shop. Two minutes later he returned, his eyes snapping with excitement. Accompanying him was the big bewhiskered jewel expert clothed in Olympian calm, his excitement, if any, masked by his personal shrubbery. He wanted to know if Madame would be interested in selling the necklace. Madame felt as if an elevator had suddenly started to fall with her, but with one frantic clutch, she recaptured her self control, and four generations of horse trading Yankee ancestors took possession of their offspring's spirit. The necklace, she said, was not for sale. The jewel merchant began to hem and haw.

"She did a bit of hemming and hawing herself. Finally she expressed a purely academic interest in what Black Starr & Frost would be willing to offer. The reply was immediate, $20,000.00.

"That darned elevator began to fall again. Again the good old Puritan ancestry sustained her swooning spirit. I could go on with the story this way indefinitely, but I will rush on to the conclusion. The necklace was of diamonds. The final stone on each end was carved with an initial. On one end the initial was 'N'. On the other end the initial was 'J'. It was the long lost necklace of the Empress Josephine.

"That was the story as young Master Baskerville told it to me. I confess it fascinated me, and being a member of the staff of The Evening Sun at the time,

(*Continued on page 102*)

My Biggest

MARIA

Great Austrian Star Trembled in Fear as She Made Her Debut—then a Miracle Happened.



Maria Jeritza, famous prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

THE life of every prima donna is filled with big moments. It is one profession which, despite its many hours of hard and exacting work, the self-denial and the eternal care which it demands, is yet colored with so many rich moments, that one feels amply rewarded for all one does.

Sometimes these moments may not be big ones in the eyes of the public, yet they are dear to the prima donna. They may be little things which happen on the stage during the course of the opera which turn a threatening disaster into a dazzling success; they may be when one sings before royalty, before the disabled war veterans or the crippled children in hospitals. They may be the moments when the response of the audience is such that it grips you by the throat and the tears come. Or it may be a moment when you have so lost yourself in the soul of a character that the composer himself is overwhelmed by your interpretation.

Then, of course, there are those moments that mark a definite progress in your career. The ones that have helped to bring you nearer to the goal. Naturally these are the most vital ones in my life and the first will therefore always stand out pre-eminently in my mind.

When I was a very little girl in Olmuetz, where I was born, my voice showed exceptional promise. My father encouraged me to study and he took me to Professor Auspitzer of Bruenn. He was an excellent singing teacher and I made splendid progress with him. However, I was considerably handicapped by the fact that I was so timid and shy, I could not be persuaded to sing for anyone. The mere suggestion was enough to terrify me.

Professor Auspitzer was in despair. He pleaded; he begged and he argued. How was anyone to know that I possessed a singing voice if I would not sing? How was I going to make a career for myself? But nothing he said was of any avail. Then one day, when I was taking my lesson, he asked me to sing my arias. One after another he took them until I finally protested. But he merely smiled and went to the door of the room.

"Come in," he called. "I'm sure you have heard Maria sing enough to know what she can do." And in walked the director of the Olmuetz Theatre! Professor Auspitzer had hidden him in the next room and there he had listened with ease while I unknowingly had gone through my repertoire. I was so astonished I could not speak. But imagine my greater amazement when he said to me: "You are engaged for my theatre. You will make your debut as 'Elsa' in 'Lohengrin.'"

I need not describe the terrors I went through at the rehearsals. I am afraid the company did not think very much of me. On the night of the p formance I quaked and trembl and shivered. I did not see how could sing before so many peop Only once later in my life, at t Metropolitan Opera House, was again overcome with such acu fright. However, the director the Olmuetz Theatre tried his be to soothe me. He kept assuri me that everything would go c well once I was on the stage. was pretty skeptical about that an thought to myself that my debu would mark my last public appea ance.

However, on the night of th performance, when I finally hear my cue, I went on the stage and it w simply a miracle the way all my fears d appeared. I completely forgot everythin but my role. I loved the part of El and for the time being was Elsa. I w so absorbed in my role that I did not s the audience. Yet there was an electri feeling in the audience that goaded m on and you can imagine how thrilled was when they enthusiastically applaude me at the end of the performance. I wa very grateful for it too, as the succes that I had, inspired me with the confi dence which I needed so much.

Just as every American singer has he eyes on the Metropolitan Opera House, so in Austria, the greatest achievement is an engagement at the Hofoper. It is one of the most magnificent opera houses in Europe and before the war there wa no more wonderful sight than to see the men with their colorful uniforms and glittering decorations, and the women with their costly gowns and jewels. There was such an air of splendor about the place that it made one tingle with excitement just to be there.

Since the Hofoper only accepted mature artists who had had several years of experience and who were known to the public, I naturally could not try there right away. So I first went to the Volksoper, a municipal opera house which was also in Vienna and which had a very fine reputation.

I worked very hard at the Volksopera and I sang all kinds of parts. This was valuable experience to me as it helped me to build up a solid foundation and a fine technique. I missed no opportunity

Moments by JERITZA

udy and to learn and to work over smallest detail of my part. Gradu- I began to be known and I was often d to appear in other cities as guest t. Then, one season, the directors he great Hofoper decided to give hrodite." As this was its first pres- tion, they were anxious to insure its ess in every way. They found, gh, that they could not engage any heir own singers for the leading role use none was young or slender gh to interpret it. It would not do ave a fat and middle-aged Aphrodite, matter how glorious her voice might be. My fond hopes expanded.

Thus the very dream of my life came true when I was asked to create the title role of this opera at its world premiere.

Another moment that will always remain a significant one for me was when Gatti-Casazza offered me a contract to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House. I was not acquainted with Americans and the thought of singing to such a totally different audience, made me hesitate. I felt safe and secure in Vienna. Why venture so far away to a land about which I had heard so many strange stories? It was better to be satisfied with what one had. But Gatti-Casazza would not listen to my refusals and he kept coming back to me until I finally signed the contract.

It was a rainy, dismal day when I arrived in this country. I knew very little English at the time and I had to rely on others to make myself understood. In addition I had to prepare to make my American debut in one of the most difficult of operas, "The Dead City." All these things combined to bring back my former fear of singing to an audience. Every day I wished myself home in Vienna. I felt I could not go through the ordeal. I constantly reproached myself for having signed the contract.

As curtain time drew nearer, I was seized with such trembling that I could not move. Everyone attempted to comfort me and to cheer me up. But I

(*Continued on page 104*)



Jeritza from a scene in the opera Tosca.



Phil Spitalny

"Here's to a Happy Radio

Say your Favorite

Mike Resolutions Ma Bring You Bigger a Than Ever—They S Brand New Gags, Son



Muriel Pollock

IF RADIO delivers and fulfills but half the hopes, during 1931, of your favorite entertainers, you will unconditionally agree that the new leaves that are being turned over this New Year's Eve, have not been turned in vain. What a mass of good intentions!

And they'll be made good, too, or I don't know the mike stars I've been writing about these many months and years.

Rapidly flipping the pages of a notebook filled in the course of a score or more of interviews with the air's great, I humbly beg to report that you fellow dialsters are in for more variety, novelties, laughs, sunshine, cheer, beauty, artistry and intelligent efforts. Better orchestrations, sound effects, rehearsals, preparation, manuscripts and continuities are in the bag for 1931, and as for drama, watch for more plays based on historical fact, and better dramas produced better.



One of your best liked stars hopes to see a Radio rejuvenation of the old, backwoods square dance; another looks forward to giving you more of the soothing, native American folk music, a third trusts that the new year will bring a renaissance of grand opera on the Radio, with its greater appreciation by the public the cause for its production.

But who (see if you can guess)—who would dare to wish for "louder crooners" and "softer trombones"? You're right—Ray Perkins, the famous *Old Topper* and *Prince of Pineapple*. Waxing facetious just to keep in character, Perkins said:

"After painful introspection and deliberation (resulting in a headache), I am still able to announce the following resolutions which I shall break in 1931:

"(1) I will not climb the studio portieres. (2) I will stop crying when I hear sob-ballads. (3) I will have my overtones examined for flats. (4) I will not compete with Vallee, McNamee or Gibbons. They have their public, and I have mine. (5) I will not attempt to imitate Four Pineapples.

"I hope that 1931 brings louder crooners, softer trombones, bigger midgets, greater Garbos and a couple of new t wearable neckties. And God bless Mi Audience and Papa Public, and m Ray a good boy to listen to."

Phillips H. Lord was next. The cre of *Uncle Abe and David* and *Seth Par* answered my New Year's query in genuine vernacular of his beloved hy



Steele Jamison

p New Year"

i Stars

By
Evans E. Plummer



Lee Sims

y Studio Folks Will etter Entertainment nnly Swear to Present And Radio Thrillers



Ruth Lyon

ging character:

"Wal, now, I don't know about this solvin' business, but I do have two rograms that I'd like mighty well to send listeners in 1931. An' if resolvin'll elp to put 'em across, I'll make the esolution. One is the ole time, down ast, backwoods square dance with fid-



Muriel Wilson

dles scrapin', harmonickies wheezin', feet shufflin' and the head man singin' the calls in the background. That's one thing I'd like to do on the air in 1931.

"The other is to bring back in a Radio program the Big Band Wagon that used to tour the countryside in the ole days, goin' from town to town and promotin' the neighborly spirit. What we need next year is tolerance, tolerance and more tolerance, and don't you forget it, young fellow."

Whether Jessica will make more than "Olive", or vice versa during 1931, is something for you to worry about, but what the Misses Dragonette and "Palmer" (Virginia Rae) hope to accomplish during the ensuing year is best told by the famous sopranos themselves. Petite Jessica, of Cities Service concerts, said:

"Who can estimate the force and power engendered by the concentration of millions of minds and hearts by the beauty of a song? And where shall this lead us? The microphone is my gateway to the hearts of men. The magic carpet, the seven league boots and Mercury's sandals were limited powers in comparison with Radio. My fervent wish for 1931 is that my art be part of your everyday life, for if it is not that, it is not art. May we create beauty together!"

And lovely Olive Palmer, Palmolive prima donna, sends you her greetings with the message:

"If my microphone were only Aladdin's magical lamp, it wouldn't be necessary for me to make a New Year's resolution. I'd simply ask it to convey to every one of my listeners the keen desire to give pleasure, which goes into every note of my songs. But without benefit of magic, I've decided to work harder, hoping that I may run the gamut of artistic preferences in my audience, bringing a little more intelligence, atmosphere and artistry to every song or aria I may sing. I'm interested in seeing better balanced, more finished programs of the concert type in 1931."

Lowell Thomas, reporting soldier of fortune and Radio representative of the Literary Digest, has a good idea to kill the blues early this year. "They tell





Here's one resolution we predict will make a good paving stone for warm regions—Nat Brusiloff and his Nestle Chocolateers promis to be more serious in 1931 than they have been in the past.

me," said he, "that I talk to more than 30,000,000 people every night. This fact seems to me fantastic and incredible, and prompts my first determination for the new year.

"In 1931 I'm going to spin more yarns and reel off more news flashes which are dominated by the spirit of optimism and good cheer. I think I have the 'swellest' job in the world, and a unique chance among Radio performers, because I can exercise a power of selection—an editorial choice of my material. Without sugar-coating the facts of life, or garbling the news, I can pick out and emphasize the cheerful angle of the day's happenings. That is my resolve."

ANOTHER Radio act, of which you perhaps have heard, is known as *Amos 'n' Andy* (film version *Check and Double Check*, Adv.), and who doesn't know this pair? Both Amos and Andy, or rather Freeman Gosden and Charlie Correll, their creators, tell me that 1931 will find their six-a-week skit packed full of good wholesome laughter and optimism. "We know business is good and getting better," the famous blackface pair maintained, "and maybe we can poke enough fun at the thrifty public so that they will start spending some of the money they've been hoarding, and causing tough times by so doing."

What Charlie Magnante, world's foremost accordionist, the *Pierre* of the Vermont Lumberjacks program as well as in Rolfe's orchestra program, wants to see in 1931, is more work provided for musicians by their unions. Charlie deplores the present situation. As far as personal resolutions go, he neither drinks nor smokes and hopes next year not to see his record broken. He also plans to work even harder than last year and better his best total of 31 appearances a week, besides recording and picture engagements. Magnante, by way of holding stock in his future, adds that he hopes the demand for "squeeze box" squeezers will increase and finally make this instrument surpass the saxophone in popularity.

"Yeah?" said Rudy Weidoeft, world's premier saxophonist and teacher of the leading players of that instrument, including Rudy Vallee. "Here's what I hope to accomplish in '31. I want to make my programs replete with more variety and novelties, better music and tone colorings to distinguish those programs from a dozen others. Better musical transcriptions will go a long way toward making this come true, and one other factor—the return of so many disillusioned songwriters from Hollywood. Personally I hope to improve my ability as player, writer and arranger.

ART KASSEL, whose Kassels in the Air orchestra is a prime favorite with the folk of Chicago and the Midwest, held one simple hope for 1931 which may have been fulfilled by the time you are reading this. "Give me," said Kassel, "one kind-hearted and wise sponsor of the none-meddlesome variet one who'll allow me to have my boy play the music the public likes best, an play it in the fashion we have become little famous for originating. Then I enjoy taking the entire responsibility fo the success or failure of the program o my own shoulders."

THE same sentiment i echoed by Russell Pratt, "My Bookhous Story Man" as well as one of the "Thre Doctors", of CBS and WMAQ fame "Most sponsored programs are too seri ous," he said. "I resolve to be seriou only for the children; never for th grownups. The best salesmanship is no the 'deadly' type but the sort that 'kids the prospective buyer into lowering hi guard, then slips the sales talk gently across. Trouble is," the "doctor" continued, "most sponsors interfere too much with the talent. Sherman, Rudolph and I know our audience, and we insist that we be allowed to play to that audience, if we are expected to bring in results."

More light opera and current shows on the air are the '31 hope of Ruth Lyon, CBS soprano who was honored to be selected as soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra in its broadcasts last year. Though all her training has been for the classics, Miss Lyon prefers the Victor Herbert type of music. She sees this year bringing light operas to the stage as outstanding hits and hopes the Radio world will follow suit.

(*Continued on page 93*)

DIAMONDS

Famous Historian Tells Scintillating Story of How The Dutch Cornered the Gem Market of the World



Hendrik Willem Van Loon, noted author and historian, who broadcast this history of diamonds over the Columbia Broadcasting System on the first Holland to United States hook-up.

By Hendrik Willem Van Loon

AM sorry but I must not speak too oudly to you—for it is three o'clock n the morning, and this is a small country.

ouldn't do to wake up the good peo- They consider the night to have been for sleep, and turn off their rail- and steamers, and even the cows are sted to graze very quietly.

course, that is not exactly our system. e like to make the day as dark as by a little coal-soot and turn the into day by burning up a fortune ectric light.

aybe that is the way to do it.

d maybe it is not.

the average people here live a le of years longer (sounds funny! ask the man of the statistics)—they ive a few years longer by going to if not with the chickens at least with roosters, and if there is anything in ory—and there is a lot in history if will only take the trouble to read oroughly—there surely is something e said for the system of separating night from the day and not inter- ng too seriously with the arrangements his planet as they were originally in- ied.

or I am not speaking to you from this ant city because the sunsets are hter, or begin a few minutes earlier n in New Amsterdam, or because the runs four times a day instead of ee as in most other countries. Neither e all those intricate arrangements of e and air and more wire and right-of- v across that wire and through that ticular air and night-porters getting out of bed at half-past two in the rning—been the work of the last five minutes. We did not suddenly say yesterday evening, "That was a remarkably good dinner and now wouldn't it be fun to talk to home for a couple of minutes!"

On the contrary. The jeweler in whose interest I am speaking tonight has been at work since early March to get this connection through, and the reason why he has taken this vast amount of trouble—the endless official correspondence with foreign telephone and broadcasting companies — petitions to the weather bureau for good weather so that the ocean would not interfere with an otherwise honest Dutch accent (Dutch accents on the air and quite ordinary mild storms have been known to provoke cyclones)—all this was done for one purpose and for one purpose only—to give his prospective customer a chance to feel and notice—to realize in an almost tangible manner—that Amsterdam, this ancient stronghold of the diamond trade, actually exists. That it is not a mere fable like those famous mines of Golconda which sound so well in poetry and which never produced a diamond—being merely the name of a strong fortress inhabited by a Turkish adventurer who, having conquered the greater part of northern India, invested his surplus revenue in the largest diamonds that were available until his treasure-chest on top of Golconda's rocks—an immeasurably strong castle—came to be associated with the idea of diamonds itself.

But this town of Amsterdam which was built seven hundred years ago had very different beginnings from the old capital of Kuth Shahi, which was probably the reason why it has existed so much longer and bids fair to exist until we all pack up our little toys and move for further safekeeping to the next planet. Amsterdam's beginning was so prosaic that it is funny. For the town of Amsterdam stands upon the bones of an humble fish called the herring. I do not mean that the houses have been actually constructed on the skeletons of these long defunct fishes. They are firmly built on Norwegian pine—a couple of hundred trees to each house—but the prosperity of this village was dragged out of the sea and it took four centuries before those good people were able to transform a kippered herring into a well-cut diamond. And thereby goes a story which I shall tell you some time when I have a couple of years off, for it is the entire story of the world from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries. But a fascinating story because it is in many ways the story of our own beginnings.

THIS town had nothing to begin with—nothing but flat mud-banks—a few thatch-roofed houses—a handful of people shivering and poor. If they had ever thought that their great-great-grandchildren should own so much as a single



A diamond star from the Russian crown jewels, recently sold by the Soviet Government. Contains 1,500 carats of diamonds.

diamond—let alone be the central market for that trade—they would have wept tears from joy. They did not—in all the land there was not a single diamond to be had—in all of Europe there were not more than half a dozen. The Romans who in the matter of luxury were past masters where we are merely beginners had not bothered about them. The reason was that nobody knew how to cut them—the Indian diamond merchants polished them up a bit—cut away the rough places—polished the corners—the effect wasn't very brilliant. There are a few such diamonds which Charlemagne, the greatest collector of his time, seems to have gathered and given to the church—the church did not know what to do with them—pasted them into covers of books—pretty little pieces of stone—no great value—let the kids play with them.

And this ignorance continued for a long, long time, for when Charles the Bold was killed by Swiss mercenaries in the year 1477—those honest Swiss peasants took the diamond buttons which the Duke of Burgundy wore—he was the richest man of his time—his fortune was estimated at almost three million dollars and he was so incredibly rich that his daughter actually owned one pair of silk stockings—well, those Swiss peasants cut off those pretty round stones and played marbles with them and sold them eventually to a nimble-fingered gentleman from Mayence and held their tummies laughing when he gave them as much as a dollar a piece for those silly bits of glass.

THAT ignorance continued and was to continue until a certain Vasco da Gama did what nobody had done for the last two thousand years, he rounded the cape which rises at the southernmost point of Africa and reached a country called India and came home with stories of incredible wealth of golden temples and heathen golden images whose eyes were of a strange stone—this stone was the mysterious Adamas—the invincible stone of which Pliny speaks as the most valuable of gems known only to kings—of which he had heard people speak but which he had never seen.

And then and then only, when Europe had discovered the straight road to India—when Portuguese traders began to dicker for idols' eyes and bits of queerly shaped minerals that were washed up by the rivers and found in the sandy banks of Indus and the Ganges—then did the Adamas, now corrupted into adamant and for convenience sake into damant—which is hard to pronounce and quite naturally becomes diamond—then only did this stone cease to be the center of an entire mythology which had been woven around it.

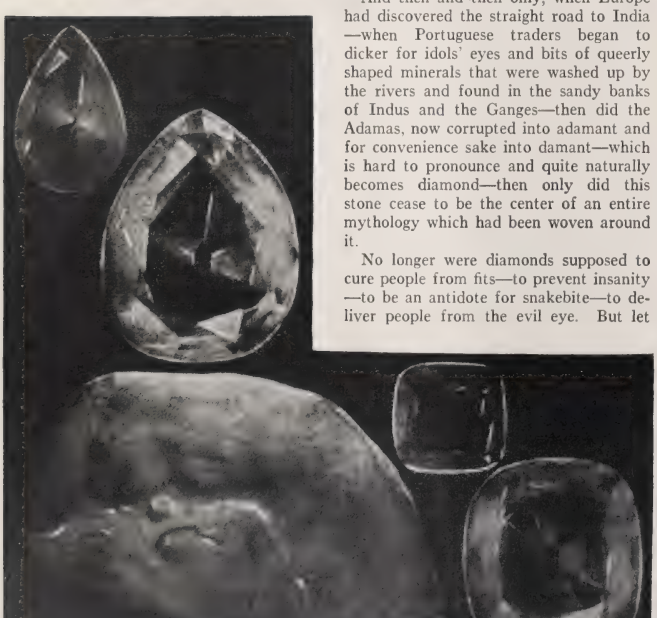
No longer were diamonds supposed to cure people from fits—to prevent insanity—to be an antidote for snakebite—to deliver people from the evil eye. But let us not be too hard on what we so t call the ignorance of our media cestors. In many ways they wer that we often are willing to reco for all during the Middle Ages th lace firmly believed that in far off there was found a stone which co vent quarrels between husband a —yea, they even had a name for i called it the "stone of reconciliatio who shall say that they were v wrong? But all that happened lon ago and I doubt whether the most ing of wives today would feel s compelled to indulge in a great "reconciliationing" if she had beer one of those crudely shaped glassy baubles with which the better s among the Roman emperors thoug they could please the first lady of th The art of diamond cutting was such utter infancy that it almost sp

And even after the discovery Gama of a short-cut to the home adamant stone (for Brazil and Africa were not known to produc monds until three and four hundred later), the diamond industry would have got very far if the mathem had not come to its aid—the mat tician and the mineralogist, for in days science was not yet divided in numerable little divisions and subdiv and those two were one.

The art of diamond cutting wa developed at the court of those Dukes of Burgundy who played su important role in European histor who by a clever policy of what we call "consolidation" had accum every bit of valuable real estate in ern Europe. But it was not their v and their desire for splendor, but their intense interests in the arts sciences, which made their court a bination of university, school of ma symphony hall and business office—a bination which in our time is as unk as the unfortunate dodo who becam tinct because he was so funny lo that all sailors must take a coup them home to amuse the kids.

THEN finally in Bru mathematical genius discovered the nature of the diamond, and for that Charles the Bold who so miserably ished at the hands of the Swiss m naries he cut a number of raw diam and did it in the so-called "brilliant" ion which had given us a name which survived until this very day.

But then the stern and mysterious of economics began to take a hand in matter, for nothing in this world diamonds to a knowledge of the m Malay dialects or the peace of mind surpasses understanding is ever acqu



The famous Cullinan diamond as it peared when mined, and several of beautiful pear-shaped and square diam cut from it

…t giving something in return. And …re one wishes to obtain—no mat… what field—the more one had to …is seems absolutely just. I except …who belong to the amiable school …ing something for nothing and who …unately never graduate, as that …o does not seem to be able to get its …i to the final grade before they have …emoved to an institution which the …t Spaniards, according to their …e habit, called a prison.

…nothing is ever given for nothing, …is to have something to give in re… for the something one wishes to …—so then it appeared that the very …l, and ofttimes slightly close-fisted …nen of that noble herring pond …n as the North Sea and its small …dency the Zuyder Zee, had accumu… the wealth with which one could buy …self-same ornaments that looked so …on their own wives (still slightly …l with herring bones), but so well …e wives of Their Lordships to the …, and the East of them, who fished …neither did they plow, but who by …means could sweat enough taxes out …eir long-suffering peasants and serfs …tain whatever they wished to possess.

…d now we come to one particular …of the law of supply and demand—…n ideal law, but one that has the ad…tage of working with less general dis…ort than any other law we have …ed so far. That particular item tells …hat art follows the full dinner-pail—…since the full dinner-pail had moved …e banks of the Zuyder Zee, art fol…d too to the banks of the Zuyder Zee. …since the jeweler and the stone-cutter …in those days an undistinguishable …of the art world—as by rights they …ld be today—they too moved north…l and the full dinner-pail made them …come and learned their trade and then …and dickered with His Majesty the …of Spain, who owned the whole world …whose credit was almost as bad as …e. That is all right for an historian …very uncomfortable for the most …erful monarch of his day.

THEY showed His Majesty …s full of honest Amsterdam ducats and …Majesty signed on the dotted line—…ted in gold paint for the occasion, no …bt, but terribly dotted just the same …His Majesty, for a sum down in that …but agreeable commodity called "spot …h", guaranteed to sell all his diamonds. …erever found to the diamond cutters of …Majesty's former city of Amsterdam. …Majesty got the cash and the Amster…n jewelers got the diamonds, and judg… by results, His Majesty also got the …rst of the deal, but being a Majesty …d having signed on the dotted line, he …d to stick to his bargain and from that …oment on, about the beginning of the …hteenth century, the diamond trade …me to the banks of the Zuyder Zee and …s stayed there until today.

Why this should have been so it is not hard to say. The trade is what one might call a traditional trade—it is one of the few things in this modern world of machinery which cannot be left to machinery. It is not so much a matter of an ability to polish in a certain way, as an almost inborn knack to know exactly what one can do with the indifferent piece of quartz that has been fished out of the soil of South Africa or that has been brought down from the mountains of some unknown Indian frontier tribe. And such skill—like the skill of the weaver or the pottery-maker or the violin maker, cannot be learned from books but has to be absorbed with the paternal pap—has to have been part of the household conversation for generation after generation. And such developments can only grow and flourish in certain centers where life is placed and the conditions of living are such as to induce a certain peace of mind and great economic safety, born not only out of political conditions but also out of a well-understood policy of economic live and let live, based upon self-interest mitigated by tolerance and the desire to give the other fellow a chance.

THOSE conditions until very recently were to be found here and that undoubtedly is the reason why I was asked to speak to you from the spot where the diamond ceased to be the eye of an idol and became the idol of a great many eyes—the town where books were first printed so that they should be within the reach of everybody (perhaps the greatest spiritual revolution of the last six hundred years)—where first of all wool and linen were woven so that nobody needed go cold—undoubtedly a selfish arrangement on the part of the weavers but like so many intelligent manifestations of self-interest of more direct benefit to the community than altruism based upon a vague hope—and finally the town where jewelry in general and diamonds in particular were changed from an object of warfare and plunder and a cure-all for everything from snake-bite to squinting—to what it is today. But what it is today, alas, I cannot tell you, for my time is up—the man with the ominous watch and the threatening one finger tells me that I have only sixty more seconds and therefore all I have left is time to say—good-night.



This portrait of Queen Mary of England, now hung in the Ottawa National Art Galleries shows her wearing many of the costly crown jewels and decorations of England.

(Text furnished by courtesy of Columbia Broadcasting System)

Is Romance Dead?

Fannie Hurst *Answers...*



Fannie Hurst is the most vivid thing in a vivid room.

An Interview
By Lillian G. Genn

WHAT has happened to romance? There are many of the beaux of yesterday who believe that when the frail and mysterious femininity gave way to the flaming flapper with her hard-working lipstick and her own pay check, it marked the demise of romance. That with the changing status of woman, her insistence upon man's code, and her freedom to adventure, love would never more be the alpha and omega of her life and that she would not make sacrifices for it. As proof they point to the increasing numbers of women who nonchalantly turn their backs on marriage or who divide it with a career.

Not that the fair sex is entirely to blame. These advocates of yesterday likewise admit that the materialism and speed of the age, and the revelations that science has made, have also played their part in hastening the passing of romance. For how, they claim, can romance flourish in a whirling maelstrom? How can there be any glamour about love when science has stripped it of its aura of mystery and illusion?

And so they wistfully sigh for the days when woman was an ethereal and elusive creature on a pedestal who knew nothing of the world. When life was lived more leisurely and there was time for chivalry and the sentimentalities of love.

But Fannie Hurst, for one, does not join their sighs. This brilliant writer, with whom the subject was discussed, has no patience with those backward looking souls who rhapsodise about the past. She finds that there is much about life today which is alluring and thrillingly romantic. Human nature remains unchanged.

And yet, as those who have read her short stories and her novels well know, she does not view life as a romanticist. She sees its dark and seamy side; its struggles and its heartbreak, all of which she portrays with the keen and sympathetic understanding that is her genius. But in her stories, there runs, too, the scarlet thread of romance; she points out the loveliness and the throbbing beauty of the world and depicts the yearning and the longing of the human soul for love. This is particularly true of her new novel, *Back Street*, in which she weaves a rich tapestry of life, centered around the story of a great passion.

Miss Hurst's studio apartment, where the interviewer went to see her, provided an appropriate setting for a discussion of romance. It is a room with a dim cathedral-like interior li by huge floor car bras. The color is red—a bright ro tic red that som makes one think o days of the Renaiss The luxurious rugs tapestries, the cushioned sofa wer of this shade. So was the smock the author wore ov gown of black silk.

Miss Hurst, bec she is a warm, hu personality, and much herself, is at the most vivid thin this vivid room. Sh dark beauty that st out effectively ag the striking backgro Her hair, which wears drawn stra back from a wide b is a glossy black, her eyes are lumino dark. Her skin is f less and her feat perfect. She speak a voice that is v modulated and swee

There is something about the l cathedral-like room, with its hus solemnity, and its religious images, t makes one imagine one is living in ano age. Not even the grand piano, cove with music, and the current magaz and books which filled the tables benches, and which brought a note modernity into the place, seem to di that feeling.

HOWEVER, despite old-world background, Miss Hurst is v much of a modernist. She sees no gl our in the past and does not worship its shrine. She further believes that wh the externals of life have changed, mance is as glowingly alive as it ever and that love is still the supreme flo

"TODAY it is love which is the mainspring of marriage...woman has the great thrill of going out to seek Romance herself."



"Her hair is a glossy black and her eyes luminously dark."

...It is the ideal motive force. ...ne of the changes that have taken ... she said, "have been able to up- ...uman nature. Human beings are ...entally the same. They still crave ...ce and are struggling to inject as ...of it as is possible into their lives. ... deep and beautiful thing that will ...r be loved.

...seems to me, too, that even though ... have been many outer, material ...s, the glamour of life is all about ...ertainly there is romance in flying ... of the world; romance in listening ...sic that travels the air for thou- ... of miles.

"THE whole trouble is that ...e apt to canonize the past. If the ...adours of yesterday could see a ... airplane against the sun or listen ... wonders of the air, they would call ...he romantic age. And viewed from ...n angles we are very much more ...ntic than the languid days when ...e lived under conditions that were ...ing but beautiful. If we examine ... carefully, we will find a good many ... and somber things. Cities were ...r filthy places in which to drag ... and brocaded gowns.

...am often asked, though, how I can ...our crowded cities with their gloomy ...ays, ugly oil stations and elevated ...ays, romantic? But in any age you ... find that corresponding conditions ...ed. The old Italian cities we rave ...t and we believe to be so romantic, ...e had to live in them today, would ... us. Indeed, they were so dark and ...gienic, that we would regard them ...lums. There was nothing attractive ...t the slaves who had to do all the ...g.

...ife then had just as many ugly as- ...s as it has today, but we are prone ...ast our eyes on the bright spots and ... over the rest.

There is romance in our surroundings ...e but look for it. When I walk ...ugh Central Park and see the well- ...med people, the lines of shining, ...tly moving motor cars, and the sky- ...pers and minarets looming up against ...azure sky, I can't say that life is less picturesque today. That the just-around-the-corner aspect of the city is any less romantic.

"The old days of open fireplaces and cold backs, of candles and smoky oil lamps, of traveling inconveniences and few diversions have no allure for me. It is perfectly true that we live too rapidly today, but aside from the romantic gentlemen who had time to celebrate life in verse and song, the romantic ages we talk about must have been most uncomfortable, and, considering the lack of medical knowledge, quite painful as well."

"But what about the fact," Miss Hurst was questioned, "that women now work side by side with men in the business marts? Hasn't that somewhat destroyed the romantic relation which once existed between them?"

"There's not so much artificial restraint between the sexes," she answered. "Young men and women no longer ascribe fictitious and over-idealized qualities to each other. Less illusion exists. Men and women are now human beings to each other and not gods and goddesses. In view of this, the antiquated relationship has become somewhat ridiculous.

"How can we any longer have any regard for the old relationship which relegated woman to the four walls and allowed her to look at life through the window blinds? Which accorded man an unequal share of power and of pleasures? Certainly there was something else in life for woman besides staying at home and having her hands kissed."

"NEVERTHELESS," the author was further probed, "hasn't the freedom between men and women and their greater frankness, all tended to rob love of its piquancy and its romantic glamour?"

"Not at all," she smiled. "Human relationships are just as exciting. In fact they have now become accelerated because woman has become more selective. An affair has also become a battle of wits. A woman doesn't look at a man through eyes dazzled by the matrimonial halo. There are so many things the modern woman can do in life, that marriage doesn't attract her unless the man has personal merits. If he doesn't measure up, she doesn't accept him for the sake of a meal ticket. She can earn her own.

"Today it is love which is the mainspring of marriage. It is only the feeling and the love of two people for each other which unites and keeps them together. A woman is no longer compelled to endure unbearable conditions in order to present a false front of wedded bliss to the world. Society has become more broad-minded: it does not condemn her if she seeks a divorce. Nor is any door of opportunity closed to her. She can continue to get just as much pleasure from life.

"The fact that a husband and wife have greater freedom, has also made their relationship more interesting. Marriage doesn't get a chance to pall through constant and enforced association of husband and wife. And because it is the accepted thing for each to associate with members of the opposite sex, they must be more on tip toe in their efforts to hold each other.

"With the relationship based on honesty and truth and mutual respect, it gives marriage more dignity and beauty and sanctity. The fact that there are more divorces is only because men and women will not tolerate hypocrisy and pretense in their marriages. While divorce is deplorable, yet it is certainly far better than the continuance of a marriage which was miserable and in which the spiritual values were dead.

"Woman has naturally gained more by the improved marriage institution. A man now doesn't expect his wife to devote twenty-four hours of the day to taking care of the house and serving him. He respects her individuality and concedes her right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. She is not only allowed to use her own mind, but is encouraged to do so.

"All this, to my mind, has made the



Fannie Hurst, author of *Lummox* and *Back Street*, romps with her police dog.

modern woman a much more interesting and glamorous creature than the fragile, fainting prude of previous days."

"Do you believe," Miss Hurst was asked, "that the modern woman has become so self-centered and so intent on her own interests that she would not make sacrifices for love, as has been frequently charged? That she is incapable of the deep and enduring affection of her predecessors?"

"I know scores of women," she replied, "who are practically throwing their lives away for love. The heroine in *Back Street* is by no means an exceptional case. She is, on the contrary, a symbol of the deathlessness of woman's capacity to love.

"PERSONALLY I believe it is a mistake for a woman to give up everything for love. If she concentrates her life on a man, and allows her individuality to be absorbed by his, she is bound to find, when love fades, that her companionship has little to offer. She loses her hold on his love. And in the end, even if she has children, she finds herself alone. She has nothing she can give anyone. There is nothing she can do for herself."

"But love does mean more to woman, doesn't it?"

"No," Miss Hurst returned. "It has just as important a place in man's life and means as much to him. If he has not exalted it above all other things, it is only because he has never been called upon to make any sacrifices for it. It has always been woman's rôle to dedicate herself to making sacrifices.

"This is still very much of a man's world and it will take a long time before established customs will change. Men have never been required to subordinate their lives to love. But they are beginning to do it now. You find that there are men who have given up position and wealth and opportunities for the love of some woman. There have been a few rare and exceptional examples in history and in time to come it will not be an unusual occurrence. Women will have no monopoly on making sacrifices for love. Men are as romantic a sex as women and if they will be called upon to make the grand sacrifice, they will do it."

The novelist thought that while we may call this a materialistic age, yet life today is gayer and brighter than in the so-called romantic age. We should be athrill with the vast number of opportunities that are open to us to lead happier and more interesting lives.

"This is just as true for the men," she said. "If those who pine for the old-fashioned type of wife actually had to live with her today, they would re[fuse]. They may find it somewhat trying to h[ave a] woman, who once regarded them as [in]ferior beings, now challenging their p[re]rogatives and their supremacy. But I'm c[er]tain they would not exchange the n[ew] intellectual companion and comrade t[hey] they have, for the dependent clinging v[ine] of yesterday.

"AS FAR AS woman is co[n]cerned, she would not care to give up t[he] opportunities she has won for the chival[rous] and the courtesy which men once a[c]corded her, or for the duels which we[re] fought in her name. If life was roman[tic] in the days of knighthood, it was only [so] for the men.

"Women were kept cloistered in th[eir] towers, and the chief pleasure they ha[d] outside of embroidering, was the vicario[us] one of listening to the men's tales. Th[e] knights were the ones that had the a[d]ventures. Not their wives.

"What does the outward gesture, th[e] hand kissing and the pretty phras[es] amount to when compared with th[e] greater thrill that woman has of going o[ut] to seek romance for herself?

"We perhaps haven't so much of th[e] sentimentalities of romance and the ou[t]ward display, but real romance, the dee[p] sincere and durable kind, still flourishes.

From The Old Curiosity Shop Comes The Tale of

The Golden Baton

By DAVID ROSS
and DON CLARK

IS dark in the Old Curiosity Shop,
id the firelight casts a gentle glow
n the strange and curious objects
hich litter its shelves and overflow
ery nook and corner of the crowded
"Tick . . . tick . . . tock . . ."
e old French clock, green and tar-
where it once was bright gilt; and
g time with the measured rhythm
time-keeper a man breathes softly.
is dozing and dreaming, a fit
nion to the old relics which are
ry side. But suddenly youth
e enter. Jean, the daughter of
opkeeper is a strange contrast
old relics . . . bric-a-brac . . .
re . . . jewelry. She turns on
ht and asks, "Sleeping, dad?"
, just dreaming a little about
se old friends of mine. Some
call them 'junk' and others
prize them for their money
but to me each little object
a memory, a vision of things

ories, dad? I wish you'd tell me
one thing I saw this afternoon.
ver in a case at the other side
room . . . looks like a golden
with some kind of inscription
"

hat, my dear, is a golden baton,
t has a strange and interesting
"

golden baton! Tell me about

the Shopkeeper begins. "One
I was in my shop alone. It was
erable, rainy night, and the wind
howling through cracks in the
and down the chimney. The
was beating against the windows
drum. I was just about to close
or the night when I saw a man
ng across the street toward my

He spoke in a broken, cracked voice,
a strong German accent, and asked
was the keeper of the shop. When I
ated, he hesitated and inquired, 'You
—second hand things? I have come to
my baton! My precious gold baton
You will buy it?'
looked at the inscription, which was
aved in German. With my slight knowl-
of the language, I could make out
words, 'affection and esteem—Herr
ann Kindler—Leipzig Symphony.'

"The old man, Johann, lifted his head proudly, 'Ja—they gave it to me! It is all I have left, my friend. All—all I have left! And now I must sell it . . . Ach—I



HERE in the mellow gloom of your shop, Old Curiosity,
How many dreams were ransomed!
How many hopes were forfeited or sold!
Here are mute witnesses of joy and sorrow
And the blind urgency of gold.

WHAT is this tarnished baton?
A bauble? Or worthless tinsel?
A worthless toy its only counterpart?
Nay, fool not yourselves
Once was this baton burnished and bright
Wielded by one who was master of musical art.

(Adapted)

remember that night when all Leipzig acclaimed me . . .' "

As the Shopkeeper goes on with his story we see a great concert hall in the city of Leipzig:

BURGOMEISTER: Herr Kindler—as Burgomeister of the city of Leipzig, it is my happy privilege to show you, in part at least, the honor that is rightfully your due. In so doing, I speak for all the people of our city, from whose hearts comes this expression of esteem . . . You have just completed the final concert of the season—a season that you have made signally successful as the conductor of the Leipzig Symphony Orchestra. Your place in the world of music is certain and assured—and now I have the honor to show that your place in the hearts of the people of Leipzig is as strong and keenly felt.

In behalf of this city, I have the honor to present you with this golden baton, on which are inscribed the words: "Presented to Herr Johann Kindler by the people of Leipzig, as a token of their affection and esteem for his work as conductor of the Leipzig Symphony Orchestra." (*Great burst of applause.*)

May health and good fortune go with you always, Herr Kindler, as do the affections and love of the people of Leipzig.

JOHANN: Herr Burgomeister, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. It moves me very deeply to see my efforts thus rewarded, and this baton of gold will inspire me to even greater things than ever before. Thank you!

(*After the concert. Johann approaches a slender, lovely young woman and both enter a waiting carriage.*)

JOHANN: Helen!

HELEN: Ah—Johann—I wanted to see you—and tell you how happy I am about your success.

JOHANN: Helen—all of this—the applause of the people of Leipzig—the success that I have had—is nothing.

HELEN: Nothing! Johann . . .

JOHANN: Nothing—if I do not have your love. Ah I know—I have never spoken of it before. But now I must, or my heart will break from what it would have me say. Helen—I love you—with all my heart I do!

HELEN: I know—Johann.

JOHANN: The symphonies that I play—they are only your lovely voice speaking to me. I hear you in every note, my dear. The tempo is the beating of my heart for you—and once in a while I even think I hear you say—I love you—so softly.

HELEN: I thought I could sense that, Johann, in your music.

JOHANN: Then—you do love me, Helen? You do care for me?

HELEN: Yes, dear. I love you, too. I only wish that I might be worthy of a thing so fine and great as your love.

JOHANN: But you are, dearest. You are more than worthy.

HELEN: You are so fine, Johann. You are to be one of the world's greatest musicians—one of the masters of all time. And I . . .

JOHANN: And you are the woman I love, Helen. Oh—I am so happy! I shall do such great things—because of you! Now I shall live—really live—because I love! Think of it, Helen—our life together—our love—our music. I—I want to kiss you, Helen.

HELEN: Yes. (*They kiss tenderly.*)

JOHANN: You—dear heart—you are my symphony. You are the expression of all that is beautiful in life—all that is beautiful and good.

HELEN: Is it not strange, Johann, that love can stand against the world? That love lives for itself and by itself? From now on, I shall live but for you!

JOHANN: Helen!

But their happiness is short-lived. War, the great interrupter, comes to spoil their dream of a life together. And at their parting Johann speaks of his faith.

"I believe in our love, Helen. It will be like a light guiding me through the blackness of war. Always I shall see your face, looking at me, and urging me on. We'll show them that our love can stand the fire and terror of war. And when it is over—"

Helen continues the thread, "I shall be here—as I always have been—waiting for you to come to me: Waiting for you to take me in your arms and mend my broken heart, my dear."

They kiss farewell and Helen sobs, "Goodbye—Johann!"

(*A lapse of time. Johann lies in a war hospital, forsaken, delirious.*)

JOHANN: (*In a sick, broken voice*) My baton—my gold—baton! Ah—Helen—my Helen—come closer, Helen. I want to play for you—the Symphony Pathetique! Listen—I will play—where is my baton—Helen.

FIRST NURSE: Poor chap—he's been out of his head ever since they brought him in from the field hospital.

SECOND NURSE: Yes. And always he mumbles something about Helen and his gold baton—and some symphony. He must be a musician.

FIRST NURSE: Yes—I expect he is. I don't know why he seems any more pathetic than the other cases, but he does.

SECOND NURSE: Perhaps it's because no one ever comes to see him. Nearly everyone else in this world has a guest now and then, but no one has ever come to ask about Kindler.

FIRST NURSE: Kindler?

SECOND NURSE: Yes—that's his name. We found out from some of the papers in his uniform yesterday. Nobody knew who he was before.

FIRST NURSE: Then—somebody has thought of him, at least.

SECOND NURSE: What do you mean?

FIRST NURSE: This letter. It came several days ago—forwarded from the front. I couldn't find out who Johann Kindler was, so I tossed it in the drawer of this desk.

SECOND NURSE: Yes—that's for him alright. But—I don't believe he'll be able to read it—for a long, long time.

FIRST NURSE: Even when he comes into his right mind again, we must be very careful about it. The doctor told me this morning that any shock—even the slightest little thing—might keep him from ever getting his sanity back again.

SECOND NURSE: I know . . . This seems to be a woman's handwriting. Do you suppose—

FIRST NURSE: What?

SECOND NURSE: I was thinking—it might be well to open the letter and read it. Perhaps it should be answered immediately.

FIRST NURSE: But—I'd feel peculiar about opening someone's mail. It's probably very personal—perhaps it's from this Helen that he mutters about.

SECOND NURSE: That's all the r reason why we should open it. Prob she's his sweetheart, and doesn't k where he is.

FIRST NURSE: That's so. Well— it.

FIRST NURSE: (*She tears open the velope*) Oh!

FIRST NURSE: What is it? What say?

SECOND NURSE: Oh! It's a good t we did open this. We could never h shown it to him. It *is* from the Helen he's been talking about. Listen. . . .

"Dear Johann: I am sorry to hav write you such a letter as this will be. I feel that it is the only fair thing to That it should come at a time when are away at the front gives me greater concern, but to delay in telling would be to make matters worse. Joh —our love has been a very tender an very beautiful thing. I shall always member it as one of the loveliest thing my life. But it is just that beauty— fragility—that tells me it would no stand the shocks and trials of life. Joh —I have found love—the kind of love is sturdy enough to last through, and I to be married next week. Please try understand, my dear, and know that memory of our love shall always be most beautiful part of my life. Helen."

FIRST NURSE: Oh! How can we him. How can we ever let him know?

SECOND NURSE: We can't. He wo never stand it. No—we must wait u he is fit again—and let him go to Leip and find this thing out for himself.

FIRST NURSE: Yes . . . Oh—h many souls has this war torn apart?

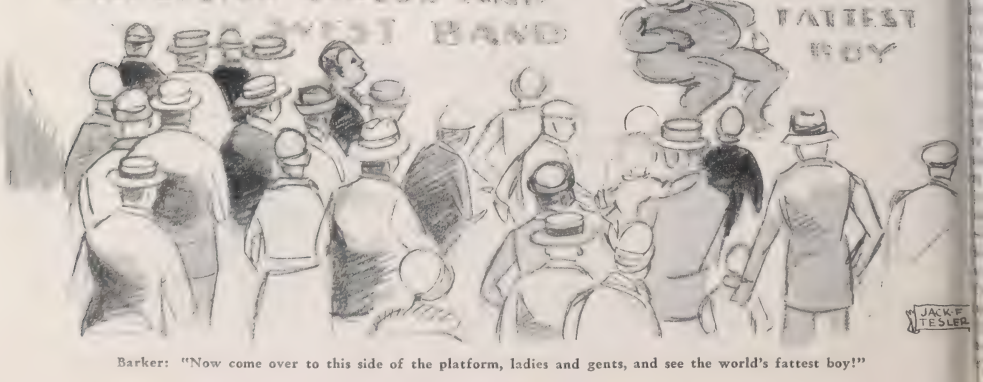
(*Some time later—still in the hospita*

JOHANN: Nurse!

FIRST NURSE: Yes, Mr. Kindler.

JOHANN: Did you hear what the Do tor just told me? Did you?

SECOND NURSE: Yes—because he t me, too. Does it make you happy to kn that you are discharged—that you c



Barker: "Now come over to this side of the platform, ladies and gents, and see the world's fattest boy!"



Johann: "Stop the music! Ohhhh! I can't stand it any longer! My head is going around! Stop!"

he hospital for good in a few days?
ANN: Oh—I am so happy—I can
believe that it is true! Now I can
k to my own Leipzig—to my sweet-
-to all my friends. I—ohhh!
IT NURSE: What's the matter? Are
?
ANN: It's nothing—nothing, really.
y lung—sometimes it pains a little,
e. Now I'm going to dress . . .
. Nurse—have there been any letters
mail for me at all since I've been
?
ST NURSE: Ah—n-no—no mail, Mr.
er.
ANN: No matter. I'll see them all
anyway. Did I have any papers
I came in? There must have been
in my uniform.
ST NURSE: Yes—there were some
s. They're over there in the corner,
t desk. I'll get them for you.
ANN: Don't bother—I'll get them.
goes to desk) This desk? Here in
orner?
RST NURSE: Yes—but—
COND NURSE: (*Coming up*) June!
's the desk his letter is in! Don't let
look in that drawer!
RST NURSE: I can't help it now—
oo late!
COND NURSE: Oh! I'm afraid of
this is going to do to him. The
tor said he didn't discharge him be-
e he's *cured*, you know. It's just a
er of time, I guess.
OHANN: (*Calling*) Nurse! Nurse!
ning up) Why—why didn't you tell
—this—this letter from Helen—oh!
en—dear John: (*He reads a few
s*)
IRST NURSE: I'm sorry, Mr. Kindler.
asn't going to show it to you.
OHANN: I know. Helen—that's all
e was in life for me—and now she's
me—gone—but—but—I can be
proud. I have my—my music, you see. I shall put all my life into my music. Ohhh!

FIRST NURSE: Mary—go and get a glass of water—will you? He's ill.

JOHANN: No — nothing — that lung again! (*coughs*) No matter . . .

(*It is circus day in town. Milling crowds are clustered around the "Big Top." On a platform, plastered with posters and pictures of the Living Skeleton, the Fat Woman, the Snake Charmer and the rest of that galaxy of human freaks, stands the barker.*)

BARKER: Now come over to this side of the platform, ladies and gents. Here we have Mario, the human skeleton—the thinnest man in existence! Inside the tent he'll show you how he can wrap his arm three times around his head! And while we're waiting for the show to begin, ladies and gents—we're glad to announce a new attraction to the big show. We've just secured the services of Professor Johann Kindler, the former leader of the Leipzig Symphony Orchestra, to conduct the Excelsior Circus and Wild West Band. Professor Kindler—play for the folks!

JOHANN: But—Mowry—I—I can't go on tonight. I am ill—I cannot conduct tonight!

BARKER: Oh yes you can, old boy. Don't try to renege on me like that. Get up there on that stand and give 'em a concert, or you don't get paid this week. Hurry up.

JOHANN: I can't—I—

BARKER: Don't want your pay, eh?

JOHANN: Ohhhhh! All right—all right! . . . Ready, men! Attention . . . one, two.

(*A fantastic circus march is heard. It blares forth with a loud fanfare.*)

JOHANN: Stop! Stop the music! Ohhhh! Stop it I say! I can't stand it any longer! My head is going around! Stop!

(*The orchestra becomes panic-stricken and confused, playing out of rhythm and with false notes*)

JOHANN: Stop! Ohhhhh! (*He faints and drops to the floor.*)

BARKER: Here — here — what's the matter?

VOICE: The Professor—he's passed out.

BARKER: Pick him up off the floor there! Pick him up and carry him outside!

VOICE: Better get a doctor—he's sick.

BARKER: He'll be all right. That's his last turn for us, anyway. Steve.—get up there on the stand and lead the band—this show's gotta go on, professor or no professor. Hurry up there!

VOICE: Okay.

BARKER: Never mind, folks—the professor has a little attack of indigestion. But now the show goes on as usual. Right this way and hear the Excelsior Band!

(*Back in the old Curiosity Shop.*)

JOHANN: (*In an old and broken voice.*) So that is why I must sell my baton—my dear golden baton. It is the only thing—that—that I have saved—from my past! The only thing that—tells me that I was once young—and had dreams and ambitions—

SHOPKEEPER: I know. I understand all that this golden baton has meant to you. But fear not—it shall not be orphaned. I shall keep it for you.

JOHANN: No. Something tells me that I will never—

SHOPKEEPER: It will be here until you call for it—that I promise.

JOHANN: You are a kind and under-

(*Continued on page 102*)

Tuneful Topics

"Know Your Songs"



You're Driving Me Crazy

WALTER DONALDSON seems to be in his writing streak again. For a period of over twenty years he has given us a list of hit songs that is staggering, but during the past two years, following *At Sundown* and *My Blue Heaven*, his contributions have not been outstanding. Mr. Isaac Goldberg, who has just published his book, "Tin Pan Alley," in which he discusses thoroughly the evolution of popular songs and the subsequent formation of the publishing houses along Broadway, which constitute Tin Pan Alley, stated that it seemed necessary for Irving Berlin and Walter Donaldson to feel the pressure of starvation before they could write a hit song. While I do not agree entirely with him in this, I am wondering whether or not Walter Donaldson has been devoting too much time to golf, the beaches of Florida, and the race track, rather than to the writing of songs for which he is so eminently fitted.

Contrary to popular belief, the writing of a hit song is not, in most cases, a few hours' work, nor is it easy. Rather, if you talk with the writers of most hit songs, you will find that it took much wrinkling of the grey matter, much changing, revamping and remodeling, before the song took the shape of the melody and lyrics which brought it into great popularity. In fact, I think Walter Donaldson will admit that the lure of California and the writing of theme songs with a big pay-check every week whether he wrote them or not, was not inclined to stimulate him to work hard on his songs, and although he did turn out *Romance* and some other very fine songs, none of them came up to the popular appeal that *Little White Lies* seemed to have, and that was written on his return from the Coast when he seems to have buckled down to business.

There in the Park Central, where he has an elaborate suite, he works, sometimes for days on end, until he completes the song on which he is working. Last Sunday night we spent a few hours together at a grill at which I was the guest of honor, and he confided to me that *You're Driving Me Crazy*, especially the middle part, was changed and changed and changed and changed again, until he found the twist which it now carries. It is partly this middle twist, with the sensational title, which is perhaps as sensational as *Little White Lies*, which will bring this song into the big money class. It is already second from the bottom on the list of popular best sellers of most sheet music jobbers, and it will not be many weeks before it will head the list, although the bottom seems to be out of the music industry, especially that of songs, at the present moment.

You're Driving Me Crazy is one of the best songs I have ever sung, and from the very start it has been sensational wherever I have had the opportunity to present it. I have always felt that half the applause, or even more, that I receive after singing a good song, is rightfully that of the composer who is never t ordinarily to receive it. In other wo "The play's the thing." Too often cr is given to the delivery artist when creative artist deserves so much praise

On two occasions I have had the pl ure of having Walter in my audi when I rendered *You're Driving Me Cr* and I know that he was very happy w the song brought down the house. Victor Company feels that my record it is the best thing we have ever m for them. My throat was tightened on the day I made the record, and it with great effort that we finally mad "master" record that passed inspecti I feel I could have done better, but long as the severe critics at Camden satisfied, then I should be.

The song has a beautiful and unus middle twist, though the first and l thirds of it are skillfully constructed, b in melody and lyrics, and with the o standing title the song should be w popular indeed. It *must* be played slow We do it at about thirty measures minute. I am sure you'll like it.

AGAIN, this month, Rudy Vallee, the famous Radio Star, picks ten songs and tells you all about them. With his wide Broadway acquaintanceship and his many friendships in "Tin Pan Alley" he is in a position to reveal interesting sidelights about these popular hits . . . their authorship, public debut, history, unusual characteristics and his own personal experiences with them.

The Editors are happy to announce that this will be a regular monthly feature in RADIO DIGEST.

Cheerful Little Earful

HERE is a song from a revue, and very daring revue at that, *Sweet a Low*, but it is a song that in any pla would be tremendously popular, not or because of the optimistic and happy tre of the song itself, but because it is liltin bright, and tuneful. Three song-write contributed to its excellence—Harry Wa ren, whose *Crying for the Carolines* a many other songs have brought him in the ranks of the great song writers. fact, he is one of the highest priced write in the ally); Ira Gershwin, brother George Gershwin, and Billy Rose, th vaudeville artist and song writer who h turned producer and has cast his ow wife, Fannie Brice, in his revue, *Swee and Low*.

These three have achieved a song whic I firmly believe is going to be very, ver popular with everyone. There is an un usual resemblance in the end of the mai phrase of the song to the end of the mai

By

Rudy Vallee

Ten New Leading Song Hits Are Picked For You This Month By The Master of Rhythm



The Author . . . Rudy Vallee.

of *Sing Something Simple.* In *omething Simple* the last line is lassic, I love you;" whereas in the the main phrase of *Cheerful Little* it is "the well-known I love you." er, I am the last person in the o accuse anyone of plagiarism, and y believe it is possible for the same al thought to spring up in two simultaneously, just as did the ian Theory. However, I am sure will be no blood shed over the mat- d both songs can be very popular r own way.

erful Little Earful is introduced onderfully in the show by Hannah ns, and is reprised throughout the performance, so that eventually one ut humming it. We do the song at ht tempo, yet not too fast, or at forty measures a minute.

Stolen Moments

ERY beautiful song in the unhappy vein, and yet not pessimistic. Writ- y three newcomers to Broadway— st the names are new along Tin Pan The melody seems haunting and quite unlike any song that has pre- it. We play it quite slowly, at about y-eight measures per minute. It s a great number for two violins. ne of these newcomers, Mr. A. R. , bears watching in the future.)

When the Organ Played At Twilight

HIS is a waltz known to the music ublishers as a "simple" waltz. The of the word "simple" is not difficult xplain; the term is used contemp- sly, meaning that the song is very entary, almost trite. In fact, it is ys applied to a waltz that makes you of the waltzes that our fathers and ers danced to ten or fifteen or even ty years back. The song is usually imple that as one phrase is being ed the listener naturally knows the . Such simple waltzes have been *olina Moon, Let Me Call You Sweet- t, I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles,* and so on. The remarkable part of it all is that although this type of waltz is known definitely to be a money maker through its strong appeal to the masses who buy music, yet publishers are always looking for the beautiful type of waltz that is also popular, such as *Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life.* Not that there is any disgrace in publishing simple waltzes, nor is the publisher trying to educate the public mind, but there is pardonable pride on the part of those who select songs in seeking to see their judgment of a hit indicated in a number that is beautiful and different and yet catchy.

With the music business in the dumps, most of the publishers are publishing such waltzes of one type or another in the hopes that they will have another *Carolina Moon.*

Carolina Moon was peddled around from publisher to publisher, and finally accepted by a very small organization. This organization "went to work" on the song, that is, began trying to get the tune played here, there and everywhere. Week after week passed as "plug after plug was landed," and finally the song began, in the jargon of Tin Pan Alley, to "show up," then it gained momentum like a snowball rolling down a hill and became one of the greatest hits of the industry. In fact it made a fortune for the small two-room publisher who bought it. It seemed to be just one of those things, and yet every publisher secretly hopes, when he takes a simple waltz, that he has another *Carolina Moon.*

When the Organ Played at Twilight is reminiscent of a song I used to sing up in Maine, about fifteen years ago, yet it came from England, written by two of my friends over there, who, as the American publisher says, "seem to have written it merely as a filler-in to be recorded on the back of a record, one side of which was already a big hit."

I would have picked it for a mediocre hit, but it is even better than that, being perhaps the best seller in the country right now; not that "best seller" means much now, but before it finishes it will have earned the American publishers a tidy sum. Of course, it is done very effectively by theatre organists in all sorts of ideas and combinations. The public certainly seems to like the song immensely.

Three Little Words

HERE is a fox trot that everyone predicted would be a big hit, and it really did become one. In fact, it is one of the quickest big hits I have ever seen. The song itself is really clever and well written, but being reprised throughout the first picture—*Check and Double Check*—made by Radio's foremost figures, Amos 'n' Andy, it could hardly help becoming well-known and well-liked. Duke Ellington and his band, a very wonderful negro combination, play it very effectively throughout the course of the picture, and the vocal renditions of it enhance it greatly.

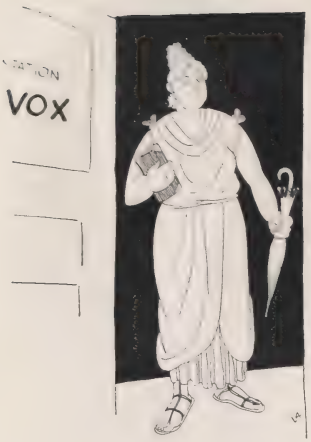
I was advised to record it, but was unable to do so due to complications, but I regret it now because it is a feather in my cap to record hit songs. We play *Three Little Words* at strict fox trot tempo, bright and snappy; i.e. about fifty measures per minute, and the lyrics at that speed may be easily sung.

I'm Yours

JOHNNY GREEN, the Westchester society boy of whom I spoke with regard to *Body and Soul* in my first "Tuneful Topics", has another hit on his hands. Lester Allen, diminutive comedian with the large feet, making a Paramount-Publix picture in Astoria, L. I., needed a song for the picture. Green wrote a beautiful melody, but a chap named Harburg wrote the lyrics for it.

Personally, I found it necessary to make two changes in the lyrics. In one place I leave out three words in order to secure enough breath to go up to a passage that stays high for some time; and

(*Continued on page 83*)



STATION VO

Julius Caesar Runs A Broadcasting Station —Gets Into Difficulties With His Wife Over Cleopatra, The New "Hot" Blues Singer

A Playlet In One Spasm

By

MONROE UPTON

THE scene takes place in Caesar's private office. The curtain rises upon Caesar, sitting at his desk. (*phone rings*)

CAESAR: Hello! Yes, this is station VOX, Rome. Julius Caesar speaking. Oh. Yes Mr. Scipio. How is the bath business? . . . He did! Well, we'll put a stop to that. You say the announcer gave the temperature of the baths at 69, when it's really 96? . . . Well, he probably had the papyrus upside down. And it's 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., not 11 p.m. to 4 a.m? . . . I'll tell you what happened there, the announcer's candle went out just as he started to read. We'll fix that up. OK, Good-bye!

Oh. Miss Publius, will you ask Mark Anthony to come here a minute.

FEMININE VOICE: Yes sir.

(*Phone rings*)



CAESAR: Station VOX, Rome, Julius Caesar speaking. (*With false sweetness*) Oh, hello darling. Yes, I did, dear, I didn't forget . . . I mean I won't forget . . . Yes, the string is still on my finger . . . Did you want new heels, too, or just half soles? . . . I see . . . Yes. I'm going to speak to Mark Anthony about that this morning . . . Yes, it's disgraceful. I'll tell him we need more GOOD music on this station . . . I certainly will, I'll have him take off that blues singer immediately. That's right, dear. No dear, I don't *need* you . . . Yes, you may come if you like . . . Good-bye.

(*Mark Anthony knocks*) Good morning, Mark! Have a seat.

MARK ANTHONY: Good morning, Julius.

CAESAR: Say, Mark who is that blues singer you're using every night? Seems like every time I tune in I hear her. It's got to stop. What we need on this station is more GOOD music.

MARK ANTHONY: Her name is Cleopatra. She's been working over on the big Carthage stations and I figured I was lucky to get hold of her. She is going over big. We get stacks of mail every day on her. Last week she got over a thousand requests for *Those Lonesome Tiber Blues* alone.



CAESAR: Miss Publius, bring me on all the mail you have received so far on that new blues singer, Cleopatra.

FEMININE VOICE: Yes sir.

CAESAR: People are getting sick of all this popular stuff. They're fed up on jazz and moaning females. Now I want you to use the concert orchestra two hours every night. And throw this girl Cleo—

Cleo—what's her name?

MARK ANTHONY: Cleopatra.

CAESAR: Cleopatra off. Get it?

MARK ANTHONY: Yes, sir, but I don't like to fire her. I just hired her.

CAESAR: Send her in to me. I'll fire her.

FEMININE VOICE: Here is Cleopatra's mail, sir.

CAESAR: What! All of it? Just that card? Well I'll be——

FEMININE VOICE: Yes sir.

CAESAR: That looks like the post-card I—let's see that post-card . . . That's all Miss Publius.

FEMININE VOICE: Yes sir.

(*Cleopatra enters—sound of deep*

CLEOPATRA: Oh Mark, there you I've been looking all over for you. a brand new song I just know you'll May I sing it for you?

MARK ANTHONY: Of course, Cleop but first meet Julius Caesar, manag the station. He was just speaking of

CLEOPATRA: Nothing bad, I hope. do you do, Julius. I've heard so n wonderful things about you.

CAESAR: Yes, Yes, Hello—How do do. Eh—

CLEOPATRA: Would you like to my new song too. It'll slay 'em. Lis

(*Cleopatra sings a low down blues n ber with plenty of ing. A number that also be sung by a prano.*)

CAESAR: Great! Gr I like that.

CLEOPATRA: Oh. I'm glad you do, Julius— sweet old thing!

MARK ANTHONY: her what you were going to, Julius.

CLEOPATRA: Yes, do. I'm dying to h

CAESAR: Yes, of course. I was just s ing to Mark that he should give you m work. I hardly ever hear you. M give this little lady some good spots the air. That's the sort of thing people want. Good popular stuff, jazz. They get too much classical n

CLEOPATRA: You darling!

(*Mrs. Caesar—Calpurnia—enters.*)

CALPURNIA: Well, well, well! Am interrupting a private rehearsal? don't mean to say, Julius Caesar, t you intend to put that sort of singing the air. It's perfectly disgraceful. civilized Romans would turn it off. even the Goths would listen to that.

CAESAR (*meekly*): Mrs. Caesar, this Cleopatra—Cleopatra meet—

CALPURNIA (*brusquely*): How do y do!

CLEOPATRA (*sweetly*): How do you d

(*Continued on page 103*)

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HERETOFORE the male v e has monopolized the whis- ing warblers but now we have M s Hilda Harrison, the "Whis- ing Soprano" at WPCH, N w York, and her very suc- sful technique would seem to e solved the soprano broad- ting limitations for everybody concerned.

Hilda Harrison



Dorothy Beckloff

HERE is a face to delight the character readers. Miss Beckloff, billed as a "crooning contralto" at WTAM, Cleveland, looks the part of a prima donna of the opera. She has been with Roxy and Shubert's—but loves her friend Mike Rofone best.



Jessica Dragonette

THEY call her "The Mary Pickford of the Air," and why shouldn't they call Mary Pickford the "Jessica Dragonette of the Screen"? At any rate this delightful young soprano consistently remains the star of stars of the National Broadcasting Company.



Sylvia Winters

WHAT to do for a new delicacy for dad? Simply tune in Miss Sylvia, the household economist expert at WGY, Schenectady, N. Y. She can give you the latest from brooms to biscuits. There's another Sylvia now. When Miss Winters recently awarded a prize to one of her listeners for a cake recipe the prize arrived at the same time as the stork with a baby girl. The baby has been named Sylvia, after Sylvia Winters.



orothy Aggas
nd
Aelvin Wilkerson

THEY have real names, as you see, but KMOXers all up and down the Mississippi valley know them best as the Singing Redheads. They sing with the glow and sparkle of real youth, and St. Louis claims them as a sort of city institution. Cute looking, aren't they?



Lillian Bucknam

SOME of us are satisfied to hit all eight on the head for one octave, others can make two octaves but Miss Bucknam can ripple musically over three octaves from D below middle C to D above high C. She is dramatic soprano at WABC and over the CBS.



PROBABLY nobody else in the whole world has a name just like that—Gogo Delys—but then there's nobody can sing the blues just like Gogo. Recently she kissed Vancouver farewell and moved down to KHJ, Los Angeles, where she promptly became an instantaneous hit.

Gogo Delys



Fifi Dorsey

"Oooooooo—an' now just you listen! Didja ever hear about the great big Skippenwhoofen? It runs along the side of a mountain with two little bitsa short legs at the top and great long legs stretching down the side?" You are listening to Fifi, the movie queen, as she sits here on the piano story-telling to the WCAU children in Philadelphia on a Sunday morning.



Hill Billy Blues

HILL BILLY ZEKE of KMPC has no high ambitions as Glen Rice discovered when he tried to coax him into an airplane. Hill Billy Zeke is one of the Beverly Hill Billies where the Cinematians dwell, and once were reigned over by their famous mayorial dictator, Will Rogers.

World Bound

"GOODBYE, come again," and these are the "Musical Crusaders" who sing to you every Sunday afternoon from WJZ and other NBC stations in the course of their "cruise around the world." Alfred Heather, as Professor Cadenza, stands in the shadow smiling with dignity.



Adams & Ross

EVANGELINE ADAMS and her announcer, David Ross, have a sort of informal partnership in the horoscoping program over WABC and the Columbia System that is said to produce more mail than any other program in the country. Miss Adams is proclaimed one of the world's most successful astrologers.



Veona Socolofsky

GRANDCHILD of Jennie Rupert, famous French prima donna of the '70's, Miss Socolofsky comes naturally by the vibrant soprano voice that has brought her hosts of friends in the audience of KOMO, Seattle, Wash. She made her Radio debut in Boston where she studied music.



Longshoremen

COUNTLESS requests have come for "more Pacific coast" pictures. Marcella demands that The Musical Longshoremen of Long Beach, Calif., simply must appear in this January roto section. So here they are, Dick Voils, Cleo Hibbs and Bob Whittaker. They are heard over KGER and are identified with all the KGER de luxe programs.





Salt and Peanuts

THIS duo (right) dropped big time vaudeville to do their harmonizing over WLW, the Nation's Station, at Cincinnati. Frank Salt is well known to the variety stage. His partner, Peanuts, had also acquired fame in a dancing act of her own, under another name.

Audrey Marsh

CHARMING and sweet is this young woman whom you hear in the course of the A. S. Beck Brevities over the Columbia System from New York. That youthful timbre is genuine—she is not yet twenty. You are going to hear a lot more about her at the rate she is going.





"AIRIAS" come easy for petite Marie who solos from the flying field as readily as she does from the WTAM studios at Cleveland. During the Cleveland air races she flew for fifteen hours. She has been in other aviation events. But she is best known for her voice and has been heard from various stations for the past six years. Little has been heard of Miss De Ville recently. She is recovering from a serious illness. She finished at the American School of Music, Paris.

Marie DeVille



KISSES

Hot and KISSES *Cold*

History of Osculation Down Through The Ages

By
Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly

Latest medical theory—kissing provides us with microbes useful for digestion. Dose before and after meals will be cheerfully taken by all.

MAN has been the slave of the kiss almost since the dawn of the world; for, with a kiss, woman has tamed the wildest men, and by a kiss the strong man's has been broken. The kisses with ch we are concerned are of the sort the poet has told us "extinguish the of life, yet awaken the longings of heart, and kindle the flames of love." was Paul Verlaine who described kisses fiery music on the clavier of the teeth ch accompanied the sweet songs of beating in passionate hearts." But have:

"Kisses hot and kisses cold,
Kisses fresh and kisses bold,
Kisses sweet and kisses sour,
Spiteful kisses and kisses dour,
Kisses short and kisses long,
Kisses weak and kisses strong,
Kisses that can dry a shower,
Kisses lasting half an hour."

n every grade of society but one kisses by favor—in that one it can not do since there is no kissing. Away down South America is a tribe, discovered by a recently returned traveler, among whom kissing is unknown.

To the young woman a kiss given and received is often the token of love offered and accepted, for the soul of a young woman is as a ripe rose; as soon as one leaf is plucked, all its mates easily fall after; and a kiss may sometimes break out the first leaf.

We derived the custom of kissing the hand from the worthy citizens of Cos, for they came upon the beautiful Psyche, one day, as she slept in her bower of roses, and making obeisance before her, kissed her hand.

The kiss is as old as Creation. Eve learned how to kiss in Paradise and no more fitting place could have been chosen. There, it is said, Adam taught her all its varieties "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer" as the marriage service says. Ever since then we have known kisses as messengers of love. But do you know that every time you indulge in kissing you shorten your life by several minutes? If you want to reach a ripe old age, you've got to cut out the kiss.

What is a kiss? It is a seal that expresses sincere affection; a pledge of future union; a gift, which, as given, takes from us the impression of our heart; a crimson balsam for a heart-broken soul: in fact, kisses are the grains of gold and silver—precious gifts from the mine of the heart—that enrich the store of happiness when hearts are surcharged with love's electricity.

A touch of the lips, that is all; yet it conveys a marvelous thrill of emotion and devotion. It is the passion in a kiss that imparts to it its sweetness; it is the affection in a kiss that sanctifies it.

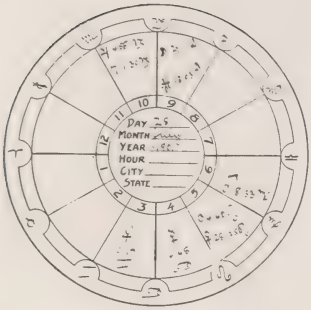
The kiss has many significations. It is regarded as the seal of faith, loyalty, truth, reverence, and love. According to its purpose, it is given in the most open publicity or in the strictest of privacy. Public kisses are required by law, court, and religion; in private practise kisses are restricted to salutation, love, and passion.

The kiss of the first-born doubtless originated with Mother Eve, and so the

(*Continued on page 94*)

PROOF that wisdom is no deterrent to humor! Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, Editor of Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary and author of this article, knows the 60,000,000 words in that monumental work. Although he doesn't use them all in his weekly broadcasts over the Columbia System, he is highly entertaining.—Editor.

Venus Makes Rudy "That Way"



Horoscope of Rudy Vallee reveals him as a True Knight of Romance

"She must be Fragile as an Orchid" Whisper Stellar Arbiters of The Famous Crooner's Astral Mate

By Peggy Hull

EVER since Rudy Vallee's first song of love swept through the air and awakened romantic yearnings in the hearts of the female sex, personality specialists, psychologists, analysts and other experts have been telling the world the kind of girl Rudy Vallee could love; the sort of man he is at heart and the reason for his phenomenal success.

But at last we have the real inside dope on the fair-haired crooner of WEAF and NBC. Here is an authentic, strictly scientific analysis of how Rudy got that way; what has made him so successful; how he feels about life and people and the sort of girl, in his secret heart of hearts, he knows he could love. This information comes straight from the four corners of heaven and is vouched for by the stars.

If you are one of those girls who likes to have the boy friend come in, grab you up, toss you in the air, catch you with a big bear hug and then administer a smart clip behind the ear as a gentle token of his undying love, read no further. You won't be interested. Send to the editor of the RADIO DIGEST for a copy of the November issue of the RADIO DIGEST and read about Floyd Gibbons. He's your meat. But Rudy Vallee, never!

LET us stop here and consider what has made Rudy such a hit. Being a mere mortal we can only come forward with the explanation that it is "something" which he puts into his songs. A "something" which breathes the very essence of romance to lonely and love-starved girls everywhere. A gentleness and sweetness which is every girl's first mental image of love. A curious note which suggests poetry, moonlight on castle walls, roses and the days when knighthood was in flower and romance held sway.

And there's the secret! Over the air comes Rudy's voice singing a sweet melody and immediately the room is filled with gallant knights of long ago. Their hats sport great plumes and long capes swing gracefully from their stalwart shoulders. Ah, sighs the lonely woman in her chair before the Radio, it meant something to be loved in those days. Every woman was a queen and reigned in a palace and love did not end with the marriage ceremony. Her knight remained always, the romantic, eager, pursuing, devoted lover. And Rudy Vallee's crooning notes builds dreams on dreams for the girl whose daily life is a drab and monotonous existence.

BUT why can Rudy Vallee, of all the Radio singers, recreate such a scene for his invisible audience?

We open an ephemeris for the year of his birth and look at the position of the planets for July 28th. The Sun is in the lordly sign of Leo . . . Venus occupies the same sign . . . our finger moves across the page and before we have completed the journey . . . out of the jumble of symbols rides a white charger and on it a knight in a plumed hat!

Courage, independence and pride are written on his brow and in his eyes. Gentleness and charity in his mouth. He sings, but it is not the song of a troubadour for he is no vagabond. He is a proud prince of the blood and to everything he does he brings the majestic dignity of royalty. There is a sword at his side but he is not a swashbuckling cavalier ready for a lusty brawl or a battle on the slightest provocation. He draws the blade only in defense of honor or for the sake of some sweet lady, yet we find that he is none the less skillfu combat.

And this is Rudy Vallee, a nobleman his innermost heart of hearts, a true mantic, a modern reincarnation of th gallant lads whom Tennyson wrote ab When he sings this hidden well is ope and he transmits to his music just deftly as an artist touches his can a true reflection of his own soul.

When his critics cry out that Va is egotistical, or conceited, what t really resent is his inner knowledge his superiority, his consciousness of high ideals and unswerving integrity.

There is no doubt that Rudy is one the most misunderstood artists now bef the public. His horoscope shows the l of the beneficent protection which was prominent in the chart of Will Rog Instead, Rudy must face bitter criticis false accusations and uncalled for enmi His Mercury is opposed to Satu squared to Mars. This is the influe which has brought him litigation a trouble through false reports, contra letters and writings in general.

THE Moon is coming an opposition with Neptune which cau scandal and slander and as most of masculine planets have bad aspects, receives much opposition from the m sex. He hates vulgarity, coarseness manner or speech, rough and uncou conduct.

Rudy is extremely sensitive and h had some sad experiences through m placed confidence. His Venus, which w in Leo at birth but passed into Virgo t days later, caused these experiences. was while this transit was taking pla that he learned not to be too trustin and too impulsive. It was this positi

taught him that he must exercise caution in selecting his friends and ...tes. But Venus is now entering ...n of Libra where he will learn to ... his affections and to be less gen... and profuse.

... Sun is Leo which has made him ...ous, persistent, affectionate and a ... leader. It also made him sus...e to admiration and through this ...ibility he suffered some painful ...ionments. But as his Sun has ...ltered the practical, analytical and ...inating sign of Virgo this tendency ...adually disappear and he will have ...re trouble from that direction.

... planets in Leo predestined him for ...r before the public. This sign rules ...s and places of amusement, while ...enus and the Sun occupying this ...learly indicated that Rudy Vallee ... succeed in some work connected ...usic, for Venus in this sign shows ... for music and acting.

...ood aspect between Venus and the ... both feminine planets, explains ...women have always rushed to his ...e when columnists ...itics have unsheathed ...pinions. Women will ...s fight for him and he ...ever lose his popular... with the opposite sex. ... aspect also explains ...ep attachment for his ...r and will keep him ...or with the public in ... of the attacks of his ...es.

...rcury, the ruler of ...nind, is in the dis... sensitive, impression... and emotional sign ...r, which has rulership ... the public. The posi... of the major planets ...te what an extremely ...d nature Rudy pos... In his expression of ...ion, although demon...ve, he would never be ...ssive, but subtle, ten... ...nd spiritual.

IT WOULD ... a girl whose horoscope ...ed the same high vi...ons and refining influ... to understand and ...eciate the delicacy, the ...ess, the depth of an ...tion which stood mute ... humble in the presence ... own greatness. ...e would have to be as ...le as an orchid, as ...ful as a violet, as dainty ...ignonette, as pure as a ... but with a character ...trong and invincible in ... presence of disaster or ...otation as the hardy ...x is to the elements. She must be exquisite rather than beautiful, delicate rather than vital, innocent rather than sophisticated.

But above all, she must be able to create and maintain an illusion of romance. She must never forget, even in those trying moments every couple face at some time in their married life, to be gentle and understanding. If once she gave way to a fit of temper, or hysterics; if once she became ungracious, brittle, or unjustly critical, Rudy's lovely image of her would be destroyed and the fine flavor of their romance would be ended.

IT IS no sinecure to be an angel, yet every girl longs to be enshrined in her lover's heart in just such a form, but maintaining the picture is something else, and few in the history of great lovers have been able to do it.

The girl who wins Rudy Vallee's heart will have something to cherish which few women in this mad age can claim. But when he gives his heart he will also give fidelity and no matter how many alluring damsels seek him out, questions in their eyes, he will turn his back and remain constant and adoring to the end. He will, in other words, bring to his marriage a spirit of eternal romance.

According to Astrology the best mates for the Leo born are usually found with their Suns in Aries, March 22nd to April 21st, or Sagittarius, November 23rd to December 23rd, but birth dates from other signs could be compatible also, if the positions of the planets showed harmony but not otherwise.

One of the reasons Rudy was able to come forward in this age of jazz, gin and savage drums and substitute dreamy, sentimental songs for wisecracks is the position his Sun occupies in regard to Uranus. The trine makes for originality and as Uranus rules the ether, it is not surprising that Vallee's success came from his work on the air.

Jupiter in Capricorn enhances the fine qualities he has received from Leo. It adds fuel to the fire of his ambition. It ennobles his nature and fortifies those sterling characteristics, sincerity, honesty and industry, which he also inherited from Leo.

It would be impossible for Rudy to commit a mean or debasing act. He would never stoop to trickery for any purpose whatsoever. Success must come, only through honest endeavor. And it is because he has attributed these same upright characteristics to others that he had learned to his sorrow, all people are not expressing the highest vibrations.

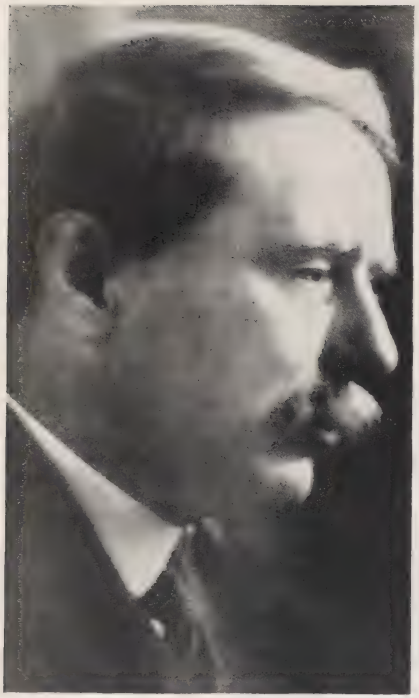
AS LONG as he lives he will have to guard against being defrauded, against law suits, and against dishonest people. He will have to be careful of the letters he writes, the papers he signs and every word he speaks.

The ensuing period has its ups and downs and he must guard his health as well as his business interests. But he will always remain on the top of the heap, although it will not be the bed of roses which those who envy him believe it to be.

Whatever his trials in life, and whatever periods of disillusionment and regret he may experience, his idealism will carry him through safely and unscathed to a satisfactory conclusion of this incarnation and that is all that anyone, no matter what the position of the stars at birth, could ask for.



Rudy Vallee has retained enduring friendship for his first saxophone teacher—Rudy Wiedoft



H. G. Wells . . . Author and Visionary

The World of our Grandchildre

"Collective Buying will Solve Present E Economic Problems" Predicts British Auth In International Broadcast

By H. G. Wells

Our grandchildren will live in a veritable Utopia, was the prophecy of H. G. Wells, prolific writer of novels and economist. Poverty and ugliness will vanish in a world which will care for its fellow men.

Mr. Wells' forecast was broadcast from London over station WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System as one of a series of international broadcasts.

—EDITOR.

I HAVE been asked to talk to you about the "World of our Grandchildren," which means talking about the sort of world we are going to have for our grandchildren. What sort of world are we making for our grandchildren? That is a question that has a number of possible answers. If we make so-and-so today the world of our grandchildren will be so-and-so; if we do not make so-and-so, the world of our grandchildren will be quite different. It may vary from a world full of disaster to a world full of happiness. My answer depends on a lot of "ifs."

I have been especially asked not to speak about peace propaganda tonight. I am told you are tired of hearing it and tired of thinking about it. Still, war is the most important of those "ifs" on which my answer depends. If you do not want to hear about it or think about it, I see no good in talking about it.

So, in spending these fifteen minutes with you, I am going to assume that the world of the future is going to be without war, without disaster. We are going to assume that by the time of our grandchildren, the world will not only have solved the war problem, but also will have settled the second great riddle. You may ask me what is the second great riddle. The second great riddle is the economic riddle.

We are living in a world of bad times. This is true of America almost as it is of the Old World. Great multitudes of people are out of work. Many people are distressed by loss of capital and by the prevalent insecurity. Great stocks of goods remain unsold. Just what has brought about this situation, and how is it going to turn out?

There is too much goods that cannot be sold, too much cotton, too much iron and steel, and so on. We have all this merchandise. Now, on the other hand, there are swarms of people who cannot use up these things because they have not the money to buy them. We have the merchandise, but the people cannot buy it. There is not the ability to bring those two together. That is the fantastic paradox of world business today.

NOW, for the solution. I would like to suggest that this is the paradox and that a solution will be found.

What is the cause of this extraordir situation in the world today? We h mass production. We can produce same quantity of stuff with fewer fewer hands. We produce more more, and we use fewer and fewer ha to do it.

I should like to give you a hint as the kind of world that lies ahead of We have brought mass production to highest level. We can produce goods everybody. However, not one of us given consideration to mass consumpti Let us begin to think about that. W do I mean by mass consumption? I s gest to you that mass consumption balance mass production.

LET us consider first tl familiar phrase mass production. Th are employed in the great industrial ganizations thousands and thousands people to do similar work every worki hour of the day. Let us try and tu that same proposition around into ter of consumption. What is the equivaler The equivalent is not buying piece-m but community buying. You ask n how can the community buy houses automobiles and all the other articles mass production that people are so an ious to sell? That is a social and ec nomic problem. I don't propose to sta how. I am putting the idea before yo and I am merely going to assume th these difficulties will be solved by ti time our grandchildren are ready to bu

We have big production, but we ave to attain community buying. e living in a world where produc- as been modernized, while buying in a state of medieval chaos. That way I will put it. Even now we ommunity buyers for certain things. stance, you buy battleships on a unity basis, and I buy battleships same way. If we can buy battle- and submarines and airships as a unity, I refuse to believe that we t buy hotels, perfectly equipped and boots and shoes for all the en in the world in the way. Collectively we could everything we could col- ely produce. That is a idea I am putting forward u now.

instance, while I am talk- you, there are scores of ands of people living in old tumbledown houses ut proper windows, houses imes older than the oldest nobile. There are also d-hand houses that have put up piece-meal, floor by and room by room. Most e people who live in them adly in need of food, and buy their clothes bit by bit. shouldn't we as a com- ity take these people, her they like it or not, and for them better houses, bet- clothing, better food. We afford it. They should live e best, and we can produce best. I do not propose to erize them, I only propose ive them better value for r poor little bits of money, make the district better and nselves better.

I DO not believe the world which has pro- ed the Ford factories will produce parallel mass meth- on the consuming side. I sure that by the time of our ndchildren this problem also be solved.

What sort of effects will the rld of our grandchildren be ring? If you look at the rage contemporary town, you see it is still in a frightful, le, dingy, old-fashioned con- ion. There is always some le piece-meal change going There is a house here or a use there being rebuilt or a d torn up. Why shouldn't have a new town as well as w houses? You cannot go one ndred yards from where you e without seeing houses that ould be cleared away. You nnot walk any distance with- t seeing people wearing clothes that ought to make you feel uncomfort- able. Engineers and architects will tell you that people ought to live in houses that are up-to-date. They have the plans to suit most any city perfectly. They even have the plans for the roads. They have the materials and the thousand de- vices to make these things possible. They have the ways and the means to make a town up-to-date.

We have not been educated in the method of community buying. We have plenty of battleships, but we do not have plenty of the proper houses and schools. For these constructive things, we have to wait many generations. The textile peo- ple will tell you of the most delightful gowns they could supply if only the peo- ple would buy and wear them.

So, my generation is going to die be- fore our present day possibilities of peace are used. Our grandchildren will find out how to buy homes as we buy battleships, and there will be little houses and cities even more adapted to the ways of the world than we are living in today. They will have all the abundant delightful food that could be grown today that we cannot use because we do not know how to distribute it. The common people of to- day are certainly far better clothed than ever before. They have fresher material and finer and better garments. The change in this respect, even in my life- time, has been immense. But, it is lacking to the change that must be. Bad distribution and our buying habits is what is holding us up. That is the cause of our difficulties. So, these lovely, wonderful cities, and this beautiful clothing I dream of and shall not see, will come into existence in the gen- eration of our grandchildren. There will be finer clothing cov- ering healthy bodies and healthy bodies mean healthy and happy minds.



Mr. Wells relaxes in his orchard

THE clock tells me my time is coming to an end. This proposition I have been putting before you has been in my mind for a long time. Mass consumption, the idea that we might buy for all instead of each individual buying scraps for himself, is the idea I have in mind. That phrase, mass consumption, has excited my mind. Perhaps it will excite yours. Anyhow, this is the gist of what I have to say to you now: What do you think of these two phrases, mass produc- tion and community buying? What do you think of them as doors towards relieving business of its present pessimism and slackishness?

* * *

"THE inmost ego, possess- ing what I call the in- escapable attribute, can never be a part of the physical world unless we alter the meaning of the word physical to spiritual," says Professor Sir Arthur Ed- dington in transatlantic speech which you will read in the February RADIO DIGEST.

The Universe of Einstein

George Bernard Shaw

HERE in London we are still a great centre but I don't suppose we shall be a great centre long. All that will be transferred presently to the United States, but for the moment I am speaking in a capital where the reception of great men is a very common event. We have a string of great statesmen, great financiers, great diplomats and great generals, even occasionally an author. We make speeches and we toast them but still the event is not a very striking event. In truth, in London, great men are six a penny and they are a very mixed lot.

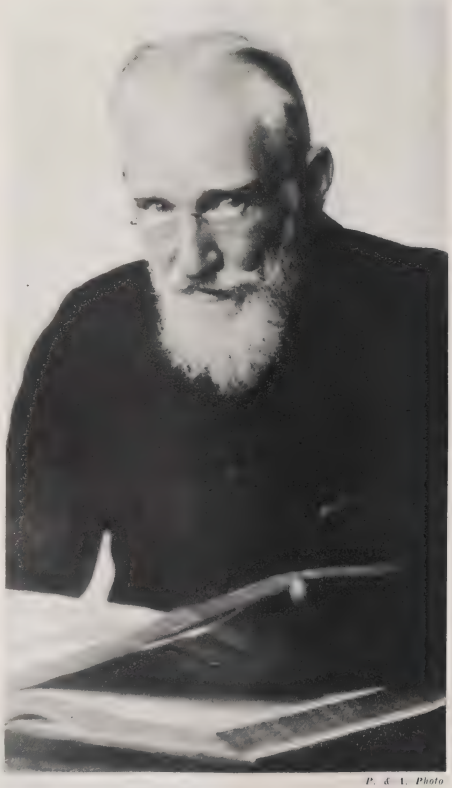
When we drink their health and make speeches we have to be guilty of scandalous suppression of disgraceful hypocrisy. There is always a great deal to conceal. Suppose that I had to rise tonight to propose the toast to Napoleon. Well, undoubtedly, I would say many flattering things about him but the one thing which I would not possibly be able to say about him would be perhaps the most important thing, and that would be that perhaps it would have been better for humanity if he had never been born.

BUT tonight, perhaps, it will be the only time in our lives we have no suppression to make. I have said that great men are a mixed lot, but there are orders of great men. There are great men who are great men among small men and there are great men who are great among great men. That is the sort of great man you have among you tonight.

Napoleon and other great men were makers of empires, but these eight men whom I am about to mention were makers of universes and their hands were not stained with the blood of their fellow men. I go back 2,500 years and how many can I count in that period? I can count them on my fingers. Pythagoras, Ptolemy, Kepler, Copernicus, Aristotle, Galileo, Newton and Einstein, and I still have two fingers left vacant.

Even among those eight men I must make a distinction: I have called them makers of the universe, but some were only repairers. Only three of them made their universes. Ptolemy made a universe which lasted 1,400 years. Newton made a universe which lasted for 300 years. Einstein has made a universe, which I suppose you want me to say will never stand but I don't know how long it will last.

These great men, have been the leaders of one side of a great movement of humanity, which has two sides. We call the one side religion, and we call the other science. Religion is always right. Religion solves every problem, and thereby abolishes problems from the universe because when you have solved a problem, the problem no longer exists. Religion gives us certainty, stability, peace. It gives us absoluteness, which we so long for. It protects us against the progress which we all dread more than anything else. Science is the very opposite of that. Science is always wrong and science never solves a problem without raising ten more problems.



P. & A. Photo

George Bernard Shaw

A great dramatist met a great scientist recently, and paid tribute in words which were heard around the world. Mr. Shaw's broadcast speech is reproduced here.

WHAT have these great men been doing? Each in turn claimed the other was wrong, and now you are expecting me to say that Einstein proved that Newton was wrong. But you forget that when science reached Newton, science came up against that extraordinary Englishman. That had never happened to it before. Newton left a power so extraordinary that if I was speaking fifteen years ago, and I am old enough to have done, I would have said that he had the greatest mind that ever man was endowed with. Combine the light of that wonderful mind with credulity, with superstition. He knew his people, he knew his language, he knew his own folk, he knew a lot of things; he knew that an honest bargain was a square deal and an honest man was one who gave a square deal. He knew his universe; he knew that it consisted of heavenly bodies that were in motion, and he also knew the one thing you cannot do to anything whatsoever is to make

(*Continued on page 103*)

e beginning
di was a "toy"
e youth of
d. That was
in 1921.



rrin E.
nlap, Jr.,
Reviews

The Rise of Radio—or

From A Toy to The Nation's Joy"

THE "Horatio Alger" rise of Radio in the last ten years is taken for granted by a sophisticated nation of listeners. But Radio set owners were not always blasé. It was back in 1921 and 1922 that they paused to give thought to the wonders of broadcasting. Radio was called a "craze" in those days, and its magic attracted and inspired thousands throughout the world to learn more about it. Where did it come from? How did it work? How could it reach so many cities and homes simultaneously? How could music and words fly through the walls of houses and even penetrate mountains? It was a wondering world that greeted the first broadcasts. Radio was new to the public. They had heard of wireless and had marvelled at the dots and dashes that carried messages to and from the sea. But when this new medium began to bring music and voices into the home they wanted to know more about it. It seemed so complicated. Books and booklets were written hurriedly to take care of an urgent demand. Thousands of copies were sold. Hundreds and hundreds of enthusiasts sought wiring diagrams and instructions on how to build a crystal set. There were no factory-built sets.



It's the entertainers that count in Radio these days. The program is paramount!

The young Marconis, the youth of the land that had been experimenting with amateur wireless, rallied to their attic and cellar work benches in an effort to meet the neighborhood demand for a machine that would pick up music from a nearby studio. What a scientific triumph it was for a New Yorker to fix the cat-whisker-wire on a piece of galena, silicon or carborundum, then move a slider across a coil of wire wound on a cereal box and hear a piano or a phonograph playing on the other side of the Hudson, over in New Jersey.

It required an expert to operate the first vacuum tube sets. The panels were decorated with multiple switches, dials and knobs. Listening in was a complex science. Tuning was an art. So it was no wonder that commuters boasted of what they had picked up in the air the night before. To pluck music from WOC, Davenport, Iowa, off a wire hanging from the chimney to the apple tree in a New York suburb was something to be proud of. Long distance tuning became a real sport. In order to surpass the neighbor's record it was necessary to "read up" on Radio. Sets were built and rebuilt to improve their sensitivity, to make them tune sharper and cut through interference, because in those days the "bloopers" or regenerative whistles caused by the type of circuit then in use, filled the air with sound hazards.

BUT the situation changed. The glory of the headset led to the loudspeaker. Factory-made receivers competed with the home-made instruments. The professional engineer sought to simplify Radio reception and make it foolproof. Radio was made all-electric. It

became necessary only to snap a switch and to turn a single knob instead of four or five dials. Radio in the home became as simple to use as the telephone or the electric light. Children could tune in and travel from city to city on the air waves.

It was no longer necessary, after 1926, to be an expert technician in order to qualify as the owner of a Radio set. So the public ceased to learn about what was inside the cabinet or of the wondrous waves that brought the melodies across the horizon. They dropped their interest in electrons, harmonics, kilocycles, regeneration, frequencies, induction and oscillations. The Radio chassis now ranks with other machinery, with the mechanism of the automobile. When something happens to the motor car the owner usually calls upon the garage. When something happens to the Radio the service man is called into consultation. No longer does the motorist himself get out and get under; no longer does the Radio listener open the cabinet and shake the wires in hopes that the difficulty will disappear.

The Radio set owner of 1930 is interested first and foremost in what he hears. The program is paramount. If the performance is entertaining and of clear tone then the listener has no complaint. He does not care what the electrons are doing under the cover of the cabinet or out in the sky. If he happens to tune around and accidentally hear Cuba, Mexico or Japan, he merely passes it by as an ordinary thing in the kingdom of Radio. But, had he picked up a distant city ten years ago he would have called all the family and the neighbors to rush to the headphones to hear one of the wonders of the age.

RADIO listeners have long imagined that they are tapping an unfathomed reservoir from which entertainment drains —a reservoir that never runs dry of music or voices. One of the wonders of broadcasting, which listeners probably never think about, is that no matter how many millions are in tune with a certain wave, there always seems to be sufficient energy to actuate every detector, to make every loudspeaker sing. It is a good thing that nature has so provided else it might be necessary for broadcast listeners to rush to tune in Amos 'n' Andy or some other favorite program lest there be no power left for the late comers.

Only once, in the early days of broadcasting, did the ethereal reservoir seem to be running into an arid condition. That was when the funeral service of Woodrow Wilson was broadcast. It was in the middle of the afternoon when thousands of Radio set owners in the Pittsburgh area turned their dials to the wave of KDKA. But as the time approached for the solemn ceremony to begin the station's strength began to grow weak. Reports reached the engineers at the transmitter that something must be wrong.

NEVER had this pioneer acted like that. Quickly they inspected the equipment but everything was in good shape. The meters told a tale of efficiency. As soon as the funeral was over KDKA's strength came back. The strange effect was attributed to the fact that so many had tuned in on the wave that the energy was absorbed to a greater extent than ever before. It is doubtful if this could happen today because the transmitters are much more powerful, pumping thousands of kilowatts into space, whereas in the pioneer days only a few watts were used.

The earth and its objects, the sun's rays and the emptiness of space, [illegible] the great portion of Radio's powe [illegible] that most of it goes to waste, never [illegible] ing the antenna wires that reach u [illegible] pluck the words and music from the [illegible] But the listeners of 1930 with their sc [illegible] grid tubes and powerful amplifiers n [illegible] worry that there isn't scale after scal [illegible] musical notes running up and down [illegible] lead-in wire begging for entrance. [illegible] know that all they need do is sna [illegible] switch, the tubes glow and in c [illegible] the flood of entertainment. A j [illegible] melody may impress the hearers an [illegible] may a political speech, or a news [illegible] letin, but the wonder of Radio's m [illegible] the basis of the achievement, goes [illegible] heeded.

And it is that very lack of thou [illegible] fulness that caused Dr. Albert Eins [illegible] to shake his finger at the Radio audi [illegible] of the world. He declares that liste [illegible] ought to be ashamed to make use of [illegible] wonders of science embodied in a R [illegible] receiving set while they appreciate t [illegible] "as little as a cow appreciates the bot [illegible] marvels in the plants she munch [illegible] So spoke the distinguished Pro [illegible] sor at the opening of the rec [illegible] Radio exhibition in Berlin, wh [illegible] he took occasion to express [illegible] regrets at public apathy tow [illegible] scientists and science.

Professor Einstein has the ri [illegible] picture of the 1930 Radio [illegible] owner. The modern auditor mer [illegible] tunes in, and on many occasi [illegible] continues to read, talk or p [illegible] cards while the faithful loudspe [illegible] er, never to be insulted, plays [illegible] talks on in a vain effort to attr [illegible] attention. Alas, 'tis true that [illegible] the cow munches the hay, the c [illegible] ver and the grass, so the liste [illegible] listens with little appreciation [illegible] "the God-given curiosity of t [illegible] toiling experimenter and the cr [illegible] structive fantasy of the inventor [illegible] as Professor Einstein remarked.



Olga Petrova in WJZ's first studio in Newark, N. J., in the days when getting a station was a scientific triumph.

WHAT have t [illegible] American broadcast listene [illegible] "munched" since the dawn [illegible] 1930? No medium has dealt wi [illegible] such a wide variety of events, a [illegible] there can be little doubt that t [illegible] invisible audience has appreciat [illegible] what the Radio waves have brough [illegible] to their homes.

'Tis true that the mail bags [illegible] applause are not as full as in th [illegible] days of yore. When broadcastin [illegible] was a novelty thousands wrote t [illegible] express their appreciation or t [illegible] report on the distance the prograr [illegible] traveled before being plucked fror [illegible] space. Times have changed. S [illegible] has the psychology of the Radi [illegible] audience. Few listeners write un [illegible] less they bite on the bait tha [illegible] offers something free—a sample o [illegible] tooth paste, a horoscope or a book

(*Continued on page 92*)

Ten Years Old and Earns $10,000 a Year! Fathers, Mothers and Doting Aunts—Read How He Got His Start . . .

Junior

Brings Home the

Bacon



Jimmy McCallion—*Sam* of the *Penrod* skits.

'y *Alma Sioux*

Scarberry

hor of HIGH HAT *and other popular novels*

A POPULAR young Radio satellite whose salary is $10,000 a year breezed into his place of business to be interviewed one afternoon time ago looking very much the e for wear.

s face was scratched, his eye black- and there was a piece nicked out of of his front teeth.

e caught his breath and shook his with great solemnity:

Gosh, you'll have to 'scuse me for e a little late. I was in a terrible h-up!"

e sympathized, as a woman should: Why, you poor boy! One of those ble taxi drivers, I suppose. You can't them! They'll kill you every —"

he young man shook his head again examined the nicked tooth.

No! Nobody was to blame but me. as going down hill on my scooter— I slam-banged right into a big bank. h, golly!"

urtain!

he gentleman of the great crash was e other than our little friend Jimmy Callion, ten years old and worth his ght—professionally and otherwise—in inum.

n other words, Jimmy is a honey. n probably have the impression of him that he made when he played "Sam" in the *Penrod* skits for so long. But he's a good boy.

Fresh from the little boy scooter incident, Jimmy suddenly changed into a solemn little man with the weight of an interview on his shoulders. He was wearing a sailor suit with long pants and he crossed his legs and looked up gravely:

"Shall I go ahead and talk or do you want to ask me questions? I think I know what you'll want to know."

So, Jimmy set forth on his narrative.

"Well, I'm the youngest of nine kids. I guess that's something. If you've never had the experience of course you wouldn't know. I'm the only one in the show business except my sister Rosalie, eighteen. She's in *Sons o' Guns*.

"My father is Joseph McCallion. Mother is named Nellie. Dad is a secretary in a local carpenters' union. By the way, we moved Friday from 348 West 56th Street to 136 Riverside Drive."

Realizing the modest salary Mr. McCallion would make as a secretary at this point we asked Jimmy how much he earned. He studied thoughtfully:

"Well—now, oh, I don't know. Maybe two hundred, maybe five hundred dollars a year. I know I earned a hundred dollars doing a picture one day."

The lad has absolutely no idea of his tremendous earning capacity. Fortunately, the father and mother have been wise enough to keep him a little boy, free from all conceit as regards his commercial value and talent. It was refreshing. Jimmy went on:

"YES, we have seven rooms on the Drive now. I want to tell you it's different from the noise over on 56th Street. It's a lot nicer for mamma and the girls. They can look at the river—and it's high-hatter. Girls like that, don't they? But, gosh, I wouldn't care about that.

"Gene Buck discovered me when I was a little tike. Guess I was about four or

five and going to dancing school. He got me into vaudeville awhile. It was good training—but hard work. I go to Professional School, you know. Otherwise I'd be out of luck, playing in shows."

At the time of the interview Jimmy was playing in *Lysistrata*. But it was decided he was working too hard with so many Radio programs a week—and his parents took him out of the show. Some of his other outstanding productions were *Yours Truly*, with Leon Errol; *This Year of Grace*, *Nice Women*, and *White Flame*.

"I've had a lot of movie experience," Jimmy volunteered when he was telling about his activities away from the mike. "I've been in twenty-five pictures. Last Christmas I did a talkie short—starred in it. I think it was called *There Is a Santa Claus*. I was a poor little boy in it.

"LEON ERROL is my best friend and pal. We play golf together very often. He's a great inspiration to me. Some day I want to be like him. I want to be a comedian when I grow up. Of course, I'll stick to the show business. A lot of the fellows say they'll save their money and go into business. Not me. My heart is in the show business—especially Radio.

"I like golf, baseball and swimming. My hobby is collecting autographs. You'd be surprised if you could see some of the names I have in it. Mother wants you to come for lunch some time and I'll show it to you. That day you were to come and couldn't get there we had a swell lunch fixed for you. I've got such names in my book as Coolidge, Errol, Tommy Meighan, Harry Lauder, Sir Thomas Lipton. It's great!"

You could listen to Jimmy reel off his experiences and tell of his future plans for hours without getting bored. These Radio youngsters could give cards and spades to the older stars when it comes to giving out intelligent interviews. Perhaps it is because they are free from self-consciousness.

The elder McCallions are two hard-working, home-loving Irish-Americans who handle their little child prodigy with rare intelligence. If Jimmy happens to get a bit up-stage at home and demand his rights as the chief bread earner of the family, it doesn't take the rest of the McCallion offspring long to put him in his place. They razz him. There are only two girls. You can imagine that a family of seven boys could do just that! Jimmy poses frequently for artists and advertising. But not at home!

You'll remember the Wragge youngsters, Eddie and Betty best, no doubt, as *Gold Spot* and *Shrimp*, their first important roles on the air. Betty, 12, was *Gold Spot*. Eddie, 10, *Shrimp*.

These two delightful, talented mike infants are of Holland Dutch parentage. The father and mother still speak with a Dutch accent. Especially the mother, who speaks English very poorly. Betty and Eddie were both born in New York.

Christian and Susanne Wragge are a bit awed that their two children were discovered and made famous at such an early age. There isn't another actor on the Wragge family tree.

Christian, the janitor of the ramshackle stone apartment building, where they live on the west side of New York, is the janitor of the building. This means they get the top floor, four flights up, rent free.

When Eddie was four years old the cute little tow-head was riding on the street on his tricycle when a man came along, looked him over, then went upstairs to inquire of his parents if he could put him in pictures. Since that s his income has averaged not less tha a week and is often much more wit stage shows, movies and Radio wor

These Radio children—all of them as different from the average stage as an opera star is different from a s in a honky-tonk. They are na There is no show. The Wragge chil despite their years as professionals into their Dutch household as natu and wholesomely as though they never been farther than Sunday Sc

Pride shines from the eyes of Chri and Susanne as they sit in the big petless studio-like l room and listen to E and Eddie, with beautifully modul voices and in their fect English, talk visitors.

One can see that Wragges live for children. Everyw there are pictures them in all sorts of tumes. Trinkets baby days—toys and mentoes. Eddie's bic and boxing gloves the big fireplace. Be piano piled with her sic and the things loves. They live in t rooms.



Penrod himself in person—Howard Merrill.

LITTLE fashioned Betty laug when asked what t did with their combi Radio income of $12, a year:

"Well, you can bet none of it has g into Wall Street! are going to stay h and live reasonably well. We tie our s ings up in insurance sure bonds and put in the bank. I think is foolish to be extr agant and try to sh off. We never h cared for it." She was business-li

The family lives in three rooms. Th are spick and span but plain. Du thrift is in evidence everywhere. Mot Wragge loves her home.

Eddie Wragge, a handsome blond ch with the typical Dutch blue eyes (Bet is the same type) is an all 'round ent tainer. He is also well known to the fans in *Penrod*, *Empire Builders*, a *The Lady Next Door*—singing and tal ing.

His first stage appearance, at the a of four, was in *The Glass Slipper*, wi June Walker. Then he was in *Mismat The Enemy*, *The Silver Box*, *Topaze*, wi Frank Morgan, and in *Mima*, with Leno Ulric. He left *Topaze* to go with *A Mon*



Eddie Wragge is a veteran performer.



And so is his sister, Betty Wragge.

Country, with Nazimova. Later he l in *Kolia*, with the Theatre Guild. ng both German and English.

ty, who is growing fast into a most iable young blond lady, started her career as the comedian with Char- Walker. Then she played with Belle and in *My Maryland*, *Trigger*, with rne Foster, *The Silver Box*, *Peter ion*, with Rollo Peters, *Liliom*, and meo Revue. Betty did *Her Unborn* with Effie Shannon on Broadway ter was in the picture.

is an accomplished singer and r. Both of the little Wragges ap- d in pictures in *Yolanda*, *Peter Stuy- t*, *Citizens of Tomorrow*, and *His ren's Children*. Eddie had an excel- part in *The Love of Sunya*.

BETTY is in her glory she is hired to pose in a fashion . What young lady wouldn't be?

en they are playing on the road is an arrangement made with the ssional School whereby they may eir lessons by correspondence. Betty the eighth grade this year, and little e in the fifth.

ristian Wragge came to America een years ago. The mother came n years ago. The father is proud e fact that for twelve years he has been an American citizen.

The Wragges are so natural and unaffected — not the usual "cute" types —that their interviews are grown-up, straight - from - the-shoulder affairs. There is little comedy or childishness in them. Their smiles are gay and happy and they radiate health. Eddie interrupted once to remark:

"We don't use any kind of a diet. We eat everything that is good for us. And don't forget to tell them that I've never been late for school once in my life. Betty hasn't either."

One of the pioneer Radio lads is growing up. He'll soon be out of the child class — that naughty *Penrod* of the ether waves, Howard Merrill. For Howard will be fifteen his next birthday. And, oh, how he is shooting up and growing out of knee breeches . . . And then, Long Pants!

However, Howard says he's rather glad. He hasn't Radio plans when he grows up. He wants to be a newspaperman! In fact, his mind has taken quite a literary turn. Howard's bedroom is lined on one side with a book case—hundreds of books. With them he has kept an index file. Every card contains a few typewritten lines of crisp criticism of the author.

Howard's parents are Russian. They live next door to Carnegie Hall on 57th Street. Howard likes to tell you that Mark Connelly, the famous playwright who wrote *Green Pastures*, lives upstairs.

Of all the Radio child homes visited Howard's home is the most artistic. There are only three rooms—but the living room is huge and tastefully furnished with a grand piano and paintings. The father, mother and an uncle live in the apartment.

Mother Merrill—who is a decidedly young looking, attractive dark woman, doesn't like to cook. So, Uncle John does the cooking and she takes care of the house. What a cook! Fried chicken and all the trimmings.

Mr. Merrill is a tailor with a modest income. The Merrills eat in the kitchen —such jolly, gay meals. Howard is a modest, well-bred boy with the typical Russian dark hair and brown eyes. He has been an actor since he was three.

Howard gave this account of his start, after a heavy chicken dinner. (Picture us all leaning on the table after one of Uncle John's banquets, while Howard spun his life story.)

"One evening when I was three years old I was sitting in a restaurant with mother when a woman came up and asked if I'd pose for an ad. That's the first time mother ever got the idea that I might have theatrical possibilities. I began in pictures when I was a little over four. Since then I've played in fifty-eight of them. However, nobody knew much about me until I went in Radio three years ago. It made me.

"I'VE played with Lillian Gish, Dick Barthelmess, Johnny Hines, Richard Dix—Clara Bow. Just about all of them. And I've posed for Christy, Noles, Hare—Renwick. I go to private school. They don't like to have professional children give the name. I don't know why—I guess they don't want the publicity.

"I was with Walter Hampden for two years in *An Enemy of the People*, on Broadway. I like the stage and pictures. But Radio is even more interesting. It is harder in a way because you don't get the reaction of your audience. But it

(*Continued on page 104*)

Broadcasting from

The Quality of Making Friends

IT WAS a real pleasure for the Editors of RADIO DIGEST to participate in the ceremonies at which the famous Mystery Announcer was presented with the Diamond Meritum Award. For those of us whom extensive travel has enabled to behold the master works of all time—with all their great cultural and intellectual inspiration, one must confess that there is nothing greater in all the world than the man who springs from an inconspicuous existence to a position where he commands the love and esteem of his fellow men. To win a niche in human hearts seems to be the supreme achievement of mankind. Fame and Fortune may follow and in large degree, but as measuring sticks of success they can never compare with the humble but human ability to make friends and to keep them.

Some may believe that RADIO DIGEST has conferred on the Mystery Announcer this honor known as the Diamond Meritum Award. Such, however, is not the case. To be sure, we presented the diamond set medal, which is symbolic of the public popularity won by the Mystery Announcer, but the people—the Radio public itself determined who should be the proud recipient. In conducting a contest to determine the most popular individual program, we put the decision squarely up to the Radio audience. We did this not only to be entirely fair, but also because we felt that public approval of this or that program—at least the true depth of public approval—could best be established by what the Radio public would do to prove its friendship for a particular Radio star or group of stars. Voting in this contest, therefore, required specific individual action on the part of Radio fans.

Also, we had in mind that through such contests the owners and managers of broadcasting stations, as well as the creators of sponsored and sustaining programs, could gauge more accurately what the Radio public likes best. Obviously, all broadcasters want to please the public, but the extent to which they can be guided in doing so necessarily depends to some extent on proper expression from the public itself. Contests such as this one, which was won by the Mystery Announcer of Philadelphia, we believe serve a constructive purpose in this matter of focusing attention on the type of programs which is most pleasing to the Radio audience.

When an individual entertainer has won a friend in his Radio audience that friend is often anxious for an opportunity to express his friendship. He sometimes writes a letter, which helps some but does not always express adequately what the friend would like to express.

Years ago RADIO DIGEST recognized this position of the true Radio listener and, largely as a matter of service, sponsored the presentation of prizes. At first it w annual gold cup to the most popular announcer; then it to a contest for the most popular station, and the popular orchestra. When the Federal Radio Commi divided the country into sections RADIO DIGEST awarde prizes to the leaders in each section and a top prize fo contestant that held the greatest number of votes.

There has only been one other top prize awarde RADIO DIGEST to Eastern stations during the past years—and that one was to Graham McNamee. He treasures that gold cup in his home.

The high art of winning friends knows no social or m barriers. Second and third generations of the most trious families more often than not grow soft and spo The example of the Mystery Announcer should be a po ful inspiration to those young men and women who are bitious for success but who shrink before the apparen stacles. Here we have the Mystery Announcer alread mous and successful and yet without the benefit of any man name—with his face still hidden behind a mask—his real identity still unknown. The public has bec acquainted with his talents and personality only thro the medium of the ear. How marvelous! How mysteri And yet how easy to understand when we stop to re that the career of every man must begin and end in the n ing and keeping of friends.

Nineteen Thirty-One

THE year which has just elapsed and, in fact, a g part of the one which went before did not leave n of us rolling in capital wealth and burdened w problems of how to spend enormous incomes. Indeed, suspect that many of our millionaire friends are entering new year shorn of much in the way of worldly goods.

But what of it? Is money really quite all it is cracked to be? And were the so-called boom times really taking where we wanted to go, or just taking us up and up and where the higher we went the greater was bound to be fall. Life at best is a queer thing to analyze, but of one th we may rest very much assured. The human wisdom the world has not suddenly grown out of a greatly inspi new generation. Wisdom is still the ongrowth of the c lective intellects of millions upon millions of people a centuries upon centuries of experience. Panaceas and mir ulous solutions of human problems are matters of myth.

The old adages may have grown stale in popularity a in the race for limelight may have been outgeneraled by impetuous rush of Youth which laughs in overhasty d dain at the knowledge and understanding which comes or with having lived for three score years or more.

The Editor's Chair

...o DIGEST is not robed as a preacher or prophet. But ...nad rush for enlightenment as to where business and ...ple dependent on it are going, RADIO DIGEST can at ...ounsel its readers to pay heed to the wisdom of ages— ...e of wisdom which in the long run has proved most ...g.

...tever goes up must come down. In other words, ...us values and fictitious incomes must come down. ...ch a return to normal cannot long spell depression; ... soon rewrite prosperity and sound prosperity at that. ... is nothing black about the horizon if we will but ...t facts instead of fancies and if we will accept the ...e that success is in the last analysis the result of ...ork.

...e New ...ilanthropy

...HE really great people of the world have stood out ... not so much for what they took out of life as for ... what they gave to the world. In fact, the principle ...nselfish service to one's fellow men constitutes the ...goal of human beings is constantly gaining momen-

...t twenty-seven years of age, Andrew Carnegie, who ...d virtually in poverty, decided to retire at thirty-five ... would have enough of his life left in which to dispose ...natever wealth he might have accumulated by then. ...D. Rockefeller will be famous through centuries, not ...uccessful oil magnate, but as a great benefactor of man- ...in many vital directions. George Eastman, the Hark- ...family, George F. Baker—their names are growing ever ...er for their thoughtfulness about human souls and hu- ... hearts. Indeed Dr. Dorrance, the man who made ...d soups so famous, and Hetty Green, the hoarder, ... out in their wills as sad contrasts to the noble gen- ...ty of most of our modern day money barons. However, ... descendants are very likely to bring eternal glory to ... family names through some outstanding acts of public ...ce.

...his movement toward more and larger benefactions is a ...d wide trend. Undoubtedly it is part of the spiritual ...ress of man and as such undoubtedly it will accelerate. ...nd why not? Have second and third generations ever ...ed that silver spoons make them finer people. There are ...ptions, of course, but for every son or daughter who ...been made superb by dint of great material inheritance ...e are at least ten who have been spoiled. Indeed, all ...nts who are more than ordinarily fortunate in the ac- ...ition of wealth can serve even their own children best ...etting an example of unselfish human service.

...he living endowment or the endowment by will of li- ...ies, hospitals, schools, research in medicine, cultural institutions and the host of other channels into which millions are being poured stand as the great voluntary answer to the odious and confiscatory application of inheritance taxes.

Only recently a great new field for philanthropy has opened up. Radio broadcasting presents opportunities for public service which few, if any, of the other channels can equal. The ownership of broadcasting stations is not a prerequisite, in fact is for many reasons undesirable. The entire income from *Radio broadcasting endowments* can be used for the program phase alone—to buy time on the air from one or more stations—to prepare programs of outstanding merit—and to engage talent that can do the most justice to the particular objective the donor may have in mind.

Right now sponsored programs represent considerable of a burden to many broadcasting stations and yet there must be definite limits to the percentage of programs on any (and every) station that are sponsored by advertisers. In between the sustaining and sponsored programs there is considerable room for *endowed programs*.

In connection with this new and marvelous possibility which is looming on the horizon the Editors of RADIO DIGEST earnestly suggest to that group of worthy citizens who will come to be crowned as *The Benefactors of Radio* that the following definite principles be always made to govern:

First, all endowed programs should be properly paid for as regards time on the air, administration services, and talent. The fulfilment of the purposes of charity should never be made dependent on supplementary charity.

Second, give the administrators plenty of latitude. Times will be ever changing and Radio programs must be popular in character to attract wide spread interest and attention.

Third, pick administrators on the same basis that you would for such as Scientific Foundations, Academies of Art, Hospitals and Universities.

Fourth, avoid any and all types of propaganda.

Fifth, make only the income available to the end that your endowment can be as near perpetual as possible in the service it renders to your fellow men.

It will be fascinating indeed to observe who the first and, therefore, most outstanding benefactor of Radio will be. It will be thrilling to see whether the programs provided for by the first great Benefactor will be for the promotion of health, of marital bliss, of individual morals, of music, or some other impressive phase of culture, education or even entertainment—which, after all, is a great contribution to the happiness and welfare of mankind. It will be interesting to see who are the administrators selected by the first *Benefactor of Radio*.

In any event, here's hoping and predicting that Radio will soon establish itself as a new and great medium of public philanthropy—and as a medium with the power to bring to millions of people benefits which cannot be brought to them in any other manner either so immediate or so humanly intimate.

RAY BILL

RADIOGRAPH

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

THANK GOODNESS I wore my fur coat when I went to see Mary Charles at her apartment on East 50th Street. Shiver my timbers, but the girl doesn't believe in steam heat.



Mary Charles.

Thinks it makes one soft. Guess she's right. For there she sat perfectly comfortable, clad only in some fetching blue pajamas (it was eleven in the morning), while my knees knocked together underneath my coat.

Miss Charles' hair is red, her eyes are blue, her skin has that pink and white delicate quality that so often goes with red hair. She looks frail, flowerlike. But the next time you hear her lilting soprano voice coming over the air on the Palina Hour, Wednesday nights, CBS, just remember she's the girl who stands New York's zero weather with the radiators turned off, a direct challenge to Jack Frost.

This North Pole idea Miss Charles probably brought back from England where she is better known professionally than in America. Isn't there some joke about the English people taking ice cold tubs every morning because the water is so much warmer than their houses? However, let's stop talking about temperature.

Mary Charles was born in Germantown, Philadelphia. She says she was singing and dancing ever since she can remember. She made her stage debut at five in a charity entertainment. She was perfectly calm and collected, but her mother fainted from the excitement.

To her mother Mary Charles gives all the credit for her success, because her mother was marvelous at dialects. And she was almost always getting up amateur performances at home in which Mary took part. "I think," said Miss Charles, "that Mother would have liked to have had a theatrical career herself; and now she has double satisfaction through what I am doing."

Since Miss Charles has come into Radio, her mother sits by the speaker almost day and night, listening not only to her daughter but to all the other singers, so that she may give Mary the benefit of her observations.

Mary Charles had the typical education of the daughter of a socially prominent family. She attended fashionable schools, she made trips to Europe. In Berlin she studied voice with several teachers. Back in America she began to attract attention through her entertaining at amateur and private affairs.

In 1928 Miss Charles was in England and through a theatrical producer's seeing her at a private entertainment in London, she was engaged for a leading role in a play called *Virginia*. Then she came back to the U. S. A. and played in *Interference*. Then back to England again to play for eighteen months in *Charlot's Review*. Then here again for Ziegfeld's *Show Girl*. She has played in several Paramount short movies and last winter was with Jack Buchannan at the Casanova Club.

Her first Radio work was with the Paramount Publix hour. She was immediately successful with her impe tions and dialect songs. Now featured on La Palina hour, a "spotted," as they say, in many Columbia programs.

She lives, as I said, in a charm somewhat chilly, apartment on Eas Street. And if you go to see her, colored maid will open the door an "Come in, honey, and rest yo' hat.

Ozzie Nelson

THERE are times when this P —Poor Working Girl—feels should take her salary check and r right back to the Editor of RADIO D (Just a minute. Ed., I'm really not to do it.) And one of those tin



Ozzie Nelson.



Rosaline Greene.

e is sent
Barbizon-
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ler, Ozzie
and said
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r dinner."
while she
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e wore her
l coat and
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es back to
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ad waiter
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Nelson.
ther called
Oswald" be-
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one name
ouldn't be
ned. But
in a name? Look at his picture.
e lad whose orchestra, whose sweet
g voice, you hear Thursday, Fri-
d Saturday nights over CBS.
you think he looks like the sort
son who'd play quarterback three
at Rutgers, who'd be a champion
er and boxer, who'd win oratorical
s, who'd be art editor of the Rut-
magazine of humor, who'd be a
n of the debating team, who'd be
mber of the Literary Society, Ivy
Fraternity, Cap and Skull, who'd
about the most popular and active
on the campus? Because if you
he looks like that then you've hit
il exactly on the head.

Ozzie Nelson won about every Rutgers had to offer. And he put himself through college with music.

ding an orchestra has been a hobby Ozzie Nelson since he was a small His father organized glee clubs and ur choruses from among his son's ls, and this was Ozzie's first and musical training. When he was en Ozzie organized a boys' orches- nd played throughout New Jersey aternity and high school dances. It only natural that when he entered ers University in 1923 he should ize an orchestra there.

nen he graduated from Rutgers, expected to give up his music and te his entire time to law. But at this time his father died and young on did not then wish to take money his mother. He went back to his estra work, playing in country clubs Westchester and New Jersey. Also he hed football at Lincoln High School ersey City. As a result he had both w degree and a reputation in the ical field.

e was ready to take the bar examinations and start practising law. But could he let his very lucrative hobby go just yet? Looming ahead of him were the starvation years which seem inevitable in the law profession. He decided to play a little longer.

It was his conceit, he said, that got him into Radio. "I suppose you'd call it conceit," he went on, "but I have a funny quirk in my character. I always think I can do anything anyone else can. And when I'd hear these orchestras playing over the air I felt that the boys and I"—he gestured toward the eight men on the dais—"could do just as well if not better. So didn't we go to WMCA and tell them so. That led to an engagement at Glen Island Casino last summer and then to Columbia. And here we are."

Even so, this orchestra leading is just an interlude. There is criminal law ahead. Not that he looks down on his present profession. Gone are the days when orchestra leaders were long-haired temperamental people, just a step above the head waiter. "But," says Ozzie, "this game is something to do while you're young. I can't see myself leading an orchestra at fifty or sixty. But law, there's a career where age is an advantage."

Far-sighted, that. I was not surprised to hear him say that he thinks musical success depends more on good business than on talent. I'll bet his law firm will be a success.

As I said before, he sings as well as directs. He plays the violin, saxophone, and banjo. He wrote the words to *And Then Your Lips Met Mine*. He wrote both music and words to *I'm Satisfied With You*, and *I Dare You*. . . . And he's an artist, too. He's just signed up to do a series of cartoons for *Life*.

"Is there anything you can't do?" I asked.

"Lots of things. I have no mechanical skill. I couldn't fix a broken electric light plug. Changing a tire is about my limit.

Rosaline Greene

ROSALINE GREENE. Tall, dark, and terribly upset. She was ten minutes late for her appointment with me. Just imagine it, ten minutes! (If she only knew how long some people have kept me waiting. P. S. Freddie Rich, please take note.) But Miss Greene puckered her brow and shook her dark head. "I don't like it," she declared. It might be all right for a stage star to be late, she explained, but Radio doesn't function that way. Time and the microphone wait for no man—or woman.

And Rosaline Green is signed and sealed to Radio. It was in Radio that she got her start, and in Radio she will remain. She has tried the stage and found it wanting. But more about that later.

She really had a perfectly good excuse for being late the afternoon I saw her. She had just returned from a trip to Europe. If you missed her for a while from the dramatic sketches broadcast from the NBC studios, that was the reason. She was traveling in Europe, visiting the countries of all the heroines she portrayed in *Famous Loves*. And she had a thrilling time doing it. But she was more thrilled about getting back to her work. Much more thrilled, she laughed, than she would have been if that work had been school teaching instead of broadcasting.

You see, Rosaline Greene intended to be a school teacher. The girl who played *Joan of Arc* and *Cleopatra* over coast-to-coast networks began life as just another freshman up at New York State College in Albany. But when she left State College in 1926 it was with the strangest honors ever obtained at that institution, for she took with her not only her A.B. degree—granted *cum laude*—but also the recognition of possessing America's most perfect Radio voice.

It all began in her sophomore year, when Edward H. Smith, the director of the WGY studio at Schenectady, and the creator of Radio drama, offered auditions to the members of the senior class of State College. Rosaline was taken along

(*Continued on page 105*)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

BLINKETY - blink - blink - blink - ?XT?-!!-Z! All of which means well, Agnes Doherty, Memponset, Mass., wants to know if Rudy Vallee ever swears. By putting the right words in the place of those "blinketies" you'll know exactly what Rudy Vallee says when he gets mad. Of course, Peggy Hull doesn't say a thing about Rudy's facility for swearing in his horror-scope, printed on another page in this book, but stars don't know as much as Marcella, anyway. As a matter of fact the stars ordained that Marcella would be married in 1861—well—now, there goes my age—but her Prince Charming never came. However, she is still hoping, and occasionally she and Toddles (she's the Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court) gaze far out in the distance over the stretch of Broadway to see if the snow white charger, carrying her Prince, is approaching.



Dolores

But going back to Rudy Vallee, Don LeGeorge — he's the manager of the Villa Vallee Club — tells me that when Rudy gets real mad, he blinkety - blinks. But that shouldn't disturb you, Agnes. Now, hold on Don, don't run away, Agnes wants to know lots more. What is his brother like? With whom does he live? What degree did he get in college? What did his year book say of him? Is it true that he joined the Navy during the World War when under age? Yes, I guess that's all. Yes, uh-huh, um-m, Yale, did you say? and a Ph.B. uh-huh. Well, that's fine. Yes, I'll meet you for dinner next week. Good-bye! Next WEEK! Well, now Don's gone. He says, Agnes, that Rudy's brother is very cute and in some respects better looking than Rudy, being short, blond and gifted with the same personality. Rudy lives with the gang whom Don defined as a miscellaneous collection of college friends in a suite of rooms known as the barracks; that Rudy's new pet, Andy, better known as "Scotty," has been recently added to the occupants of this crowded apartment and sometimes has to be "wedged in" under the bed or behind the radiator; that Rudy joined the Navy during the World War while still under age, having trained at the U. S. Naval Training Station at Newport, Rhode Island, in the Spring of 1917. Now that we have the inside on Rudy, we'll give a vote of thanks to Don—m-m-but that's going to be some dinner next week.



Mahlon Merrick



Everett Sittard

* * *

MRS. DELIA of Willimansett writes, "Why don't you publish something about Everett Sittard? Young talented musicians should be encouraged by RADIO DIGEST." Of course they should, and thanks to Mary Bresnahan, we have been able to get Mr. Sittard's picture from WHDH, Boston, from which station he broadcasts. He certainly looks as if he has dominion over those rows of keys and I can even hear beautiful strains of music tip on silver toes.

As worlds release their treasures
From imprisoned bars
And sighing measures
Fling their music to the stars.

Well, Mr. Sittard broadcast way back in 1922 over WBZ, and while in high school he played the organ at the Strand Theatre in Holyoke. He was also guest organist in the Presbyterian Church in that city. Everett is one of the you professional organists in Massach and is very popular around Bosto his piano and organ recitals over WE

* * *

DOLORES, one of the increasing ber of Radio astrologers, is interpi someone's destiny, at this moment. how serious she is—anyone would be three hundred horoscopes to read day. Dolores receives that many l daily as a result of her broadcasts WOV, so if you want to know about trip to Europe or the tip on Wall S Dolores is the modern oracle to go t

* * *

MAHLON MERRICK, NBC or tral conductor, launched out on his sical career at the age of five, an seven he played in a theatre orchestra out in Farmin Iowa. And no is conductor at National Broad ing Company. maybe you thin can't swing the nis racket and driver as deftl he can the n little baton. just challenge



Bera Meade Grimes

* * *

MAID of all V at Station WFA the official titl Vin Lindhe and she writes, "Dear cella: (or are you a Miss?)" Vin, I am neither Miss nor Mrs.—I am ju little bird who shares her crumbs with the curious—just a little bird and nothing more. Coming down to business, Wild Rose of Goldthwaite, this is about Bera Meade Grimes. Bera was born at Pecan Gap, Texas, in the year Nineteen Hundred. She has brown eyes and curly hair, loves to go fishing and golfing and her



Sam Magill



Riggs

favorite color is vermilion. She is married but that doesn't stop the influx of proposals from those who hear her broadcast. For six years she has been with WFAA, Dallas, using the piano as the vehicle of her talent. Vin Lindhe says that Vera's name is a source of eternal worry to her because no one ever spells it right.

ves letters addressed to "Bury Cmes", "Marry Me Grimes", With Me and "Ver- es".

* * *

LLY sor- , but Sam heart be- another— ara Pren- I'm sure likes being a perfect anyway. ly twenty- he has seen these few When he was 16 he ran away ne and school and got a job sell- icure sets to department store Evidently he was not very suc- o he trudged home. He attended rk University a little later, be- eer-leader and director of the ee Club Quartet, which gave an at WOR. Here he wrote con- and became familiar with the utine. In 1929 he was graduated Y. U. with a degree and a com- in the Air Corps Reserve. Now adcasting from the 50,000-watt n Connecticut—WTIC. Connecti- s native state.



Agnes Moorehead

* * *

of Tunneltown, W. Va., writes enn Riggs' happy laugh over is enough to drive any frown away. Glenn, as you know, is the announcer over that station. Even his eyes sparkle with the wealth of joy behind them. Juniata College at Huntington, Pa., is his alma mater and when he stepped out on the threshold of the world, he became interested in dramatic sketches and plays and joined several stock companies. When he's not behind the mike at KDKA, Pittsburgh, you will probably find him playing baseball, football or tennis. This is also for Sally of McKeesport.



Farmer

* * *

AGNES MOOREHEAD appears in such NBC features as the Silver Flute, East of Cairo, and Mystery House. Her father, a minister, showed no opposition to her inclinations for a theatrical career but insisted that she finish her education at the University of Wisconsin, where she got her master of arts degree. She took parts in college shows and won her way, five years ago, to roles in several Broadway shows—*Candlelight* and *Soldiers and Women*.

* * *

GUESS who yodels Emmett's *Lullaby* every Friday night on the Nestle Program over WJZ. You're wrong. It's Chick Farmer and when Chick yodels—well he yodels and there is no mistaking it either. Chick is a graduate of Ogelthorpe University at Atlanta, Ga. He has only one aversion—he can't stand song-pluggers—so those who are engaged in the activity of song-plugging take this as a warning, and never rush into the studio when Chick



Eddie East and Ralph Dumke

Farmer is broadcasting and ask him to plug a song.

* * *

DEAR Gladys, Clark G. Myers of WENR says that he was born in the State of Ohio, where most of the presidents come from, and that he is now waiting for his turn. He has brown eyes and auburn hair—five feet, six inches in height (not quite as tall as Lincoln) and weighs one hundred forty-five pounds. I think he'd make a scrumptious president—don't you? He hasn't told me yet how old he is—and he hasn't confessed to being a bachelor. Farmer Rusk, Uncle Luke and Aunt Mirandy are separate individuals—occasionally, however, Clark has used the name of *Farmer Husk*. Uncle Luke and Aunt Mirandy, off-stage are really married—their names are Marian and Jim Jordan.

EVERYONE knows that Sir Arthur Sullivan, of the team Gilbert and Sullivan, originators of those famous operettas, wrote some very beautiful hymns. And now Gene Arnold, director of the Weener Minstrels at WENR, Chicago, once stage director and teacher of dancing and public speech, is also composing hymns. Gene was connected with Henry W. Savage, Montgomery and Stone, Victor Herbert and other well known musical producers. It was through his experience on the stage that he became interested in broadcasting. That spiritual something in us "will out," and in Gene Arnold it has found a channel for the composing of hymns.



Gene Arnold



Virginia Lee

* * *

I FOUND Virginia Lee's picture on my desk, and she had such a wistful expression, that I said, "All right, I'll put you in." Virginia is the "blues" singer, and she and Andy Mansfield do a Radio vaudeville act over WLW—that's the station that had a little romance not long ago—Natalie Giddings and Ralph Haburton—and now they're married!

* * *

TWO hundred and fifty pounds! That is exactly what Ed East weighs. Mr. East, as you know, Alice of Milwaukee, is of the team, East and Dumke, star Radio comedians of WGN, Chicago. Ralph—that's Ralph Dumke—weighs just a trifling 240 pounds. East was exposed to the higher education at Indiana University, but having been inoculated against it, the contagion didn't affect him—so off he went to vaudeville. He is married and has one daughter, Joan, aged 13. Ralph was born at South Bend, Ind., but he didn't weigh very much then. He attended Notre Dame University, took leading parts in Gilbert & Sullivan operettas, and was (*Cont. on page 100*)



Clark G. Myers

Let's Chat wit

and Hea



When is a quartet a quintet? When the four NBC Revelers get together with their director. Left to right: James Melton, Lewis James, Frank Black (director) Elliott Shaw and Wilfred Glenn.

PUGILISTS, columnists, astrologers, aviators, showmen and their wives . . . sooner or later the little black box, mike, gets them all. For example. Billie Burke, who Radioed recently, "When a woman ceases to be jealous everything is all over." That from the woman who married the man (Flo Ziegfeld) who glorifies the American girl! Other revelations she made about her showman husband: he is the only man she knows who can tell at a glance what a woman is wearing; "he is an expert shot, a regular Dead-eye Dick who can aim by using a mirror;" he owns fifty-six pairs of moccasins and uses them for house slippers; and he loves to go to little out-of-the-way theatres and cafes looking for new talent.

* * *

CHILDREN cost a lot. That's why Paul Wing works for his salary as Uncle Toddy. He has two of his own, Lorraine and David, and the older they grew, the more expensive they became, until he decided they would have to do something to help support themselves. So he told them stories to keep them from crying for food which he lacked money to buy. If they liked the stories, Paul Wing wrote them down and sent them to his publisher. Now he lives in Darien, Connecticut, writes there, but commutes to the NBC New York studios every Thursday.



Paul Wing, "Uncle Toddy" to boys and girls.

* * *

A VIOLIN worth $3,500 today was bought for almost nothing a few years ago by Pa Crockett of Columbia's mountaineers. How come? Outside of a hole in its back, several thousand scratches and a shattered neck, it was almost perfect when he found it in a second-hand store. But it bore the imprint of Jacob Steiner, so the elder Crockett, who is official repairman for the instruments used by



Billie Burke, who recently Radioed inner secrets of married life with Flo Ziegfeld, who likes camping, comfort and a midnight snack before bed.

himself and his five sons, fixed it up and today he could if he wished. Although it's too valuable to be used in o playing, Allan, his youngest son, sometimes uses it f numbers.

* * *

MISCHA ELZON, famous Polish violin virtuoso played Saint-Saen's *Concerto in B Minor* in the p of the composer himself, so his interpretation during a Minneapolis Honeywell hour on CBS must have been aut Paris and other European capitals have heard Mr. Elzon, 1929 he toured this country with Schumann Heink.

* * *

"SINCE listening to your hour, *Bill Schudt's Going to* wrote one fan to Bill recently, "I have realized th

The Chain Gangs

...e News



Rehearsing for "The Rise of the Goldbergs". Gertrude Berg (author of the sketch) as Molly, James R. Waters as Jake, and Alfred Corn as "Sammy" in their Bronx flat.



They grow hearty in the logging camps . . . John Whitcomb, master of ceremonies of the Vermont Lumberjacks, who deserted the tall timber for Radioland

... are wrong . . . newspaper men are really intelligent ...ey are not all drunkards and lowbrows." Such encour... it is spurring the former Radio editor of the New York ...m on to greater efforts! This program, Radio's oldest ...st comprehensive newspaper feature, recently celebrated ...nd anniversary on the Columbia Broadcasting network. ... of speakers reads like a "Who's Who in Newspaperdom" ... A. Bickel, president of United Press, Barry Faris, vice-...nt of the International News Service, Arthur S. Draper of ...w York *Herald Tribune* . . . and many others, all an-...d by the able voice of Bill Schudt.

* * *

... great MacDowell himself recommended Helen Corbin ...einl when the National Cathedral School in Washington ...he famous composer to send them a music teacher. Mrs. Heinl, who made her Radio debut with Jack Frost Melody Moments, was born in Indiana, lives in Washington, and makes frequent visits to New York, Mecca of musicians.

* * *

TWO of the world's most confirmed yachtsmen are Gus Haenschen and Jack Parker, of the *Men About Town* trio. But fond as he is of water, Parker can't swim. So he ties a stout rope to his middle, gets a friend to hold the end, and then drops overboard for his "swim." But Frank Luther, third member of the trio, prefers land and sticks to his saddle. He first learned he had a voice back in his Kansas ranch days when he sang ditties to keep cattle from stampeding.

* * *

THEY told Gertrude Berg it couldn't be done . . . that a Jewish dialect program would never go over. But the lady was little Miss Persistence herself and finally got an NBC audition. From then on, her rise was even more rapid than *The Rise of the Goldbergs*, the sketch which she writes and in which she plays the principal part of Molly. Another proof of the fact that talent will out!

* * *

AND Talent will be Up too! As witness Tom Truesdale and his Musical Aviators—all eleven of them are licensed air pilots. Musicians first, they got a contract on an RKO circuit and, disliking Pullmans, learned to fly. If the plane needed adjustment, the sax player would put the carburetor right. Now they are at the Park Central Aviation Grill, and broadcast over the Columbia network.



Tom Truesdale, leader of the Musical Aviators

Jack Brinckley Makes Hit at WTIC

CONTRAST—that's the element that makes certain personalities stand out in bold relief above others. And it is almost certain that it's the secret of the popularity of Jack D. Brinckley, announcer of Station WTIC of Hartford.

For it is something of an anomaly to hear such a dyed-in-the-wool southern voice as Brinkley's coming from a New England Radio station. The contrast between his slow, mellow drawl and the crisp, staccato voices of his fellow announcers was bound to attract attention in his direction.

Jack was born in North Carolina. In the few years that have elapsed since he first saw the light of day he has packed a variety of activities. After a try at "higher learning" at the University of Richmond, he joined the staff of the Richmond Times-Dispatch. From there he hopped to New York, where he annexed himself to the staff of The New York American, eventually becoming Radio editor. It happened that Lucille LaVerne was then playing on Broadway in a play based on southern life entitled "Sun-Up". Jack stepped into Miss La Verne's dressing room and told her if anybody was equipped to play in that show it was he. After hearing him read a few lines from the script, she agreed, and so Jack stepped into the cast.

Meanwhile his activities as Radio editor had brought him in contact with the metropolitan broadcasting studios. Officials of WOR of Newark liked his voice and his ready wit, so they invited him to join the staff. He made such a hit at WOR that National Broadcasting C officials obtained him for the announcing staff of WJZ, w announced several important programs and where he wro duced and played the leading part in a series of sketches "Southern Cameos."

On November 1, 1929, he transferred the now well-know to Station WTIC, and there he is today. A few month joining the WTIC staff he took unto himself a wife, Miss Merchant, daughter of Grace W. (Merchant) Towne, su of the artists' service bureau of the National Broadcastin pany. Mrs. Brinckley is herself a talented Radio actr often plays in her husband's dramatic skits.

* * *

HUGH WALTON, former Columbia System announc joined the staff of Station WTIC of Hartford. Wal Missourian and a graduate of the University of Oregon, w majored in journalism. His success in undergraduate the prompted him to abandon his journalistic ambitions in f the stage, and then he turned to Radio.

* * *

IT'S beginning to look as New England may have a r all its own. Station WTIC o ford is transmitting programs New England stations each M evening. "Hawaiian Echoes" features Mike Hanapi and H Hawaiians, is relayed to the a of WTAG of Worcester, and Parker's Old-Fashioned S School" is dispatched by v WNAC of Boston, WEAN of dence, WORC of Worceste WLBZ of Bangor.

* * *

INCENTIVE for engineers vent a device to transmit —a "telesmell"—as well as sou seen by officials of Station who have established a unique ing school of the air". Ther







Jack D. Brinckley (top) hasn't the crisp, New England tones expect way down east from Hartford. No, the good-looking announcer is a Southerner by birth and accent.

Betty McKee and Dot Harding (above), assisted by the two in the background, contribute KDKA's program, "Twenty Fing Sweetness" from the Pittsburgh station's studios.

Caught holding hands! But Jimmie Barr, baritone and Anita Mi soprano of the Silver Slipper Cafe program at KPO, San Fra aren't a bit ashamed. Cotton Bond is at the piano.

m'el kitchen adjacent to the studios, where every recipe and st estion is tested before described over the air. A device w h would transmit the savory odors from the kitchen would le atmosphere to the programs, say WTIC broadcasters. F ie Bishop Bowering, who is supervising the cooking broadcasts, r ntly attained a record for "fan mail". The response to one br dcast from WTIC totaled 1,032 letters requesting recipes!

* * *

'ATISTICS from the South—The Gondoliers of WJSV, Mount Vernon Hills, Va., have received from admirers 0 letters, 763 picture postals, and on their part have led over 4,000 autographed pictures, signed their names 700 i s for autograph collectors and played over 2,600 different ections on the Radio. No—they don't come from Venice . . . r real names are Manon and Clyde Stoneberger, born and ed in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains at Luray, Va., this month they celebrate their second anniversary with the unt Vernon station.

* * *

'ONY CABOOCH, star and only member of the cast of the Anheuser Busch One Man Radio Show, lives in St. Louis . makes KMOX his headquarters sday evenings, when he broadts over the Columbia Broadcasting tem. He is plumpish, wears polka neckties, is getting bald at the nples, and finds it no trouble at all portray sixteen characters in one ning.

* * *

O YOU know that the first play broadcast was from the studios WGY the General Electric Com- ny's studio at Schenectady, in Aug. 22. A little cast of veterans from legitimate stage successfully pro- ced a Radio version of Eugene lter's success *The Wolf*. This was lowed by another tabloid adapted m *The Garden of Allah* in which sandstorm was realistically pro- ced, probably the first time the old wind-machine of back stage lent its services over the Radio.

Frank Oliver, one of the pioneers of WGY and now director at that station, brought his many years of stock and road experience into the new field, the experience gained since boyhood days in the hard grind of provincial theatricals in Great Britain and Ireland. Coming to America in 1906, he saw what an earthquake could do to San Francisco and decided the best thing to do was to see the great American continent via the actor's route, which included nearly all the states in the union and Provinces in Canada. Then he tried the movies, when they were young, traveled a little more and then came to anchor in Schenectady where he just naturally drifted into Radio.

* * *

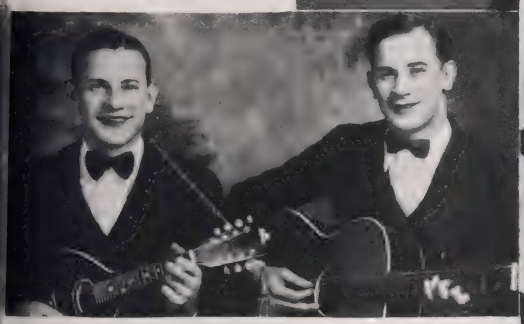
THE Buffalo Broadcasting Company and the destinies of Stations WGR, WKBW, and WMAK are now being directed by Carlton P. Cooke, president and treasurer. Irvine J. Kittinger, former president, is now vice-president and director.

* * *

RALPH ELVIN, of Indianapolis, who announces sports and special features for "the voice of the capitol", as WKBF is known throughout Indiana, has been to Hollywood. He met the leading luminaries of the talking screen, and upon returning to Indianapolis he told Indiana movie fans about their favorites and described his interesting experiences in the same breezy, clever style that has made him a headliner in sport broadcasting.

Elvin also announces the weekly American Legion boxing show broadcasts, a specialty that several years ago won him the "cauliflower orator" title which is his Radio nom-de-air. Broadcasting circus performances and parades is another forte of this versatile WKBF performer, who in private life is a successful Indianapolis business man.







Margaret Jane Kendrick (top) was favored by the gods, for she is possessor of a beautiful soprano voice, an accomplished pianist and an artist besides! She's on the staff of KQV, Pittsburgh.

The Gondoliers (above), who pluck strings at WJSV in Virginia, answer to the names of Manon and Clyde Stoneberger. Once they conducted an orchestra . . . now they rely on their talents alone.

What does "L" stand for? We don't know—it's the name of the Lohne Sister on the right. The other members of this popular singing team of WTMJ, Milwaukee, are, starting left, Fritzie, Billie and Bunny.

News and Views

YOUTH will have its say, KFWB thinks. And why? Page KFWB's new master of music, Mr. Charles Bradshaw. He is slender, tall, with restless hands, staccato speech, and the most friendly smile in existence. In addition to that, he has a tremendous earnestness and is only twenty-three!

His career can be summed up briefly: learned the banjo at twelve years old, brass in high school (no pun intended), went to the University of California, played trumpet and French horn in the Berkeley Symphony orchestra and conducted at rehearsals—a distinct honor for a student; was a member of the Musical Honor Society, and studied medicine.

But the sweet dulcet tones of the French horn sounded more intriguing, so he collected a variety of experiences in the orchestras of California theatres and the Victor Talking Machine Company.

And then—ah, then! Europe! Specifically, Monte Carlo, and more specifically, the Cafe Paris in Monte Carlo, as a member of the orchestra. Shades of Monte Carlo! When he came back to America, he was on the Publix circuit, and then he went back to the Victor Talking Machine Company, this time as an assistant conductor. And then he made his debut as a Radio personality at KFWB in the movie city, Hollywood.



Three early risers—Sam, Ed and Mandy of the KPO morning frolic

Beth Chase, popular blues singer, was arrested for speeding four days in succession on her way to the KROW Richmond studios. She claims this as a record, and challenges all comers, for she didn't get a ticket. Clever girl Beth.

* * *

Betty The Shopper, of KROW, is five feet five, blonde and has grey eyes. She claims an origin of Scotch and Irish ancestry. Five years of theatrical and newspaper experience have aptly fitted her for broadcasting the women's hour at KROW. Outside of shopping and running down the best bargains in town, Betty's hobbies are Persian cats and rock gardens. She says that before she went to work broadcasting she used to live in Berkeley, but now she only sleeps there. She is alive and alert and has a large following among women.

* * *

Don Allen, KTM's chief announcer and recently a proud father, doubles up on characters and becomes Arizona Pete on the ranch hour . . . sings, plays the piano and strums away on any stray guitar that is handy.

* * *

Al Schuss has three jobs . . . KJR announcer; football coach at the O'Dea high school in Seattle, and freshman basketball coach at the University of Washington. He does 'em all well. His football team won the city title in October.

* * *

XAVIER CUGAT, long a favorite violinist and tango orchestra leader around Los Angeles Radio stations, and whose caricature work has been frequently exhibited in the columns of RADIO DIGEST, is now down in Ensenada, Old Mexico.

The spot is some ninety miles south of San Diego. He is directing the new Hotel Ensenada orchestra . . . in the new resort center financed and managed by a group of American capitalists including Jack Dempsey.

* * *

KTAB's programs are being interspersed these days with "kid" songs, and fans have been wondering whether they are being sung by a youngster or some older person with a youngish voice. The answer is neither. It is Gerda Lundberg, 18 year old Berkeley miss, who is a good looker and a good dresser. With piercing blue eyes and fair complexion, her soft features are surprisingly set off by a stylish bob . . . just five feet tall and 155 pounds of loveliness. The staff announcers vie for the honor of announci her numbers.

* * *

JUNE PARKER, who left KHJ in S tember to free lance for awhile, w bumped in an automobile accident th kept her away from broadcast for nea three months. But she is practically covered and will be heard again in croo ing lullabies over Los Angeles statio during 1931.

* * *

HENRY STARR, known in the We as "the hot spot of Radio" h moved about again. Once heard via KF KMTR and other Los Angeles station he has been on NBC coast stations awhile. Now he is with KYA on its re ular staff for a nightly program.

Critics generally have been loud in the praise of his work, and many of the term him the best "single" act in th West's Radio today. Strange to say, th colored entertainer does not have th "typical" negro voice. Negro spiritua are not his special forte. Neither are th hot type of popular tunes. His best wor is in the pathos of tone which he lend to various ballads and popular numbe of more serious type. Besides vocal ir terest, Starr does all his own accompany ing . . . composes a bit . . . plays eleve instruments, including all the brass an wood wind instruments in the band.



KHJ's handsome baritone—Bob Bradford

From The West



Betty, The Shopper, of KROW (left); Charles Brad-Shaw, musical director of KFWB (right)



Billy Bilger (below) is a theatre organist and star at KMO



George Nickson, KXA tenor



T three ng gen- en in the tre are 's Bilt- e Trio— Gibbons, Seckler, Ring- wald

ve (right) Allen, an- uncer at M; right, nes Nielsen, MO con- tralto



Edna Fischer (above), jazz pianist at KFRC, plays three times a week



Al Schuss (left) is the new KJR announcer; also a sports coach in his spare time



Jack Strook, KGER announcer



Felipe Delgade (right) is NBC's featured singer on the Spanish Hour at KGO



"Harold Teen's Gang" at WGN—Left to right: *Harold* (Bill Farnum), *Lilacs* (Wally Colbath), *Beezie* (Jack Spencer); seated, *Giggles* (Irene Wicker), and *Lillums* (Eunice Yanke).

Chatter From Chicago

By BETTY McGEE

"SCHOOL days," says Pop Jenks, "school days—ah, them are the best days of your life."

To which Harold Teen's reply is: "Ya can't tell, Pop. Ya can't tell. I mean when you're in school, things happen so fast, why Holy Cats, ya never have time to stop and figure out if school days are the best days of your life or not."

And that's the keynote of *Harold Teen* program at WGN, The Chicago *Tribune* station. Things—baseball, robberies, football, dances, wise cracks, club meetings, unemployment—all are subjects for their discussions and the engineers always keep an extra microphone ready in case one gets all filled up.

Harold is a perfect flaming youth—as much so in real life as in the cartoon strip or before the microphone. Bill Farnum is the off-air name of Harold Teen, and Bill is one smooth youth. He pursued the elusive Three R's first at Lake Forest College, where he was captain of the tennis team and leading light of the dramatic class. Then he went to Northwestern, where the fraternity boys whaled him into an outstanding Delta Tau Delta. On the legitimate stage, Bill has, at various times, played Willie Baxter in *Seventeen*, Merton in *Merton of the Movies*, and Tommy in *Tommy*. As they say in the *Harold Teen* theme song composed by Joe Sanders, of Coon and Sanders. Radio entertainers, he is "romance personified".



The Melody Maids (le
who lift their voices
gentle harmony ev
so often at Springfi
(Tenn., not Mass.)
the precincts of WS

Eunice Yanke plays the part of Lillums as sweetly in her own life as she does on the air. She's just out of college—still lives at the Delta Zeta sorority house, and likes nothing better than to have a crowd of college kids down at the performance. Her alma mater, like Harold's is Northwestern.

Jack Spencer's chief worry in life is that he's putting on so much poundage that he's looking as much like Beezie in real life as he talks like him before the mike. Jack, by the way, used to play football at Bowen High school-center, the same position as Beezie—and he thinks garters almost as quaint as mustache cups.

Blair Walliser, who writes the continuities, won the coveted Phi Beta Kappa key in his senior year at Northwestern and was associate editor of the *Purple Parrot, Scrawl* and a member of the editorial board of the *Daily Northwestern*. He keeps up on high school doings by slipping in on a dance now and then and listening to the boys and girls talk it over at corner drug stores.

THERE are so many interesting th
—and people—behind the scenes
Radio station. Take Bobby Brown
WBBM for instance. Bobby is a
busy man. He has been called the n
versatile man in Radio, and you'll bel
it when you listen to this. Gener
Bobby works under the title of WB
production manager. He is also sin
banjo player, general entertainer, feat
announcer, continuity writer and progr
director. And when we said produc
manager therein was implied the fact
he is "the power behind" which is resp
sible for all programs of that stat

Likewise the source of all activity
KYW is Maurie Wetzel. He has b
with the station since its voice was
heard eight years ago. Naturally as
tion director he has a finger in every
but he also has some specialties. One
them is program building. He writes
continuity, the music, if necessary, sel
the talent and announces the progr
himself. Such a program is "State Str
Tomorrow" which is heard evenings
10:10. Another of Maurie's specialt
is the color, black. He wears it exc

Charles Mercein (
low), actor-narrat
composer - advertisi
man, whose drama
readings feature a p
gram broadcast o
WTMJ, Milwaukee, ea
Tuesday night.



. . . hats . . . ties . . . coats . . . hing. And another specialty—his te pair of moccasins. He is posi- wedded to them and wears them on d all occasions.

* * *

BABLY not all the old friends of Prairie Daisies who used to delight listeners know that they are now irds of the Sally, Irene and Mary f WGN. The trio is a family affair, ting of Erma, Thelma and Lorraine y. Erma, who has brown hair and ling brown eyes is the oldest, with a coming next and Lorraine, the They are all quite tall and Thelma orraine are decided blonds with en- g blue eyes.

na, the pianist of the trio, started g with Thelma many years ago and sn't until they became associated WGN that Lorraine joined in making Sally, Irene and Mary trio. Lorraine ded art school and knows all about me designing and "sculptoring." hough the youngest of the three, she is the "Business Manager" and Erma and Thelma look to her every week for the old pay envelope. Lorraine is also inclined to be literary and has had several stories published.

And Erma! Erma has had her hand in the movie business! Literally. Her exquisite fingers were shown in a prominent picture as substitutes for those of the star of the production. And who knows but the Ashley's may eventually be more completely in the movies—for you know when a woman gets her finger in anything one might as well let her have what she goes after.

* * *

ISN'T it a joy to find an artist who really looks the part? Such a one is Harold Van Horne whose piano work is one of the best solo features presented through WMAQ. Harold with his mop of curly brown hair and dreamy eyes is in appearance extremely temperamental. He is an artist to his finger tips and looks it.



Celebrities of the new New York station, WBEN. Standing, left to right, William Cook, Merwin C. Morrison, Bob White; Seated, Edward Obrist, and Louis Kaiser.



n Farrand and Jimmy (right) look too sedate called "Radio Rascals," hat's their title at KSTP, aul, where they present a ing act. They've teamed er since they met by chance at a picnic.



on Schlie (below)—they us he's very young, but reveal his age. No one d think this stripling was ossessor of that deep bass- one heard so often at WOWO, Fort Wayne.

NEW YORK'S "baby station" greeted the world in September, 1930, and two months later joined the Red network of the NBC chain. WBEN, Buffalo, already has taken its place as one of the most important stations serving Western New York State and nearby Pennsylvania and Ontario.

It is owned by the Buffalo *Evening News*, of which Edward H. Butler is editor and publisher, and the work of organizing the new project was undertaken and carried to completion by A. H. Kirchhofer, managing editor of the *News*. The station manager is Merwin C. Morrison, formerly of the *News*.

In addition to Bob White, the announcers are Louis Kaiser, who also is program director, and Edward Obrist, both formerly of WSYR, Syracuse, and William Cook, Buffalo. Merwin C. Morrison, manager of the station, serves as special announcer, while Mrs. Margaret Adsit Barrell, who sings frequently over NBC networks and is nationally known as a concert singer, is musical director. Arthur C. Snelgrove is director of the studio orchestra of this young, but lusty "baby station".

Of the twenty staff members, one of the most popular is "Bob White", who outside the studio is Gordon Higham (formerly of WHK, Cleveland). He sends an hour of cheer each morning to his listeners. Incidental music is furnished by Jack and Loretta Clemens, a brother-and-sister, banjo-and-piano combination already highly popular with WBEN audiences by this time.

Classical Music Simplified

A Monthly Feature By

Dr. William Braid White

Doctor of Music



Dr. William Braid White

Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of the Editor, 420 Lexington Avenue.

OFTEN the question is put to me: "Do you think that young children can appreciate classical music?" Or again: "Ought we to try to get our children interested in classical music when they are so young?" I could give many answers, all to the effect of saying "Yes" emphatically to both questions. I prefer however to quote something said the other day by a very great authority, by in fact the one man in the whole country who knows more about this very thing than any one else. I refer to my friend, Ernest Schelling, one of the greatest of contemporary musicians, who conducts the children's and young people's symphony concerts, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Cincinnati. This remarkable man knows more about the ideas that children have in matters of music appreciation, than any other man in the world does or can know. For years he has given each season to thousands of children and young people, the best in music. And he has worked out a system of giving his concerts whereby he is able to maintain the interest of his youthful audiences every second of the time. He gives them stories about the music, illustrated with lantern slides and pictures. He gets them to write their thoughts about what they hear. He has taught enormous numbers of them to think seriously and with deep happiness and satisfaction, about music. He is building up a new and musical generation in this country. He has well said, "There is no use having a series of great symphonic concerts all over the country if we have to be forever fighting for audiences . . . The time to begin is with children, and their interest must be aroused not by merely dragging them to concerts, but by more active and more direct means. The great danger is that a child should be bored.



Ernest Schelling, who conducts the Saturday morning Young People's Concerts.

"The desire for song," he continues, "for melody, harmony and rhythm exists in most of us. It is only a matter of awakening good taste at as early an age as possible. You may be sure that children who are having their interest aroused by concerts specially prepared for them will develop such a genuine love for symphonic music that they will always be patrons of symphony concerts."

Concerts for Children

Mr. Schelling has worked out his own way of giving concerts for children. He never lets his young hearers grow bored. At his concerts there is no intermission and hardly any pauses. He talks to his hearers, makes friends of them, shows them pictures, gets them to sing the melodies which the orchestra has been playing, teaches them to recognize the different instruments by their tone qualities; and all that sort of thing. Last year al 90,000 children and young people atten his concerts. Doubtless ten times many will hear them this season Radio. The hook-up is over the Colun broadcasting network from New Y The concerts take place on Saturday Carnegie Hall, New York, at 11 a eastern standard time.

May I suggest to fathers and moth who do me the honor of reading t words, that they should make gen efforts to get their children to listen good music this way? Mr. Schellin entirely right when he says that most us have the natural love for rhyt melody and harmony. The trouble that most of us hear far too little m of any kind, and that, since no one sta by to tell us what to listen to, most us listen only to what we are sure we derstand. Hence we get only the seco rate music, most of the time. Then say that we don't understand "classic music.

Let us give the children a chance. S them at it young and you will never sorry.

More Information About Musical Wo

Here are just a few more bits of inf mation about the language of music. gave you some last month. Here is a li more of the same painless treatment:

Movement: A symphony, sonata other work of the same general type (my words on "Symphony" last month) always divided up into blocks cal "movements". Music can always be c sidered primarily as the orderly movem of tones, and so the word "movement" very appropriate. There are usually f of these, and their general outlines always much the same.

First Movement: In this the compo sets forth the main musical them

(*Continued on page* 95)

Evangeline Adams' Fingers Undergo Character Analysis

HANDS *of an Astrologer*

By

GRACE STONE HALL

Special analysis for RADIO DIGEST

STARRING three evenings a week in the New York studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Evangeline Adams conveys in her much of her individuality. arm of her personality is carried to her Radio audience in a picture sioned by the sound of her voice. pression is felt of her modesty, her uction of ancestry, her wealth of ledge, her clear thinking, her fairness ner firmness.

ere it possible for her great audience e Miss Adams as she broadcasts it d be noted by her listeners how fully she uses her hands. Her deci- ess would also be noted as she ad- her copy to time, and how itely her hands quite as much as her record a picture of her very self. uch of her handclasp is warm, dly, sure, like the handshake of a surgeon.

is comforting, this handclasp of hers, though she must behead you, astro- ically speaking, and show you that by one your pet deficiencies must go he block for good of your horoscope. shape her hand is square with slight trend of outline. This makes it lar to the hand of Mme. Ernestine mann-Heink and somewhat similar nat of Jane Addams.

ull padding of tips of Miss Adams' l. high mounting of the side of her l. fulness of the saddle of her thumb, bined with fine-grained, pink texture kin shows that she is by temperament kedly sensitive to vibration, harmony, nentum. Squareness of her hand in- tes that this sensitiveness is balanced systematic exactness, orderliness, and hematical thoroughness.

Divine heredity," the something of ition that cannot be exactly defined probably wings her finger tips with their idealism while definite forces background her thumb.

It's a very practical thumb, aggressive, square-jawed and of pioneer type jutting out from her hand, firmly socketed and but slightly indented between the joints.

Inspirational qualities of her finger tips with their indulgent tolerance are given balance and dependability by her thumb.

Thumbs of this type command by sheer force of executive ability. What smoothness and other trimmings must follow up on a job they leave to other characteristics of their hands. Her thumb is quite similar to that of Mme. Schumann-Heink. It contrasts with that of the great philanthropist, Jane Addams, in that hers is somewhat less decisive, less straight to the grindstone.



Snell Photo

Shape and fulness of her hands are infallible proof of Miss Adams' great capabilities and power as an astrologer.

HAD the stars not given Miss Adams precedence as the greatest astrologer of the day with outstanding ability to interpret the humanism of astral forces, she might easily, according to record of her hand, have added stars to her crown in a number of other professions.

Warm fulness of her hand indicates mothering qualities. Home and its ideals will always have the protection of her hands. This combined with thoroughness of the square type of hand, exactitude and scientific turn of mind, might easily have given her prominence as the judge of a court of domestic relations, a research lawyer, builder of a subdivision of carefully planned homes, a congresswoman, or writer on subjects of political science and history.

And as the director of children's institutions she would have combined sentiment and sense in fashion to have added to her crown of success two, or three, or one comet, at least.

"But what about feminine frills and things," asks the feminine chorus of Radio listeners. "Would her hands thrill to possession of a new jewel, and what does the hand of her husband look like?"

Answering these breathless inquiries without even waiting for time signals, it may be said that the rounded molding of Miss Adams' hands tells her admirers that she does love beautiful things and that whenever her staunch upstanding, con-

(*Continued on page 102*)

Abigail Belinda in an Interview Discovers the



By Ann B. Laz

Simplitude ob DINAH *an'* DOR*A*

"LAWDY, Lawdy, am yoh still here?" I looked up and there was Abigail Belinda, broom in hand ready to sweep up the place.

"Yes, I'm here and I'm in a dilemma," I sighed.

"Whut yoh mean yoh am in a dilemma dis time ob night?"

"Well you see, it's this way, Abby," I confided, "I have a perfectly good invitation to the opera tonight. But I also have an assignment to see Dinah and Dora and they're on the air tonight—that's my dilemma."

"Yoh doan mean dem Gold Dust Twins —Dinah an' Dora?"

"Yes'm—those are the gals," I murmured.

"Can't Ah do somethin' dat will complicate dat dilemma foh yoh, Missy?" kindly offered Abby.

It was then that the idea occurred to me to let Abigail Belinda, our beaming, genial cleaning woman, go out on my assignment.

So while Marguerite was sailing away on those coloratura notes in the *Jewel Song*, I was wondering how Abigail Belinda was faring with Dinah and Dora.

The next morning Abby rushed into the office quite breathlessly.

"Well, how did the interview turn out?" I asked.

"Ah neber was receptionized wid sech hostility befoh in all mah life. Ah took mahself ober to WOR an' Ah walks right ober to de elevator boy. 'Boy,' sez Ah, 'take me to dem Harlem dames. Ah'se jes' about bustin' wid a glorified puhpose so take me quick.'

"So up Ah goes, an' Ah'se reproduced to Dinah an' Dora. Lawdy. Ah neber did see sech unperoxide coal blondes as Ah recountenanced—neber—an' so fair complexionated!

"'Ah'se Abigail Belinda,' Ah reproduces muhself, 'an' gals, dis am de mos' spasmodic moment in yoh ambuscaded careers. Ah'se gwine make yoh famous,' I sez to 'em, 'so famous dat notoriety an' renunciation will be qualified wid amplitude an' consecration.'"

"M-m, well that's interesting. What then happened?" I asked.

"Well, Ah sets mahself down much to home an' stahts makin' some interlocutory interrogations. But Lawdy dem two gals am de mos' unresumin', disostensibilized damsels what eber dis universe yet hab perused. Dey wouldn't disenclose nuthin' by no remarks dat would antagonize de feline ob de species. Wid great specularity I was invitationed to see de manager followin' de rehearsal ob de episode which dey wus goin' to broadcast," ran on Abby.

"FUST Ah wants to prescribe Dinah an' Dora so dat yoh kin keep dem in yoh mental opticals. Dora am one ob dem slenderized individualities wid a twilight cast ob countenance. Yoh kin look in dem great big eyes decorated wid elongated lashes and see in dem de germinology ob deep signification. She am one ob dem dreamy etherized creeturs —which if it wusn't fer Dinah's reliabilitude, would facilitate wid evaporation. Yoh knows de type—soft but unrepliable."

"Yes, I know the type exactly," I replied, trying to formulate some kind of a picture in my mind that would conform to this new softness and "unrepliabili

"Now, Dinah," continued Abby, " got a little moh waistline an' backb —if yoh knows whut Ah'se referrin' t both wid actuality an' wid immortal She am de kin' whut yoh kin lean a an' feel dat yoh ain't gwine to fall gravitation. She has whut one mi entitle de spirituality ob sustensibil yoh know what Ah mean."

"Yes, it's very clear to me, Abby, cl as crystal," I replied, trying to extric myself from the bombardment of extr agant verbiage.

"Waal, den dey goes in foh a li'l c logatude," continued Abby, "an' I w jes' roarin', so I busted in at a periodi moment consolidated dem wid hilarity de harmonious success ob de dramati act.

"Now Ah knew, Missy, dat you d wanted to be apprehended on de appe dese two damsels retired in. Dora w one ob dem stylish gingham dresses, wuz soht ob a sky blue checker bo affectation wid a baby pink thread r nin' shyly through an' embracin' de m conspicuous blue at intervals. Law she looked as magnified as a refract skyscraper. Now on top ob de dress w a green apron—it's wid residual difficu Ah kin prescribe de shade—de green c make de window shades from—an' Law dat was some symphonic contrast ob h mony. Now Dinah dressed wid a trivi ity ob conspicuousness wid neverthel de exactitude ob de rules manufactur by de fashionalities ob de punctilious."

"I should say you have made so very extraordinary observations, Abby I interrupted.

(*Continued on page 98*)

Beauty and the Job

The Handmaid of Success in a Woman's Career Is Attractiveness—and Beauty Treatments Provide Important Steps to Loveliness

By Frances Ingram
Consultant on Care of the Skin
Heard on NBC every Tuesday morning

THE other day a girl of about twenty-two came into my office with a letter of recommendation from a friend in Pittsburgh.

"ease help Dorothy to get a position w York." I read. "She was gradu- from college with high honors last and I am sure that with your help ill have no difficulty in making a for herself in the business world."

w. I had always considered this l of mine rather a pessimist, but reading her letter, I was thoroughly nced that she had become one of the s most outstanding optimists.

tainly no one but an optimist could getting a job a simple matter in days of depression and unemploy- and the fact that anyone would con- Dorothy an outstanding prospect used me.

r mutual friend had claimed in her that this girl was intelligent. But was nothing intelligent about the in which she was going after a posi- In the first place, she was inappro- ely dressed. She wore a raccoon coat what appeared to be a pretty elab- dinner dress; her beige gloves were d; her heels were badly run over; she ed a manicure; and I was hypnotized he absolute griminess of her com- on. She told me that she had been ing for a position for three weeks she seemed honestly surprised that no yet had attempted to employ her in way. After three weeks of job hunt- she was a little bit discouraged, but ink I was the more discouraged of two of us.

owever, I was anxious to do what I d for the girl. While she waited, I honed to Miss Wilson, a friend of e who runs an employment agency. I her that I would like to send this girl to see her.

All right," she said, "but for heaven's tell her the story of Elizabeth Adams ore she comes, will you? It's hard ugh these days to place an experienced , and if this girl is just out of college, going to be harder still to get her any d of a job. And by the way, I could you over here. Most of the girls d a beauty expert more than they need an employment agent. I get positions for them, although, to tell you the truth, I don't know why the people hire them. Some of these girls have been out of jobs so long that they have forgotten all they knew about the importance of appearance. So I'm never very much surprised when they're back in a week or ten days—fired again. You haven't told me what this girl looks like, but before you send her over here, don't forget to tell her about Elizabeth."

Elizabeth's is a success story. Six years ago she came to New York with the remains of a debutante's first season's wardrobe, a degree from Vassar, and nothing else. Her first job paid her twenty dollars a week. She didn't do much in this position and after three months she was discharged. Her employer told her that a more attractive girl was going to take her place. He was very fair with Elizabeth and he explained to her that an attractive appearance had a real business value. He told her that he preferred to hire good looking girls because they made his office look successful. He said he thought Elizabeth would profit by this experience and he advised her, as a business investment, to learn to be as attractive as possible before she even began to look for another position.

Naturally Elizabeth was somewhat crushed. But not for long. I'll never forget the rainy Saturday morning she telephoned me and asked me to have lunch with her. I met her for lunch and she told me the whole story.

"And he was right," she said, speaking of her ex-employer. "And so this afternoon I want you to help me buy a dress which is appropriate for an office and I want you to tell me everything you can think of that will improve my appearance." I was rather dubious about the dress because knowing Elizabeth's salary, I was sure she could not have saved much toward the type of dress which I thought she should have. I was right on this, too. Her capital consisted of six dollars—five dollars for

(*Continued on page 98*)



Herbert Photo

An attractive appearance is a great asset in a responsible position.

Ida Bailey Allen

Tells about the

Romance o

The Modern Ice Cube is the Offspring of Sixteenth Century Cooling Methods—Spring Houses and "Buckets in a Well"

THE other day I wandered into the headquarters of the National Radio Home-Makers Club to learn the news on modern home keeping. I found the entire staff grouped around a new piece of equipment in the Kitchen Laboratory. Their eager curiosity puzzled me and I edged myself up to a point of vantage. There before us stood a gigantic ice cube—no, really a new electric refrigerator. But it looked as frosty as Jack himself, and as efficient.

I looked that new refrigerator over, inside and out, and I became fascinated with this latest development in food refrigeration. But the more I thought about it, the more curious I became about the beginnings of food preservation. I went to the public library and succeeded in unearthing one interesting fact—I'm sure you know the story from your early history books. It is this: in the fifteenth century meat was commonly preserved by spicing it. As these spices were procurable only from India, Columbus set out to discover new and shorter water routes to that country. The result of that voyage led to the discovery of America, and incidentally to the real preservation of food, for the most modern methods are American inventions.

But that bit of a story did not satisfy me. "Surely," I thought, "someone can trace the development of refrigeration more thoroughly." And I went back to see Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, president of the National Radio Home-Makers Club.

SHE had all the facts at her fingertips. I shall give you her story, verbatim: "We seem to accept as a matter of course the fact that refrigeration has been in common use for centuries But in reality it has not. Man has learned by a very slow process of development to use cold in preserving food. Nero, one of the early Roman Emperors, ordered his slaves to bring snow from the mountains for this purpose. To keep it, they packed the snow into deep trenches lined with straw and sod for insulation—a principle adopted later in making the first refrigerator.

"The use of snow for refrigeration, popular so many centuries before, came into use once again in France in the 16th century, when the far-sighted physicians of that day realized that food on the verge of spoilage, was a menace to health.

"The scientists told their French compatriots to keep their foods as cold as possible, but the government taxed ice so heavily they were forced to discontinue this custom.

"The high cost of ice—fancy thinking of the high cost of anything in the 16th century—set scientists to looking around for a substitute.

"But the only suggestion they could give was to place the containers of food in vessels of water to which salt petre had been added and so to lower the temperature. If this was impractical they suggested lowering the food in buckets from the well or placing it in a spring house.

"All this while, the scientists had no inkling of the real reason why food should be kept cold, they merely knew that when food was spoiled or spoiling, people who ate it were made sick.

"Later in the same cen however, a Dutch janitor r a magnifying lens, and nounced to the horror of friends, that when he lo through it he could see thous of tiny things crawling everything. People though was crazy; they thought he sessed some evil power that prod those so-called animals.

"But this discovery was responsibl the science of bacteriology, and knowledge that cold was essential to food in a health-promoting state.

"The first record that we have of delivery of ice to an American home, in 1802—here in New York City. B long the manufacture of ice-boxes be an important industry, and for years homes were visited each morning in w weather by ice men—dragging in ice during the cold weather from neigh ing lakes and streams and preserve sawdust-filled icehouses. But physi found that this ice made people ill. epidemics of typhoid and other trou were traced to the sources from w the ice was obtained.

"To keep food cold was not eno the source of cold must be pure—so covered Pasteur, the French chemist, found that microbes were responsibl

Recipes for Frozen Dishes

Chocolate Nut Fluff

1 tablespoon gelatin
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup boiling water
2 squares melted chocolate
½ cup chopped nuts
3 eggs
½ cup powdered sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Soak the gelatin in the cold water for five minutes; pour over the boiling water; and stir until dissolved. Add the melted chocolate, salt, sugar, and vanilla; and fold in the nuts and the eggs, beaten separately. Transfer to a mould rinsed with cold water; and chill in an electric refrigerator until firm. Unmould; and serve with whipped cream.

Filled Snowball Cakes

12 cup cakes
½ cup heavy cream
½ cup applesauce or raspberry jam
½ teaspoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon gelatin
2 teaspoons cold water
Speed boiled icing
Colored sugar crystals

Remove the tops from the cup cakes; and scoop out the centers. Soften the gelatin in the cold water; melt over steam; and add to the applesauce or jam and lemon juice. Fold in the cream whipped stiff; and fill the cup cakes. Replace the tops of the cakes; cover with speed boiled icing and sprinkle with colored sugar crystals. Chill before serving.

◆ ✦ ◆

Frozen Tomato Salad

1 quart can tomatoes
1 sliced onion
1 small bay-leaf
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon celery seed
2 cloves
Few grains paprika
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1½ teaspoons gelatin
2 tablespoons salad oil

Combine the tomatoes and the seasonings; and simmer until the liquid is reduced to three cups. Strain; and add the oil and gelatin which has been softened in cold water for five minutes. Cool; transfer to a freezing tray of an electrical refrigerator; and freeze to a mush. Mould with a large spoon or ice cream scoop; and place in nests of lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise and cress.

Savory Crabmeat Mould

1 tablespoon gelatin
¼ cup cold water
¾ cup mayonnaise
1 cup flaked crabmeat
½ cup minced celery
2 tablespoons minced parsley
½ cup chopped cucumber
2 tablespoons minced stuffed olives
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Few grains cayenne

Soften the gelatin in the cold water; melt over steam; and add to the mayonnaise. Combine with the remaining ingredients; and transfer to a ring mould rinsed with cold water. Place in an electric refrigerator until firm. Unmould; and fill the center with lettuce hearts and sprigs of watercress. Garnish with cut lemon dusted with paprika.

Refrigeration

In an Interview with
Catherine Adams

vilage of food and also for disease. icrobes he discovered lurked in ice d from lakes and streams.

this point another scientist, Michael y, rose to help investigate the cause ealth, and to him we owe the prin- f refrigeration as it is used today— condensing gas to a liquid on the tion of pressure and changing the rapidly back to the gaseous state t absorbs heat during the process— lucing a temperature low enough to ce.

once this principle was applied to es for making artificial ice. Then machines were used to create a low ature for cold storage plants, so could be kept over long periods of Finally, certain manufacturers put heads together and said, 'There is son why ice should not be manu- d in each home instead of at one location.' And so individual home ration was launched.

e modern home-maker realizes that p her family healthy, she must hem only food that is pure and ome. How to keep the food in ondition is her big problem; but be solved very easily with a modern electric refrigerator to help her.

"The woman who purchases need no longer feel she cannot afford it, for she can buy an electric refrigerator now that meets all her needs and some of them are very moderately priced. One beautiful new design of gleaming porcelain looks like a large white music cabinet. It has hinges and fittings of chromium plate.

"THE door opens into the interior which is equipped with commodious shelves and sufficient trays to freeze eighty-four ice cubes at a time—plenty for the guests at even a large party. The cold control device, with which this new model is equipped, enables the housewife to regulate the temperatures to suit her needs. She is thus assured that foods kept in the refrigerator will always be fresh and sweet, ready to use. By a swift turn of this control she may increase the cold and in an hour's time make any of the delicious cold-cooked foods, recipes for which are given in this article.

"By owning an electric refrigerator the busy housewife can save herself much time and considerable money if she plans her meals a little in advance, and purchases at one time enough food to last for two or three days. Quantity buying is always cheaper and eliminates the necessity of going to market every day. Large quantities of fruit can be kept on the floor of the refrigerator where the temperature is just right. Milk, butter and meats, because they need to be kept very cold, may be stored on the top shelf, nearer the icing unit.

"In the household model of this refrigerator, there is space for bottles twelve inches high, and a second space on the bottom for holding five bottles, eleven inches high.

"Electrical refrigerators are offering a whole new vista of possibilities for making unusual and delicious cold-cooked foods.

". . . What do I mean by cooking with cold? Just this: cooking is the changing of foods, physically and chemically, by the application of some external agent.

"Therefore freezing, or congealing with cold is cooking, just as boiling or congealing with heat is cooking. And since home-made frozen foods are new, they are also smart. Serving ices, ice creams, mousses, frozen salads, soups, fruit cups, hors d'œuvres, and ice-box cakes at your parties or dinners will at once lift them above the average. But best of all, the preparation of such foods is actually simpler than cooking them with heat.

"COME on back to the Kitchen Laboratory with me. I want to show you some of the results of our experiments with our new refrigerator.

"Making frozen party salads, desserts, sandwiches and other fancy foods is a simple matter when there is an electric refrigerator in the home. These foods can be prepared in advance and placed in the refrigerator, with the cold control properly set, until they are ready to use. Even sandwiches may be made up in advance and kept fresh for hours."

It is impossible for me to describe to you how those cold cooked foods tasted. So that you, too, may enjoy these tempting dishes, I am giving some of the recipes which Mrs. Allen has prepared for me, and they all can be frozen in one hour or even less than that. So why not surprise the family with some of these corking cold cooked dishes?



Many of the new porcelain electric refrigerators have the shapeliness of music cabinets.

Recipes *via* Radio

Batters, Puddin's an' Stuffin's in Great Stir as Betty Crocker Broadcasts Cooking Lessons

By

Pauline Chesnut

"I'LL NEVER do this again!" exclaimed Betty Crocker as she turned away from the microphone in a middle western Radio station six years ago.

In speaking of this first broadcasting experience, Betty Crocker said, "It's hard to realize that only six short years ago I could have been so panic stricken and so sure I had been talking to empty air—that no one had listened to me or would listen!

"I was used to teaching cooking school pupils in a classroom and to standing on a stage platform with hundreds of women watching me as I mixed an angel food cake and explained the why and wherefores of every move I made. Those girls' and women's faces were stimulating. I could tell what they liked best and what they needed. But to sit alone in that silent, empty room talking to an expressionless owl-faced little instrument called a microphone! No, I couldn't go through that again."

"BUT you did broadcast again, and you've been broadcasting ever since," Betty Crocker was reminded. "What made you change your mind?"

She laughed, "Changing one's mind is a feminine prerogative, I suppose. But I'll tell you what sent me back to the microphone—and with enthusiasm and an assurance that I was doing something really worthwhile. It was the huge pile of letters from women who actually had listened to me!"

It must be remembered that those were the days when the Radio was very new and still regarded as a man's plaything. Most of the programs then were in the evening and on Sundays when the men were home to enjoy them.

The idea of putting on a morning program just for women seemed so absurd that those who heard of Betty Crocker's new venture shook their heads and declared it wouldn't, it couldn't succeed—that Betty Crocker had better stick to her classroom and community cooking schools.

In the first place, they said, women were too busy mornings to sit down and listen to the Radio, and even if a few did listen—how could you teach them cooking when they couldn't see you stirring your cake batter or mixing your bread dough?

It is little wonder after all this that Betty Crocker considers the reading of that first pile of Radio letters as the most thrilling experience of her life. What a panorama they unrolled before her of the lives of her listeners! Letters from lonely women living on farms miles away from their nearest neighbors wrote that they regarded her as a friendly neighbor dropping in of a morning to discuss recipes. Discouraged women in towns and cities hailed her as the friend they had secretly longed to know whom they could turn to for advice and encouragement.

One letter in particular stood out from all the others in that first Radio mail, and impressed on Betty Crocker the marvelous opportunities that the Radio offered her of being truly a friend in need to women whom she never could have reached in years of teaching cooking in a classroom and from the stage platform.

The letter was from a nineteen-yea bride who said that she and her tw year-old husband had been married a few months. She wrote to Crocker:

"You probably will be surprise know that your talk yesterday an recipes you gave for a delicious one meal have saved me from a div When we got married, we both th I'd just naturally know how to cook meals for him. But, oh, Miss Cro Everything went wrong when I tri cook. Something in the oven would while I was watching something on of the stove, and I really didn't l how to do a thing right. He'd home and just look at what I'd fixe the table or maybe he would take taste. Then he'd say, 'I can't eat stuff'—and slam out of the house an downtown to a restaurant to eat, I'd just sit at home and cry over terrible failures.

"The Radio happened to be going terday and I heard you telling about one-dish meal. You made it soun good and so easy to make that I th maybe I could do it. I wrote down bit of it and fixed it up just as you s and then I made the salad you about to go with it. When he saw things on the table, I wish you could seen his face, and then heard him he tasted them. He just couldn't be I'd fixed them up all myself. After per he dried the dishes for me, an went to a movie. Oh, Miss Cro I can't thank you enough, and I hardly wait to hear you again."

AS THE days went Betty Crocker returned regularly to studio to broadcast. She was no lo conscious of the silent, empty room, the owl-faced microphone. She was iting with her new friends.

"You see," she explained, "I have anticipating television in a reverse of fashion—for instead of my liste seeing me, I always see them and that I am right there in their h whether they are isolated farms, kitc

(*Continued on page 108*)

What's Your Problem?

HAVE you a little problem in your home? If you have, consult the Woman's Page Editor, who will be pleased to give her expert advice in an endeavor to solve it for you. This Department also invites its readers to send in their suggestions for subjects which they would like to have discussed in these pages.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

ARIEL, 1930

tricksy sprite was Ariel
When Shakespeare was a bard.
hovered in the air, unseen,
Or darted heavenward.

sweet invisibility
He sang or whispered soft;
brought with swift agility
Mirth, music, from aloft.

day so does my aerial
Catch music from the air;
varied voice ethereal
Floats in from everywhere.

ie voice of Vallee crooning,
The caws of two black crows;
aint dissonance of tuning;
"Moonlight and the Rose."

ngs in early morning,
(Words across the sea);
cipes for corning
Beef or brewing tea.

atesmen's oratory,
Topics of the day;
aby's bedtime story,
Weekly Bible play.

ways smoke a Plucky.
How's your motor oil?
e, but I feel lucky—
She's my two-time goil.

oothpaste full of tonic,
Try our gooey soap—
rchestras symphonic,
Latest market dope.

alf an hour of old songs,
Schubert's serenade.
uties singing bold songs.
(Wonder what they're paid?)

lbert on the fiddle.
Bringing heaven near;
oroscope and riddle—
Say you love me, dear.

riel was a tricksy sprite,
There is no dispute.
ut aerial serves me day and night
And when I'm tired, he is mute.

Helen Mary Hayes, Lincoln, Neb.

?POSE IT SAID "FORDOGS"?

Heard on the air:—

Mrs.—"Sandy, don't you see that re washing your hands with my y cent tooth paste?"

Mr.—"Yeah, I know, but it says , "Forhans".

Valentine Sadowski, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is a cold and cheerless and humorless winter day, with the wind whoo-ing and rattling the window-panes. But in the inner sanctum of Indi-Gest's retreat it is warm and cheery. Slit *goes the letter opener and out pops a joke that's so funny it would warm the icicles off the very tip of the North Pole itself. And then another and another, and the stack of hits and slips grows higher and higher.*

Suddenly the laugh thermometer drops a dozen degrees. "It's another one," groans Indi-Gest, and the Office Nurse rushes in with a pepper shaker, (aromatic spirits of ammonia never seemed to bring Indi out of a faint) and revives the stricken sense of humor with a sneeze.

"That's the ninetyfour billion six hundred forty nine thousand three hundredtwentyninth one since I last oiled my funnybone," gasps the poor joke editor. *Little White Lies* . . . if Toscanini himself conducted and Werrenrath sang it I would stop my ears with cotton and rubber. This morning it was a politician who was making a campaign speech full of promises, which was followed by the orchestra playing, *Little White Lies.* At 11.00 A.M. a real estate agent describing his new subdivision was preceded by a tenor rendering *Little White Lies.* Just before lunch a Grampus, Kanstucky correspondent had to let me know about a big bargain sale announcement which came hot on the heels of two xylophonists, a jews harp, a piccolo and a clavichord in the throes of a stirring rendition of *Little White Lies.*

So the Office Nurse offers a word of advice to aspiring Indi-Gest contributors. Don't mention lies, prevarications or falsehoods in your Indi-Gest contributions . . . don't tell what happened before, during or after Little White Lies.

IT MUST BE SATAN

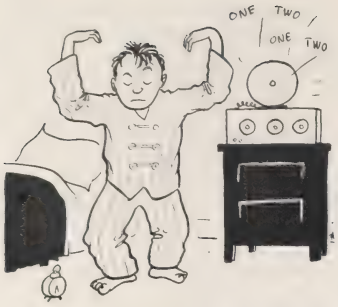
Announcer over National Broadcasting Chain, announcing song just played. "I Want to be Bad with special permission of the Copyright Owners." Who owns the copyright on being bad?—*Ray Martin, Grandview, Mo.*

GOLF ADVENTURES OF AN ANNOUNCER

One day George Hicks, NBC Announcer, was slicing and topping the little ball worse than usual. He lost every ball but one. Then that landed in a pond.

"I've lost enough balls for one day and I'm going to get this one", he declared. Taking off his shoes and socks, Hicks rolled up his trousers and waded into the pond. The mud was deep, and as Hicks sank up to his waist while fishing for the ball with a pole the other three members of the foursome sat on the bank and sang the Song of the Volga Boatmen with wisecrack interludes. Hicks got the ball.





Radio calisthenics—starting the "daze" work.

They say it takes a joke sixteen years to go around the world. But here's an old family friend which in Indi-Gest's early days was told about two ladies in the theatre. Now it's graduated to Radio.

Several ladies were sitting around the parlor of a hotel listening to a radio program. The music had started soft and low, changed suddenly to a loud prestissimo until with one large sweep the band gathered momentum, then suddenly stopped. The ensuing silence could almost be heard—it was so still. And in that hush, one of the talkative ladies shrilled out loudly, "Why, we fry ours in butter."—*Mollie Zacharias, 3106 Park Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.*

JUST IN CASE

Heard on "Something for Everyone" (C B S)—

A woman was buying material with which to make her young son a pair of trousers.

"My!" my'd a friend. "Do you need all that material for one pair of trousers?"

"No," was the reply, "some is for the reserved seats."—*Miss Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.*

A STRANGE QUIRK OF FATE

It's been a tough life for Walter Soderling, the veteran character actor who plays in *Harbor Lights*, NBC's seagoing serial. Once he thought it would be smooth sailing. In 1915 he was cast in a small part in one of Charles Frohman's plays.

When the first night performance was over, Frohman, as was his custom, called the cast on the stage and censured or praised each one. "Where's the old man?" he asked. The "old man" in the play happened to be Soderling, who stepped forward, ready to be called down.

"My friend," said Frohman, "you did a splendid piece of work, and I'm going to take care of you from now on. You have nothing to worry about. Cast dismissed!"

Soderling nearly jumped sky-high for joy. But not long thereafter Charles Frohman, the man who had assured his future, lost his life in the torpedoed Lusitania!

Checks of $1.00 each are awaiting the following Indi-Gest contributors upon proper identification and receipt of address: A. M. Davis, Florence May and M. Dowd.

At first it worked . . .
I liked it so
I thought of it
As Radi-oh!
But now it feeds
A chronic grouch . . .
I call the thing
My radi-O U C H!

Elias Lieberman

RADIO BUSINESS

Crawford—I understand there's been no slump as far as the Radio is concerned.

Crabshaw—Of course not. That business is picking up all the time.—*J. J. O'Connell, New York.*

SLIPS THAT PASSED IN THE MIKE

Over Radio Station WENR, Everett Mitchell announced, "Now Little Joe Warner '*Singing in The Bath-tub*' with Sally Menthes." (Sally is the accompanist at WENR.)—*Joey Foley, 810 Bradley, Peoria, Ill.*

At KGHL, Billings, Montana, the announcer said, "The next record we present as Paul Whiteman plays it '*Sitting on a Rainbow.*'" I am afraid it would take a rather large rainbow.—*Alice Leslie, Oregon Basin, Wyo.*

Phil Cook had completed his morning program and CKGW's announcer began extolling the virtues of Quaker products. "Don't delay a moment," he said. "Buy a package of *Craker Quackles* from your grocer.—*Harry S. Hawkins, Muskoka Hospital, Grovehurst, Ont., Canada.*

PAGE THE CENSOR

I heard the cutest thing over the RKO Theatre of the air. Here it is:

Jimmy—How many pages are there in a bedroom farce?

Johnny—I thought it was unlimited. How many are there?

Jimmy—Two sheets.—*Roberta Rodman, 220 E. Central, Fairview, O.*

A BED TIME STORY

Heard over WOWO:

Mr. Brown—Did you ever hear the story of the man who drowned in bed?

Mr. Truck—No; how did that happen?

Mr. Brown—The bed spread, the bed slipped and he fell in the spring.—*Mrs. R. E. Ulshafer, 666 Wabash Ave., Wabash, Ind.*

The next one hit the bull's eye in that shooting-for-laughs-gallery of Phil Cook. "Do you get it, Phil?" pipes Crackles)—

English tourists in a New York station asked:

"Where does that train go?"

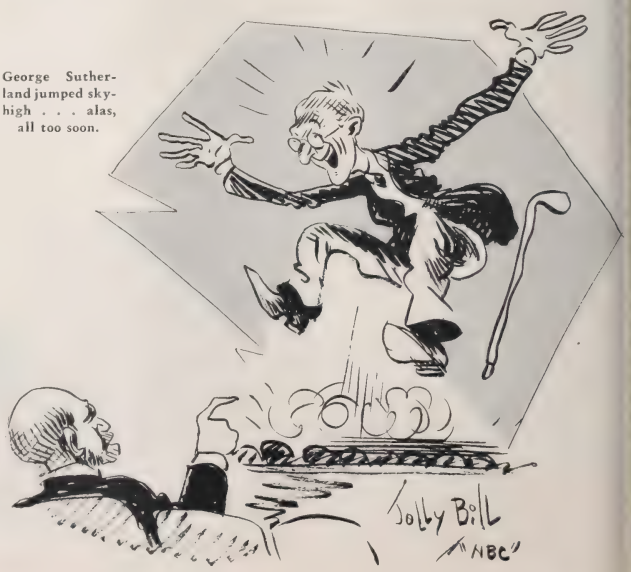
"Buffalo in 10 minutes."

"It's sure going some."—*Frances Cherry, Wayne, Neb.*

GOSSIP SHOP

Add to list of outlandish pets: Guppies (or goupies or gyuppies) . . . a boful possessed by Annette Hanshaw of CBS, sent her by a Florida fan. They're the queerest fish in the world . . . able as long as your finger nail, but related to the whale because they're one of the few fish that bring forth full-fledged children instead of laying eggs. They're cannibals too.

George Sutherland jumped sky-high . . . alas, all too soon.



Tuneful Topics *By* Rudy Vallee

(*Continued from page 35*)

other place I thought that the part
I'll be lost alone" was rather far-
d, and I changed it to "I'll be left
" I even had the audacity to make
nge in the melody, a change of one
which seemed to me more logical
the way Johnny Green originally
ived it.

I layed the number the way I saw fit
ange it one night for Mr. Green
he was a guest at my club. As we
old friends I asked if he minded the
e, to which he replied that he did
nasmuch as he thought I should play
way I "felt it," which, after all, is
ensible way for the writer of a song
el when the artist, unless he is a
amateur, seems to feel it necessary
ke a few changes.

play it at twenty-eight measures
inute, and although it is written in
, I find that I can sing it more com-
bly in the key of D.

Home and Tell Your Mother

ERE is a song published by the same
firm that at one time boasted of the
us *Pagan Love Song*. In fact, this
too, is in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
re, and although it is by two great
rs, as was the *Pagan Love Song*, it
never see the popularity that the
er song did. Jimmie McHugh and
thy Fields, writers of *I Can't Give
Anything But Love, Baby*, wrote this,
of the last songs that they wrote while
on the Coast.

heir original lyric is sung in the pic-
Love in the Rough; it was deemed
suggestive by the officials of the
onal Broadcasting Company and the
may be sung on the air only with
sed lyrics. The original lyrics were
really suggestive, but were possibly
a bit too human. For instance, the
"For she certainly did a wonderful
on you" and "That we're marryin'
respectable people do."

ot knowing that the lyrics had been
ored by the National Broadcasting
pany, on one of the Fleischmann
grams I innocently sang the original—
he consternation of the censors of the
ional Broadcasting Company—but it
their own fault for not notifying me
only revised lyrics could be used.

e play it snappily, or about fifty
sures a minute. It is a difficult num-
to sing when the throat is not open,
to the fact that it hits the high notes
stays there. We have had to trans-
e it to various keys from time to time
ending on the condition of my throat
n I have tried to sing it. It was very
received the first time I did it at
Brooklyn Paramount, which is one of
indications of how the public likes a
g.

To the Legion

HERE is a song with a very unusual history. Every day I receive manuscripts from outside organizations, and one day this manuscript came to me from the Commander of Post No. 1 of the American Legion in Memphis, Tenn. The song in its unfinished state was called *For the Legion*. It was originally intended to be sung by this particular post as its own marching song, stating that they were the marching legionnaires from the banks of the Mississippi, or Tennessee.

In the piano arrangement sent me, the authors had either innocently or deliberately taken a few measures of Victor Herbert's *Babes In Toyland*. On hearing the opening few measures played on the piano, it struck me that these composers were better than amateurs, and then the origin of the introduction came to me. The verse and chorus, while rough in spots, showed me that there were the possibilities of a real song there. I realized, however, that it must not be sectional or provincial, but should apply to the legionnaires of the entire United States, or the world, for that matter.

Being a member of the American Legion, Post No. 62, Westbrook, Maine, I recalled that the American Legion had no song of its own, and felt that such a song might be welcome, so I hastily reconstructed the lyrics and melody in an effort to make a song that the legionnaires of every state in the union might be able to sing as they marched along, or wherever they might gather. I obtained permission from the Post No. 1 Commander and the composers to reconstruct the song as I thought fit. Although I finished the song before the big Legion Convention in Boston, it was not in the hands of the publishers until several weeks later. Contracts were issued for the three members of Post No. 1, and one for myself as the fourth composer.

I think our Victor record of it is one of the finest things we have ever made, and at times our Connecticut Yankees sound like Sousa and his orchestra. During Armistice Week I did it at the Brooklyn Paramount, where it received a tremendous reception. It is a song that grows on you, one that I hope will eventually become the favorite song of every legionnaire throughout the country.

Being in 6/8 time it is played in a snappy, march tempo.

Blame It on the Moonlight

HERE is a simple yet effective song, dealing with the moonlight as the cause of one's falling in love. Published by a small but very energetic firm, it is already becoming very popular. It was written entirely by Milton Ager, who, with Jack Yellen, during the past ten or fifteen years, has written a series of hits as long as your arm.

The number is well-constructed and of a sweet, lilting nature. Ager is one of the few men who write songs and play the piano excellently; he is a very cultured scientific man on many matters other than music. It was a pleasure listening to this song before it was published, when Ager insisted that I hear it. I found its composer, who had just returned from the Coast, and whom I met for the first time, to be a quiet, refined and extremely intelligent individual.

We do it quite slowly at about thirty measures per minute.

We're Friends Again

HERE is another odd thought, written by the two boys who gave us that very unusual hit, *I'll Get By*, and who followed it with *Mean to Me; To Be In Love Especially With You*, and who have been out on the Coast writing for pictures for the past year and a half, since the advent of sound pictures. They have returned to New York and perhaps the first song which has told Tin Pan Alley that they are back officially, is this song, *We're Friends Again*.

They played it for me while it was still in embryo, and struck by the odd thought and beauty of melody and harmony, I suggested that it be published. Roy Turk, who is the lyric writer of the pair, inclines toward slang lyrics; in fact, in all his songs there is a tendency to use American slang, and in this case he dwells on such phrases as "my honey," "I spoke out of turn," and "why bring that up now?" yet the song is typical of the daily conversation of hundreds of young clerks and young business men who might tell this story of how they quarrelled with their sweetheart, but made up again the morning after the quarrel.

Fred Ahlert, who writes the melody and plays piano, is a student of melody and knows what he is about when he sits down to write. The song begins with a dropping glissando; that is, the voice drops from the high note to the low note in a sort of water-fall, with the end of the melody of the high note brought down to the low note, with hardly a break between them, almost chromatically. This type of dropping glissando must be heard to be understood. It is the use of it both in upward and downward glissandos that has led to the use of the word "crooner", a crooner being merely an individual who employs a great deal of glissando.

Glissando makes a song very appealing and tender, as it takes the harsh intervals out of the composition. This number should do quite well with the song-loving public. We do it quite slowly, at thirty measures or possibly thirty-five per minute. Although it will probably be published in the key of E flat, I find that the key of D makes it more easy to render in my particular case.

Read Rudy Vallee's Special Article, Night Clubs of New York in February Radio Digest—Editor.

Voice of th

FIRST TRY—AND HE MAKES V. O. L!

THIS is my first letter to your splendid magazine, although I have read almost every issue of it since I got my first Radio in March, 1926.

Just as Radio is said to be essential in a home as a necessity, so is RADIO DIGEST if the listener, wants to know what is going on in Radioland. He cannot learn all that is in RADIO DIGEST even if he listens twenty-four hours a day to his Radio. RADIO DIGEST gives you, as it were, the inside dope of all in Radioland. As a constant reader of RADIO DIGEST for four years I like it better all the time because of the great improvement. You have a great magazine!

I was very glad when you published the Official Log because it comes in handy when DX'ing. When I had my first Radio four years ago it was a two-tuber and I logged 241 stations in two months. Now I have a nine tuber.

—George A. Phillips, Jr., Smith Falls, Ont.

* * *

REQUEST FOR BACK NUMBERS

WITH reference to copies which you can not supply, we are venturing to make a suggestion. It is that a notice be placed in a forthcoming issue of RADIO DIGEST that the numbers mentioned are needed in the Library's file and that the courtesy will be appreciated if readers, who no longer need their copies will present them to us. Publishers frequently do this for us and almost invariably with successful results. We shall be grateful for any assistance you may render us in this connection.

Copies wanted:—1928—June, September. 1929—January, February, April, August, September, October.—E. H. Anderson, Director, New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

We will appreciate any cooperation you can give the New York Public Library. Send requested issues to the address given.—EDITOR.

* * *

YOU'LL FIND WTMJ WELL REPRESENTED IN THIS ISSUE

JUST got the November issue of the RADIO DIGEST, your splendid book. It's a book that's interesting to everyone with stories, household hints, and other short articles good to read as well as the wonderful Radio articles, but there is one thing I'd like to write about.

One reads so much about Chicago Stations, WENR, WMAQ, and very distant stations in great number. But, why not more of WTMJ, Milwaukee Journal Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin—the best station in Wisconsin. One artist, particularly, I want to mention is their staff soprano, Myrtle Spangenberg. Hearing this soprano I'll say she possesses a very sweet and pleasing soprano voice, and her very wide selections of numbers—both popular tunes of to-day and classical numbers—is fine.

Their organist, Terese Meyers, is also very fine, with her melodies, and WTMJ announcers are pleasing to hear too.

Will look forward to be reading more of WTMJ—A RADIO DIGEST and Radio Fan, Margaret R., Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

APPRECIATION OF "JERRY BUCKLEY" ARTICLE

I WANT to voice my appreciation to the RADIO DIGEST and Mr. Robert L. Kent for devoting your magazine column in behalf of our dear friend "Jerry" Buckley who was so cruelly assassinated for fighting so bravely for the "common herd," which he so loved. The "common herd" of Detroit miss his voice each night. Such "friends of the poor" are few. —August Keranen, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

WESTERN STATIONS, MEND YOUR WAYS!

AFTER reading my first copy of RADIO DIGEST—the best on the market—I decided immediately to become a constant reader. I would like very much to become a member of the V. O. L. Club.

I am an ardent Radio fan, but there is one thing I would like to know. Why do stations out here cut in on chain programs to advertise a special make of washing machine or candy or give the football scores? We do like the Eastern programs but don't like to have someone chop the beginning or end off them to give us the news items or the market reports. One San Francisco station in particular has this habit.

—Dorothy Graham, Morgan Hill, Cal.

* * *

WHAT DO OTHER READERS THINK OF THE RADIO LOG?

I HAVE just received the November copy of the RADIO DIGEST and after looking it over have decided to write you one more letter suggesting that in all issues you make your official list of wave lengths more complete. As I have written you previously, I have taken your magazine ever since the very first issue, when it was a weekly, and during all of these years I have taken it for one purpose only, and that is to get a complete and up-to-date Radio log.

The thing that I miss most from your November issue is the list of stations arranged by states, which I have found by experience to be almost as useful as the list arranged by wave lengths. I think a list of Canadian, Cuban and Mexican stations arranged by wave lengths would be a very valuable addition to your magazine.

I am sure that the "fan" matter contained in your magazine is very interesting to most of your subscribers and am finding no fault with it although it does not interest me.—C. L. Farnsworth, Omaha, Nebraska.

RADIO DIGEST is interested in readers' opinions on this subject. Please write us—EDITOR.

* * *

FROM A GRANDMOTHER—74 YEARS YOUNG!

I BOUGHT my first copy of RADIO DIGEST to get Harlow Wilcox's (WGES) picture. You say, "he has made good"—I'll say he has—and How! He has the best voice and is the most natural reader we hear. We are worried all the time, fearing he may quit for some cause. He is too good to be true!—A Sincere and devoted fan.—(Mrs.) G. A. Lijean, Oak Park, Ill.

* * *

A LITTLE ANTIDOTE FOR "THE HAMMER WIELDERS"

WHAT does it matter if we aren't "crazy about" Amos and Andy or that we can't "rave" over Rudy Vallée any more? Did you ever stop to think that if we heard our best friend, or even one of our beloved parents, sing or speak along the same lines every day, perhaps two or three times a day at the same hour, we would perhaps grow a trifle bored.

And how trying the daily grind must be to the entertainers themselves! If we are a little weary, turn them off for a while, but don't "knock" them. They are untiring in their efforts to please and I, for one, consider myself fortunate to be able to hear this super-talent free of charge.

I have Radio-ed for at least ten years. My first lasting Radio thrill was when I heard John Drew give a sketch of "The Taming of the Shrew." And the singing of John McCormack on one New Year's night. Living in a small town then, I knew I was tasting some real and hearing famous artists whom I would probably never see.

May I say a word for the endless "pep" enthusiasm of Phil Cook? I hear him to day and never seem to tire of him. And two lovable characters, Abe and David. they take you back to the days our p used to tell of—husking bees and s matches—and can't you just smell ginger and wood fires and hickory smoked meat: how I enjoy Mike and "Hoiman," and adorable couple Cecil and Sally, whom I from my home station WMBD.

I bought my first copy of RADIO DIGES was shocked to read the knocks in V. O. this old world of hard knocks why pass on? A word of praise does so much more

—Mrs. E. R. Harris, Peoria,

* * *

PAGING OTTO HOEG, RADIO ART

CAN any one give me some information the whereabouts of Otto Hoeg—f program director, announcer, pianist and poser of KGB, San Diego, California.

I always enjoyed his playing and woul to know if he is still broadcasting.— Bailey, 1616 Bancroft St., San Diego,

* * *

SOME DX RECORD!

WITH my set, on October 13th, 1930. 6:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. I "tuned-in" 6 tions, 55 of which were DX, reaching coast to coast and from WPG of Atlantic N. J. to KFI, Los Angeles, California.

I believe that this will amount to a po record of stations received for this time of if not, for all time.—H. Meta Tafel, 50 45th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

STATION POPULARITY CONTES WINS FAVOR

HURRAH! This is the contest for wh have waited. May I nominate my fa station, WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y., for first I could enumerate many reasons for my c but it would take too long. However, I am there are many in Central New York, be myself, who consider that "The Voice of tral New York," although just a baby in has the best programs, for a small 250 station, that can be heard anywhere.—(R. E. Lauber, Fulton, N. Y.

* * *

PICTURE OF BILL DALY COMING SO

THIS is my first letter to the Voice of Listener, though I am a regular reade your pages.

I always read your magazine from cov cover, and then wait eagerly for the next i

Why don't you tell us something about Daly and his orchestra? I have heard hi the "Revelers" programs and think he dese some mention in your pages.—Louise Stock Cambridge, Md.

* * *

YOU'RE FUNNY—THANKS FOR MO

ENCLOSED you will find check to cov year's subscription to your maga Until I received your letter I didn't know my subscription had run out. But anyw here's your dough for another year—so let' —send along the old reliable Radio maga

Listener

I have been receiving for the past six
-Ray Van Sledgright, Grand Rapids,

* * *

AIM TO PLEASE—BRINKLEY'S PICTURE IN THIS ISSUE

)W that you are used to receiving many
rs from fluttering youngsters, who rave
out their favorite Radio star without
any reason for their criticism other than,
simply marvelous".
writer of this letter is not in the above
ned category. To begin with, I am a
That alone should put me out of the
herd. Secondly, I do not like to see my
in print. Thirdly, I am a college gradu-
d have served as dramatic critic and re-
for several of the country's leading news-

, to get into the real purpose of this
About a year ago Hartford's radio sta-
VTIC, "blossomed out" in a number of
the least of which was not the employ-
of a southern announcer named Jack E.
ey. Many of us in Hartford had looked
avor upon the work which Mr. Brinkley
een doing in New York City before he
to our town. And now—well, that is the
ory.
ost all of my friends and acquaintances,
whom I had discussed the matter, admit
ded preference for Jack's work on the air,
n announcing and acting. Thereby, you
greatly please many listeners, if you
give us a story and a really sizeable
graph of this man.—G. S. W., Hartford,

* * *

ODE TO JOHN L. FOGARTY

As the setting sun fades
In her bed of old gold,
So does McCormack, who's
fast growing old.
In his place comes another,
Still more famous to be;
Sure, a son of Old Erin—
And his name's Fogarty.
—Adele McCullough, Easton, Pa.

* * *

DY FANS ARE RALLYING ROUND

)NIGHT I bought my first copy of RADIO
DIGEST and I know right now, it will cer-
not be my last.
e real reason I made this edition my first
ause I saw on the cover that Rudy Vallée
going to write in it. Rudy is my weak mo-
and I read anything he writes or that is
en about him (if it's favorable) so many
I have it memorized.
going through your magazine I noticed
interesting and original every article was.
ow that there have been countless stories
t Rudy Vallée but I feel that since he likes
magazine so much that he writes in it,
because it deals with Radio, his first love,
y you would be able to get a more original
view of him, one that gives different sides
m. What is his brother like? Whom does
e with? What degree did he get in College?
s he swear? Is it true that he joined the
y during the World War when under age?
ess that must be true, for he marched in
Boston Legionnaire Parade, and what a
l he got! Even the men said he wasn't so
after all, and you can guess what that admission meant coming from those who have always growled when their wives gave up all engagements to listen in on Thursday nights.

Couldn't you please have one of your staff answer my questions? I know it would also please those ardent Rudy fans I'm going to tell about your magazine and who are sure to buy anything that even mentions Rudy's dog.
—Agnes Doherty, Neponsit, Mass.

Marcella is going to try to answer all your questions, Agnes, so watch her columns.

Rudy Vallée joins RADIO DIGEST in thanking the many admirers who wrote to express appreciation of his article. So many letters were received that there wasn't room for all. We're especially sorry we couldn't print the masterly epistles from Helen Kruse, Wood Ridge, N. J., Verna Geideman, Niles, Mich., Dorothy R. King, Brownsville, Pa., Christine H. Vass, Kenosha, Wis., Harriette Whalen, Neponsit, Mass., and R. N. Walker of Seymour, Ind . . . they *were* good.—EDITOR.

* * *

MORE VOTES FOR MOST POPULAR ORCHESTRA—GUY LOMBARDO AND BEN BERNIE

THIS is my first appeal to the "Voice of the Listener."

I give first place to Ben Bernie and his orchestra (not forgetting his long-necked pianist, and gum-chewing drummer), siding with Ed. Russell, of Wasco, Calif., in my opinion of Guy.

For those who stand up for Ben and Guy, more power to their pens!

A rabid Bernie and Lombardo fan.—Robert Macgregor Eeadie, Pasadena, Cal.

* * *

MANLY PRAISE FOR WILL OSBORNE

I THOUGHT perhaps you would like to hear a man's opinion. It's Rudy's voice, not him that they have fallen for! American people want plain, untrained, naturalness which we all have to admit Rudy has. But for real man's appeal give me Will Osborne.—Gene Bailey, Portland, Me.

* * *

A BOOST FOR COON SANDERS

FOR my first attempt at V. O. L. I am going to try to boost Coon Sanders' Original Night-Hawks, a little, as I sincerely believe they deserve this praise, even though they may not need it.

Here is one dance orchestra that can do justice to any type of musical number, from the slowest, dreamiest waltz to the fastest moving *Tiger Rag*. In all of these, the arrangements are very clever and the rhythm perfect.

Then comes the important matter of the vocal chorus. Here again, they excel. "Coonie" is a steady reliable singer, with a good voice and plenty of pep. His partner, Joe Sanders, can croon with the best of them, but how many crooners can "open up" with his quality and range?—Philip N. Clarke, Hindsdale, Ill.

* * *

WRITE TO V. O. L.

CHAIN CALENDAR FEATURES have been omitted this month because several readers say they don't like them. What do you think? Give us your opinion and join the V. O. L. Club.—EDITOR.

TCK! TCK! HE SIGNS IT "FRIEND"

I take this awaited opportunity to point out that I haven't the slightest interest or use for your magazine. I am sorry to see Radio Broadcast go, and it could have become no more worthless if one had tried to accomplish the ultimate in that direction. It is now—junk, with my regards—H. H. Friend, Engineering Dept. RCA, Photophone, 153 E. 24th St., New York, N. Y.

* * *

ALL RIGHT—SO LONG AS YOU'RE CRAZY *ABOUT* US

I WANT to tell you we are simply crazy about your magazine. I have been reading it every month for nearly two years, and think it gets better every issue. We enjoy our Radio much more after we read RADIO DIGEST. It is chuck full of the most interesting Radio news—and is by far the best magazine published.—Mrs. E. L. Loudder, Lueders, Texas.

* * *

POEM—WITH APOLOGIES TO LITTLE JACK LITTLE

When I'm down and out and feeling blue,
Can you imagine what I do?
Why, I jump to the Radio, turn the dial,
"Yes we have no bananas," can be heard for
a mile.
Joe and Vi, the loving pair
Make me glad I am far from there.
Sanderson and Crummit sing their songs,
As the train of the Fast Freight sounds its
gongs.
The Crocket Mountaineers with songs of yore,
And Heywood Broun with admirers galore.
Up steps Burbig with talks so amusing,
That we almost forget our friend Ted Husing,
California Melodies out of the west,
For the latest of tunes, this is the best.
Radio Follies bring Eddie Cantor and Helen
Morgan,
Jesse Crawford, world loved poet of the organ.
Paramount Publix, I almost forgot,
Brings stars, music, and news served hot.
—Richard C. McGinnis, Oil City, Pa.

* * *

WE CAN'T ALL BE SWEET, LIKE THESE SOUTHERNERS!

PLEASE may I join the V. O. L.? I'd love to! I thoroughly enjoy the RADIO DIGEST. It has so many pictures and articles about Radio artists I've always wanted to find out about, and now that I've discovered the R. D. I know I'm getting up-to-date news.

It seems to me there is rather an unpleasant argument going back and forth in V. O. L. What I can't understand is, why be unpleasant about it? There are plenty of artists for everyone—different people require different attractions. So let's please be sweet about our arguments. Those of us who like Rudy—say so, but not at the same time condemning some one else.—F. C., Memphis, Tenn.

* * *

M. A.'S EARS SHOULD BE BURNING!

THE Mystery Announcer and his gang of WPEN are wonderful. A person couldn't be blue and listen to them at the same time.

There's Melody Mac who is a pianist, organist, comedian, singer and what not, all rolled into one. Then there is Bill. Everybody likes him for his voice, impersonations and happy-go-lucky ways. Every boy at the station is an artist in some way. M. A., short for Mystery Announcer, is grand. He has a most wonderful personality and he puts all he's got into his work to make people happy.

Some of your other V. O. L. fans write in and tell us what you think of our M. A. and his gang, won't you? And, please print more about them in the next issues.—Dot Martenson, Haverford, Pa.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Radio and Aviation

DURING the years that have elapsed since the Wright brothers demonstrated that flight was possible the airplane has been developed to its present efficiency. In recent years the bonds tying together Radio and Aviation—each the fastest thing in the world in its own realm—have steadily grown stronger until today the mail and transport pilot is relying more and more upon Radio to bring him, through fog and storm, safely to his destination.

Here is an interesting tale of the value of Radio in aviation. Recently a plane roared over Hadley field in New Jersey from the west, but the clouds were so low that the pilot hesitated to drop below them. The Radio operator at the field, appreciating the situation, got into instant Radio communication with the pilot.

"You passed directly over the field. Turn around. The wind is east", came over the air to the pilot.

The plane roared back over the field. Then, by Radio, the pilot heard, "You have a 300 foot ceiling. Turn around and land. Floodlights are on," was the message.

The noise of the plane's motor died down. Suddenly the ship broke through the low hanging clouds and glided down to an easy landing. The pilot cared for his plane, then went over to the Radio room and with a grin that meant more than words, said to the operator, "Thanks".

Radio receivers installed on both mail and passenger planes are now used to bring to the pilot information regarding weather conditions in the path of his flight. Beacon systems. Radio searchlights, that send out beams of Radio like a lighthouse sends beams of light are now located at various points throughout the country and send out signals that enable a pilot to keep to his course, though the fog be so dense that he cannot see more than a few feet ahead. The Radio beacon system between New York and Chicago is complete. Also it is now possible, by means of government beacons, to fly a continuously defined course from Boston to Omaha and from Boston to Savannah. National Air Transport now has about 25 planes operating in the Boston to Omaha territory and the pilots consider their Radio beacon receivers as important as the compass.



An air mail plane with rigid Radio antenna installation to insure safety, and (left) tuning control which is located in front of pilot.

A pilot leaving Hadley field to fl Chicago would tune his receiver to beacon at Hadley field. So long a hears one long dash he knows he i his course. If he hears a long dash a short dash he knows he has drifte the right of the proper course; a s dash followed by a long dash indic that he is to the left of the course. fore the signals from Hadley field come so weak as to be useless he will himself within the range of ano beacon; and so he continues along definite, unfailingly infallible be course until he reaches his destinat

Some of the beacon systems give a ble indications which the pilot h through a pair of telephone recei clamped over his ears. Other bea systems use a visual indicator, mou on the instrument board, the indic consisting of two reeds which vibrate w the pilot is flying a beacon course. long as he stays on the course both re vibrate equally. If he gets off the co the reeds vibrate unequally, and then simply steers his plane back until b reeds are again vibrating with equal tensity. The importance the governm officials attribute to Radio in aviatio indicated by the fact that the governm pays an additional three cents per mil mail planes equipped with Radio.

Safe landing is another field where dio will be used. Imagine the task trying to land a plane on a field cove by a dense fog, the ground absolutely visible and with no instruments to ir cate exactly how high the plane is ab the ground. But experiments have b made with very, very short wave leng and it has been found that if the tra mitter is located a few feet above ground that the signals shoot forw parallel with the ground for a short tance and then gradually curve upwa When a pilot wants to land, but can see the ground, he needs simply to his plane into the path of those sign then follow them down along that perf curved path until the wheels of the pl are but a few inches above the grou

Radio's part in increasing safety gaining prominence every day.

Programs from Records

UT OF modern Houses of Magic
now comes a new type of program for the broadcasting station. On a piece of soft wax is a carefully planned and flawerformed program suitable for ting. From this soft wax record r plate is then made. Finally, over the intermediate processes, per" is produced from which a any ordinary phonograph records manufactured. We hem phonograph rec-But the organizations oduce these programs rl on discs never refer by such a prosaic They refer to them in h-sounding scientific "electrical transcripnd it is with this apn that the recorded ns are described when e presented over the any Radio broadcastions are experimenting his new type of proaterial; in fact it has been adopted by a of stations.

trically transcribed ns make it possible for ation—even the smallation in the smallest to present entertainfeaturing the greatest and all the well known musical ations; entertainment essentially l as that transmitted by the largest s. They guarantee to the audiences e small stations the finest of talent. sponsors of these electrical tranns feel that they have a number of t advantages. In the first place cords can be made in a very caredesigned studio and the program can eated as many times as is necessary in perfection; mistakes made in an ry broadcast cannot be rectified. made they leave the station with eed of light, never to return.

records when pronounced perfect shipped to stations throughout the y and can be presented over the the most desirable time in each y. This eliminates the difference e between east and west coasts that a serious drawback in chain broadcasting. When a program is sent over a chain at eight o'clock eastern standard time it is heard in San Francisco at five o'clock in the afternoon. With recorded programs this time difference is eliminated and west coast listeners can hear the program at eight o'clock or at any other desired time.

Possibly the most important objection the listener will have to recorded programs will be that he misses the feeling



The final testing of electrical transcriptions.

of listening to an actual performance, a feeling that many listeners apparently believe is an essential part of Radio entertainment. It is too early to say how serious a factor this will be in the adoption of recorded programs, for the production of electrical transcriptions especially for broadcasting has not been under intensive development for much over a year. Personally we don't care whether we listen to actual performances or electrical transcriptions, so long as the program is good.

When the recorded programs are broadcast from a station they are not played on a phonograph placed in front of a microphone, such as was done in the early days of broadcasting. Instead the output from the pick-up placed on the record is directly fed into the transmitter. The pick-ups used, much more costly than those found in phonograph-radio combinations designed for the home, are generally operated in pairs so that as one record ends the next one can be cut in without any pause.

At the present time some 95 per cent of the broadcasting stations throughout the country will accept electrical transcriptions for broadcasting.

The organizations engaged in this electrical transcription work, in almost every case select talent, create the programs, supervise the making of the records, book time on the air and if necessary supply suitable reproducing apparatus to broadcasting stations.

High Power Broadcasting Stations

IT HAS been reported lately that the Federal Radio Commission is viewing with satisfaction the present power of broadcasting stations and hesitates to permit stations on *clear* channels to use higher power. The reader should understand what is meant by "clear channels". The broadcast band is divided into some ninety-eight channels and out of these a certain number are clear channels and only one station in the entire country is assigned to any one of these clear channels; on all other channels more than one station is operated. The limitation of power on those channels used by several broadcasting stations is necessary to prevent serious interference—but when there is only one station in the entire country operating on a particular channel it is difficult to understand why its power should be limited.

We discuss this subject because it definitely affects the listener and the quality of broadcast service which he receives. It is high power that makes it possible for small towns and rural listeners to hear good programs unmarred by static and other local interference. It is high power that makes it possible for a single broadcasting station to give consistently good service to millions of listeners, instead of thousands. We believe that the advance of broadcasting is predicated largely on the use of higher power, by broadcasting stations, so that they can serve a continuously increasing number of listeners.

Stations Alphabetically Liste

Do you use the logs? Then don't forget to fill in the questionnaire on page 97 which puts their continuance to a vote.—EDITOR

K

KBTM.....Paragould, Ark. 100 w. —1200 kc.
KCRC.....Enid, Okla. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz. 100 w.—1310 kc.
KDB....Santa Barbara, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D. 100 w. —1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDYL....Salt Lake City, Utah 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KEX.....Portland, Ore. 5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr. 5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
KFBB....Great Falls, Mont. 2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas 1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KFEL.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo. 2500 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif. 5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
KFIF.....Portland, Ore. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash. 100 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFJB....Marshalltown, Iowa. 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFJF....Oklahoma City, Okla. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
KFJI.....Astoria, Ore. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFJM....Grand Forks, N. D. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1300 kc.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo. 1000 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KFKB.....Milford, Kans. 5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill. 10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KFLX.....Galveston, Texas. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFNF....Shenandoah, Iowa 1000 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr. 250 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash. 1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska. 100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFRC....San Francisco, Calif. 1000 w.—610 kc.—491.9 m.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif. 1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas. 500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KFUM Colorado Springs, Colo. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif. 250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
KFVS....Cape Girardeau, Mo. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif. 1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFWI....San Francisco, Calif. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KFXF.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFXM..San Bernardino, Calif. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla. 250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas 250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D. 500 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash. 5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif. 250 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KGBU....Ketchikan, Alaska 500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr. 1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KGCI.....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGCX...Wolf Point, Mont. 250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGDA.....Mitchell, S.D. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGDE....Fergus Falls, Minn. 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif. 250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGEW....Fort Morgan, Colo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFF.....Alva, Okla. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGFJ.....Corpus Christi, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr. 100 w.—1310 kc. 228.9 m.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D. 200 w. 580 kc.—516.9 m.
KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif. 100 w. 1420 k.—211.1 m.
KGGF..South Coffeyville, Okla. 500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M. 500 w.—1230 kc. 243.8 m.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo. 500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont. 500 w. 950 kc.—315.6 m.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho 250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGIR.....Butte, Mont. 500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark. 250 w. - 890 kc.—336.9 m.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGKO....Wichita Falls, Texas 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGMB....Honolulu, Hawaii 500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGNF....North Platte, Nebr. 500 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.
KGNO....Dodge City, Kans. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGO....San Francisco, Calif. 7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas 1000 w.—1400 kc.—212.6 m.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KGW.....Portland, Ore. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho 500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KJBS....San Francisco, Calif. 100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash. 5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
KLPM.....Minot, N. D. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.8 m.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark. 1000 w.—1390 kc.—21 5.7m.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo. 1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa 1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KMBC....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KMMJ...Clay Center, Nebr. 1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash. 500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo. 5000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
KMPC....Beverly Hills, Calif. 500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
KMTR....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif. 5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KOA.....Denver, Colo. 12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KOB.....State College, N. M. 20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KOCW....Chickasha, Okla. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
KOH.....Reno, Nev. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KOIL....Council Bluffs, Iowa 1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KONO....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz. 500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KFCB.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—650 kc.—421.3 m.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif. 5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KPRC....Houston, Texas 2500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KPWF.....Los Angeles, Calif. 10,000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif. 500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas 10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif. 1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KSAC....Manhattan, Kans. 1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa. 2500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo. 500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho 250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah 5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa 500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D. 2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
KTAB....San Francisco, Calif. 1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KTAP....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas 1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La. 1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
KTHS....Hot Springs National Park, Ark. 10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KTLC.....Houston, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa 5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas 2000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTUE.....Houston, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTW.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KUJ.....Longview, Wash. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KUOA....Fayetteville, Ark. 1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D. 750 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
KUT.....Austin, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash. 1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KVOA....Tucson, Ariz. 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla. 5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
KVOS....Bellingham, Wash. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWCR....Cedar Rapids, Iowa 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KWEA.....Shreveport, La. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KWG.....Stock
100 w.—1200 kc.—24
KWJJ.....Port
500 w.—1060 kc.—28
KWK.....St. L
1000 w.—1350 kc.—2
KWKH.....Kansa
100 w.—1370 kc.—21
KWKH.....Shrev
10,000 w.—850 kc.—3
KWLC.....Deco
100 w.—1270 kc.—23
KWSC.....Pullm
2,000 w.—1220 kc.—2
KWWG....Brownsvi
500 w.—1260 kc.—23
KXA.....Seatt
500 w.—570 kc.—52
KXL.....Port
100 w.—1420 kc.—21
KXO.....El Cen
100 w.—1200 kc.—24
KYA.....San Franc
1000 w.—1230 kc.—2
KYW.....Ch
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—
KZM.....Hay
100 w.—1370 kc.—21

W

WAAF.....Ch
500 w.—920 kc.—325
WAAM.....New
1000 w.—1250 kc.—2
WAAT.....Jersey C
300 w.—940 kc.—319
WAAW.....Omal
500 w.—660 kc.—454.
WABC.....New Y
5000 w.—860 kc.—34
WABI.....Ba
100 w.—1200 kc.—24
WABO-
WHEC.....Rochest
500 w.—1440 kc.—20
WABZ.....New Or
100 w.—1200 kc.—24
WACO.....Wa
1000 w.—1240 kc.—24
WADC.....Tallma
1000 w.—1320 kc.—22
WAIU.....Colum
500 w.—640 kc.—46
WALR.....Zanesv
100 w.—1210 kc.—24
WAPI.....Birmingh
5000 w.—1140 kc.—26
WASH....Grand Rapi
500 w.—1270 kc.—23
WBAA....W. Lafaye
500 w.—1400 kc.—21
WBAK.....Harris
1000 w.—1430 kc.—20
WBAL.....Baltim
1000 w.—1060 kc.—28
WBAP.....Fort Wor
10,000 w.—800 kc.
WBAX....Wilkes-B
100 w.—1210 kc.—24
WBBC.....Brookly
500 w.—1400 kc.—21
WBBL.....Richm
100 w.—1210 kc.—24
WBBM.....Chi
25,000 w.—770 kc.—3
WBBR.....Brookly
1000 w.—1300 kc.—23
WBBZ.....Ponca C
100 w.—1200 kc.—24
WBEN.....Buffa
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.
WBCM.....Bay Ci
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.
WBIS.....Quinc
1000 w.—1230 kc.—24
WBMS....Hackensa
250 w.—1450 kc.—206
WBNY.....New Yor
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.
WBOQ.....New Yor
50,000 w.—860 kc.—34
WBOW.....Terre Ha
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.
WBRC.....Birmingh
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.
WBRE.....Wilkes-B
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.
WBSO....Wellesley Hil
250 w.—920 kc.—325.9

.....Charlotte, N. C.
1080 kc.—277.6 m.
.....Danville, Va.
1370 kc.—218.8 m.
.....Springfield, Mass.
990 kc.—302.8 m.
.....Boston, Mass.
890 kc.—336.9 m.
.....Storrs, Conn.
600 kc.—500 m.
.....Canton, N.Y.
1220 kc.—245.8 m.
.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1220 kc.—245.8 m.
.....Columbus, Ohio
1430 kc.—209.7 m.
.....Lincoln, Nebr.
590 kc.—508.2 m.
.....Northfield, Minn.
1250 kc.—239.9 m.
.....Camden, N. J.
1280 kc.—234.2 m.
.....Baltimore, Md.
600 kc.—499.7 m.
.....Asbury Park, N. J.
1280 kc.—234.2 m.
.....Rapid City, S. D.
1200 kc.—249.9 m.
.....Philadelphia, Pa.
w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
.....Burlington, Vt.
1200 kc.—249.9 m.
.....Allentown, Pa.
1440 kc.—208.2 m.
.....Zion, Ill.
1080 kc.—277.6 m.
.....Baltimore, Md.
1370 kc.—218.8 m.
.....Springfield, Ill.
1247.8 m.
.....Minneapolis, Minn.
810 kc.—370.2 m.
.....New York City
1350 kc.—222.1 m.
.....Chicago, Ill.
970 kc.—301.9 m.
.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1400 kc.—214.2 m.
.....Covington, Ky.
—1490 kc.—201.6 m.
.....Los Angeles, Cal.
1500 kc.—199.9 m.
.....Janesville, Wis.
1200 kc.—249.9 m.
.....Joliet, Ill.
1310 kc.—228.9 m.
.....Culver, Ind.
1400 kc.—214.2 m.
.....Pensacola, Fla.
1340 kc.—223.7 m.
.....Meridian, Miss.
880 kc.—340.7 m.
.....Harrisburg, Pa.
1200 kc.—249.9 m.
.....Yonkers, N. Y.
1210 kc.—2.7.8 m.
.....Chicago, Ill.
1210 kc.—247.8 m.
.....Charleston, S. C.
1310 kc.—228.9 m.
.....Portland, Me.
—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
.....Springfield, Ohio
1450 kc.—206.8 m.
.....Tampa, Fla.
1220 kc.—245.8 m.
.....Kansas City, Mo.
610 kc.—491.5 m.
.....Amarillo, Texas
1410 kc.—212.6 m.
.....El Paso, Texas
1310 kc—228.9 m.
.....Provo, N. D.
940 kc.—319 m.
.....Roanoke, Va.
930 kc.—322.4 m.
.....Orlando, Fla.
1120 kc.—267.7 m.
.....Wilmington, Del.
1120 kc.—267.7 m.
.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1180 kc.—254.1 m.
.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
1200 kc.—249.9 m.
.....Hartford, Conn.
1330 kc.—226 m.
.....New Orleans, La.
1250 kc.—239.9 m.
.....Providence, R. I.
1210 kc.—247.8 m.
.....Tuscola, Ill.
1070 kc.—280.2 m.
.....New York, N. Y.
660 kc.—454.3 m.
.....Ithaca, N. Y.
1270 kc.—236.1 m.
.....Providence, R. I.
780 kc.—384.4 m.
.....Columbus, Ohio
570 kc.—526 m.
.....Superior, Wis.
1290 kc.—232.4 m.
.....Harrisburg, Ill.
1210 kc.—247. 8 m.
.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1310 kc.—228.9 m.
.....Chicago, Ill.
1210 kc.—247.8 m.

WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WEHC.....Emory, Va.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WEMC.Berrien Springs, Mich.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
50.000 w.—870 kc.—344.5 m.
WEPS.....Auburn, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEVD.....New York City
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WFAA.....Dallas, Texas
50.000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WFAN.....Philadelphia. Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WFBG.....Altoona, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFDV.....Rome, Ga.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WFDW.....Talladega, Ala.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WFJC.....Akron, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
2500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
1000 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WGBS.....New York City
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
25.000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
50.000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
WHAP.....New York City
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
10.000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WHBD.....Mt. Orab, Ohio
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHDH.....Boston, Mass.
1000.w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WHDI....Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1490 kc.—215 m.
WHN.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WHOM....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—234.2 m.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas
1000 w.—580 kc. 516.9 m.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
500 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WIC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
50 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C.
1000 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WISJ.....Madison, Wis.
100 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.4 m.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
400 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJBO.....Baton Rouge, La.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WJBT-WBBM..Glenview, Ill.
25.000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill.
20.000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
1250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
WJSV.....Alexandria, Va.
10.000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJZ.....New York City
50.000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WKBQ.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
150 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WKY....Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WLBF.....Kansas City, Kans.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WLBL.....Stevens Pt., Wis.
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLBZ.....Bangor, Maine
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WLIB.....Elgin, Ill.
25.000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—235.4 m.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—870 kc.—444.6 m.
WLSI.....Cranston, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLTH....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214 m.
WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
50.000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
WLWL.....New York City
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WMAC....Cazenovia, N. Y.
250 w.—500 kc.—526 m.
WMAF..S. Dartmouth, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WMAL....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WMBD....Peoria Hts., Ill.
1000 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WMBF....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WMBG....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMBH....Joplin, Mo.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WMBJ....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBO....Auburn, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WMCA.....New York City
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMMN....Fairmont, W. Va.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMSG....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WNAD....Norman, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—269.9 m.
WNAX....Yankton, S. Dak.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WNBF....Binghamton, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WNBH...New Bedford, Mass.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WNBO....Silver Haven, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBR....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WNOX....Knoxville, Tenn.
2000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WNRC....Greensboro, N. C.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WNYC....New York, N. Y.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WOAI....San Antonio, Tex.
5000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WOAN....Whitehaven, Tenn.
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WOAX....Trenton, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WOAY....Oak Hill, W. Va.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WOBU....Charleston, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WOC.....Davenport, Iowa
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WODA....Paterson, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WODX.....Mobile, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—214.2 m.
WOI.....Ames, Iowa
5000 w.—640 kc.—465.8 m.

WOKO....Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
100 1.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WOOD....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
WORC....Worcester, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WORD....Chicago, Ill
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WOV.....New York City
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WOW.....Omaha, Nebr.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WOWO....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
10.000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WPAD.....Paducah, Ky.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WPAP.....Cliffside, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—266.9 m.
WPAW....Pawtucket, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WPCC.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—560 kc.—535 m.
WPCH....New York City
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WPOE....Patchogue, N. Y.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WPSC....State College, Pa.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w. —680 kc.—440.9 m.
WQAM.....Miami, Fla.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WQAO....Palisade, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WQBC....Vicksburg, Miss.
100 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WQDV....Tupelo, Miss.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WRAF.....LaPorte, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WRAX....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1020 kc.—293.8 m.
WRBQ....Greenville, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBT....Wilmington, N. C.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRBC.....Valparaiso, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBX.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
WRDO....Augusta, Maine
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRDW.....Augusta, Ga.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WRHM....Minneapolis, Minn
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRNY.....New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WRR.....Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WRUF....Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w. —830 kc.—361.2 m.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w.—1330 kc.—209.7 m.
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1410 kc.—228.9 m.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WSAR....Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WSAZ....Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
WSBC....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WSDA....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSEN.....Columbus, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—
WSFA.....Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSGH....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSJS....Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

WSM.....Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La. 500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio 200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WSPA.....Spartanburg, S. C. 250 w. 1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio 1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
WSSH.....Boston, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN.....Clearwater, Fla. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass. 250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio 50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis. 1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW..College Station, Tex. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga. 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn. 50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis. 2500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WTNT.....Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga. 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich. 1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL.....New Orleans, La. 5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C. 1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va. 5000 w.—1160 kc.—258 m.
WXYZ.....Detroit, Mich. 1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m. 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA - CKOW - CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210 kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m. 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericktom, N. B., 247.9 m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co. Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9 kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9 m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask, 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKCL, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta, 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C. 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg Man., 384.6m, 790kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc.—w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m. 599.6kc, 500w
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1038kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc. 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m. 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m. 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

Mexico

XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal. 101 w.—250 m.—1200 kc.
XEB.....Mexico, 1000 w.—450 m.—895 kc
XEC.....Toluca, 50 w.—225 m.—1333 kc.
XED.....Reynosa, T. 2000 w.—312.3 m—960.6
XEE.....Linares. 10 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.
XEF.....Oaxaca 105 w.—265 m.—1132 kc
XEG.....Mexico 2000 w.—362 m.—828.7 k
XEH.....Monterrey. 101 w.—265 m.—964.6 kc
XEI.....Morelia, 101 w.—300 m.—1000 kc
XEJ.....C. Juarez, 101 w.—350 m.—857.1 kc
XEK.....Mexico, 101 w.—300 m.—1000 kc
XEL.....Saltillo, 10 w.—275 m.—1091 kc.
XEM.....Tampico. T. 501 w.—356.9 m.—841 kc
XEN.....Mexico, 1000 w.—410 m.—731.7 k
XEO.....Mexico, 101 w.—305 m.—983.6 kc
XEQ.....Ciuad Juarez, 1000.
XER.....Mexico, 101 w.—280 m.—1071 kc
XES.....Tampico, T. 500 w.—337 m.—980 kc.
XET.....Monterrey. 500 w.—336.9 m.—890.4 k
XEU.....Veracruz, 101 w.—375 m.—800 kc.
XEV.....Puebla, 101 w.—290 m.—1034.5 k
XEW.....Mexico, 5000 w.—385 m.—780 kc
XEX.....Mexico, 500 w.—325 m.—923 kc.
XEY.....Surerida, 105 w.—548.6 m.—546.8 k
XEZ.....Mexico, D 500 w.—548 m.—588.2 kc.
XETA.....Mexico. 500.
XPE.....Villahermosa, 250 w.—325 m.—915 kc.
XPF.....Chihauhua, 250 w.—325 m.—915 kc.
XPG.....Mexico, D 2000 w.—470 m.—638.3 k
XPH.....Mexico, D 250 w.
XPI.....Mexico, D 1000 w.—507 m.—791.7 kc
XPX.....Mexico, D 500 w.—357 m.

What About Logs?

FOR years RADIO DIGEST has published station listings under various arrangements for handy reference. As these listings have become fairly stable, and the list of one month is practically the same as the list of the next month the question arises as to whether the readers of RADIO DIGE would not prefer only intermittent publicati of the lists, thus allowing for more space to be voted to features and personalities of the a Let's put it to a vote.

	Monthly	*Alternate*	*Drop*
Alphabetical List. Call letters in alphabetical order with power, kilocycles and wave.	☐	☐	☐
Official Wave Lengths. Frequency and wave in numerical order with city or town..	☐	☐	☐
State and City Index. Alphabetical order by state and city.....	☐	☐	☐
Chain Calendar Features. Day by day log of chain features. (Owing to the fact that this material must be prepared six weeks in advance, and changes are taking place daily it is impossible to keep the listing accurate.) Such as it is do you want it?	☐	☐	☐

Check in the square as to what you would like RADIO DIGEST *to do about the logs. Cut out this notice and send it to the Editor of* RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.*

She Burns Green

(*Continued from page 18*)

up and come to Nevada to see if I
find me a marsh of this stuff.
ON: Did ye find any?
I saw plenty . . . but none that
dy else hadn't located first. I
ising in price, too, and the market
ettin' bigger an' bigger . . . but as
'd jest missed out.
ON: Well, that's a queer thing.
stuff with a name like borax.
it good for?
It's got so many uses, I
know hardly where to be-
hey use it in makin' drugs,
ina, an' glassware. An'
jest beginnin' to discover
ful around a house too. It
omen folks get their clothes
hes cleaned an' shinier. It
water soft. It helps starch
It drives away bugs . . .
o . . . 'pears like it keeps
hing it touches sweet an'

ON: Ain't nothin' invented
many uses as that. Sounds
t another o' them sucker's
o me.
: No, you're wrong there.
ON: What's it look like?
: I got a little package of it
my saddle bag. I'll show
ou. And this other is what
s like when they find it.
mes like this, in crystals
sometimes like this . . .
balls they call 'em.
ON: Hm . . . why, that
jest like salt crystals an'
rock you see lyin' round

: Well, the feller that sees
f this stuff layin' around
as got a fortune waitin' for
I'm keepin' an eye peeled
all the time . . . though
on it ain't in the cards for
find any.
ON: Hm-mm. How can
ll when it's the real thing,
r?
: There's one test that
fails. See this little box?
inside are some chemicals.
nix 'em together and pour
er a piece of the stuff you've
d. If it burns green it's borax.
ON: Hm-m-m.
IE: Speaking of burning . . . the
has almost boiled away while you
ve been talking.
ON: I dunno's I want any coffee,
y, Rosie. You and the stranger
ivide it.
IE: No coffee? Why Aaron . . .
you feel good.
ON: No, no. . . . I've got some-
on my mind, Rosie. Leave me
alone, like a good girl. (*Back to the old Ranger and the bride.*)

"WELL, very next day, the minute the stranger had left in the mornin', Aaron Winters unfolded his plan to Rosie. He'd been lyin' awake all night . . . too excited to sleep . . . but afraid even to whisper the news of his hopes to his wife. He knew Death Valley by heart, an' he'd seen heaps of stuff lyin' around in



John White, who acts as the "lonesome cowboy" singer.

it that looked jest like the stuff that that tramp prospector had showed him from Nevada. In exchange for the hospitality of the Winters the stranger left them some of the precious chemicals. Then Aaron and Rosie went prospectin'. They pitched camp on Furnace Creek . . . this strange couple . . . the grizzled old prospector and his frail pretty Spanish wife. And then Aaron started off with his burro to a nearby marsh. Rosie waited for him, and jest shortly before sunset she seen him returning. He 'peared all excited."

ROSIE: (*Calls*) Hoo-oo—Hoo'oo. (*Faint answering call from Aaron.*)

ROSIE: Oh, I wonder . . . I wonder.

AARON: (*Calls*) Hello there, Rosie? You all right?

ROSIE: Yes. You . . . you got it, Aaron?

AARON: (*Coming closer*) You bet. Loaded as much as I could on the burro.

ROSIE: Oh . . . Aaron!

AARON: I found a heap of the stuff layin' around. But I dunno if it's worth anythin'. I been trampin' over it for years.

ROSIE: Let me see it.

AARON: Look, Rosie. Did you ever see a cotton ball as big as that before? Makes them Teels Marsh cotton balls the stranger showed us look like pinheads.

ROSIE: Did you stake, Aaron?

AARON: Not yet. We got to burn it first before we know for sure it's borax.

ROSIE: The chemicals . . . quick.

AARON: Not yet, Rosie. It ain't dark enough. We can't make the test till the sun goes down.

ROSIE: Oh, will it never sink?

AARON: Don't get your hopes up too high, honey. We been disappointed before now, you know.

ROSIE: Yes . . . perhaps it would be better for us if the sun never sank this evening . . . but hung, just as it is now low over the mountains.

AARON: Rosie, you talk like you was in a dream. You got a faraway look in your eyes, too.

ROSIE: I was wondering how a place that has been so dreadful to man and is so full of terrors can be so beautiful, too. See . . . all those colors of gold, from the palest to ruddy copper . . . and yet it is not like metal. Over there, it is like opal, like pearl . . . and there again like a creamy velvet. Living light . . . The valley floor . . . it is jade and turquoise and rose quartz. Those tremendous mountains . . . see how the old sun is wrapping them now in robes of purple and crimson to hide their terrors. This whole great valley is a lie. It smiles and puts on a beautiful dress to deceive . . . underneath is just a skeleton.

AARON: But tonight, Rosie, Death Valley is going to come to life for us.

ROSIE: (*Suddenly*) Look, Aaron . . . the sun's dropped behind the mountains. It's dark.

AARON: Sure enough . . . black as pitch, all of a sudden. Jest like those durn

mountains! They steal a march on you every time.

ROSIE: Aaron . . . where are the chemicals!

AARON: Right here. Now sit tight and keep quiet . . . . What did I do with that tin saucer?

ROSIE: Here it is.

AARON: Hold it steady, then, while I put the cotton ball on it.

ROSIE: I have it.

AARON: Now for the chemicals . . . Don't let your hand tremble, Rosie. I don't want to spill any of this solution.

ROSIE: It is *your* hand that trembles, Aaron.

AARON: I'm afraid of losin' it, that's all. Now, jest hold her tight . . . and I'll pour the second solution over her. Here goes.

ROSIE: Now light it, Aaron.

AARON: You light it, Rosie.

ROSIE: No, this is your discovery, Aaron. Set the flame to it with your own hand.

AARON: Well . . . here she goes, then. (*Sound of striking match.*)

AARON: Wait a minute. That match went out.

ROSIE: Oh . . . a bad omen.

AARON: Nonsense . . . just a puff of wind. Better luck this time. Now. (*Strikes another match.*)

ROSIE: (*Catching her breath*) Ah-h . . .

AARON: (*In a low voice*) The flame's taking hold now.

ROSIE: (*In a whisper*) Look!

AARON: (*With a great shout*) Hey! She burns green! She burns green! Rosie! By heaven, it's borax! . . . Rosie . . . we're rich.

ROSIE: We've made a strike at last, Aaron.

AARON: Borax in Death Valley! Acres and acres of it! Death Valley's going to yield its treasures at last. Oh, Rosie . . . thank God we stayed.

(*Back to the Ranger*)

RANGER: And so it was, ma'am, that Aaron an' Rosie Winters discovered borax in Death Valley . . . them same magic crystals you got in that package there on your kitchen shelf today.

BRIDE: Oh, what a story! But I want to hear the end. Did Rosie finally get the home of her dreams?

RANGER: Yes . . . the news about Aaron's discovery spread like wild fire, and he soon sold his claim for $20,000.

BRIDE: So they left the old shack by Death Valley?

RANGER: Yes, they moved up to Pahrump Oasis in Nevada, where they bought a ranch an' settled down to enjoy their riches. . . . An' one of the riches an' comforts Rosie enjoyed most was borax itself.

(*Signature—the bugle call as at the beginning. Repeated fainter and fainter until it finally dies away in the distance altogether.*)

Closing announcement:

Fifty years have passed since that memorable night when Aaron and Rosie Winters discovered Borax in Death Valley.

Near the spot where they pitched their little camp, there is today a fine hotel. . . . Furnace Creek Inn . . . probably one of the most uniquely situated hotels in the world. Here, in the midst of the desert, you now find all the comforts and luxuries of civilization . . . swimming pools, tennis courts, automobiles and saddle horses. Yet the romantic atmosphere of the early days still remains . . . Travelers recapture thrills. And the magnificent and unique scenery continues to cast its spell on all who venture that way.

Death Valley in October becomes a dreamy sunny climate, the home of Indian Summer, and until the middle of May the weather remains ideal for outdoor life. Furnace Creek Inn opens the 1st of November . . . for the winter season.

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"From A Toy To The Nation's Joy"

(*Continued from page 56*)

let on how to be beautiful. That is how the broadcast sponsor tests the size of his audience. If he gets 50,000 requests he feels satisfied that more than 100,000 were in tune because a small percentage take the trouble to write.

But how many wrote to his Majesty King George V after his voice entered a golden microphone in London, at the opening of the Naval Arms Conference, for rebroadcast in all parts of the world early one morning last January? That was the first big broadcast in 1930, in fact, the most extensive ever attempted. It was estimated that 100,000,000 were within range of the monarch's plea for peace on earth. The press throughout the world heralded the broadcast as a scientific achievement while millions of listeners boasted that a king had entered their living rooms by Radio. That was on January 20, 1930. Had his Majesty offered all listeners some sort of a souvenir he would probably have a staff at work yet filing the requests.

THERE has been a change in programs since 1930 dawned. Full hour and half-hour presentations were the vogue. But as the year progressed, the fifteen-minute sketch, notably *Amos 'n' Andy*, *Uncle Abe and David*, and several others have won national popularity. Today there are more sketches on the air and fewer one-hour presentations, while numerous half-hour broadcasts have been cut to fifteen minutes. When business prosperity returns it is doubtful if the former popularity of the one-hour program will return, because then there will be a greater demand for time on the air. Shorter broadcasts will be encoura[ged] an effort to accommodate all who [wish] to sponsor Radio. Of course, this [does] not mean that there will be no ful[l] programs. Some of the larger orch[estras] and symphonies require an hour [to] justice to their musical presentation[s].

IN YEARS past ther[e] been much talk relative to mechanica[l] sic broadcasts, but the majority of l[ocal] power stations fought shy of the re[cords]. However, in 1930, new electrical tran[scription] tion devices were introduced impr[oving] the quality of the presentations. [This] encouraged many of the smaller st[ations] and a number of the more powerf[ul] test the possibilities of the records [and] also the reaction of the public. A [new] field seems to be developing in this [line] of mechanical music, and, no doubt [soon] the studio manager of a prominent [New] York station called "purely an ex[peri]ment" will be further tested in 1931. [So] far the public has registered no com[plaint] against electrical transcription. The [coming] year is likely to reveal much in thi[s] rection and if the entertainment is v[ariety] tuning in, progress will be made.

Announcer Ted Husing of WA[BC] staff, since the first of 1930, has m[ade] more than fifty-three excursions, [trav]eling more than 22,000 miles to c[over] Radio events, a list of which revea[ls] diversity found at the dial. The b[road]casts included a football game on [the] Pacific coast, the Beaux Arts Ba[ll] New York, basketball games, an airp[lane] broadcast with two-way conversation [from] land to plane, the funeral of the late P[res]ident William Howard Taft, arrival [of] the S.S. Europa after a record-ma[king] run across the Atlantic, a parade at A[lex]andria, Va., boxing bouts, a Congressi[onal] spelling bee, an intercollegiate track [meet] at Philadelphia, the Kentucky Derby, [the] convention in Bermuda, the Shriners' [con]vention in Canada, return of the [Byrd] Antarctic Expedition, intercollegiate [de]gattas, a marble championship con[test] the Open Golf Tournament of the Un[ited] States, arrival of transatlantic fl[iers] championship tennis matches, inte[rna]tional polo games. America's Cup R[ace] between the *Enterprise* and the *Shamr[ock]*, the World's Series and headliners of [the] gridiron.

And intermingled with all those ev[ents] were the world's most talented sing[ers], music of famous bands and orchest[ras], speeches by men and women promin[ent] in public life here and abroad. Rebr[oad]casts by noted men and women actua[lly] a microphone in London have been he[ard] regularly and clearly in America f[rom] coast-to-coast.

The year 1930 is noted for its achi[eve]ments in Radio. A survey of the p[ro]grams reveal the value of the investm[ent] made in a Radio set. It pays a ha[n]some dividend in the form of educat[ion] and entertainment for the entire fam[ily] from early morning until late at ni[ght].

Happy New Year

(*Continued from page 24*)

old Sanford, for years Herbert's friend and now considered the foremost Herbert conductor, fol- suit with his new year anticipations. "I lieve," said he, "that some great r will again come to the fore with coast-to-coast network and pre- full hour's program weekly, featur- dio versions of Herbert's operettas, perhaps including those of Lehar and

lovable and homely NBC Pickard have pretty well defined ideas re- g their New Year's resolutions. er resolves to make as many peo- ppy as possible; Ruth, to strive for success; "Bubb", to "work nd trust the Lord"; little Anne, to hard in school and Radio, and o live better, work harder and make people enjoy life.

the resolution Nat Brusiloff, clown- irector of the NBC Nestle Choco- s makes, he will probably have n before you reach this sentence. going to be more serious," Nat re- l. "What I'd like to see is better onization of affiliated stations on rk programs," the wag added. "Last I had reports that the station in a finished my concluding number easures behind New Orleans and a ehind Cuba."

nk Luther, tenor of Lucky Strike, and Sanborn, Happy Wonder rs—and others—claims he is going to st twice as nice to everyone this by way of repaying some of the esses shown him by Frank Black, Haenschen and Nat Shilkret, di- rs of programs for which he sings. , incidentally, hopes during 1931 roduce, and will produce he vows, r arrangements and orchestrations ever before.

e Sims, of CBS and pioneer fame e "ivories", hopes this year to see erfection of a type of program he been working on for many months—a ram wherein the music presents such rfect picture, or story, that the words he announcer will be superfluous. *ey generally are.—Editor's Note.*) and Ilomay Bailey, his partner in and at the mike, will thus hold the ue title of "Painters of Musical Por- s".

aul Whiteman, aside from resolving to his present "youthful figure", looks ard to one other thing this year. t is a successor to the "Rhapsody in e" which "is as good," to use his own s. As for Ben Bernie, one of the ld's most masterful masters of cere- ies—and band leader. Ben turns over w leaf and claims he will no longer any old gags, "that is," he explained, y that they won't laugh at any more. in 1931," Bernie added. "I hope they like it as well as they've been liking it."

Phil Spitalny, who deserted New York last year to crash into instant popularity in Chicago, hopes 1931 will bring many new and long-lived songs for his Edgewater Beach Hotel orchestra to play. "I resolve," he said, "to continue gratefully to give my listeners exactly what they want, so tell them to be sure to ask me for it."

Muriel Pollock, NBC composer-pianist who also commits herself to toil, said, "My resolve is to adapt for two-piano interpretation several of the longer compositions which I have written for orchestra. Among them are *Spanish Shawl* and *Shadows on the Teche.*"

Muriel Wilson, soprano of the Maxwell, Davey and light opera productions, said she plans this year to please and entertain, rather than simply elevate or improve the repertoire of her audience.

Lew White, of the mighty NBC organ console, already has his pet numbers selected for this year. "I'll give my audience programs of a unique nature including such numbers as Ravel's *Bolero* and the Cuban melody *El Manisero* (the Peasant Vendor). The modernistic note, expressed in new and unusual arrangements, will be an interesting aspect of musical programs for the year."

Steele Jamison, concert and operatic tenor, on the other hand, will specialize on grand opera arias and stress the dramatic spirit of those. "I hope 1931 sees a renaissance of grand opera on the air," Jamison added.

Judge Whipple of *Real Folks* and Cap'n Jimmy Norton of *Harbor Lights*—in other words, Edwin Whitney—resolves to lose no more hair during 1931, a resolution which will surely be broken. The famous Radio character actor and NBC production man hopes to present more "true characters" that will cause fans to say, "Isn't that just like so-and-so?" To play characters that are unconsciously humorous or pathetic, according to the situation, is also Whitney's wish for 1931. "My interest in program development is to see more dramas based upon historical facts, as *Death Valley Days*, or upon accurate local color, as *Real Folks.*"

* * *

And that's that. Many excellent resolutions, hopes and plans are to be carried out by our favorites for the loud speaker this new year. So I think I'll make a resolution too. It has been many a year since I sat down and wrote letters to my friends of the air and suggested ideas to them, applauded their work, or offered friendly criticism. I'm afraid I've grown to expect all and give nothing. That's my resolve for '31—to "take my pen in hand" more frequently. How about you too?

Guy Lombardo Battles A Gunman

(*Continued from page 11*)

"Well, to get back to the subject. As usual, hilarity reigned in the place. It was nearly 2 A.M. The headwaiter came to me and said a man insisted on talking with me. I went to the phone. The voice at the other end was full of sobs.

"'Mr. Lombardo, will you please play and sing *My Buddy!*' he asked. 'I am at the Soldiers' Hospital with my buddy of the other side. He is dying. There is a Radio in his room. We want you to play it so we can sing it with you.'

"We stopped playing almost in the middle of a number. I announced to the folks present and to the Radio listeners that the request for *My Buddy* had been made, and told them the circumstances surrounding the request. The tenor of the place changed from one of hilarity to one of profound silence.

"Never before or since have I heard the song played as we played it. 'Carm' outdid himself in the singing of the chorus. The patrons of the cafe were silent and reverent. There was nothing we could do but sign off after that song had been played. We couldn't possibly think of 'getting hot' again that night.

"We were packing our instruments when the headwaiter came over again. 'Captain ——— is at the door and wants to see you.'

"I asked that he be shown in. As fine a specimen of American manhood as I have ever seen came into the room. He was crying like a baby.

"'I don't know how I can ever thank you, Mr. Lombardo,' he began, 'I guess you thought the request was just a joke. Well it wasn't. This boy had saved my life in France and we had been constant companions since. He was all shot up and had been fighting death ever since just before the armistice.'

"'The doctor had told him he couldn't survive the night. And he didn't. He tried to sing *My Buddy*, as you played it, lying in my arms. That's how he died, just as you ended the song.'

"For more than a year the thought of that sad thrill was ever present in my mind. And it is one of the reasons why I will never refuse a request. Captain ——— and I still correspond."

And there are the outstanding thrills in the career of Guy Lombardo.

Kisses Hot and Kisses Cold

(*Continued from page 49*)

mother's kiss has come down to us from the dawn of time, but the first kiss of the Bible record is that of Affection and was given to Isaac by Esau. The others are: The Kiss of Adoration, Love, Brotherhood, Friendship, Salutation, Homage and Obedience, Lowliness and Solicitude, Subjection, Reconciliation, Treachery, Farewell, and Death.

Among the ancient Hebrews, kissing the beard was a sign of great homage. In the pagan world, those who failed to throw kisses to the statues of the gods on their feast-days, or to the sun and moon, were considered unbelievers. The rites prescribed the kissing of some part of the statues themselves. Among the Mohammedans, when the muezzin calls the devout to prayer, they kiss the ground that lies in the direction of Mecca, and the pilgrims to the Kaaba, or Mohammedan shrine at Mecca, all kiss the sacred black stone which they believe was brought from heaven.

Under Diocletian, the correct form of salutation, showing subjection to an emperor, was to kiss the feet of the sovereign, a practise that ultimately led to the kissing of the ground over which the august Cæsars had passed. Then the sturdy Roman fathers, "the best of men," were so bashful that, when in their own homes, they continued their postnuptial wooing, they never kissed their wives in the presence of their daughters, fearing perhaps, that example might shatter precept, and that the ingenious maidens might overcome maternal objection by inculcating such a principle as was established in later times.

In Roman families, kissing before marriage was not customary, nor is it so in the polite society of France today. In Rome, only the closest relatives were permitted to salute their kindred of the gentler sex on the mouth, and when a lover kissed his betrothed, she became heir to half of his worldly goods if he died before the marriage ceremony, and in the event of her death, her heritage descended to her next of kin—a custom, which, if it prevailed now, would put effective check on actions for breaches of promise.

In feudal times the kiss was an important feature of knighthood. When the oath of investiture was administered to an apprentice, after he had kept his vigil, he took his sword by the blade and kissing the hilt at its guard, which in those days was emblematic of the Cross, solemnly pronounced the words, "By my good sword I swear it." Later, at tournaments, balm for the wounds of the victors was found in kissing the hand of the Queen of Love and Beauty who presided.

In the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, kissing was the special privilege of husband and wife, brother and sister, lover and betrothed. Etiquette was better regulated in Colonial times. Then a lady reserved the privilege of kissing her hand for her most intimate friends, and the young girl gave her hand to a friend, her cheek to a relative, but kept her lips for [illegible] trothed.

A country damsel, describing he[r] kiss, said that she never knew h[ow] happened, but the last thing she r[e]bered was a sensation of fighting f[or] breath in a hot-house full of lilac violets, with the ventilation chok[ed] blush-roses and tulips.

"'Come, kiss me,' said Robin. I
said 'No.
For my mother forbade me to play
men so.'
Ashamed of my answer, he glided
Though my looks very plainly a[s]
him to stay.
Silly swain, not at all recollecting, n[o]
That *his* mother ne'er said that he
not kiss me."

The dangers of kissing, as an a[gent] means of infection, have received c[on]erable attention. Dr. A. E. Brid[ge] leading physician, has expressed the [o]ion that "in the act of kissing w[e] counter only beneficent organisms. [The] advantages of kissing outweigh it[s] finitesimal risk, for it provides us [with] microbes useful for digestion." We congratulate Dr. Bridger on havi[ng] remedy for dyspepsia, which has a[lso] rate the merit of acting agreeably. [If] teaching can hardly fail to make k[is]s even more popular than it is. It probably be found that the "bene[ficial] organisms" required flourish in gr[eat] abundance on the lips of the young[er] comely, and in carrying out the t[reat]ment sufferers will doubtless be eag[er] abjure the heresy of homeopathy kissing only persons of the opposite

Vote For Your Favorite Station in Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct.	$3.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	6.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	9.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	12.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	15.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	$30.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Classical Music Simplified

(*Continued from page 74*)

) which he has invented and pro- o use. These he distributes among truments of the orchestra, and then ps in various ways so as to build of them a large organized pattern nd, comparable, as I have said be- o the intricate yet intelligible pat- f an oriental rug. In this first ent the composer of a symphony his learning and fancy to build up rn in the most scientific way pos- The secret of listening to such is to get in one's mind the leading and then follow them throughout areful attention. The first move- of a symphony always constitutes ected and completed pattern.

nd Movement: This (see again t said last month on this) is usually at a slow speed and is rather in the of an extended song. The com- writes the most beautiful tune he ink of and then subjects this to ion in one way and another, so as oduce the deepest effect upon his s' feelings. The Second movement ally the sentimental part of a sym-

rd Movement: This is usually called Scherzo", which is another of those n words, and means "joke". It is olly part of the symphony, usually n in fast waltz time and often re- ng one of a very elaborate and licated dance.

ale or Fourth Movement: This is ly a sort of triumphal song and n combined. The working out of reat pattern is here brought to its nted end. Often modern composers luce into their Finales tunes from ther movements and thus, as it were, up the whole structure into one great tectural pattern.

re is another comparison to keep in . Music is architecture which flows. itecture might be called frozen music. ch the design, the pattern, the sub- ation of part to part, are essential. c is design, just as architecture is n, but the one moves and the other s still. The next time you think of ce of music, think of its design, and you hear it, follow the design in mind. That will help very much.

me: The rhythm of a piece of music at part of its design which must first ought out. In music we use mainly kinds of rhythm, the square and the gular. The first may easily be de- ed by saying that it is the same as rhythm or time of a military march 1 . . 2 . . 3 . . 4, again and again. other is equally well to be described aying that it is rhythm or time of a z . . 1 . . 2 . . 3, again and again. rhythms used in music are based on e two.

Key: Put your finger on the key C anywhere on the piano keyboard. C is the white key that stands just before two black keys. Sound it, and then the next to your right. Then go on sounding the succeeding white keys till you have sounded eight of them. Then you have played a "scale". Moreover, you have played it in the "key" of C major.

Start from F on the keyboard (the white key just before three black keys) and sound succeeding white keys to the right till you have reached the next F in the same way as you did in the case of the C scale. You will find that in order to make it sound right you must play the black key which is the third in that first group of three. Do this and you will have played a scale in the key of F major.

Start from A on the key board (white key two to the right of F). Play a scale on the white keys. You will get the scale of A minor. Notice that it sounds quite different from the major scales.

Every piece of music begins in some one of the twenty-four "scales" which may be had from choosing as a starting point any one of the twelve white and black keys in each octave of the key board, and then running the rest of the scale to sound major or minor. Beginning in whatever key is thus chosen, the music may vary from it into other scales every so often, but always it ends by getting back into the original key. Otherwise it would seem to have no end but to have been left "up in the air". This matter of "key" is the base of all musical structure, being that which gives to music its foundation of form.

I Have Heard

Toscanini's conducting of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra on November 16th from New York (Columbia Network-WABC beginning at 3 PM eastern standard time) was a big, a very big, event. For one thing, the masterful Italian has an astonishing reputation. New York goes crazy over him. He is talked about as if he were the only man who could ever direct an orchestra as it should be directed. I candidly say that from these excessive eulogies I dissent. I find Mr. Toscanini altogether too much of a musical drill sergeant and I dislike his stiff brass-band-like playing. To say this just at the present time is to lay oneself out to be denounced as an incompetent ass; but that is how I feel about it all the same.

Anyhow, it was interesting to hear Toscanini directing a program of very classical music. He began with three chorales by Bach, orchestrated by a modern Italian, Respighi (I do not like Respighi's Italian ways of doing this sort of thing). He went on to Beethoven's first symphony and ended by the first symphony of Brahms. This was certainly a most classical program, as if to refute the complaints of persons like myself who say that they do not like classical music au Toscanini. Beethoven's first symphony is of course a youthful work. A young man wrote it, still inclined to lean on his predecessors, still not quite ready to do his own flying, solo. It is charming and it has (in the Scherzo especially) some suggestions of the giant power soon to burst forth in the third symphony; but in general it is definitely old-fashioned. Brahms' first symphony was held back by its composer for twenty years while he improved, refined and polished it. He was over forty in 1870 when it was first produced. It is a magnificent work, in most ways the greatest piece of symphonic work done since Beethoven's Ninth, which by the way was heard Wednesday morning, November 12th, from the Columbia studios in New York. I hope that many of you heard it.

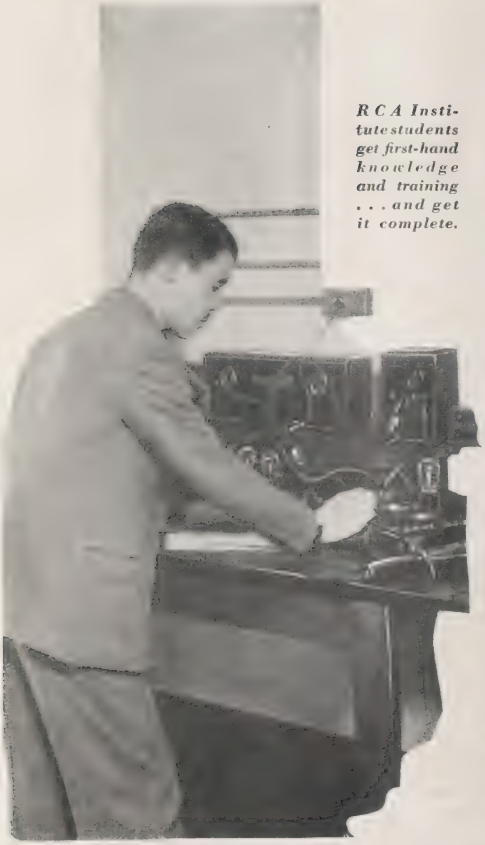
But, do you know, I hope that the practice which has been started lately, of having some competent person talk to the Radio audience before and after the performance of a symphonic work, will be carried out more and more. Olin Downes, the very distinguished New York critic, did this for the first Toscanini concert. This is splendid. I should like to see it done universally. Schelling does his own talking at the children's concerts, but then he has the art brought to a pitch of perfection not reached by any rival. We need much, very much, more explanation at these affairs.

About Wagner

Speaking of Ernest Schelling once more, I hope that many of you heard his November 15th children's concert. It was entirely devoted to excerpts from Wagner's music dramas. The gifted conductor told his audience as much as they needed to know of the story of each opera and illustrated the music in his own inimitable manner. It may sound strange in most persons' ears, but the truth is that no music written is so easy to understand as Wagner's. The moment you know the story which the music is illustrating, the whole vast pattern falls into place, and the music becomes as clear as crystal. Wagner was one of the great pattern-makers of music. His scores are all melody; which perhaps is why some careless listeners have said that they cannot hear the tunes. That is doubtless because there are so many of them. It is the old story of the wood and the trees. We'll talk about Wagner some time in this department. No more fascinating personality, whether as man or as musician, ever lived in this world of ours.

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Beauty and the Job

(*Continued from page 77*)

the dress and one dollar for beauty. Well, anyway, we started out, and to make a long story short, Elizabeth got everything she had planned to get and she began the following Monday morning on the career which has made her one of the highest salaried and best known stylists in the advertising business.

The improvement in Elizabeth's appearance not only helped her to get a position, but it changed her whole mental attitude. She became more alert, more efficient, more self-confident. And these qualities were reflected in her work. After all, there is a decided mental reaction which comes from the assurance that one looks attractive. Elizabeth was never a pretty girl. But, of course, looks are not a matter of regular features. They are a matter of attractiveness—and any girl can be attractive.

In this present period of unemployment, appearance is more than ever important.

On November fourteenth the newspapers quoted Miss Gilbreth, noted consulting engineer and member of the President's Emergency Committee for Employment, as saying: "The beauty parlor treatments are a splendid thing, not to be smiled at, for women looking for work should feel as physically, emotionally, mentally, and sartorially adequate as possible."

It doesn't make any difference how intelligent a girl may be. She is not using her intelligence if she does not realize that an attractive appearance will help her get a job and will be of inestimable benefit in keeping that job.

All of these things went through my mind as I sat talking to this girl who had come to my office with a letter of recommendation from my friend in Pittsburgh. And yet I found it difficult to persuade myself to say any of these things to her. A young girl starting out to look for her first position is usually embarrassingly sure of herself. While I was debating the advisability of being frank with this girl, my 'phone rang. It was the beauty editor of one of the national magazines.

"I wish you'd have lunch with me today," she said. "I'm awfully upset. I just had to fire my secretary and I certainly did hate to add to the army of the unemployed, too."

"Then why did you do it?" I asked her.

"Well, I simply couldn't put up with her any longer," she answered. "I've told her time and again that she was a blot on the landscape of our magazine. You know yourself how she looked. And I finally got to the point where I couldn't go on looking at her any longer. Besides, she was just as sloppy in her work as she was in her personal appearance."

That decided me. I felt that I could not allow this girl to go out again to hunt a position handicapped as she was by an unattractive appearance. And so I told her this story of Elizabeth Adams which, while it is a success story, is also a story of beauty and the job.

Free booklets on the Care of the Skin, by Frances Ingram, will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. *Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of* RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor.*

The Simplitude of Dinah an' Dora

(*Continued from page 76*)

"Waal, de dramatical act which dey wuz playing had a multitude ob contraptions what done move 'long wid rapiditude, an' Dinah done give Dora sech inspired morsels ob consultation. Sez Ah, 'Dinah, let me bask in de good sound rarefied atmosphere ob yoh jedgment. How kin one git a husband in the scarcity ob dis war massacration?'

"An' she bein' so unresumin' said, 'Well Ah ain't claimin' to be no expert on macrimony jes' cause I's an actress, but Ah buhlieves dat wid persistent pursuance ob de objec' an' by runnin' jes' as fast as de fugitive, git up to him an' wid pretentious indignation, walk by wid casuality. Be sho' as yoh pass de objec' ob yoh affectation dat yoh nose air no shine an' dat yoh has dat Pola swing ob graceful simplitude.'

"Now when Ah hears dat, Miss wuz jes' about confabulated wid de smaht reasonin' back of dat a an' Ah sez, sez Ah, 'Dinah, Ah ain school teacher or preacher-mans de simplitude ob yoh remarks am sence ob yoh regeneratin' success. plitude reaches de haht-strings ob d ple folk wid more exhilaration dan ob de high-soundin' phrases whic sounds wid sech ferocity agin' de r way of hearin' words. Ah joins yoh as a exponent on de simplitu argufyin' by plain talk. Simpl my dear am what's needed mos' i continent ob political controversy, esty an' complicity.'

"Den Ah sez to Dora, 'Good-bye d an' if'n Ah wuz yoh, I'd repose a plen ob perennial repliance on de simplitu Dinah's admolitions.' "

"Yes, Abby," I gasped, "it woul well if we all showed a little more *si tude* in our speech."

"Well, as Ah wus stahtin' foh de Ah wuz reminded by de manager puts dis dramatical episode on de ai he repressed dis heah infoumation: Gol' Dust Corpulation airs Dinah Dora's affairs ebery Friday mohnin' de National Broadcasting Company, so as to extenuate de circumstance program continuations, de series broadcast ober WOR on Friday ni De identity ob de two belles am, Ah f Ann Freeman an' Artie Belle McG two resperienced theatrical professio ties. Dis heah gal, Dinah, come Nashville, Tennessee, an' dat gal, I come from Atlanta, Ga.

"Well, Missy, dat am all de refo tion Ah'se got. So wid great prid expansive proportions Ah shook de M ager's hand an' sez Ah, 'Ah hopes to de unremittin' pleasure an' privileg returnin' de compliments ob dis suspic occasion," finally concluded Abby, if yoh has any moh dramatical Missy, whut yoh wants me to criti wid aberration an' veracitude, Ah'd jes' love to do it."

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Gentleman Jim Broadcasts

(*Continued from page 14*)

...ption of the fight with Sullivan ... I won the championship.

THE INTERVIEWER: And you objected?

CORBETT: Oh, no. But he insisted that ... the whole story in seven minutes ... refused to do it in so short a ... He suggested that I give just the ...hts but, man alive, there are ...h highlights connected with that ...o keep me talking for an hour or ... However, I did tell him that I ... boil it down and make it a con... story covering four seven-minute ...ls. He couldn't see it and, as his ... was set on my doing the job in ...roadcast, we agreed to disagree—... all.

THE INTERVIEWER: Well, here's hoping ...et a chance to spin that yarn on ...ir sometime. And, by the way, ...ing of Sullivan, is it true that you ...ne were never friendly after you ...ed him?

CORBETT: For several years there was ...endship lost between us. You see, ... L. had been champ so long that I ... he expected to carry on until his ... He said some pretty terrible ... about me and I'll have to admit ...ented those statements.

...emember one meeting I had with ...an very well. It was out at Jim ...es' camp in Reno a few days before ...fought Jack Johnson, in 1910. Sul... came around to watch Jeffries train ... gave orders to the gateman not to ...: John L. I was still sore about the ... Sullivan had talked. But that night ... to thinking things over and I de... that my action in refusing admit... to Sullivan was pretty small so I ... word to him that he would be wel...d at the Jeffries' camp any time he ... to come out.

... figured it out that Sullivan's pride ...taken a worse licking than the phys...one I had given him; that there really ... nothing personal in his hatred as his ...ngs would have been the same toward ...ne who took his crown away.

...ell, the next day when John L. ap...ed at the gate I was there to meet ... When I offered him my hand he ...sed to take it. But, as there were ...ral reporters about, I induced him ...ocket his pride temporarily and pose ...a picture. This he agreed to do. And ... for the benefit of the public, he ...ped my hand in what appeared to be ...friendly greeting. The picture was ...lished and the newspapers reported ... we had made peace.

... turned out to be a pretty one... peace pact, for Sullivan continued ...ay plenty of unkind things about me.

THE INTERVIEWER: Did you ever see ... again?

CORBETT: Yes. Two years before he died Sullivan came to New York to see the Willard-Moran fight. He was stopping at a little hotel in the fifties. One of the newspapers called me on the 'phone to ask if I would be willing to pose for a picture with Sullivan. I said it would be all right with me if Sullivan was agreeable. In fact, I offered to go to his hotel and pose for the pictures in his room. Five minutes later I was called to the 'phone again and told that Sullivan had consented to the arrangement and that if I would go at once to the hotel the newspaper would send a photographer right up. . . . I hadn't seen Sullivan since my fight with him but I had heard a great deal about his hatred for the man who had taken the belt from him. John L. had a sharp tongue and many of the things he had said were far from complimentary. As I made my way to his hotel I wondered what this meeting would be like.

THE INTERVIEWER: I hope this story isn't going to end in another fight!

CORBETT: Far from it. I went directly to Sullivan's room and the hand which clasped mine in greeting was that of a friend. We sat down and chatted while waiting for the photographer. It was two hours before the man arrived—two of the happiest hours of my life. Sullivan was abject in his apologies for the things he had said about me. He called himself all kinds of a fool and it was some time before I could get him to change the subject and talk about the old days. When I left he was in marvelous humor—a changed man. It was as though a load had been lifted from his shoulders.

LOUIS MANN: (*Passing the table*) Hello, Jim. (*He sees The Interviewer*) Hello, Doty. Say, I never got those cigars yet.

CORBETT: Hello, Louis. If there are any cigars going around let me in on it.

THE INTERVIEWER: This is a private quarrel, Jim. Louis was the guest artist on a La Palina Smoker which I directed a couple of years ago and at Christmas time I sent him, as usual, a card and kiddingly wrote on it, "Enclosed please find box of La Palinas."

LOUIS MANN: How about it, Jim? Don't you think I have a right to feel a little sore?

CORBETT: I should say so. Probably lead to a fight sooner or later.

LOUIS MANN: That would be nice publicity for both of us! Did you ever have a street fight, Jim?

CORBETT: Not quite. I came very close to it not many years ago. It happened during a vaudeville engagement and my wife and I were making the short jumps from one city to the next by auto. I was driving along merrily one day, when I overtook a hay-wagon which was taking up the entire road. I honked the horn but the driver paid no attention. I honked again and a voice having about the quality of the Leviathan's fog-horn told me in no uncertain terms where to go. I continued to honk and the voice continued to reply with language that grew stronger and stronger. At an intersection I slipped past and the string of oaths that were hurled at me was just too much for me to stand. I pulled over to the curb and started to climb out. My wife tried to stop me but I wouldn't be stopped.

I took a stand in the middle of the street and told my annoyer that no man could use that kind of language in front of my wife without taking a licking. The driver, up to his neck in the hay, pulled up and accommodatingly slid to the paving. If ever there was a more ridiculous situation exposed to public view then I never saw it. The man who owned the fog-horned voice and who came toward me bristling to fight couldn't have weighed over a hundred pounds. He was all voice and no body. It must have looked like a meeting between David and Goliath to the onlookers and the only thing I could do was burst out laughing. He stopped and glowered at me and when I finally got my speech back all I could say was, "Mister, you win!" I left him standing there, got into the car and drove away. That's the nearest I ever came to having a street fight.

LOUIS MANN: You should have laid him across your knee and spanked him, Jim.

THE INTERVIEWER: That gives me an idea, Louis. If you ever mention cigars to me again that's what I'll do to you. (*Louis Mann puts up both hands in pretended fear and walks away.*)

CORBETT: This is developing into an interview of interruptions. Here come Will Mahoney and Harry Hershfield.

THE INTERVIEWER: It's all right with me as long as the interrupters pull a good yarn out of you.

WILL MAHONEY: Greetings Jim. Hello, Hobart. What is this—a private conference or can anyone butt in?

CORBETT: It's supposed to be an interview, Will, but it's open to the public. If we had wanted to make it private we would have held it in the waiting-room at the Grand Central Station.

WILL MAHONEY: (*Starts away*) Oh, pardon me.

THE INTERVIEWER: Don't go away, Will. We meet all comers for one round. This is your turn. All you have to do is ask Jim a question.

HARRY HERSHFIELD: (*chiming in*) Do we hear the answer?

CORBETT: Sure. If I can answer it.

THE INTERVIEWER: No hitting below the belt, Harry. It has to be a fair ques-



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tion—one that can be included in the published interview.

HARRY HERSHFIELD: Who is the best prospect for the next American heavyweight champion?

CORBETT: If you mean who do I think is best I'll tell you in a hurry. Stribling.

GENERAL CHORUS: What!

CORBETT: This is what I mean. That boy has everything that a good fighter should have. Courage, speed, timing, a wallop—everything. But, and again I say, *but*—he has something else that he doesn't know he has.

HARRY HERSHFIELD: I'll bite. What is it?

CORBETT: The ability to take it. He's overly cautious because he's afraid to let his right hand go, fearing that the other fellow might let his right go at the same time. In other words, he is afraid to gamble his right against his opponent's.

Say, the first time I had the gloves on in a gymnasium out in 'Frisco I was knocked cold. When I finally came to my right senses I was on my feet trying to carry on. I didn't even know I had been out. And right then and there I learned the greatest lesson a boxer can ever receive—that it doesn't hurt to be knocked out. Once Strib learns, if he ever does, that his mind is master of his body—just watch him cut loose. As soon as an opponent looks aggressive Strib immediately becomes cautious. In that terrible contest he had with Sharkey at Miami Strib had the fight won and didn't know it. He landed a right that had Sharkey ripe for a series of follow-up punches that would have put Jack out but just because Jack, the instant that blow landed, looked twice as aggressive as he had before, he tricked Strib into laying off, by pulling his own right back in a position to shoot. Say, this will have to be all for this gab-fest. Got enough dope, Doty? If you haven't give me a ring on the 'phone and we'll have another session. Good-bye, everybody.

Curtain.

Marcella

(*Continued from page 65*)

soloist in some churches. He, too, is married, and has two boys. Mrs. Dumke is a concert pianist.

* * *

IMOGENE of Odessa, Mo., wanted a picture of Sally Perkins. In the absence of a picture of Sally, the belle of the Happy Hollow program, will you be happy, Imogene, with a photo of Ted Malone? You know he is the author of the Happy Hollow sketches. Sally—her real name is Ruth Lee Bren—is a very charming little girl, not quite five feet tall. She has merry brown eyes and merry auburn-brown curls and a cheery, sunny disposition. In Happy Hollow, Sally is the little girl who is constantly falling in and out of love. In real life, Sally is a continuity writer and piano accompanist. But no matter where she is, Sally or Ruth unfailingly dispenses cheer.


Ted Malone

* * *

NO ONE at KGBZ seems to know the whereabouts of Bill Jonason. Maybe someone reading our S.O.S. will come to the rescue of Ruth of Jamestown, Kans. Roy Faulkner was down in Texas when you missed him over KFKB, but he's back on that station again. Mr. Denver, Chief Announcer of KFKB, says he thinks Roy is 23.

* * *

ANOTHER S.O.S. Does anyone know the whereabouts of Marguerite Curtis, formerly connected with a Household Department of some Radio Station?

* * *


Charlie Kretzinger

EDDIE, of Peoria, here is the little dish of news that you are so hungry for. Gene and Charlie were born in Kansas City, Mo., Charlie in 1900 and and Gene five years later. They were both educated in the grammar and high schools of that city. They have been in Radio for eight years, having broadcast from WDAF, WDAG, Amarillo, KFH, WFAA, and they are now the popular harmony team over Station WJJD. Len Ivey of that station they have only two hobbies—har and more harmony in the team. The both single! This may or may not anything to do with their attainme harmony—that's not for Marcella to j

* * *

WHY didn't you come in to see cella when you were in New York, Ru I can't begin to tell you how much preciate the hand-painted card an lovely inscription. I'll keep it fo and ever. And the next time yo gallivantin' over this country of you mustn't forget to visit us, will y

* * *

IT WAS this way, C. L. H. of Bing ton. Our Imperturbable Printer th Floyd Gibbons would look cuter wit patch over the right eye so without consulting Floyd or the Editorial Sta went ahead and reversed the pic Hoping this 'splains the matter.

* * *

"NORMAN MORK has the swe voice that I have ever listened to," Shirley of Sugarhouse, Utah, "and a quality in it that seems to just "get you!" Norman is none other than the Whispering Baritone on KDYL, Salt Lake City, the station over which he has been broadcasting since 1922. He remembers the days when the studio was so small that the artist had to back his way to the elevator when he was through his song before the next artist could g Norman is very modest about his tal and has a great dislike for personal pearances although he is one of the popular singers in the state. In pr life he is manager of one of the la printing establishments in Salt Lake —and only twenty-eight.


Norman Mor

* * *

J. D. OF Spokane wanted a pictu Jerome De Borde. Weren't you gla see his and Henry's pictures, Jay De page 114 in November RADIO DIGEST

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. W her a letter, ask her any of the bu questions that are bothering your m Information is her middle name.

The Pipes *of* Pan

Use Only Real Talent, Please—Newly Organized "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Radio Fans" Voices its Opinions

ITH no desire to be an idol-shatterer, nor to destroy cherished illusions, does this department ...e functioning. Ours is not a ...tical soul, made sour by age and ... and easily disposed to cavil ...ping. No neurologist has found ...g in proper reflexes; no complex ... youth now rears its ugly head ... us a prey to spleen or despond-

... because we love Radio that we ...ertake, now and then, to slap its ...nd, if necessary, take it into the ...d. Occasionally we shall be ad-...y, but never captious; often re-... but never vituperative.

... can't be constructive, we shall ... the habit of talking to ourselves ...e quiet corner, and airing our ... where none may hear. Per-...ess will find no home in this ...f prattle, nor will pussy-footing, ... for that matter.

...ave just purchased a brand-new ... which saves wear and tear on the ...d which we expect to use here ...tly. But in our zeal to employ ...vice, we shall never forget that ...o own an automatic applause-... machine, which we shall not per-... grow rusty.

* * *

IF IT be true that imitation ...sincerest form of flattery, then we ... r chapeaux graciously to a certain ...nd slim crooner, who is, by his ...y, evidencing a generous lavishness ... as his flattery of a fellow vocalist ...erned.

... not kid ourselves, nor permit ...es to be kidded. We know who ...rated the crooning era, and those ...ne inside" are well aware that a ... ability to copy the performances ... lists made the imitator bask in the ...ed glory of the imitated.

... some it isn't sophisticated to "go ... Rudy Vallee, and those who acclaim ...aster crooner are sometimes con-...d as sappy and sentimental. How-... there's nothing of the barker in ... no strain of the carnival man ... in his make-up. What some are ... to decry as ego is merely his su-... confidence in himself; his alleged ... it is faith in his art. You can't ...re a man because he believes in the ... he does.

A word of advice to the megaphone men, though. Accepting the gentlemen of the fourth estate, including the tablewd columnists, as men of intelligence and open mind, he is ofttimes prone to discourse a bit too frankly, thereby leaving himself "wide open" and innocently giving vent to utterances that become sensational copy. He should be cautioned against free discourse with the press lads who, although they invariably become Vallee fans after an interview, have a duty to their city desks. More times than once, an innocent remark uttered by a celebrity provides material for a story that can do irreparable harm.

Rudy Vallee,—clean, real,—a true artist, has done much for Radio. He has enemies, though. We insist that he refrain from making himself a target for those who find him good copy.

* * *

ONE of our pet peeves is the promiscuous use of "names" on commercial broadcasts, regardless of talent or suitability for broadcasting.

It is easy to comprehend the thrill that a "seeing" audience gets from viewing an erstwhile favorite, despite the fact that the star's ability may be definitely on the wane. But on the air, past performances are discounted; reputation is an empty asset. Not that the tuning-in public is hard-boiled; the reason is that little tricks of showmanship are lost via the air and nothing registers but "cold" results.

A beloved veteran of the operatic stage, for example, was recently offered by an important commercial hour as the "super-special" attraction of the evening, and the result was close to pathetic. Those in the studio to whom her name was a delightful tradition and a cherished memory must have agreed that her air debut was something like leading a lamb to the slaughter. Her voice "gone," she stood bravely and resolutely before the microphone, a vision to those who saw her, but, without doubt, just "static" to those who tuned in to hear her. Television, alone, might have saved her.

When will program sponsors realize that talent,—not "names"—is what the public wants? Radio's favorites came from nowhere. The biggest disappointments, from an entertainment point of view, have been the internationally famous "name" performers, ballyhooed for weeks prior to their appearance, and then, after it's all over, making the "fans" wonder what all the shooting was for.

You're in show-business, Mr. Radio Man. Use some ingenuity and dig up your own talent. There's no entertainment nourishment in a "name."

* * *

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Radio Fans should try, at their next meeting, to curtail the indiscriminate choice of songs by orchestra leaders.

By actual survey, one so-called "best-selling song hit" was played fourteen times one night recently from an important station, giving the listener, at about the tenth repetition of the "classic," a feeling much akin to good, old-fashioned nausea.

Can't something be done to regulate programs? Never, in a vaudeville theatre, will you hear a song offered more than once during the performance. Programs are carefully checked during rehearsals by the house manager and the musical director, and when two acts use the same number, one or the other must make a substitution.

Not so via the ether, however. And for several very good reasons, if you insist on knowing. *Par example:*

In many cases, your good friends, the orchestra leaders, have what Tin Pan Alley refers to as "cuts" in songs. These range from one-half cent to thrice that amount for each copy of music sold, thereby making it good business policy for the leader to give "his" song as much "plugging" as possible, regardless of its fitness to his program or its pertinence to his general presentation.

Then again, dear lovely people, a contemporary racket among many Radio columnists is either to write songs or permit the publishers to present them with a slice of the royalty melon. Subsequently, nice, juicy "puffs" are given obliging leaders and singers who offer these songs on the air, and those who do not are graciously ignored.

Just a few reasons why you're getting an over-dose of certain tunes, and why you'll keep getting it until the S.P.C.R.F. takes a hand. For Radio, like all other cherished institutions of this turbulent era, is not immune from the machinations of the great god Racket.

George D. Lottman.

Hands of An Astrologer

(*Continued from page 75*)

servative, straight, unbending thumb turns its back she is likely to indulge her fancy for things quite feminine.

Asking about her husband's hands reminds me of their country home. Their hands sought fastidiously everything that's in it.

It's a dream of a farmhouse in Westchester, high up on the hillside. Its wide spreading veranda merges into the branches of heroic trees. All the love of home and pioneer traditions suggested by Miss Adams' hands show in this gem of a house converted by her into this lovely place from a bare old Quaker meeting house as her ancestors had done before her in England in days gone by.

Old Currier and Ives prints hang on the walls of the numerous rooms of the house. Highboys and lowboys of early American days lend their interest to the furnishings. An old settle on which Rip Van Winkle himself might have nodded stands in a corner. Burnished pewter brightens old shelves in the dining room and treasures of clocks with wooden works still going hang in hallway and "parlor" while stiffly erect stand antique andirons of the days of Miles Standish.

You'd love to see how mothery are Miss Adams' hands as she pats quaint coverlids on the beds of guest rooms giving added gesture of good measure to her gracious hospitality.

And it's not for naught that the third phalange of her fingers—the ones next to her palm—is full molded for it's the grandest of food that comes from her farmhouse kitchen. But Miss Adams' own hand indulges lightly in food and often much of it is diverted to the moist-eyed, expectant little Lover, her pet of a dog, and to his dainty little Pekinese girl friend.

Leaving the coziness of her adorable farmhouse, the week-end guests who gather there, noted artists, writers, scientists, musicians, and business men and women of national importance, Miss Adams goes back to her studio in Carnegie Hall.

It is fascinating to watch her hands as she works there. All personal qualities seem to recede. She is now the scientist and astrologer dealing with lives and stellar promises. As her hand, deftly arched, turns the great astronomical globe beside her desk, she is guided by the most exact of mathematical knowledge, astrological lore, and long experience in making deductions pertaining to the human equation.

Her hands are now intense, vibrant. She studies, weighs the evidence, writes the record of a life. If it is burning brightly, it is well. If not her hand must write the word of caution, or courage, or calmness to keep this life true to its one particular star—the good star that guides each destiny.

"You've forgotten those other questions—" this from the feminine Radio audience.

Oh, yes, well—she does like jewels. I'm sure for she wears a magnificent diamond ring, and the hands of her husband—he's George E. Jordan, noted astrologer and business consultant—are the specialist type, angled thumb and irregular fingers, and he's enough of an artist that everything that was placed in the gem of a farmhouse had to suit his hands—just so.

The Golden Baton

(*Continued from page 33*)

standing man, my friend. I go now—

SHOPKEEPER: Until you come again, the—

JOHANN: Goodbye!

Once again the tick—tick—tock—of the old gilt clock marks the passing moments, as Jean sighs and says, "I almost felt the beating of the man's heart as I looked at the baton. So much of his life went into it. But tell me, Dad, do you know what has become of him?"

The Shopkeeper does. He answers.

"Yes. It seems that some kind people took pity on him and made him their gardener. Of course, he knew nothing of gardening—it was just an act of generosity. I was told that he would listen to the wind in the trees, because it reminded him of his music—and on moonlight nights he would sit out in his little garden and listen to the song. It was just such a night that they found him beneath one of his trees, and in his hand was clutched a little piece of wood that he had whittled into the shape of a baton. And there, in the moonlight, under the trees, he heard the last strains of the symphony of his life."

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* * *

Dramatic sketches are becoming increasingly popular with Radio listeners. No small part of this interest was stimulated recently by the introduction of Majestic's Old Curiosity Shop series which, since last October, has been presented Sundays at 9 P. M. by the Grigsby-Grunow Company over the Columbia international network headed by WABC, New York.

Both the verse which precedes the play and the idea of the Old Curiosity Shop were created by David Ross, Columbia announcer, who also takes the part of The Old Shopkeeper. Afterward Mr. Ross turned over his general theme idea and the synopsis for the scripts to Don Clark, head of Columbia's continuity division. It was Don's job to rewrite the stories and dramatize them. Although Ross's idea, the stories, as you hear them the air, are made into that form Mr. Clark.

The cast which portrays the st is a notable one indeed. For we many of the famous actors and actr of Arabesque fame playing leading Georgia Backus, the director of dram at Columbia headquarters, is the le lady in the plays.

Jean Sothern, whose name recalls movie thrillers of yesterday in which starred, plays in the prologue as Shopkeeper's daughter and in the within-a-play.

Frank Knight, Columbia's senior nouncer, is leading man. Reyn E another announcer, also plays in sketches.

Don Clark is one of Radio's pion He began his career as a newspaper in Albany, New York. Later he wen for Radio and became an announcer. rise to fame in this field was slow soon afterward Clark turned to wr Radio scripts, in which he has exce and his knowledge of broadcast req ments is reflected in his work.

Town Crier Tales

(*Continued from page 19*)

I rushed into print with it. Then bricks began to fall. By various cons and annoying readers, it was pointed to me that this was a story which printed regularly once every year. It pointed out to me that it had been an pated two years before by The Satur Evening Post.

"An angry old countess wrote me fr her villa at Monte Carlo that there n be some mistake because whereas thing had happened as I described it had happened to a friend of hers the before in Nice. A professor at Ohio S College wrote me that there must be s mistake because, whereas, it had h pened as I described it, it had happe four years ago to a friend of a friend his in Chicago.

"I knew then what I had done. I h and not for the first time, (or the time either, I might add) come upo piece of American folklore. There certain stories which, seem chronic recurrent. They are told not by wri only, not, indeed, by writers chiefly, by all manner of people—preachers, ba ball players, dressmakers. And they always told as true.

"The strange events which take pl in them are always told as having h pened to some cousin, or at least to so dear, dear friend of the narrator. T to trace such a story back to its first pearance and you will find yourself volved in newspaper files of thirty forty years ago in cities all over the wo

Alexander Woollcott continues his Town Crier Tales in February issue of RADIO DIGEST

Universe of Einstein

(Continued from page 54)

...e in a straight line. In other ...motion will not go in a straight ...

...u take a poor man and blindfold ...an and say, "I will give you a ...d pounds if you, blindfolded, will ... a straight line," he will do his ... the sake of the thousand pounds ... in a straight line, but he will walk ...cle and come back in exactly the ...ace.

...fact will never stop an English- ... Newton invented a straight line, ... t was the law of gravitation, and ...e had invented this, he had created ...rse which was nonderful in itself. ...pplying his wonderful genius, when ... completed a book of that universe, ...rt of book was it? It was a book ... old you the station of all the heav- ...dies. It showed the rate at which ...ere traveling; it showed the exact ... which they would arrive at such ...h a point to make an eclipse. It ... a magical, marvelous thing; it was ...er-of-fact thing, like a Bradshaw. ...e-table compilation—*Editor.*)

...300 years we believed in that Brad- ...nd in that Newtonian universe as ...ose no system has even been be- ...in before. I know I was educated ...nd was brought up to believe in it ... Then a young professor came ... He claimed Newton's theory of ...le was wrong.

...said, "Newton did not know what ...ed to the apple, and I can prove ...hen the next eclipse comes."

WE SAID: "The next ...you will be doing is questioning the ... gravitation."

...young professor said: "No, I mean ...rm to the law of gravitation, but, ... part, I can go without it."

...hat do you mean, go without it?"

...said: "I can tell you about that af- ...d."

...world is not a rectilinear world; ... curvelinear world. The heavenly ... go in curves because that is the ...al way for them to go, and so the ... Newtonian universe crumpled up ...was succeeded by the Einstein uni- ... I am sorry to have to say it. You ... remember that our distinguished ...r could not have said it. It would ...e nice for him to say it; it would ...e courteous; but here in England he ... wonderful man. This man is not ...nging the fact of science; he is chal- ...ng the axioms of science. Not only ... challenging the axioms of science, ...he axioms of science have surren- ... to his challenge.

...ave talked enough. I rejoice in the ...universe that Einstein has produced. ... our little solitude to his great soli- ...we want to extend our admiration.

Station Vox

(Continued from page 36)

CALPURNIA: Mark, did you have anything to do with this? Here is the way that number should be sung. Give me the music (*sits at piano and strikes chord*). Why don't you get this piano tuned? It's all out of tune. (*Sings same number in high soprano voice, with plenty of trills.*)

(*At end of song a shot is heard. Both women scream. Then brief silence.*)

MARK ANTHONY: For the Love of Rome, which one did you shoot?

CAESAR: The one who didn't faint.

MARK ATHONY: If you've shot Cleo I'll tell the Senate and have you kicked out. Get some water quick.

CAESAR: Oh, you call her CLEO, do you? Here, help me lift her up.

MARK ANTHONY: Cleo, Cleo, are you all right?

CLEOPATRA (*feebly*): It's YOU Mark? Oh, Julius Darling, why did you shoot her?

CAESAR: Well, if she had just been a soprano, I couldn't have done it. If she had been both a soprano and my wife, I couldn't have done it. But having a soprano for a wife—and knowing you, at the same time, there was no alternative. Do you feel all right now?

CLEOPATRA: Yes, I feel swell.

CAESAR: Mark Anthony, I request that you submit your resignation.

MARK ANTHONY: I do not accept the request.

CAESAR: You'd better, I'll fire you anyway. I don't want you around here any more.

CLEOPATRA: Oh, Julius, don't fire Mark, he's a perfect peach.

CAESAR: You're fired!!

MARK ANTHONY: I'm not fired!!

CAESAR: You are!

MARK ANTHONY: I'm not!

CLEOPATRA: Boys, boys, boys! Stop it. This quarreling sounds terrible. Everybody is all heated up and bothered. I'll tell you. Get your togas and come with me down to the baths and we'll all have a swim together.

CAESAR: That sounds good.

CLEOPATRA: Then we'll go up to my house for a lovely bowl of punch.

MARK ANTHONY: Cleo, you're a woman of ideas.

CAESAR: That sounds great—let's get out of here.

CLEOPATRA: That's the spirit. Come—Sweet Mark and Darling Julius—

CAESAR: I'll figure out what I'll do with you later, Mark.

MARK ANTHONY: I'll be doing some figuring too.

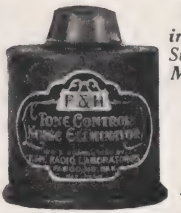
CLEOPATRA: Boys, not so loud. (*Very sweetly*) *I'll tell you both what to do!*

(*Curtain*)

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Ray Perkins

(*Continued from page 15*)

don't make as much money as a good fullback, but then I doubt if even Irving Berlin could kick a field goal.

"I see they found an ancient Roman galley in an Italian lake. One of those eight-oared barges of the time of the Caesars. The Naval Limitations Committee is all hot and bothered. They say Mussolini had it dug up on purpose as proof that Italy actually did scrap a ship at one time. But several editors say, however, that it is only a galley proof, so it doesn't count.

"I have often been asked if Perkins is the real name. Well, it is Perkins, and I didn't say Schmalz. However, you can call me 'Ducky Daddles' if you want to.

"One morning not long ago, the traffic jam was terrible. A traffic jam isn't the kind of jam you put up, it's the kind you have to put up with. This particular morning of which I speak it was spread all over both sides of the street. It got all over the coat of the cop who stands near the National Broadcasting Company studios. So I hollered: 'Some jam, eh, kid?'

"He had seen me crossing the street with a can of pineapple under each arm. I always bring along some pineapple because you never can tell who is going to drop in. And he said: 'Oh, yeah? Well, it will be a pineapple jam if you don't watch where you are going.'

"I guess everybody knows that for the past 13 years I have puttered about in every branch of show business. In fact, I gained quite a reputation as being one of the best putterers that ever puttered. You must also know that I have been an advertising salesman, and was second Lieutenant Perkins during the world war, and was assigned to the intelligence division, which may have been another paradox. But we won't go into that at this time again.

"My Radio debut in 1926 over WJZ as *Judge, Jr.,* was quite a thrill. But at that time I didn't much care for broadcasting. So after turning advertising salesman and then editor, I went to Hollywood and wrote theme songs. Hey! who threw that brick? *Under the Texas Moon* and *Lady Luck* were the most overplayed.

"Oh, by the way. You might want to mention the fact that I was born in Boston and therefore moved to New York as a small boy. Yes, that is true, I haven't grown very much during the ensuing years. That is, except that I have grown older and wiser with the passing years. But that isn't very original with me either. Everyone gets older with the passing years, and stops trying to fill inside straights.

"And so has life been with me. I have been going along in the whisky-tenor of my ways . . . just me and my little grand piano, which is my constant companion. My piano, always at my side, has been, these many years, from baby grand to concert grand, a one-man piano. But with it all my piano has been very tolerant of my wife and young son. Good old piano.

"WELL, it's early yet, so I guess I'll be up and doing. I can't waste a lot of time hanging around with Radio interviewers, you know. Glad to have met up with you all. Give my regards to the family and tell them you've been hanging out with me, and tell them I'm a fine upstanding example of young American manhood and all that"—you know—make a hit with the folks.

Carefully folding the old topper, and putting a muzzle and leash on "good old piano," Ray "Pineapple" Perkins, faded away into the lengthening shadows, and I stood on the dock, waving my handkerchief until he had gone under for the third time.

Maria Jeritza

(*Continued from page 21*)

simply could not calm myself. I actually delayed the curtain for several minutes, while the overture was repeated, before I could summon up sufficient courage to walk on the stage. Then the warmth and the friendliness of the audience at once permeated through me and soon I was singing with entire ease. I felt that the American audience had taken me to its heart. This was a big moment for me because it marked the beginning of an association with America that has brought me great pleasure and happiness.

In fact, it has now come to be that I consider America as my home. When I go to Vienna in the summer, to rest and to play at my country place, it is of New York that I speak as home. I love everything about this great city and I have made so many wonderful friends here that I would not make any but brief engagements elsewhere.

There is one more great moment in my life that I must mention—one that is precious in every woman's life. And that is my marriage to Baron Popper, who comes from a famous musical family. He is the son of Blanche Marchesi, who sang here years ago in concert, and the grandson of Mathilde Marchesi, the famous Paris teacher, who numbered Melba and other great singers among her pupils. Baron Popper himself is a pianist and violinist of talent.

I believe that no matter how successful and famous a woman may be nor to what artistic heights she may climb, her life is incomplete and unfulfilled unless she marries. In order to make it a happy and lasting one, she should prepare and train herself for it, just as she would for a career. She should regard it as a sacred obligation on her part to give of her best to it, for only in that way can she make her marriage the supreme adventure in life.

Junior Brings Hom The Bacon

(*Continued from page 59*)

makes you work really harder tha footlights."

Howard has a little twinkle in h that brought the question:

"Are you, by any chance, a *Pew* the air as well as on?"

He looked a little guilty. Ar mother admitted, trying to look sev

"You'd have thought so if you' the water fight he led at one c coolers at the National Broadc Company a few days ago."

Howard spoke up defensively:

"Well, mother, it wouldn't have any harm if I hadn't sprayed Fl Malone. I didn't see her."

Howard, when it comes to seeing prefers opera and musical comedy. though he is dramatic himself. W assured by the young actor:

"Nearly all my money goes towa college fund. I buy my own cloth sort of help sometimes around the But I want a good education. Th more acting. I don't think very successful child performers grow up real actors. Why not leave well e alone. Besides, I want to write. could go right out on a story no jump for joy. A good fire or a hot der story. Maybe I'll be a Radio That's a good idea, isn't it?

Responsibility for the success of children of the air may be laid a doorstep of a very young and golden-haired lady who has of all the NBC children's programs. is Madge Tucker, *The Lady Next*

Miss Tucker also may be given for keeping them natural and free the usual professional precociousnes freshness. One little conceited mov they are brought down to earth, dipl ically, but firmly. She punishes the keeping them off the air a while.

But there is nothing so inter about this whole Radio baby busin (mercenarily speaking) all the mone seems to be floating around throug ether these days.

It is quite safe to say that not o these fathers are earning more than $25 to $50 a week. The average s be about $35.

While baby, bless its li'l heart, get much for (sometimes) just about f minutes or a half hour on the air.

So baby is taking the family, mamma and brothers and sisters b boot straps and lifting them from po to the Drive.

If the roof needs a few new shing mamma needs a fur coat rush baby t nearest broadcasting studio at the sign of a boop-boop-a-doop or a dramatic emotion.

Maybe that temperamental fit junic last night was suppressed desire. It sound like static but you never can

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 63*)

rcargo—a lowly sophomore stood nce in the exalted company of

But when the auditions were osaline Greene was the only one o join the WGY Players.

as her first contact with either the or the Radio, but before the year er she was the leading lady of the ly. The following year she con- her work at WGY, and in addition d a position with a stock company ing a repertory of plays in Al- nd Troy. Then began a hectic e for Rosaline Greene. Her fam- k in Hempstead, L. I., where she rn, were not theatrical people, and t take kindly to their daughter's ic ambitions. Nor would the au- 's at State College have been at ised to learn that one of their s was appearing in stock. So e had to carry on her dramatic es under an assumed name and n imagine her embarrassment when ructor at the college stopped her y to comment on her resemblance leading lady at Proctor's Theatre. could not keep her identity hidden , however, and the year she grad- the dark-eyed girl who intended to a school teacher found herself t the Radio World's Fair in Madi- uare Garden as "the perfect Radio

Not long after that came her id only contract with the metro- theatre. Lee Shubert personally upon her to ask her to take the role in his new production, *The of Great Price.*" For two months Greene played at the Century The- nd then she made her decision. She cast her lot with Radio.

gives me so much more opportu- she explained. "On the stage I'm l in the parts I can play by my size, age, general appearance, and a hundred and one other things that have nothing whatever to do with my ability to feel and portray the character. In Radio there are no such limitations. I can play *Joan of Arc* one night and *Cleopatra* the next. On the stage the actress who played one of those parts would probably never be considered for the other."

But just at that time Radio wasn't considering many characters of any type. Radio drama was not so well established as it is today, so Rosaline Greene filled in the interval with post-graduate work in dramatics at Columbia University and with her first love—teaching. It was while teaching in a private school on Riverside Drive that she formed her own company of Radio players, wrote plays for them and introduced them to New York audiences over local stations.

Then, slowly, dramatics began to find their place among the jazz bands and male quartettes that crowded the air. With their establishment on the big networks came recognition for Rosaline Greene. She gave up her teaching, signed an exclusive contract with National Broadcasting Company, and ever since has been starred.

She loves to ride, swim, and walk, and has an ambition to become a famous writer of Radio drama as well as a famous Radio actress.

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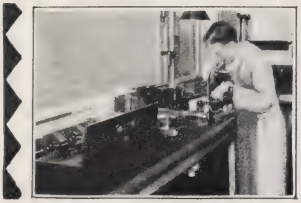
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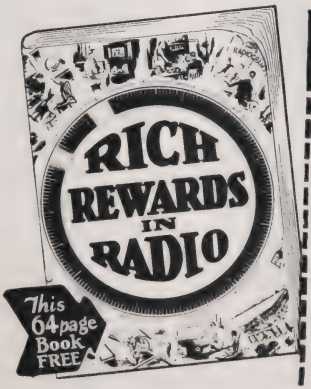
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Walter Winchell

(*Continued from page 7*)

and dance act had to be continued.

During long train rides from one city to another, Winchell used to amuse himself by writing intimate stories about his fellow-vaudevillians. Little anecdotes, little human-interest stories, a little bit of dirt—these he pieced together into an altogether spicy column about vaudeville-life and vaudevillians. This column, he, one day, sent in to the *Vaudeville News*. To his surprise, *Vaudeville News* printed the article, paid for it—and asked for more. Two more such columns were written and printed and Winchell felt that, at last, a decent excuse had presented itself for his leaving the vaudeville game for good. He would return to 42nd Street in order to cover Broadway gossip for *Vaudeville News*.

And he did—with such success, in fact, that Sime Silverman of *Variety* was attracted by those writings and sent out a flattering bait to the young columnist. A neat contract was awaiting Winchell if he would only work for *Variety*. Would he come? For a while Winchell played with the idea of accepting. But then a still more flattering offer came which definitely decided for him. The *Graphic*, a new tabloid, was looking for interesting young writers, and its editor Bernarr Macfadden—sensing that in Winchell he had a columnist that would be a valuable asset to any newspaper—gave Winchell a breathtaking salary to work for it. Winchell grabbed the opportunity; he was earning now five times as much as he had ever earned before. And on a job which was as easy as it was fascinating. His columnar career was now fully launched.

This was five years ago. Four years later, the New York *Mirror* enticed Winchell into accepting a position on its paper by doubling his already munificent salary. His column was to be syndicated throughout the entire country. And shortly afterwards, the Radio got him for a weekly broadcast of Broadway news. Gossip had triumphed. Walter Winchell was its prophet.

WALTER WINCHELL is only thirty-three—yet, despite his youth, he is practically gray. Other characteristics which distinguish him include the fact that he writes with his left hand, he works only two hours each day on his column—usually from 5 to 7 P. M.; he is invariably up all the night, making the rounds of the night-clubs, and he sleeps all day; he does not dress well; his principal affections are night-clubs, good beverages—and gossip. But gossip above everything else. He could never have developed that truly remarkable scent for scandal, if he did not love it so.

It is generally a source of wonder for his readers and listeners as to where Winchell gets his remarkable revelations—some of which precede the newspaper headlines by weeks. The answer is that three sources supply him with his gossip. The first is Winchell himself. Snooping around night-clubs, important hotels, large restaurants and other important Broadway rendezvous-places, it is inevitable for him to pick up a considerable amount of first-hand gossip. Then (although this is not generally known), it is said he has a small battalion of spies working under him, whose duty it is to pick up information and scandal about anyone in the public limelight, and who get paid from Winchell himself. The greatest amount of his information comes from this source. Finally, generous readers swamp his desk every morning with information which, by chance, they happened to pick up. Winchell confesses that some of his best "scoops" have come to him in his morning's mail from some kind-hearted reader or Radio listener. Needless to say, all gossip is fully verified before it is put into print or told over the Radio. Otherwise there would not be enough lawyers in all of New York to defend Winchell against libel-suits. Incidentally—and this is, by no means, a small tribute to Winchell's accuracy—despite all the remarkable information, some of which is of the most intimate and bewildering nature, too, Winchell has never had a libel suit on his hands.

George Jean Nathan has recently complimented Winchell by saying that the latter is not only a superb journalist but that he has also enriched the English language. Winchell's vocabulary is almost as famous as his gossip. It is well-known, for example, that it was he who made of "whoopee" a national by-word. It is well-known that he coined such picturesque words as "literotic"; such graphic phrases as "having it Reno-vated," as "melting their wedding ring"; and such apt metaphors as his description of Broadway, "the hardened artery". He has brought a new vocabulary to the lingo of the average Broadwayite; he has made speech piquant and vivid.

Winchell himself has often spoken of himself, over the Radio, as "the man whom they love to hate." Broadwayites hate him because they have no secrets which this bewildering journalist does not learn and reveal; theatrical producers hate him, because he has disclosed so much of their sham. The Shuberts, as a matter of fact, will never permit him into any of their theatres—and two years ago Walter Winchell was able to see *Animal Crackers* only because Harpo Marx dressed him up as a woman and sneaked him in through the main entrance. Night-club owners, racketeers hate him. Anyone who has a secret hates him. Gangsters hate him. No man ever makes the rounds of Broadway's night-life being liberally hated as Walter Winchell.

And yet, paradoxically enough, he is also one of the most celebrated and best-liked columnists in the country. His stint is syndicated to thirty-two newspapers; it is estimated that more than two million people read his column each day. Something like ten million listen to his broadcast every Tuesday night, to judge by his correspondence. And the man who receives a salary of $100,000 a year—not to mention his salary for broadcasting—cannot be said to be unpopular. It all depends on which side of the fence you are. If you are of the group which Winchell exploits for his gossip then you are among his enemies; but if you are merely an innocent bystander who gets a tremendous kick out of learning the inside stories about Broadway, then you probably worship him. But no one is indifferent.

Incidentally, there has recently been a lot of talk, in and out of night-clubs, that Walter Winchell will be "bumped off" within the next few months. Those of his admirers who are terrified by a bit of inside information will, perhaps, feel a little more at ease if they know that the one who started this rumor circulating was none other than—yes, Mr. Walter Winchell, the man who knows everything.

Recipes via Radio

(*Continued from page 80*)

ette apartments in large cities, or substantial suburban homes. I see several brave, cheerful women who in spite of total blindness manage to keep house, prepare meals, and a certain lame girl sits beside her Radio taking notes and writing down recipes for her busy neighbors who cannot listen in. These and the others are before me as I talk. Ah, oh, how I try to give them each and all the help, encouragement and actual cooking information they feel they need and want!"

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Night Clubs by RUDY VALLEE

Radio Digest

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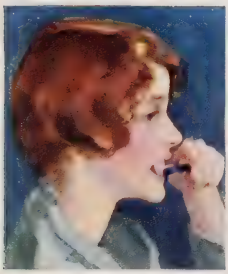
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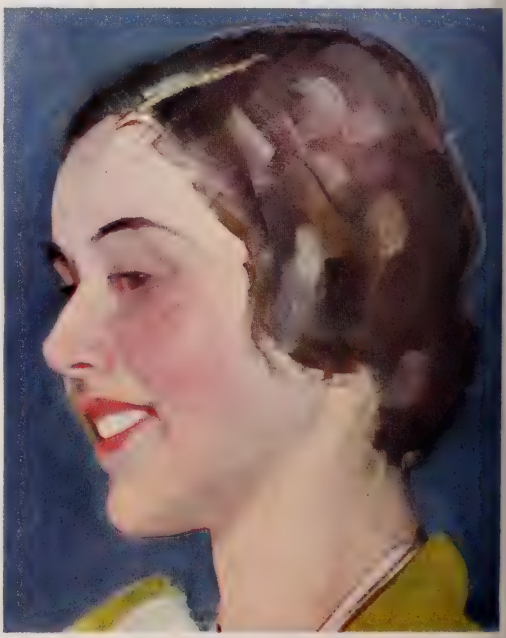
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Do not make the mistake of thinking that Forhan's is only a pyorrhea treatment. If you suspect that you have this ailment, if your gums are tender, see your dentist at once. When the mouth is healthy—before any tenderness develops—is the time to adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice. It is far better to avoid disease than to treat it after it develops. The use of this scientific dentifrice will help you to keep the mouth of youth well into middle age.

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February, 1931

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ANNABELL JACKSON is m sical to her fingert . . . even makes the t cups perform melo ously when she hostes it in Cleveland. Oh y her pay check rea "WTAM . . . for s vices as concert pianis



ADELE VASA . . . Too late, you can't have her any more, no matter how much you like her looks. Paul Green, night manager of Columbia studios has the sweet soprano under contract. Perhaps 'twill be a Radio wedding.



DOLORES CASS NELLI . . . dark-haired Lat beauty who started h education in a Chica convent, graduated the silver screen a received her "Ph.D." Being Charming a an NBC songstres

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Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

LIKE a gleaming jewel in a changing light Radio programs scintillate and glow with new colors according to the evolution of new ideas and demands of public taste. There is a bit of the best from all forms of amusement—music, drama, literature, news, sports and positive cultural training from the primary to the higher forms of education. The light rests a moment on the move of educators to compel broadcasters to appropriate a definite proportion of the time on the air to education. Broadcasters are not so keen about making it compulsory as they are about the methods to be used to present the educational program. The broadcaster insists that a certain amount of showmanship must go with the program or there will be no one to hear it. The educators think that showmanship is unnecessary and supplementary devices would interfere with the fundamental practices of instruction. Important developments may be expected in 1931.

* * *

THIS old world needs more laughs and less grouching and grumbling. There is too much of morbid reading; too much prison pallor on the screen; too much moron catering and sex debauchery. Let's turn the page and get a laugh, turn the dial for a half-hour of chuckles. And for what better could you ask than old Brad Browne and his dear little Nit Wits of the Columbia system. They take the old world by the nose and shake the care wrinkles off his jowls. Marcella in this issue gives you a pleasant little sketch of Brad Browne. Next month we are going to entertain you with one of the skits which Brad says he thinks is one of the funniest they have ever produced. Don't miss it.



* * *

Did you subscribe to RADIO DIGEST before the new $3 rate went into effect? For those who have not already been so advised by our circulation department please be assured that your subscription as it stood on our books up to January 1, 1931, will be extended to comply with the $3 rate.

* * *

Incidentally we are very happy to announce that subscriptions are coming in from all sections of the country in amazing volume. We are indebted to the many broadcasting stations that have commended our magazine to their listeners. Thanks, gentlemen of the air!

* * *

Almost everybody wants a log in RADIO DIGEST. The votes were overwhelming. A Chain Calendar and Official Wavelength list will be published here in March. Next thing we know there'll be a big demand for fiction again. Wonder how many readers like Radio drama continuities? Suggestions are always welcome.

ISHBEL MACDONALD, daughter of the Labor Pri Minister of England, is a chip off the old block particularly interested in the rank and file of humani At the time we were in the ferment of activity to relieve the unemployment situation in America Miss MacDonald stood up before a Columbia microphone in London and gave us her views as to the right way and wrong way of doing things to help "the underdog." She thinks the world is too prone to dose its social headaches with aspirin instead of determining the cause of the trouble and curing it. She speaks a vigorous message strai from the shoulder. And she wants to know if Americ aren't wasting precious time on useless social work, we getting anywhere with constructive methods? W about it? You may have heard her talk, whether did or not you will be interested in reviewing it in March RADIO DIGEST.



* * *

Have you noticed the improved quality of the A 'n' Andy feature? There's a reason. Miss Peggy H who is one of the most competent astrologers in Amer has 'scoped both of the boys from the exact hour they were born. Now that the Sun of Arc and the S of Kleig have moved out of the Aspect—but let Pe tell you all about it—in that tight-packed March is

* * *

Tin Pan Alley—imagine what David Ewen can with a subject like that! He's done it. You will g in the March issue.

* * *

JOHN P. MEDBURY, "Master Without Ceremon whose humorous contributions are read in alm every household in the land, will be represented in March RADIO DIGEST. From all dications this number will st out as the greatest smile cracker published. Bright and sparkling not frothy. You will find infor tion of great interest available i other form. You will find word wisdom by some of the best mi But in and out will be wove ripple of clean fun to make you you have joined our merry part



Premier Mussolini's broadcast to America was cisely in line with the "Radio Can Kill War" po suggested by a RADIO DIGEST editorial. . . . W Davenport, has requested privilege of rebroadcas the RADIO DIGEST mystery play, *Step on the Stair*, wh was the first serial thriller ever broadcast. The st was especially written for RADIO DIGEST by Rober Casey, famous journalist and novelist. . . . Ted Le the high hatted tragedian of jazz, is said to have b paid $5,000 for one performance at WMCA, New Y

Broadcasters In Every State

WIN HONORS

Contest Nominations From Listeners Pour In To Acclaim Favorite Stations

THEY'RE off on the last two laps! Nominations are pouring in. From east and west, north and south, enthusiastic supporters are rallying to tell the world about the stations they consider the best in their states. For s interest in the contest has been gaining momentum and with the half-way mark passed, and the end in sight, each brings in votes. In many states at stage of the game the race is neck neck.

ere is a fine spirit of loyalty and enasm for favorite stations on the part ousands of listeners as exemplified e letters received by the contest edin every mail. Just read this one Miss Frances Cherry, of Wayne, aska:

VJAG at Norfolk is the home of the er's Devil. It is WJAG which has a big Radio family. It is WJAG h has an 'Everything's All Right '. It is WJAG which gives a list day of babies born into its family. .G does not have a Tom, Dick and y, but it does have a Karl, Ted and y. WJAG has a singer, 'Tim' Howstark who won the honor of being in first five boy singers in the recent Atwater Kent Contest. WJAG has od girl's trio, the Harmony Trio. .G has a wonderful mixed quartette." These are merely a of the reasons why Miss Cherry is rooting for WJAG. She ludes: "I could rave on for pages and pages about WJAG why, when it speaks for itself."

you listen regularly to the broadcasts of a favorite sta- Do you think its programs are the best produced for entertainment in your state? If you do give your station a break. Nominate it for the state championship. Do your bit to aid your station to win the honor of being declared the most popular in the state.



Many of the stations are being nominated not only because of their pleasing programs but because their announcers are popular with the station's listeners. "I wish to nominate station WEBC at Superior as the best Radio station in Wisconsin," declares Miss Eda Melland, of Yellow Lake, Wisconsin. "This is a good, live station, with fine programs and a staff of very good announcers. Without good announcers a station can not hope to gain much popularity."

Miss Madlyn Patton, of Philadelphia, Pa., also pays tribute to the announcers. She nominates WPEN as the first station in Pennsylvania. "First of all," she writes, "I nominate WPEN because our favorite Diamond Meritum winner holds sway the first thing in the morning. The Mystery announcer starts the day and then it's just good, clean fun the rest of the day. The announcers of WPEN are wonderful boys, everyone of them."

If you have not as yet nominated your favorite stations don't delay, but get on the band wagon now. Turn to the rules on page 100 and study them. There are ways of obtaining bonus votes that will loom large in the final count. Whoopee! We're coming down the home stretch and we'll cross the line at midnight, April 20th. Get those nominations in and then cast the votes that may make your favorite stations the honored ones in your state. Remember that there are four stations to be chosen from each state. Beautiful medallions as shown above will be awarded—one for each winner.

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

)NTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
) Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state).....

st (call letters).....City.....
ond (call letters).....City.....
ird (call letters).....City.....
rth (call letters).....City.....
Signed.....
Address.....
y.....State.....

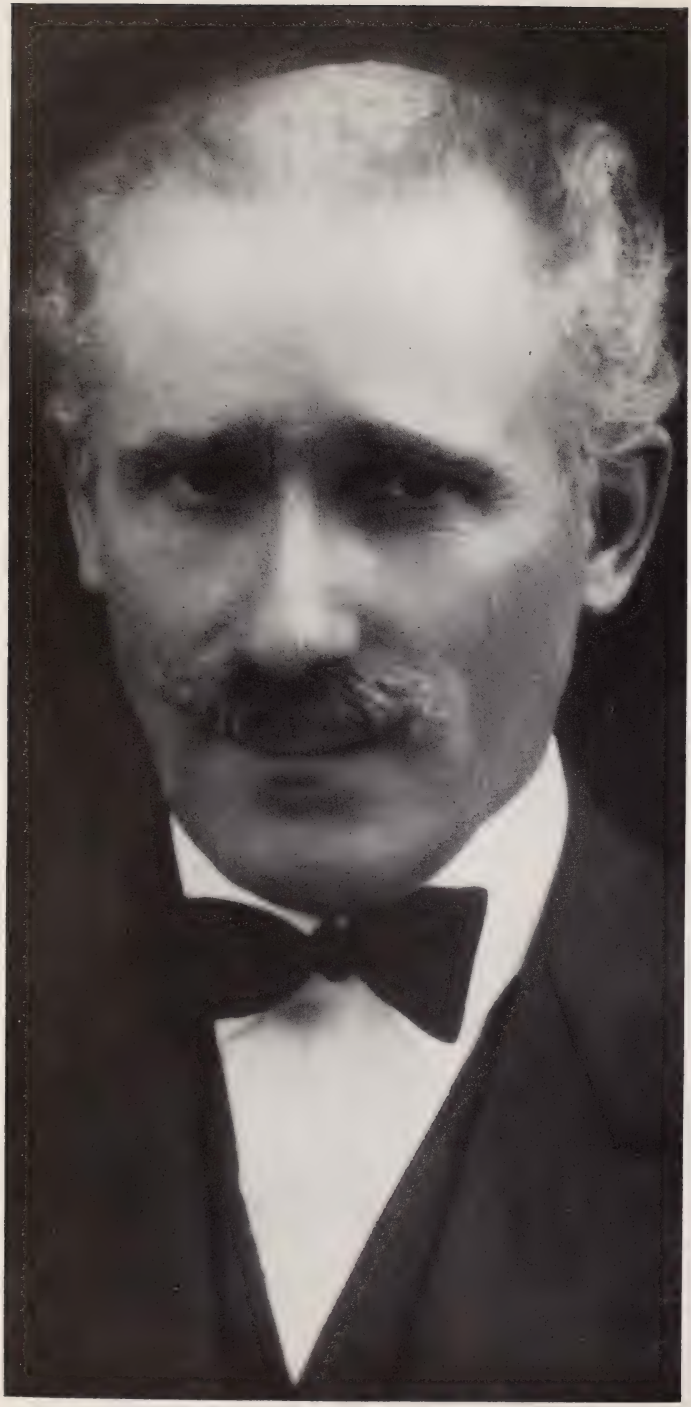
Number **5**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters).....City.....
Second (call letters).....City.....
Third (call letters).....City.....
Fourth (call letters).....City.....
Signed.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



Arturo Toscanini

This portrait, posed three yea ago, is considered the best lik ness of the famous maestro, o of whose eccentricities is h unwillingness to appear befo a camera.

Intimate Glimpses of

Arturo Toscanini

Philharmonic Conductor Has Memorized Thousands of Scores—A Despot Who Flies into a Rage at Slight Errors, but Still is Sincerely Loved by His Men

By DAVID EWEN

[E WOULD have attained greatness in any field of endeavor which requires the commanding of men. For Toscanini rn to be a commander. Had he to be the general of an army or ler of a nation there can be no that he would have attained that minence that he now possesses as nductor of a symphony orchestra. e can understand what it is that his men obey him so meekly—his east of all. In his presence they strange electricity radiating from hey are humbled by the flash of his it eyes, and by that soft, tired of his which is their only reward after hours of rehearsing, they play

canini rules his men with iron des- —and yet, very strange to say, ove and worship him. I myself een his orchestra slave under him reuth, during the recent Bayreuth al, for ten hours, and yet after this is rehearsal one of the fiddlers— ith perspiration and tired to the of exhaustion—said to me: "What he is! If I could only play under rever, I would be the happiest of

WHAT strange magic his leader exert over his men? It magic of giving his men a mys- s insight into the music they are ming, an insight such as they have before had. It is the magic of a personality who loves his music such a passion that his love is con- sly spread to all who work under It is the magic of a man who is an to his finger tips—and the magic artist who is also a great man.

An incident which I witnessed three years ago, will perhaps serve to illustrate most aptly what this magic that Toscanini uses over his men really is. One afternoon during rehearsal, after putting the finishing touches to his rendition of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, the orchestra, inspired by the insight into the music he had given them, rose and cheered him for several minutes. While the cheers persisted, Toscanini looked obviously uncomfortable and tried by frantic gestures to curb their enthusiasm. When the tumult had died down he rebuked them very gently, and tears were glittering in the eyes that so often blaze with anger.

"You see, men," he explained softly, "it isn't me—it's Beethoven!"

TOSCANINI was a great conductor from his earliest days. At first he floundered about in the 'cello section of the La Scala Opera House, in Italy, but then, during the illness of the conductor, he stepped from the 'cello section to the conductor's podium and rehearsed the scheduled opera—from memory. He has remained on the conductor's stand ever since—startling his audiences with performances which were unparalleled even for La Scala; startling the audiences by introducing into the opera-bill such foreign names as Wagner and Mozart, and to the concert-programs such barbarian names as Beethoven and Schubert; startling the audiences by forbidding them to come late or to whisper during performances. He startled his orchestra and singers by his scrupulous insistence upon perfection, by his indefatigable energies which constantly drove them to work harder and harder. He startled his management by the tremendous increase in the number of rehearsals and, consequently, in the expenses. And one and all they relented to his iron will. An entire revolution had come over the La Scala Opera House with its new, young conductor!

Toscanini was born with a very grave defect, especially grave for a conductor. He was near-sighted, so near-sighted in fact that he could not possibly see a score unless it were leaning against his nose. But, as though in divine repentance, the Gods have given Toscanini a memory that is almost phenomenal. That memory is one of the many causes for awe among Toscanini-worshipers. Everyone knows that Toscanini knows by heart some ninety operas, the entire classical repertoire from Bach to the most modern of modern composers and about a thousand other little odds-and-ends. Everyone knows with what rapidity he can memorize a new score. Two years ago he performed Ernest Schelling's *Impressions of An Artist's Life*. The score reached his hands on Sunday and the next morning he came to Carnegie Hall and rehearsed the whole work minutely from memory. He remembered every single note and every single instrument in that long and intricate score! The composer, who played his piano part from notes, looked at this man with gaping wonder. Toscanini's wife tells us that when he gets a new score, he goes to bed, huddles within



(*Continued on page 108*)

Night Clubs of NEW YORK



Texas Guinan, called "Queen of the Night Clubs" who once made the greeting cry of "Hello, Sucker!" her watchword.



THE night clubs of New York City of the present day are almost a lost art compared to what they were not so many years back. Therefore a discussion of them necessitates a background of former night clubs.

My first speaking acquaintance with night clubs, cabarets, and supper clubs, began in March, 1922. A great, rural state like Maine, with only a few big cities, which, in contrast to New York, could hardly be termed wealthy, knows little or nothing about night life which, to many New Yorkers, seems a natural and even tame part of city life. Most of the important cities of Maine have at best nothing but large public dance halls and exclusive clubs and hotels at which private affairs may be given.

The rise of the night club, or supper club, such as New Yorkers know it, seems to have been actuated by the desire of certain famous individuals to own their own room with their own orchestra, and to serve either food or liquor for those guests who were willing to pay well for the privilege of isolation from the ordinary habitues of public dance halls or hotel grills.

I know little or nothing about the places of the past decade such as Rector's and Delmonico's, the places where Sophie Tucker, Ted Lewis, and so many other stars became famous or were made famous, but my starting point is a good one,



inasmuch as the Royale achieved, mind, perfection in clubs. Certainly one of the most del places to spend an e for an individual sought diversion, th in dance music, gooc and a beautiful phere. Previous first arrival in New at Easter vacation i I had heard a great the famous young m who had come fr West with his orchestra to take Ne by storm and who found himself ens as a national hero in the beautiful Royale in New York City. The lo of its fountain and its acoustically room seemed almost like a dream. vacation afforded me an opportun my first visit to New York, and the places I resolved to visit was th Royale. I shall never forget th derful evening I spent there; Whit band was at its best. Although alone I did not feel out of place, a beauty and charm of everything a affected me most profoundly. I ha very fine lobster to eat; whether liquor was sold surreptitiously I know, but I do recollect that it w of the most perfect evenings of my

Later, when a freshman at Yale, frequented the Palais Royale with charming young lady, and enjoyed i than ever, as I was then able to d the inspiring music of the Whiteman The room had been remodeled an

A Picture of The Gay White Way

By RUDY VALLEE



Above—A detail of the wall decoration of the now defunct "Heigh-Ho Club" of Don Dickerman. This was the scene of Rudy Vallee's first triumph as a baton wielder.

ore enchanting than ever. Joseph rban, I was told, had made a study of and every point of beauty in the ceiling nd architecture was arranged acoustically.

In the same Fall of 1922, accompanied y some members of the Yale Band, I isited several night clubs on the eve of ie Yale-Princeton game at Princeton. At hat time the "Boardwalk" was very popu-rly acclaimed on account of its excellent evues and superior orchestra. There was lso the "Moulin Rouge," but the "Board-alk" was one place which attracted all of s and which we enjoyed tremendously.

The couvert of most of the clubs at that me approximated four or five dollars. If recollect rightly, the "Palais Royale" sked four dollars, and no one seemed to bject to paying it. Prohibition had been ore or less enforced for over four years, nd yet the "Palais Royale" and the Boardwalk" and similar Broadway places njoyed a huge success.

There were the clubs on the outskirts, uch as the Pelham Heath Inn and the Vestchester Parkway places, but these I ould not call typical night clubs; they ere, as the name implies, *roadhouses,* to hich one motored for dancing and dining. ather, in my mind, does "night club" ignify a club either on Broadway or in he heart of New York itself, with a floor how, a master of ceremonies, various ypes of acts with professional entertainers nd a chorus of girls.

Down through the years 1923-1924-925, there also came into existence the marter type of club, often termed the upper club, such as the Club Royal. hen, too, followed the vogue of the ttractive tea dances at the Plaza, the Villa Venice, the Lorraine Grill, and many other places where J. W. McKee, Joseph C. Smith, Ray Miller, Eddie Davis, Larry Siry, Art Hickman, and many others enticed the feet of New Yorkers to dance. Art Hickman attained great popularity during his short lived run in New York; I have often wondered why he did not stay and achieve the same success that Whiteman did, as he was even a little in advance of Whiteman as a forerunner in smart syncopation. In fact it was through his Victor records that Whiteman flooded the entire world with his new idea of dance music.

I would have been very happy indeed had I been able to dance at these various places to the music of their respective orchestras, for there was an atmosphere and air about everything in those days that seems to have disappeared today. The change has been gradual; whether this alteration is due to prohibition, financial conditions, or merely to the differences in fads and tastes I do not claim to know. It would not seem to me to be economic depression, because I believe people will always spend money to entertain themselves and will usually find the necessary amount to go out when they so desire.

Below—Plenty of pep and enthusiasm when the Crooning Tenor entertains for New Yorkers at the Villa Vallee—an unusual picture of the author, never before published.





The type of entertainment in the more decorous night club—Moss and Fontanne, ballroom dancers of the Club Lido, who are now on a month's leave in order to appear before the English King and Queen.

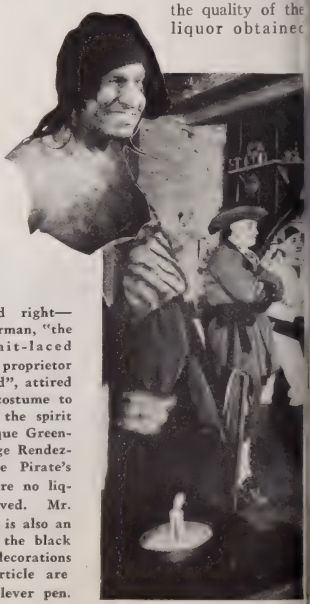
Unquestionably the enormous increase in the number, prominence, and daring of speakeasies in the past four or five years have been mainly responsible for the downfall of night clubs and supper clubs as a paying proposition. When one reflects *that there are over fifty thonsand speakeasies in New York City alone,* (over fifty mind you!) then, and only then, can we arrive at a clear conception of exactly what competition opposes the maintenance of an attractive but dry night or supper club. Membership clubs, like the St. Regis Roof and Grill encounter little trouble. They are established by the most exclusive of New York's society and are assured of a financial standing before they even begin the season; in fact, they do not welcome outsiders and are strictly formal, for they realize that that is an effective way of excluding undesirables. Of course, they are not averse to showing a profit, but they advertise only in the smart magazines and are solely interested in securing the right people as patrons.

Places like the Club Richman, the Montmartre, the Lido, El Patio, and many others (not to forget the place at which it is my pleasure to appear nightly, the Villa Vallee), are admittedly dry clubs where it is necessary to bring your own liquor if you wish to drink. They are obliged to face a proposition extremely difficult of solution —that of adequately appealing to their guests without serving intoxicants.

FROM my observations of middle class and elite society both here and abroad, of society in general, or may I even say human beings in general, there is little or no animation and *hilarious enjoyment* unless there is a stimulant. Please notice carefully that I say *"hilarious enjoyment,"* i.e. that New Year's Eve fervour which reminds one of a madhouse. Personally I am happiest where the excitement is moderately restrained, where one enjoys oneself in a reasonably quiet way, with conversation, dancing, good food, and refreshments at intermission. With the proper escort and the proper crowd I believe an evening may be very enjoyable this way, but there are people who seem to feel that unless there is over-loud laughter, an excess of back-slapping, hopping about, breaking of various eating utensils—in short, genuinely riotous pandemonium, then the party is not a success.

I admit that to attain this state of ribald excitement at a party, liquor is a necessary adjunct. I have watched many parties which commenced as respectably enjoyable become white heat orgies. The casual factor is nearly always the contents of a bottle poorly concealed under the table, or the latent effects of potent drinks recently imbibed. I have seen too much of this not to be brought to a realization of the fact that liquor can make people forget their worries, cares and normal selves, and to make them become, as it were, "Mr. Hydes" for the moment; some of the most meek, humble and quiet people have become transformed after a few drinks into the loudest, coarsest and most unreasonable persons imaginable; and it does seem that there are many people who enjoy this sort of an evening. My inevitable contact with such situations has led me to realize that whatever one may think, morally, ethically or legally, about drinking, there should at least be one universally accepted rule; everyone with any innate sense of decency ought to restrict his own share of liquor to tha amount which he is *positive* he can drinl without results that will render him figure of annoyance, disgust or ridicule

If one enters any quiet, refined clul such as those I have mentioned, one wil observe that even though everyone ha brought his own liquor, and is drinking the atmosphere is somehow kept quie and respectable; but go into almost an speakeasy where there is a piano, a grou of Hawaiians, two or three negroes aroun a piano, or even a dance orchestra a some of them have, and there you wil find quite a different atmosphere. Ther are loud peals of laughter and man hectically gay groups. In the midst of i all one finds several parties eating, an eating delicious food at that! And tha is where the speakeasy seems to surpas a respectable night club. To the speak easy the young man takes his girl an begins the evening with the realization o one thing, and that is this—that he pay only for what he gets. The couver seems always to have antagonized certai people, but it is simply a means of pay ing for the band and entertainment. I is like a ticket to the show. A clul featuring entertainment absolutely mus have some means of paying for it; th profits on food and beverages like ginge ale are not enough. The young man wh takes a girl to a speakeasy is steeped i an atmosphere of smoke and bad air al evening, as most of them are too smal to accommodate the crowds they attract; then the young man is astonished that he invariably wakes up with a "hangover" the next morning! Besides, he doesn't save anything by going there. His guarantee concerning the quality of the liquor obtained



Above and right—Don Dickerman, "the most strait-laced night club proprietor in the world", attired in pirate costume to carry out the spirit of his unique Greenwich Village Rendezvous, "The Pirate's Den", where no liquor is served. Mr. Dickerman is also an artist and the black and white decorations for this article are from his clever pen.

is no better than the assurances of a
r bootlegger, and the prices charged
are, in most cases, so exorbitant
before the end of the evening he has
as much as he would have if he
one to a night club.

As I have remarked be-
the food in most speakeasies is of
y high order; the proprietors have
enough to realize that with good
and good liquor, such as it is, the
ination is almost unbeatable! But
certainly not a matter of economy
he people who go there. They go
g to pay any bill presented them.
e is a certain *camaraderie* in a speak-
—the thrill of gaining admittance by
ssword, giving your card, or whisper-
through a little interviewer, being
ly let in and hearing the door
ned behind you—everyone locked
her, as it were, with the very slight
of arrest and the Black Maria hang-
ver everyone! In other words, the
of doing wrong is enhanced by the
of comradeship with a group of
le whom you know and like, in most
. Misery (or shall I say the thrill
oflawing?) loves company.

course, too, a great many people
to drink for the sheer joy of drink-
and a speakeasy affords them an
rtunity to do so. It also provides
nably pleasant surroundings with
rs who want to drink and eat good
at the same time. The places that
combinations of speakeasies and
er clubs resemble both in some
ects. I doubt whether these are
erous, and those in active operation
tantly court the danger of a raid
ss they are well protected. The easiest way for an enterprising prohibition administrator to secure publicity is to raid a famous place, whether or not liquor is actually sold there. Everyone knows that in every place where people gather there is some drinking of liquor that the guests bring themselves. This furnishes sufficient grounds for the raid itself, as the proprietor of any place *is supposed* not only to warn his guest against bringing or drinking intoxicating liquors, but to refuse to furnish accessories.



P. & A. Photo

Acrobatic dancers are features in the gayer clubs

There are the clubs in Harlem. Some do not welcome whites but cater strictly to their own colored group. It is not wise to attempt to enter these. Places such as the Cotton Club or Small's Paradise, especially the latter, furnish a great deal of entertainment for the out of town thrill seeker.

The Cotton Club is a respectable club with a most wonderful revue, beautifully staged with a line of very attractive colored girls. On Sunday nights various celebrities of the theatrical world are there and are always called upon to do something. Duke Ellington's band, one of the finest in the country, perhaps the finest, rhythmically speaking, holds forth and no one could resist dancing to it.

Small's is the place for the country relative you would like to shock. I am not going to attempt to describe just what goes on. Suffice to say that white men dancing with colored girls and vice versa, with singing waiters and a general atmosphere of ribaldry and fun makes Small's a most unusual place.

Down on the other end of Manhattan is Greenwich Village, with all of its odd and quaint places. Towering among all these odd places are the four that Don Dickerman himself created, devised, designed and built. I was very pleased to assist him materially in the building of the Daffydil Club. His other clubs, the Pirate's Den, which is ten years old, the Blue Horse, and the County Fair, are the most unique places of their kind. Dickerman is a specialist in artistic diversion and only he could create the type of place that he has there.

Dickerman is perhaps the most strait-laced night club owner and proprietor in the world; his clubs are all scrupulously clean in food, entertainment, music, and general atmosphere. He, more than anyone else, realizes just what the absolutely dry and refined night club is up against, as his places do a good business but are hardly worth the effort to keep them going. The Daffydil Club, which closed two weeks ago, was my own Sunday night hobby. It has been my pleasure to invite as many celebrities as I know and meet in the various theatrical fields down Sunday night, when we had a sort of amateur theatrical night with everybody doing a turn. Like the Cotton Club, it

(*Continued on page 97*)





The beautiful Central Park Casino (below), favored by the Four Hundred, presents a strange contrast to the usual down-in-a-cellar or over-a-garage club

Atop Mount Vesuvius Travelers Knew The Beloved Miketeer By His Voice Alone!

He Cried for Joy At His Welcome Home Party

That Old

By ROXY



The newest picture of Roxy (S. L. Rothafel) — taken aboard ship.

HELLO, everybody. It's good to be where I can say that to you again. I'm so happy to be home again I can't find appropriate words with which to express myself.

If you should ask me what I missed the most since I've been away I believe I would have to say it was "mike" and that old "gang" of mine. It's a great old world in which we live and I've been seeing a great many of its highly publicized "sights" but, do you know, the greatest sight of all was the one I saw from the deck of the steamship which brought me back to the United States. No, it wasn't the Statue of Liberty in the New York Harbor. It was a thrill to see the lady through the rain that night, but the thrill of thrills came after we passed her, and the little terrier-like tugs were nosing the liner into position alongside the pier.

Someone, I think it was Jacques Benjamin, my assistant who accompanied me on the vacation, said, "Look at that crowd on the pier." I ran to the deck rail as though pulled by a magnet, sensing that somewhere in the assembled throng there might be a friend or two who had braved the weather to speak a cheery word of greeting to this returning voyager. A friend or two, did I say?

The pier end took on the appearance of a misplaced stage-setting. That is, the carnival-like atmosphere prevailing thereon seemed misplaced to me. Surely, I thought, a steamship pier is no place in which to hold a fiesta. Tiny flags were being waved frantically by a hundred hands. Above the din of the noisy whistles I heard my nickname being shouted. Then, above the heads of the crowd on the pier, I saw a banner carrying this message, "Welcome Home, Roxy."

I don't remember much that happened after that. Honestly, I don't. I couldn't see anything clearly. I tried to brush the water out of my eyes. It wasn't rain which was interfering with my vision. I was crying for sheer joy and I didn't care who saw me.

The "gang" was there. Out there on the pier, in the rain. That old gang of mine! What a home-coming it was. Every employee of the theatre who could get away from his or her work had r the trip to the pier. Some were st make-up. In their anxiety to be pr when the ship came in they had ru directly from the stage to a taxi. T my idea of loyalty and, bless their he they know I'm a sentimentalist. S times I think they like to see me way to my emotions. But I don't n I saw drops of moisture sliding pell down many a grease-painted face. I knew they weren't raindrops, either

No matter what the philosophers you, I believe when all is said and d it's sentiment that makes the whole w akin.

My vacation? Oh, it was one of t things, you know, when a fellow has everlastingly at his job for so long he believes he should "get away fro all." And that's a funny thing. If have an idea that taking a vacatio going to get you away from it all afraid you're going to be awfully di pointed. At least, that was my exp ence.

Of course, I had a wonderful time. as I look back over my journeyings I the high spots have to do with pe rather than the sights I so often went of my way to visit.

There was that trip up to the cr edge of Mount Vesuvius. Ben an made the ride up in the cable-car fa trembling with excitement over prospect of seeing the cone of the g volcano. In fact, the tourists in car all seemed to be looking forw to witnessing an eruption, which, haps luckily for us, did not take pl Clambering out on the rim we loo over the scene and waited forty- minutes for something to hap

But nothing did happen and turned to me and said, "I don't th much of this show."

Now, rushing about Europe trying see everything worthwhile is rather ing at best and having spent three q ters of an hour waiting for a famous cano to do its stuff seemed like a terr

Gang of Mine

ROXY had been abroad for three months in the summer and fall. Most informally I dropped in to see him in his brary-office over the Roxy Theatre. It was my intention to tell he genial gentleman how glad the Radio fans were to have him ack at the microphone again, but somehow everything was eversed and I found myself listening to Roxy as he told me ow happy he was to be home again. My half hour with him as not in the nature of an interview. It was a happy-go-lucky iscussion of his vacation, highlighted with Roxy's anecdotes f seemingly trivial happenings—incidents which go to make fe so worth the living to this lover of life.

I wish you might all meet and know Roxy. He, in turn, ishes that he might personally meet and know every one of ou, too. He's that sort of a man. Perhaps I may be able to aint a word picture of the lovable, enthusiastic, sympathetic oxy if I let him talk to you—using, as best I can remember, the ords and phrases he used when chatting with me. I'll try.

Doty Hobart

ime. I guess we expected too much. ay, Ben's remark seemed quite ap- iate and I seconded it immediately "It's a complete bust."

strange voice beside me said, "You're Roxy."

rning, I faced one of the gentlemen e party of tourists. "How did you me?" I asked.

recognized your voice," he replied. , as he saw the puzzled expression on iace, he laughed. "Good Heavens, I've been hearing that voice on my speaker in my home in Battle Creek, igan, for several years now. I knew uldn't be mistaken." And with that troduced himself and the other mem- of the party. Various sections of Jnited States were represented by the group standing on the rim of Mount vius. And what do you think we d about? The "gang". Each and y one had some question to ask about ys Rice, Wee Willie Robyn, "Mickey" ee, Frank Moulan and all their other rites.

ere you are. In trying to "get away it all" and keep my identity a secret e sight-seeing I had stumbled right a real homey gabfest that lasted the cable-car deposited the entire y at the foot of the mountain. I "a good time was had by all." I I had a marvelous time telling those o friends from the States about the g".

ut I did get away from "mike". Not once did I get within twenty feet of a microphone while abroad. The closest I came to one was in Vienna. Ben and I attended a performance of Franz Lehar's operetta, *Das Land des Lachelns*, given in the Theatre Am Wien. From my seat in one of the stage boxes I spotted the microphone and learned that the operetta was being broadcast. It was a rather cheerful sight to see friend "mike" on the job and again my thoughts flew across the Atlantic to the "gang".

THE performance was a gala affair. On learning that I was to be present Franz Lehar conducted as only he can conduct his own work. The tenor, Richard Tauber, a great favorite in Vienna, was recalled innumerable times after his singing of *Dein Ist Mein Ganzes Herz*. Bows alone were not sufficient. Three times he was forced to repeat the song. The first repetition was sung directly to Franz Lehar, in the pit. Then Tauber embarrassed me by standing beneath the box in which I was sitting to sing, with appropriately changed words, *Dein Ist Mein Ganzes Herz*, to me! The third time he told the audience in song that it was all of his heart.

I'm sorry now that I didn't give more attention to European broadcasting, but as I have already told you, I went on a vacation to get away from it all.

Oh, yes, I did hear about an amusing program which is broadcast every noon from a restaurant in Copenhagen, Denmark. As I understand it this restaurant has an exceptionally fine orchestra and, ostensibly for the sake of the music, a luncheon concert is put on the air. Now it seems that this restaurant is a great meeting place for out-of-towners who are in Copenhagen for the day and while the government, which controls Denmark's Radio activities, prohibits the broadcasting of personal messages, these transient visitors have found a way to circumvent this rule. As the orchestra plays, the guests in the restaurant leave their tables and file past the microphone, stopping before the instrument to emit either a laugh, a cough, a sneeze or some other throaty signal by which wives, husbands or relatives sitting at home before the loudspeaker may identify them. The gentleman who told me this story insists that it is a very jolly affair.

Well, I have seen the Blue Danube. Perhaps this famous river may, at times, live up to its name but when I looked from my hotel window in Budapest in search of its lauded color it was about that of very good coffee.

A friend of mine sent word that he had made a luncheon engagement for Thursday, at which I was to meet a Princess. The message was delivered to me on Monday but I wasn't the least bit interested in Princesses on Monday and as the week continued my interest did not, I am ashamed to say, increase.

Poor Ben! How he must have enjoyed that stay in Budapest. He tried to cheer me up but I simply refused to get happy. Did you ever see a person who thought he was having a perfectly splendid time being miserable? If you have, then you know how to sympathize with Ben for I know I must have been the pest of Budapest those three days.



Gladys Rice, a favorite since the early days of the "gang".

You could never guess what brought me around to semblance of my normal self. It was a Gypsy band.

Thursday morning as I sat propped up in bed the door opened and in walked eleven Gypsies, each carrying a musical instrument. Now I don't advise any doctor to prescribe eleven Gypsies as being the ideal dose of medicine needed for an ordinary case of sickness but I always shall believe that the manager of the hotel, who was responsible for the appearance of the musicians in my room, decided that I needed drastic treatment.

And what do you think they started to play? Yes, you are absolutely right—*The Blue Danube Waltz!*

At the sound of the first strains I rebelled and my shouts had the desired effect of bringing that selection to a sudden and untimely finish. I begged them to play anything but that. And play they did. Wonderfully. Gloriously.

Wild strains of their folk tunes rang out in my room and, in spite of my determination to stay sick, I found myself well again. Literally, the magic of music had put me on my feet again.

Yes, I kept the luncheon appointment and met the Princess.

QUEER, isn't it the idea we have of Royalty? My own idea, up to then, had been that a Princess was one of these stand-offish persons before whom mere human beings like you and me must bow very low and, did Her Highness permit it, kiss her hand.

Perhaps some Princesses are like that but not this one. Of course, when I was introduced to the lady I bowed. But not very low. She didn't look a bit as though she wanted to see me bump my head on the floor. And she didn't offer me her hand to kiss.

What a regular fellow she was. We talked about music, dogs, golf and motion pictures, even as you and I. I told her about my family and she told me of her own life and of her husband, who is not a Prince at all, but a railway executive in Hungary. Of course I told her all about the "gang."

And that's the way it was during my entire vacation. The people I met meant so much more to me than the sights I went so far to see.

When we were in Berlin I dragged Ben out on a window-shopping expedition. From Unter den Linden we journeyed along Friedrich Strasse as happy as two kids on a lark. Here we could mingle with the crowds and no one would be liable to recognize us. Pasted on the window of a little restaurant I spied a bill of fare and paused to read it. The one item which commanded my attention was "sausages and mashed potatoes" and I must confess, after having lived on the best of the land at the various hotels, I actually craved sausages and mashed potatoes. I never remember wanting anything quite as badly before as I did a meal of sausages and mashed potatoes. And, furthermore, I didn't see how anyone could desire anything else that was on the bill of fare, so I insisted that Ben must also have sausages and mashed potatoes.

The place was fairly well filled and, as we were unable to obtain a table by ourselves, we sat with a very dignified bewhiskered gentleman who had just ordered his dinner.

Now, it is difficult for me to eat at the same table with a person and not strike up some sort of a conversation, and it wasn't long before the gentlem and I were chatting. Then came an change of cards. The one I received large and as expressive of dignity as the gentleman himself. It seems he a retired Obermeister from a little to not far away. I watched him as he r the cards we handed him.

VERY graciously Obermeister stated that it was a gr honor to meet "Herr Rothafel" "Herr Benjamine." And what do suppose we talked about? Believe it not, the principal subject was "he We learned that the water which g into the making of beer is responsi for its grading, which is why, accord to the good Obermeister, all beer is of the same quality. It all depends which part of Germany the beer is ma

And for once I actually was able "get away from it all." I'm sure h never heard of Roxy and how I did en my "sausages and mashed potatoes" I listened to his dissertation on brewi He was a great old scout but I'm gla don't have to wear the Obermeist whiskers.

Speaking of whiskers reminds me what happened as the steamer reac Quarantine on its way into the New Y Harbor.

Early in the evening I had gone to Radio operator's quarters and listened the program being broadcast from studio of the Roxy Theatre. It "gang" night and Milton J. Cross was charge. Familiar voices singing fami songs! In my mind's eye I could pict the studio in its nook high above stage and the realization swept over that I was really and truly back. T



The original gang, when Roxy first went on the air. Left to right; top, Eugene Ormandy, Melaine Dowd, Dr. Billy Axt, Mme. Elsa Str Louise Schearer, Frederick Jaegel, Yascha Bunchuk, Bruce Benjamin; seated, Carl Scheutze, Nada Reisenberg, Edna Baldwin, Roxy, B Ayres, Evelyn Herbert, Editha Fleischer.



Here's what you'll see when television comes—the Roxy Ballet. And on page 35 is another treat for your eyes—Patricia Bowman.

ard Milt say, come home. . We know re listening in where down ay. Welcome ." I was home! at was the start of a series of thrills from then on they came thick and

Quarantine reporters boarded the As the ship moved toward the River I talked with them and at ame time tried to pull into my very as much of the picture of the ap- hing New York skyline as I possibly . I wonder what I told those gen- n of the press? I have no recollec- of saying anything.

en, all at once one of the boys d forward.

SAY, Roxy, we've just vered a violinist who came over is ship with you. He's a steerage nger and has just learned that you board. He wants to meet you.

Come on, you! Here's Roxy if want to see him."

poorly dressed figure shuffled for- a violin case under his arm, his glorified with a set of whiskers outdid the Obermeister's. A pair arp eyes peered at me beneath an ouch hat.

ose eyes belonged to but one person world and I knew that person.

e next minute I had gathered the ist into my arms in a bearlike hug nust have driven the wind out of the lungs. They tell me I was shout- t the top of my voice, "Take 'em rno. I know you!"

was Erno Rapee. This orchestra ictor who has been with me so many had obtained permission to board hip at Quarantine and in an effort ve me a real surprise had disguised himself. But Erno couldn't disguise his eyes.

Then came the meeting of the "gang" at the pier. It's ten years now since the original "gang" made its first broadcast. There have been a lot of changes in personnel since then and many additions. It's wonderful though how a "gang" member respects his or her membership. They may leave for other work but when they are in town they never fail to drop into the studio on the night of a broadcast.

Just the other night as Harry Breuer was playing a xylophone solo I spied "Mickey" McKee, whose birdlike whistle was so familiar to the "gang" fans a few years ago, on the far side of the studio. "Mickey" is located in New Orleans now but during a recent visit to New York she had popped in unexpectedly to see the "gang." A fairly quiet reception in honor of her return was in progress but I caught her eye and motioned for her to leave the group and come over to the mike. Then I whispered to her, "Whistle the chorus of this number with Harry." The selection was *The Wedding Of The Birds* and without any hesitation "Mickey" whistled an obligato accompaniment. After the number was over I thanked Mickey for her impromptu bit and told the audience what had happened.

But that's the way with the "gang." They're loyal. Once a member, always a member. And I just can't help telling the listeners-in how proud I am of each and every member. If I can't be dignified (and who wants to be?) I can get sentimental. And if ever a man had something over which he can be sincerely sentimental I am that man over that old "gang" of mine.

. . . Yes, I know I'm watching the clock. The schedule here on my desk tells me that I am due at a "mike" rehearsal in five minutes. And mike is an exacting master. He demands punctuality from his subjects. In more ways than one—"what he says, goes." But I have learned that he'll work hard for you, too, if you treat him as a friend when making your contact with the great listening-in public. The reward for gaining "mike's" good will is both spiritual and practical. Of course you have to be sincere and dead on the level with him. You can't just use "mike" for a good thing. He's too wise. He has a way of going straight to the hearts of the people and if you don't succeed in touching those hearts genuinely, the fault is yours, not "mike's." He delivers your messages just as you give them to him.

HE'S helped me in so many, many ways that when I begin to check up on what he has meant to me I am convinced that he probably has been the most valued and indispensable friend in my long career.

Oh, yes. Before I rush away I'll let you in on a little secret. I'm planning to take the "gang" on the road for a concert tour. And Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink has promised to accompany us. What do you know about that? Yes, she's one of the most loyal members of the "gang", bless her heart. But I must sign off or I'll get in Dutch.

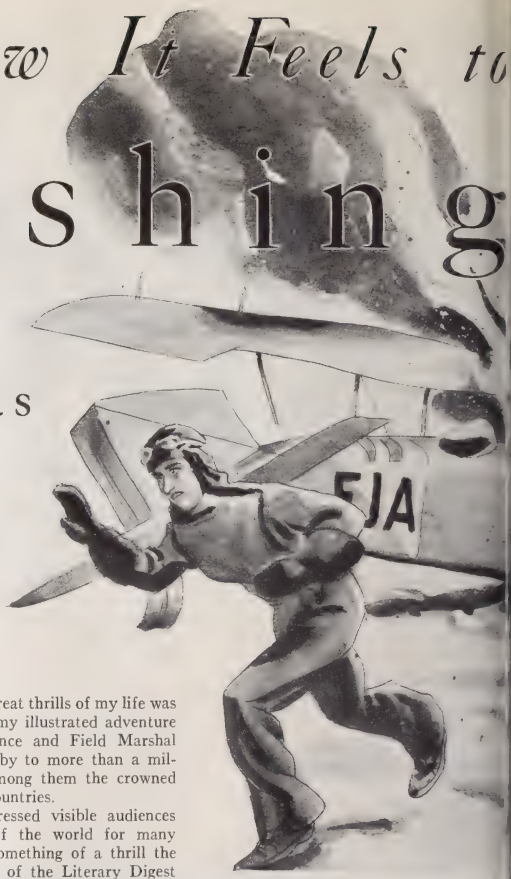
"Goodbye, and God bless you."

How It Feels to be in a Crashing

By

Lowell Thomas

Description of His Most Thrilling Experience—when he was Almost Broiled Alive in a Blazing Plane



I ALWAYS had an idea that I would do a lot of traveling, and I often wondered when and where my big thrill would come. My travels haven't ended yet, so perhaps my most exciting experience hasn't happened yet.

My greatest thrill up to now did not happen in forbidden Afghanistan, or the frozen North or far-off India, as one might imagine. It came quite unexpectedly in romantic Spain in the form of an airplane crash.

Tied for second place are adventures and unusual experiences that began as far back as I can remember. Fourteen men were shot down before my eyes in the riots in the mining section of Cripple Creek, Colo., when I was eleven. A year later I saw some strikers bomb a train, blowing the cars to atoms and hurling their occupants in all directions. How many were killed I don't recall.

Then there were thrilling adventures in Alaska—far above the Arctic Circle, and the battles on the Allied fronts from the North Sea to Persia during the World War. Still etched indelibly on my memory are the historic conflicts in the Arabian Desert between Colonel T. E. Lawrence's wild Arab army and the hostile Turks. It will be a long time before I will forget a night back in 1919 when I was caught in the line of machine gun bullets fired by a group of German revolutionists in the streets of Berlin during the revolution that gripped the Central Powers following the signing of the Armistice. I was wounded, but not seriously.

One of the great thrills of my life was the telling of my illustrated adventure tale of Lawrence and Field Marshal Viscount Allenby to more than a million people, among them the crowned heads of six countries.

Having addressed visible audiences in all parts of the world for many years, I felt something of a thrill the day executives of the Literary Digest summoned me to the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York City for an audition for the rôle of their "Radio voice." For it meant that for the first time in my life I was to address an unseen audience, that no one would be present while I was talking. It was a most unusual sensation.

Each day brings me a new thrill—the thrill of preparing and presenting my nightly broadcast of "Topics in brief—the news behind the news." There is that same excitement, that same battle against time that one encounters each day in "beating the deadline" on a newspaper.

But the airplane crash in the south of Spain still holds first place. It was my narrowest escape from death.

IN 1926 my wife and I decided to go on a flying tour of Europe for the purpose of studying aviation and for pleasure. We spent seven months of continual flying over virtually every mile of Europe's new airways, covering more than 25,000 miles in every type of plane used on the Continent. It was the longest passenger air journey up to that t

From London to Asia Minor and b from Paris to Poland, from the Bal to Manchuria and from Moscow to S we flew through every type of wea with only one mishap—a nose-dive in lonely Spanish valley on a flight f Paris to North Africa. Mrs. Tho was my constant companion on t flights. It is a curious coincidence the only trip she did not make was flight on which the crash occurred.

Having just flown over Russia, to land and then to Berlin, my wife a sat down one day to discuss our destination. We had seen enough Germany for the time being and we a mood for adventure. Civilized c tries begin to get on one's nerves a awhile, and we had knocked abou the outlands long enough to like t best. As usual we ended by gro weary of hotel bell-boys, automats, ousines and movies, and experience craving for the barren wastes of Wa stan, the kampongs of Malaya or the

FALL Three Hundred Feet in Airplane



As the plane crashed to earth it burst into flames. We all dived head first over the tattered fuselage. Never in my life had I moved with such speed

tundra plains of the Far North. Well, where shall we go?" my wife d, travel literature in a pile before us. study of the library of air-route ers we had collected on our travels aled that there was a regular and irently quite satisfactory and com- ible sky service between Paris and occo. Morocco, it is true, is no upper azon or inner New Guinea; but still, ca is Africa. So to Paris to take an ca-bound plane.

OVER the river Elbe, a e forest, a fine chateau, a great plain, nall river—the Ober, and a few facto- and we were at Hanover, our first stop. m there to Cologne for another brief se, and thence to Le Bourget Field. was for setting off immediately for rocco, but Mrs. Thomas would have e of it. It was quite true that we e on a flying tour of Europe. There , however, one thing we had neglected; pping. Mrs. Thomas impressed this upon me. Here we already had been in Europe nearly seven months and she had not bought a single new frock or hat. It was all right to fly from Paris to Morocco, as we had planned, but now that we were back in Paris she was not going to hop right off again on the next plane. In fact, she was going to stay in Paris at her own sweet leisure.

"You fly to Morocco," she said, "while I flit about Paris."

And so it was that I started out alone on an aerial voyage, the itinerary of which was to be Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Perpignan, Barcelona, Alicante, Malaga, Gibraltar, Tangier, Rabat, Casablanca, Fez, and return. That was the way the tour was intended, but it turned out somewhat differently. Because of her shopping tour of Paris my wife missed two forced landings, the second of which was the crash.

At Le Bourget Field I climbed into a Bleriot-Spad. It seemed like a toy in comparison with the big ships of the air in which we had flown for so many thousands of miles lately. Into the air we winged our way and were off on the first leg of our journey. Over miles of beautiful country with trim fields, graceful hills, towns nestled in valleys, lakes and chateaux we flew to Lyons. From there we continued on our way without mishap, making stops at Marseilles, Perpignan, Barcelona and Alicante for mail.

AT ALICANTE, in the south of Spain, we changed planes. After he had made a few adjustments, the pilot, Paul Noailhat, a mechanic from Perpignan, and I hopped into the plane and were off. We had traveled only a short distance and were about to fly over the jagged Sierra Nevada Mountains when something went wrong with the motor. It began to miss and knock and make weird noises, but despite this the pilot kept on

for several minutes until he sighted a flat stretch of desert. We circled round and round until Noailhat decided it was a fairly safe place to land, then came down.

As soon as we came to a stop, the pilot hopped out, pulled off a mask he had been wearing, his fur-lined boots and flying suit, and struck out in search of some habitation in order to telephone back to Alicante for a relief plane. Under a broiling sun, with dozens of Spanish peasants looking with wonder at us and the plane, the mechanic and I waited for the pilot for more than two hours. When finally he returned he brought us the news that he had found a telephone and that a relief plane ought to arrive shortly.

The three of us stretched out in the shade of the lower wing for another half-hour to get what relief we could from the furnace-like heat. While we were watching the antics of the Spanish peasants, who frankly regarded us as freaks, we heard the hum of the engine of the relief plane. A moment later we saw it circling in the cloudless sky—a mere glistening speck a mile above us.

Seizing a pile of faggots he had gathered, Noailhat held them under the engine, opened a valve and soaked them with gasoline. Then he ran into the middle of the level space where we had landed, touched a match to them and sent up a column of smoke as a signal to let the other pilot know the direction of the wind and where to land.

The second plane made a perfect landing. Out of it hopped the chief of pilots from Alicante and an expert mechanic. Instead of trying to repair our ship, they immediately switched the mail and all our baggage into their plane, the idea being that we could push on without delay while they could repair our disabled motor and then fly back to Alicante in our plane.

In fifteen minutes the five of us had transferred the mail, and Noailhat, the mechanic from Perpignan and I were in the second ship ready to take off. Our



Mrs. Thomas greeting her husband at the flying field.

faces by now were as red as fire from the blazing sun to which we had been exposed since early morning.

Waving adios to the chief of pilots and his mechanic, we went roaring across the desert. We had come down on a fairly level stretch of twenty or thirty acres, but just beyond were big boulders, stumpy olive trees and a mule. We roared nearer and nearer the trees, and it looked as though we were going to pick up the mule and take him along with us on our jaunt through the air. The plane gave no sign of leaving the ground, although we were running with the throttle wide open. It looked as though we were headed for a smash, the sort that Captain Rene Fonck had with his trans-Atlantic ship at Roosevelt Field. But Noailhat throttled down and switched off just in time.

Noailhat swung the plane around and taxied back to the other plane where he held a consultation with his chief from Alicante. Our pilot insisted that he had used every ounce of power in the engine. The chief then turned to the Perpignan mechanic who was sitting in the rear cockpit with me, and asked him if he was bound for Africa on company service and whether it would make any difference if he got out and waited a few days. Then he told him to get out and lighten the load.

But just as my fellow-sardine was throwing his leg over the cockpit the chief changed his mind, told him to crawl back, and ordered Noailhat to take a longer run this time. He said we ought to be able to get more speed with a longer run and thus manage to get into the air. If we could, it would be all right, he said. If we failed, the mechanic could get out and fly to Fez a few days later.

So once more we went roaring over the bumpy field. This time we seemed to have better luck. Two-thirds of the way across the flat towards the olive trees she bounced into the air and started to climb. My companion from Perpignan smiled and heaved a sigh of relief, because he was anxious to get on to Fez and had no desire to be marooned in the Sierra Nevada.

A second or so later we were about



Shopping in
was more thr
to Mrs. Thomas
my tale of es

three hundred feet above the olive t
but she was not climbing as she ough
Then we started to veer to the r
There was something in the way we
turning that made me feel instincti
that all was not well. In turning in
air a pilot always banks over, tipping
plane either in one direction or the o
This is one of the elemental rules of t
eling in three dimensions.

But we were turning flat and lo
flying speed. We got around and
facing in the opposite direction wher
what seemed like a split second, she n
down.

The sensation of an impending cra
almost indescribable. For a second
dangle helplessly in the air; then the
a rush of wind in your ears and it se
as though the earth is leaping up at yo

As we started to plunge downwar
glanced at the French mechanic sit
facing me. His eyes were wide with
ror. His shrill screams penetrated
roar in my ears. Perhaps I screar
too.

Then the crash came. From bla
sunlight we suddenly had dived int
world of blackness, caused not by un
sciousness but by a shower of earth
erupted over us and the plane lik
volcano.

As THE plane crashe
earth it burst into flames. The p
yelled, the mechanic yelled and, for a
know, I yelled. Apparently the s
thought flashed into the minds of all t
of us—that the plane was in flames
that we would be cooked alive.

The pilot and the mechanic, altho
gravely injured, dived head first over
tattered fuselage at the same time I
Never in my life, except that night
Berlin when the machine gun started s
ting at me, had I moved with such sp

Scrambling to my feet I staggere

ds to get clear of the plane, ex-
the gasoline tanks to explode at
nute. The pilot and mechanic
t where they had fallen, groaning
ing.
he shortest time I paused to look
had been an airplane not long
The engine was still making cur-
earthly noises like the death-gasps
monster. Gasoline was pouring
e tanks in cataracts. Fortunately
not explode. This was due, no
to the pilot's instinctive act of
g off his ignition the moment the
egan to nose
He knew what
it was not his
ash.

THE
as a mass of
wreckage. The
had smashed
assembly and
the fuselage as
it were only a
being broken
e's knee. The
were crushed
sted. The un-
iage and wheels
n flattened out
ncakes. The
nd baggage
tments, shaped
orpedoes, and
led from the
wing, had been
d to bits and
oroccan mails
scattered all
the scene. The
r had vanished
where—all ex-
small piece
later retrieved
uvenir. Every
the mail plane
recked—except
o cockpits.
a quick glance
wrecked plane
o Noailhat first
e he had been
in the front
right behind
gine, and I im-
that he might
ar worse shape
the Perpignan
nic. Noailhat
lding his head.
d the mask off his face and saw a
dous bulge on his forehead. He
utching his chest as though he
be injured internally.
r hauling the pilot out of range of
soline tanks in case they might ex-
I turned to the mechanic who had
streaming down his face. I dragged
me distance from the burning plane.
as several minutes before the other
rmen whom we had left on the
ground when we started and the crowd of Spaniards arrived at the scene of the crash. They had been about a quarter of a mile away. At first the country folk stood around, wide-eyed, apparently too frightened to offer any help. They acted as though it were all part of some weird show they had come to see.

Our throats were choked with dirt and sand that had shot up over us. I tried to get the peasants to go for water, but they all stood around shouting to each other but doing nothing. The chief of pilots from Alicante and his mechanic, however, started off on the dead run.

As each minute passed, the injured mechanic, who had been sitting in the rear cockpit with his knees interlocked in mine, grew weaker and weaker and his face began to puff up. Both eyes were swollen completely shut. As the gasoline had emptied out on the sand by then and the danger of an explosion had been removed, I stretched him out in the shade of one of the smashed wings.



The drifting smoke from a pile of blazing faggots gave wind direction to the other pilot, landing to rescue us.

For the first five minutes or so after the crash I felt no effects from it whatever except that I was covered with a layer of dirt from head to foot. Apparently none of my bones was broken and I was not cut. I had been too busy vainly trying to do something for my less fortunate companions, to think of anything else. But now that the crowd had gathered around and the other two airmen had gone off in search of water, things began to swim before my eyes and I crumpled up a bit. My heart was pounding like a trip-hammer, and aches and pains were springing up all over my body.

Despite these bruises and aches, I felt a curious glow of exhilaration. I was hilarious and wanted to laugh, to laugh in that idiotic way I had on another occasion, when a dose of gas knocked me out on the Italian Front during the World War. And when I looked at the plane and saw how completely wrecked it was, I wanted to do a Highland Fling for joy. It seemed too good to be true that any of us could have been in that smash-up and climbed out of that crumpled-up pile of wood and metal alive.

PROVIDENCE certainly had smiled benignly on us, for our escape was about as miraculous as any escape could be. Our smash was of the kind that had snuffed out the lights for so many airmen ever since man first learned to fly. When you go into a nose-dive at *300 feet* above the earth, there is no chance in the world of straightening out your plane, and in nine cases out of ten you are in for it.

The Alicante mechanic, with his big bandanna handkerchief tied over his head like an Arab sheik, arrived in a little while carrying an earthen jug full of water. We poured some of it down the throat of the wounded mechanic, who had become unconscious. Then a motherly Spanish peasant woman moistened her apron and held it against his throbbing forehead and washed off the blood that covered his face.

(*Continued on page 103*)

National Broadcasting Company, Inc.
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Tony Cabooch (Chester Gruber) is putting the mazuma away—and how! Here he is below, being handed a velvet-lined contract by Sponsor President August Busch. And Phil Dewey, right, the tenor Adonis who sets feminine hearts a-flutter, puts 57% of his money into stocks and bonds—good ones, recommended by an investment service.

Preparing for

By Evans E. Plummer

OH FOR the life of a Radio star! Why? Well, it's this way. If figures don't lie—and the statistician isn't a prevaricator—I have it doped out this way:

That Radio stars save 60 per cent of what they make. Play that on your midget receiver and worry not over the declining days of those who amuse you via the loud speaker. I know because I asked them. And the answers also showed that the savings are split in this fashion:

Buying homes, 16.6 per cent of income; other real estate, 1.64 per cent; insurance, 7.5 per cent; annuities (this British habit hasn't become popular here yet), 0.4 per cent; other savings not itemized, 8.4 per cent.

Not being an expert trust officer or budget designer, I really can't say whether the above spread is just the way it should be. But as a financially irresponsible magazine writer who has to depend on his poor wife to guard and guide his editorial revenues, I find myself really unable to choose strong enough words to express my amazement at such thrift and providence.

When assigned to the nosey title of this yarn, "What Do They Do with Their Money?", I began to get worried over the advancing ages of some of the air's best wisecrackers and what was to become of them. However, after taking such a sock on the button as this 60% savings news, I have stopped my anguish. Radio stars are taking care of the future. I see very plainly that I will have to tread the primrose (?) path toward becoming a luminary of the ether, that is, I'll have to if ever I am to achieve a lifelong ambition of having the president of the bank (that now tolerates me) snap into it every time I enter or leave his polished brass stronghold and humbly shout across the marble to me, "How'd'ya do Mr. Plumber," or "Come again, Mr. Plummer," as the case may be.

Well, the averages are very interesting. Still, I have a catty idea that the figures some of the airshots gave me are ideals rather than facts. In other words, they gave me the kind of a budget they were TRYING to keep, rather than the one they really WERE keeping. Even so, their intentions are good. Good intentions—hmm, what is that proverb about good intentions? Well, never mind about that right now.

BUT back to the monetary battle. Now, after saving 60 per cent of their money, how do you suppose the big mail-pullers toss away the remaining 48.8 per cent of their coin? What's that? You say 60 and 48.8 per cent equals 108.8 per cent which is 8.8 per cent more than the average income? Yes, I know, but that is the way the average figured out, so I suppose some of the boys have incomes or something they haven't told Deke Aylesworth or Bill Paley about. Probably holding out on them—or the wife.

Anyway, clothes take 7.7 per cent; rent (for the non-home buyers), 12.6 per cent; food, 15 per cent; transportation, 3.2 per cent; recreation, 1 per cent (so you see they are so hard at work they don't have time to spend anything); extension of education, 2 per cent; church and charities, 7.4 per cent.

Another interruption, sorry. You and Rosie O'Grady know that no soprano or contralto can get along with only 7.7 per cent of her income spent on clothes. You are right. The ladies were a little careless about giving me detailed information. The figures are averaged from answers to questions put to married and [illegible] males who sparkle in the ether. T[illegible] ladies, while they admitted they lik[illegible] figures and work hard to get an[illegible] them, plus the awesome info tha[illegible] spend a "terrible" lot on clothes, [illegible] and facials, refused to get person[illegible] name definite per cents spent hith[illegible] thither, here and yon, on this and th[illegible]

And get a living room full of t[illegible] told you I was worried about the [illegible] of the crooners, announcers, balla[illegible] radactresses and batoneers. I was s[illegible] ried that I asked them what they th[illegible] the "popularity life" of a Radio sta[illegible] and what the same was for an air [illegible] pal not starred. Guesses on the ste[illegible] ran from two to ten years and ave[illegible] 4.25 years. Guesses on the prin[illegible] span of working years varied from [illegible]



The Three Bakers, below, are so smart they might be called the three wise men—Baker Pratt, is putting it away with a P, Baker Sherman is Socking it in the bank with an S, and Baker Rudolph is Repeating their tactics with an R. And Mary Hopple, left, took out voice insurance and is saving dimes besides.

hat *Rainy Day*

s long as satisfactory" down to five
Two-thirds of the stars gave the
nswer. or words to that effect. The
third's guesses in years gave a mean
years.
v pupils, let us do a little problem.
airshot makes between $10,000 and
)00 (a number do better than that)
r, or an average, say, of $50,000,
uch will he or she have salted away
e time the Radio critics begin to
bout how good he or she "was
? Let's call the star's life 6.5 years.
6.5 times 60% times $50,000 equals
swer, or $195,000. Now during the
ears the interest, say 5%, on the
y as it is saved, will raise the
in that period, even without
unding, to $225,000.
with a tear in his or her eye,
ar resigns from the mike with a
quarter-million to keep the wolf
from the door, to the tune of
eleven thousand wolf-chasers
year in interest earned, not
ng the principle. Hmm—I must
saving some of these days!
t think—one million, two mil-
hree million—and say, I almost
to tell you all of the financial re-
I heard when I interviewed the
ers. The opening to this paragraph
ded me of one pair who are said to
eeping up all the loose change not
down under cigar counters. Yes,
n Amos 'n' Andy, or Freeman F.
n and Charlie J. Correll.
e'd have to spend hours over our
A & A told me, "to give you an
ed budget, but anyway, here is the plan. We try to live modestly and both of us spend a great deal of time at home, as you know.

"We try to save as much as we can, and fortunately for us, we believe we started our plan of saving properly. Our savings are distributed over government bonds, common stocks, insurance, annuities and trust funds. All investments are endorsed by one of the largest banks in Chicago, which bank is our advisor, and all are made in reliable companies who are the leaders in their respective fields."

Now for the wisdom and consultation of the Three Doctors—pardon me—the Three Bakers of CBS who have been tickling you since the first of the year, but have kept grin wrinkles on the faces of Chicagoans for half a dozen years. How about it, Baker Rans Sherman?

"Life is short. Get it while you can. And put it in the sock!" quoth Baker Sherman meaningly, for Sherman a year and a half ago happened to have his money in the wrong bank—the one I borrowed from—and it crashed. of course.

What Do They Do With Their Money?—

They Bank 60 per cent of their Income, they say, because they Think the Average Working Life of a Radio headliner is only Eight and a Half Years!

"What do I spend for clothes? Very little," he added. "Maybe seven per cent, which includes a fur coat for the wife."

"In several years, if necessary," kidded Baker Pratt, "I can go back to 'plumbing'. I lived before the advent of Radio and can do so again if the bubble ever bursts—which I hope it doesn't."

And Baker Rudolph simply answered, "My plans for a 'rainy day'? Holding onto it while I get it."

"Pratt, in his jovial dumbness," Rans Sherman spoke for the trio of funsters, "spoke of his days of plumbing ere Radio took him to its bosom. Joe Rudolph has always been a musician and can depend on that, and I always have been in the insurance business, so I guess I can go back to that in a big way, I guess.

"Is broadcasting a safe business? Will it last? To the first question I answer: It's safer than a helluva lot of other businesses Pratt and I have seen go up in smoke. To the second: Radio is one of the soundest and promises to be one of the longest lasting businesses ever developed. If it goes sour on us, we can always, as a unit, go vaudeville for at least a year, and the dough (not speaking as a baker) would be excellent.

"However, we all three are socking it away. Personally, I keep myself so tied up with mortgages, and keep buying good securities on time, that my best friend couldn't borrow five bucks from me. I never have that much to spare!! It is my own ambition to take my wife and family (of one) to Europe and travel for a few

years before we get so aged and wobbly we won't be able to enjoy Paris or climb the Alps. You'll find that of those artists in Radio today that were on the stage yesterday, many will continue their lax, easy come, easy go ways, but then they never could realize that there might be a rainy day in their lives."

Cryptically replying to my questions, the clever author and actor of Sunday at Seth Parker's and Uncle Abe and David —Phillips H. Lord—showed the exact average of sixty per cent going into savings. Of this, buying a home takes 20 per cent of Lord's income, stocks take ten per cent, insurance ten per cent, and other savings total twenty per cent.

"I believe," Lord said, "that the preparation for a 'rainy day' is all important, because if it is not prepared for, it always hangs over one like a gloomy fog."

Here's what another comedian—or perhaps I should say philosopher—believes about saving. You know him—Tony Cabooch of Anheuser-Busch, whose right name is Chester Gruber.

"You ask me, what I do with my money? Well, I've provided my family with a nice cozy bungalow furnished to a king's taste, bought ample insurance, and expect to offer my daughter Florence (recently graduated from high school) a college education.

"By applying the gifts that God has so kindly blessed me with, I am receiving a princely compensation for my Radio work, and, you bet, I am getting a real kick out of life by helping my less fortunate brothers and sisters. Charity has always been my middle name, for I had many a hard knock in boyhood and know just how it is.

"After all, I would rather help someone else than amass more material things than I really need. One of the most enjoyable pieces of work I ever did was broadcasting for the St. Louis Star Clothing Relief Fund last Christmas to get clothing, shoes, food and fuel for the poor.

"Retire? Why I *never* expect to quit. When a man retires he doesn't live any more! The inspiration and cheer that I get from my fan mail keeps me in condition physically and mentally, and you can tell the world that 'Tony Cabooch' will keep 'pooshing 'em up' as long as they make Radios—and when a fellow receives over 3,000 letters in one day, well, would you quit?"

No sir, Mr. Gruber, I certainly would not quit, especially if I was paid $1,500 a week, no sir!

If your set pulls in the 50,000-watters, especially WENR, you know Mike and Herman, the Irish-German giggle squad represented out of the studio as Arthur Wellington and Jimmie Murray. One of the few budget reports I didn't tabulate was theirs. Upon adding up Mike's I found he was spending 265 per cent of his income and that Herman was doing Mike about one hundred per cent better. Not being so good at higher mathematics, I couldn't reach those figures.

However, Mike replied seriously, "When a man has reached my age, the thought uppermost in his mind is 'What is to become of me in my old age?'. The answer is to save your money, and you won't have to depend on charity or relatives—so little Arthur is saving, but, at the same time, giving a little."

And his partner, Herman, said, "Every now and then Herman buys an umbrella for the 'rainy day', and he already has quite a jardiniere full of them—if his friends haven't borrowed them and forgot to return them."

Enough of the comedians, philosophers and males. What about the lovely ladies? Let's ask Jessica Dragonette, prima donna of the NBC Cities Service Concert, and reported to be the highest paid in e... iness. How about it Jessica?

"I don't own a home and am templating buying one soon. My circumstances are more conduc... 'chasing rainbows'. I think I am ... aggerating when I tell you that ... cent of my salary goes into study ... I consider excellent investment ... better work and fresh performan... stantly.

"Stocks? That's a painful su... the present, but I'm an optimist ... spending more money now than ... fore.

"Clothes for studio and persc... pearances are a big item. I d... my Radio ... always, ju... they could e... and I alwa... extreme ... look my ... believe in in ... —especia... women, fo... never have ... point of vie... money.

"But th... investment ... *and hard* ... Everythi... takes care ... self—wit... course, sli... ceptions."

Which st... proves th... ladies, bles... have a lot ... penses we ... don't ha... worry about ... Mary Char... CBS. Let ... her what sh... with her m...

"I save ... Mary ansv... "I even h... small coin ... home and ... near my telephone so that I can d... an occasional nickel. It helps to p... telephone bill. I also have a ch... and savings account, that works thi... I save my pennies, but am incli... spend large sums without thinking. ... know—pennywise and dollar foolis...



Mr. and Mrs.—Jo and Vi of Graybar fame,—are friends although (or maybe because) they're not married to each other. Here they are—Jack Smart and Jane Houston—counting their chickens. Sometimes they count 'em before they're hatched, too.

AFTER looking ... Jessica Dragonette's and Mary C... budget schemes, I decided to keep ... out of the "averaging". It woul... bad for the thrift of the airshots. ... Mary Hopple has a plan. Here it ... her own words:—"For a year or mo... been saving dimes. I don't know ... much I have saved in that time, ... has come to this: If I ever let a di... out of my hand, I'm sure I'd have ... unconscious. If ten cents have ...

it will be two nickels, not a dime." she doesn't know how much she ved in silver, for she admits that usiness woman she will fall down bottom of the list. Who then, Hopple, induced you to take out *surance?* That's a whole lot more s-like than some of these stars o being. • But maybe the insurance as just a good persuader.

for "Mr. and Mrs." of the air, n't happen to be that out of the I mean Graybar's skit on CBS in Joe" is Jack Smart and "Vi" is ouston.

husband," said Jane, "not Joe, are of my finances, I being the minine dumbbell when it comes to s. He invests in preferred stocks and a good deal of it is in West- real estate. My one and only— ly my final appearance—on the l stage was when my hubby was rom the city during the Florida I decided to augment the family and before my friends stopped me aking further payments, I dropped ousand in cold cash, so now I'm Am not a savings bank hoarder, it's too easy to get it out. It has ed up real good to keep me from g it."

r answer to my money problem," Jack Smart, "was put on the air he masquerade of Joe's troubles ecember. If you remember, Joe got reformed of poker because he shirt. There was a lot of truth that fiction. But if I was thrifty, ould I do with the lucre? I don't what I'd put it in because bonds l estate are just names to me, but worried about that because I never y money to spare anyway."

fellow! He'll have to learn the om Amos 'n' Andy. But how about mit's—Frank and Julia (Sander- of CBS and NBC?

h Julia, "Would save my money, ink I would, if the fashions didn't so often. So instead of stocks, I cash in (buying) stockings, and of bonds and banks, it goes into es, powders, paints and pins." While and Radio partner, Frank, said, "I r about a week after every new Why? Oh, just to buy beer when es back. Seriously, however, the outgoes into various things— real estate, savings and insurance. se, I don't worry about my checks ulia can meet the mail man first."

ONE more family—the By the time this article appears t I hear rumors that the "Smith " of WENR will possibly have hain. The family is a big one, dad and author, Harry Lawrence, ifferent slant on "rainy days,". Af- laining that he is unmarried, let's m philosophize:

"Thrift's a habit like cigarets or pee-wee golf. Nurse it till it becomes a habit and it's practically painless. A pocketbook with a double chin is the nicest kind of upholstery against socks of a 'crool' world.

"I'm no authority on saving. By accident I once saved, but the bank's blonde cashier got another job, and I haven't saved a nickel since. Save your pennies until you have a dollar and then go out and spend the dollar. There are no pockets in shrouds, as Conan Doyle used not to say. The road to the hereafter carries passengers but no freight. Why save it and have the agony of leaving it here? Who's going to simonize your tombstone with tears because you've left them a thousand or two in your will?

"Save for your old age? Heh, heh, I'm leffing. You can't eat caviar with china grinders. You can't see Ziegfeld's cuticle cuties with glass eyes. You can't make whoopee on crutches. Spend it now and have a lot of fun along with making the country prosper."

After listening to Lawrence, I'm inclined to elect him to the post of chief advertising copywriter and propagandist for the "Buy It Now—Give Men Work" campaign. But here's a fellow who won't let you forget about the moist days in the future—Phil Dewey, NBC vocalist. What does a tenor do with his money?

Well, Dewey puts about 7 per cent into real estate, 57 per cent into stocks and bonds, and 5 per cent into insurance; a total of 69 per cent of his income. The rest of his budget shows: education, 4 per cent; recreation, 3 per cent; clothes, 4 per cent; rent, 6 per cent; food, 5 per cent; transportation, 4 per cent, and charities, 5 per cent.

"MY plan, endorsed by an investment service, may never make a rich man of me," said Dewey, "but at least I won't die in the poorhouse. A bank president some months ago said to me, 'What a splendid opportunity you have for building up a solid estate and a steady income for yourself and family. Why, when I was your age, my salary was ——.' He didn't consider that when I reach his age, my singing days will be *finis*. However, he was right in that I have a chance to build up a variety of investments for that inevitable 'rainy day', and that is what I am doing—building an income."

Another minstrel of old-time songs, folk and hill, is Bradley Kincaid of WLW, WLS and NBC. Kincaid shows about 60 per cent savings and replied to me thus:

"Being of Scotch ancestry, I am a great believer in the principle of saving—building an estate. No one is fair to himself or those dependent upon him, who spends all he makes. The more he makes, the more he can spend—and should save. Plenty of insurance is in my estimation a mighty good investment, but I have all I can carry,—agents not wanted.

Now let's look over a few announcers. Here's Jean Paul King, of the Chicago NBC staff, and an up-and-comer or I'm no prophet. Said he:

"I'm saving my money for a home—an English cottage which I'm going to have one of these days. I know one can't last forever. Some of these days I want to retire and when, or if, I do, I want to try to write the 'great American novel'. Radio is a young man's business—we all grow old—so I save."

HERE'S a voice you know—Bill (W. G.) Hay, the chap who starts and ends Pepsodent's Amos 'n' Andy skit six nights a week over three different chains of NBC stations. Having known Bill for years on end, way back from the time he began trilling the world and his r's from Hastings, Nebr., I know he's not rolling in wealth. Several eastern newspapers reported he was cut in on the fabulous A&A income, one paper even saying he drew a third. He doesn't. In fact he gets not one red cent from Pepsodent, A&A or NBC. Hear his reply:

"The report on my income is vastly exaggerated. I use my money to pay my bills so that I can look my creditors in the face. Of course, I expect Mrs. Hay to outlive me, so I carry plenty of insurance. I said *plenty*, and that means that solicitors need not apply.

"I don't own an automobile, but do try to contribute my share to the charities. What is a Radio star's 'life'? Just as long as he can shine and scintillate."

But don't worry about Wayne King. There's a lad who has it all "figgered" out. You see, King is a business man as well as a baton waver. He was handed a C. P. A. certificate by Valparaiso University, and before playing the notes, he used to count and add them. The only chance Wayne has of going broke is possibly in having made a mistake in his arithmetic. No C. P. A.'s ever do that.

Who could be more appropriate to conclude this message of thrift than Lowell Thomas, the Literary Digest newscaster, who has a habit himself of ending his nightly mike appearances with a "punch line" or trick story? Thomas, America's most interesting lecturer, world famous adventurer and story finder, usually takes the vast fortunes he has earned and throws them back into the next uncertain but alluring exploration.

The game is exciting but costly. Sometimes the returns are good; sometimes not nearly equal to the investment. But listen to the globe trotter himself tell you:

"I hope to keep rambling along until I go for my last trek to explore the Far Country whence no traveler ever returns. In the meantime I'm trying to sock it away. But I've tried that before—and I'm a rank duffer at saving.

"As for the 'life' of a Radio star, I haven't the remotest idea, but I like to think they all ought to be at their best when they are between sixty and eighty like Chauncey Depew, Voltaire, and hosts of others who are famous in history."

You Can Believe It O

says Robert L. (*Rip*) Ripley

BELIEVE it or not, RADIO is not a new word. The word was pronounced and defined RADIO nearly two thousand years ago. The word goes back into the archives of ancient history and is to be found in the Talmud, the literal translation reading: "Radio . . . a voice that goes from one end of the world to the other".

The ancients' prophecy has come true with the Radio now reaching far out to the end of the world, entertaining and enlightening millions of persons of the two hemispheres.

To me the Radio is a most important medium for reaching the followers of the "Believe It or Not" drawings; a vital factor in imparting a wealth of interesting information brought down from the shelf of time and history.

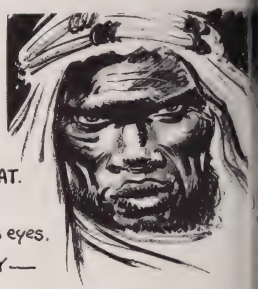
Radio audiences today demand accuracy and reality of their performers. So in gathering material for the "Believe It or Not" programs, I have had to wander to the far ends of the earth in a relentless search for oddities of an unbelievable nature. My travels have already taken me through seventy-nine different countries, and there are still many foreign lands to be conquered.

Crashing through to the remote corners of the two hemispheres, my wanderings have brought me face to face with the Ever-Standing Men of Benares, the Human Inch Worms, the Hindu Faquir who held his hand aloft for fourteen years until birds built a nest in his palm; the Moroccan emperor, Moulai, who had 83 brothers, 124 sisters, 2,000 wives, and 888 children; nail-men whose nails grow until they pierce their palms; and sky-facers, who hold their faces rigidly upwards until unable to bend them back.

GETTING off the main highways of Greece, we find the "City of No Women", a city of 7,000 where no woman has ever set foot; we find the city in which the people have been wearing mourning for 600 years in memory of one man, and the town of 25,000 people confined in a single house. And then some bystander reminds us that there is a curious Greek custom decreeing that men shall wear skirts and women [illegible] And we have some material for a [illegible] It or Not" broadcast.

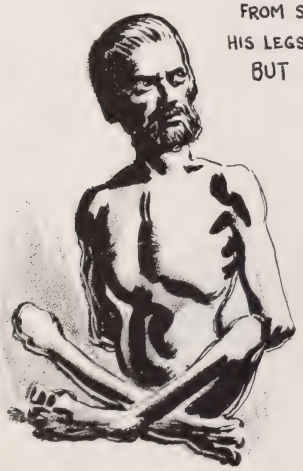
Among the South Sea Islands [illegible] of Queen Vaekhuha, the Cleop[illegible] Helen of Troy of her country ro[illegible] one, who evidently believed in tr[illegible] riages. The South Pacific queen [illegible] no less than 400 husbands. Som[illegible] lates the story of the Sultan of t[illegible] vidians, the only person in his [illegible] privileged to become obese, a[illegible] subject growing fat risking in[illegible] execution.

In Switzerland we find that the [illegible] was a Swiss Navy, one of the [illegible] navies, which navigated on the la[illegible] ering three frontiers, and that t[illegible] yet several retired Swiss admiral[illegible]



Mulai Ismail (Emperor of M[illegible] was the father of 888 c[illegible]

I SAW THIS SADHU AT THE DASASHWAMEDH GHAT.
HE SITS LOOKING STEADILY AT THE BLAZING SUN
FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET — without blinking his eyes.
HIS LEGS HAVE WITHERED AWAY FROM INACTIVITY —
BUT HIS EYES SEEMED NORMAL.
Rip'



Famous Cartoonist Tells How He Collects "Queeriosities" For The Radio Audience

(Written especially for Radio Digest)

I TRAVELED through seventy-nine different countries . . .

I SAW the city of 7,000 where no woman has ever set foot

I PRESENTED to the Radio audience the female Floyd Gibbons, who talks 8½ words per second, without stuttering

I SAW the nail-men whose [illegible] grow through their palm[illegible]

I PROVED that Wash[illegible] was not first president [illegible] United States

I RECEIVED a 47-word [illegible] sage with an address ... [illegible] back of a two cent stamp



All over the world Robert L. Ripley pulled out his pencil, rested on the nearest trunk and drew "queeriosities."

her disillusionment. I find that I will
to explode the story of William Tell
ugh the microphone, because we dis-
r that there were never any apple
s in the state where Tell lived.

p through sunny France to its great
ropolis we find that the original name
Paris was Mudlands, so they called
French "Frogs". More air-chatter for
weekly broadcasts on "Believe It or
".

By DELVING into the
s of history I have been able to gather
eriosities for Radio fans. And some
he real facts of history tell us that
umbus never set foot on North or
th America; his name was not Colum-
but Colon; he was a Spaniard and not
Italian, and never wrote a word of
ian in his life so far as records and his
y are concerned. Turning a few pages
find that the Declaration of Indepen-
ce was not signed on July 4th; that John Hancock was not the author; that Massachusetts is not a state, and that there are only 44 states in the Union.

One of the pet American illusions was shattered over the air only after long research—that Washington was not the first President of the United States. The traditional story may be all right but John Hanson, of Maryland, was the first President. Although there had been meetings of the Continental Congress from 1774 on, it was not until 1781, when Maryland signed the Articles of Confederation that a union of all the original thirteen states became an actuality. John Hanson, who signed for Maryland, was then elected President of the United States in the Congress assembled in 1781. George Washington himself addressed Hanson as "President of the United States" in reply to the latter's message of thanks upon the occasion of the victory of Yorktown.

When I told a Radio audience some time ago that baked beans did not originate in New England, that they had baked beans in Egypt thousands of years ago, that King Tut-Ankh-Amen issued his admonition to his priests forbidding them to eat baked beans under pain of death, it seemed that the entire population of Boston and environs swarmed down on me angrily, besieging me with rebuking letters, demanding proof. And once again the truth is far stranger than fiction. The same sort of thing happened when I went on the air and stated that John Paul Jones was not an American citizen, that his name was not Jones and that he never commanded an American ship. The lull in a storm of indignant letters came only after adequate proof had been sent out.

Of the interesting personalities presented on the "Believe It or Not" Hour, Cygna Conly, only rival of Floyd Gibbons, exponent of rapidity in speech, brought down the house. She spoke at the phenomenal rate of 8 and ½ words a second, reading Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in 32 seconds.

Zaro Agha, the 156-year-old Turk, whom I discovered several years ago in my travels, was brought before the microphone and with wild gestures in the affirmative showed no signs of Radio fright.

Fan mail arrives at the "Believe It or Not" office at the rate of 2500 letters a day and more than one million letters, from every nook and corner of the two hemispheres, arrived during the past year.

They came in batches and alone—from newspapers carrying the "Believe It or Not" drawings, from Radio fans, from the diamond mines of South Africa, from the jungle fastnesses of Brazil, from all the great cities of the world, from towns, villages and hamlets. They poured in from lonely squatters and settlers in the remote corners of the earth, from the European countries, the Far East, the lands of the South Seas, and from the length and breadth of the United States.

Mail arrived from towns of almost unbelievable names and addressed in all sorts of ways. A letter postmarked Santa Claus, Indiana, slipped through the mail one cold December morning and almost broke up the equilibrium of the office, while others with the stamp of Hell, Norway, and Darn, Ohio, received their share of comment.

Recently a Radio fan sent in a 47-word message with an address, all written on the back of a two-cent stamp. It came through the mail from San Francisco to New York in regular order, without an envelope. This is the smallest letter I have ever received.

The Radio letters that arrive every day come from people in all walks of life. Early morning strap-hangers and commuters as well as retired business men write in. Government officials, politicians, and business executives as well as the laboring man send in letters.

Most of the mail is inspired by questions of a "Believe It or Not" nature, aroused by the declaration each week of oddities and strange phenomena over the air. They send in their queries, thousands arriving every week. Simple little puzzles and conundrums receive much attention.

(Continued on page 102)

Is a Comedian Funn

MRS. FRED STON

Opinion o

WHAT'S Fred Stone like at home?

On the stage he is a bubbling, irresistible boy, full of pranks and acrobatic tricks. A flash of his smile and the audience succumbs. From coast to coast, in small hick towns as well as sophisticated, blasé Broadway, he enjoys magical popularity.

Comedians have a reputation for being tragedians at their own fireside. Morose. Temperamental and bad tempered. Their gayety and laughter is a mask for the world. Their wives and children know a different story.

But five minutes with Mrs. Fred Stone dispels this legend so far as her famous husband is concerned. Fred Stone is a happy, warm-hearted man on and off the stage, in and out of the calcium's radiant glare. He is adored by his wife and children just as much as he is by his audiences.

When Mrs. Stone speaks of her husband, there is an affectionate look in her eyes. The look of a woman who not only deeply loves her husband, but is deeply loved in return. She does not say it in so many words, but it is evident that she feels she is married to one of the finest and kindliest men in the world and that her marriage is a fairy tale come true—the kind in which the Prince and Princess marry "and live happily ever after."

Certainly the hand of Destiny was in their meeting. Both of them grew up in Denver. She, as Allene Crater, was the daughter of one of the most prominent business men in town. She knew nothing of Fred Stone, born in a log cabin on the outskirts of Denver. Each traveled a different path in life—but both had their eyes on the theatrical firmament from their earliest childhood.

Then, when Fred Stone was starring with Dave Montgomery in *The Wizard of Oz*, it so happened that he had considerable trouble with the part of the leading woman. He had to engage, in succession, seven young women. The director offered the part twice to Allene Crater and she refused it. The third time she accepted it, and when she stepped into the show as the eighth leading woman, she little dreamed that the shuttle of fate was flying fast, weaving a glittering fabric of her life.

When Fred Stone learned her name, he immediately remembered her as the pretty blonde girl who used to drive a pony cart in Denver. They talked about home and the old ranch life. That night he invited her out and it wasn't long before they found that they thought and felt about each other in very much the same way.

Certainly if Fred Stone had traveled the world round, he could not have chosen a more ideal mate. Mrs. Stone is a charming, cultured woman, with a tolerant mind, and a nimble sense of humor. S is modern and progressive in her i but yet she has an old-fashioned vie marriage. She possesses a high sens responsibility toward her nuptial v She has never hesitated to place her band and children before any other i



est in life, even when it meant curt ment of her career.

One can readily believe her, theref when she quietly states that there rarely been a word of dispute or alte tion in their home. That her husband she are just as eager to be together they were in the first year of their m riage.

"Fred Stone is an intrinsically gener man," she said when discussing the r sons for their marital harmony. "It especially true where money matters concerned. There is nothing so hur iating for a woman as to have her husb dole out money to her in bits. To qu



Carol Stone, the youngest of the three daughters, is at home with her mother.

o His Wife?

eveals Her Frank

amous Actor-Husband

an Interview with LILLIAN G. GENN



Mrs. Fred Stone says that in all her years of marriage, she has never known a bored moment.

her as to what she did with the last r and what she expects to do with the one. I consider Fred Stone generous because he writes a big check. But use he never questions me about it. He never interferes in the manage- of the house. He realizes that that y little world and I know best how



The "Stepping Stones"—left to right, the head of the family, Paula, Mrs. Stone and Dorothy. Since the comedian's serious airplane accident, some member of this feminine trio is always by his side, to pamper and lavish care on him. No wonder he's glad, now, that all his children insisted on being members of the softer, more loving sex!

m it. Similarly, I never try to dic- to him or to control him. He may ss the pros and cons of a problem me, but the decision rests with him. equently, we each live our lives with- tetting in each other's way.

red has an easy-going disposition and ally lots of fun. The children adore with him. There is always some- doing when he's around. In all the I've been married to him, I've never chance to become bored. The great inventive ability that he exhibits in his plays is just as facile off the stage. He's always thinking of things to do. He's never quiet. If he isn't absorbed in something definite, he becomes restless. That's why he always has a dozen hobbies in which he's interested."

Sometimes these hobbies prove to be expensive propositions for the family purse. For example, at one time Fred Stone was imbued with the idea of raising polo ponies. He bought 2300 acres of land, a whole carload of Texas mares, and a stable of full-blooded Arabians. This came to grief, through misplaced confidence, and the next thing that engaged his mind was a tree nursery. He wanted to plant a forest of pine trees and let them grow on his 2300 acres of land. He ordered five thousand trees and for once in his life nearly bored his family to tears by quoting tree catalogs. Long before it was necessary, he hired a man to dig five thousand holes where he wanted the trees planted.

"Naturally, after weeks of talk," related Mrs. Stone, "we were agog to see these five thousand trees, and we all lined up on the ranch to await their arrival. You can imagine how shocked we were to see someone bring in only a bundle of little switches."

Mr. Stone likes sports of any kind, and he enjoys going on hunting and fishing trips, usually with Rex Beach, his brother-in-law. When he returns he has great tales of adventures with which to regale his family. At one time he chartered a boat for the coast of Greenland and he brought back enough bear skins for every room of the house.

DURING these trips Mrs. Stone goes to the country or the seashore with the girls. Whereas other wives might harbor a grievance at being left alone, Mrs. Stone encourages her husband to takes these jaunts. She believes it is refreshing for his mind and spirit to be able to go off with other men and forget the routine of life.

"I don't think any husband and wife should see each other every day of the year," she said. "Each should have a brief vacation to enjoy alone and when they return, to tell each other their experiences. Constant association can frequently smother a marriage to death."

Fred Stone was keenly disappointed that he didn't have three sons instead of three daughters. He had planned a wild and woolly ranch life for them. But today he thanks whatever gods there be

that he has three daughters. He's petted and lavished with care by them. They even baby him. Since he met with his airplane accident he has never been alone. At present he's on the road with *Ripples*, and since Mrs. Stone is at home with the youngest daughter, Dorothy and Paula take turns in staying with him. Neither will ever leave him alone.

He's brought his girls up, however, as though they were sons. From their earliest days, they were taught to ride and to swim. Out on the ranch they were rough Tomboys and wore boys' clothes. But once they were in the home, they changed to frilly dresses, assumed their manners, and became ladies. With such daughters, Fred Stone is satisfied all around.

He has always loved to play make-believe with the girls. At one time, at the instigation of Douglas Fairbanks, they all became Knights of the Round Table. Mr. Stone was King Arthur and Mrs. Stone was Queen Guinevere. They addressed each other in old English and wrote their letters on parchment. While Mr. Stone was on the road, the children held "the forte" for him. When he returned home, his knights, together with the neighbor's children, prepared to give him a royal welcome. The expensive French dining-room was turned into a gloomy banquet hall, lighted by candles in beer bottles. With swords held aloft in their hands, the knights sang the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Fred Stone, as King Arthur, entered with solemn dignity. He was arrayed in pajamas and a high top hat. On his feet were huge rubber boots. There was a rubber dagger in his belt and his chest was bedecked with medals.

The knights did not giggle at this sight, but the Queen had a strange muffled expression on her face. When called upon for a speech, she could only issue strange sounds.

THIS, of course, was long ago, but there is always a game of some kind going on in the Stone menage. Their world of make-believe does not end with the falling of the stage curtain. They live in it all the time.

Fred Stone has never scolded or disciplined the children. He may try to reason with them; but he usually prefers to let Mrs. Stone handle the job. They have always been given everything they want, therefore, if Mrs. Stone refuses them anything, they know there must be a good reason for it.

They all make it a point to be together at dinner hour. Conversation is always kept general and light. No problems are discussed. No arguing or bickering is permitted.

"Many people," Mrs. Stone told me, "bring their worries and grievances to the table. Every meal is a scene of sad discord. But our family has made it an unwritten law never to discuss anything disagreeable at the table. The result is that our dinner hour together is the big occasion in the day. I know that I will always look back to those hours as the most delightful ones in my life."

MR. STONE had not wanted Dorothy to go on the stage. She was a frail creature and he thought that the life would be too hard for her. But from the time she could walk, she danced.

As a baby, she traveled with her parents on the road. Mrs. Stone would place her on a high chair in her dressing-room, up her golden curls, and give her make-up box to play with. She ado experimenting with grease paint on face. As she grew older, she would st in the wings and watch her parents p After the performance she would them with questions.

One day, when she was eight years she put on a red shirt, a pair of trous an old pair of shoes and blackened front teeth. She came into the breakf room, where her father was eating, gave an imitation of him. There w tears in Fred Stone's eyes as he watc his tiny daughter. He knew then t he could not deprive her of a stage ca and from that day on he took her in h and gave her the best that his years experience had to offer.

Everyone knows how Dorothy t Broadway by storm on the day of debut. She is now a star in her o right and while she has receiv dazzling offers to head her o company, she will not consi anything that will part her fr her Dad. However, with Pau the second daughter in the c and Carol, the youngest, im tiently awaiting her turn, it inevitable that Dorothy will h to go on her way alone.

The three girls are very g chums. Mrs. Stone is v proud of that. For she wo rather they would quarrel w anyone else, if necessary, t with each other. Dorothy a Paula have many beaux, but t are never so delighted as wh they can persuade their Dad get into a dress suit and ta them out.



"Fred Stone loves to see the feminine members of his family well-dressed and pays bills without a murmur"—what a husband to have!

"FRED isn't terested in social life," M Stone said. "He likes to ent tain a few friends in his o home, or spend his leisure o doors. When we're in New Yo he enjoys going to see the oth shows. But that's all. He's man with simple tastes and leads a very simple life. I doesn't care for anything ost tatious in his home. He dislik formal, elaborate meals. O menus are always plain, h wholesome ones."

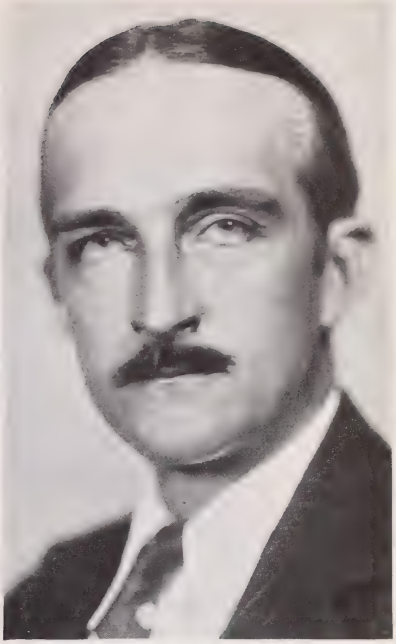
Another thing he dislikes is shop. The very thought of g ing into a dry goods store, ter fies him. Once in, he wou rather purchase anything t salesman offered, than gainsa him. That's why anybody c sell him anything. He wou like to buy a dozen suits, all t same material and color, and l them do for a year. But M Stone wisely begs to go with hi

(Continued on page 100)

Front Centre For Radio Drama

Putting The Spotlight on Vernon Radcliffe, Who'd Rather Starve in Dramatics Than Feast in Business

By Harriet Menken



Vernon Radcliffe, power behind the scenes of *The Radio Guild.*

MANY people I meet turn deaf ears, not to mention dials, to Radio drama, so that being a flag waver in this field tates a crusading spirit. I think egative reaction has two fundaa causes. The first is the nature vironment of the particular inds I contact in this dizzy medium l living. They are sophisticated Yorkers who, with a shrug of the r, an incredulous lift of the eyeknow that after the last liqueur en quaffed, they may bend their ps to the legitimate theatre at oor. And so Radio drama is for a boring or non-existent factor. en when they become Radio-wise the theatre of the air will only an accessory for these individuals.

I do not hold with tle clan of serRadio thinkers enthusiasm peoI corners of the with success for drama. In large we do not need rt to the air for peare and Shaw, rry and O'Neill. o one who has ad the millions ers from fans or d through the h of the coun- knows what Radio drama means to the people well on sunlit hills, in quiet dales, id tropics, in desert spaces, in leafy . in struggling hamlets, in mining and Main Streets where their only and Camilles must come to them he theatre of the air where the ce may listen to their drama while buttons on baby's dress or smokeir evening pipes, without fee, at n of the dial.

other reason for the attitude of thumbs down on Radio drama is, I think, the lack of knowledge possessed by cocktail-drinking, jazz-loving New Yorkers of what is really on the air. Radio is a new art and much of its drama is unspeakably poor, perhaps even a mite worse than the weak sisters in plays the legitimate stage gives us. Most plays, books, and movies fall below our desires, and the same may be said of the infant, Radio drama, but it has this advantage, that it is an infant and not too young to learn.

While there are several dramatic hours on the air worthy of mention, the outstanding figure today, I think, in this field is Vernon Radcliffe. Mr. Radcliffe has given you two hours: *The Radio Guild* on Friday afternoons at WJZ, in New York, and the network of the National Broadcasting Company, and the *Shakespeare Hour,* Sunday nights, also over the National Broadcasting Company Chain.



HARRIET MENKEN, *Author of this article, is an outstanding figure in the New York Radio world. She conducts a weekly Theatre Column at Station WOR, and is on the staff of the Evening World. Haunts the studios, has interviewed almost any Radio star you can name.*

He has given you in the *Radio Guild* such plays as: *The Climbers, The Importance of Being Earnest, The Romantic Age, Cyrano de Bergerac, An Ideal Husband, Michael and His Lost Angel, She Stoops to Conquer, The Sea Woman's Cloak, Mr. Pim Passes By, The Green Goddess, Hedda Gabler, The Doll's House,* and dozens of others; such playwrights as Ibsen, A. A. Milne, Oscar Wilde, Pinero, Clyde Fitch, Dunsany, and St. John Ervine. In his *Shakespeare* program you've heard *Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, The Tempest, Twelfth Night, Hamlet, Richard III,* and *The Merchant of Venice.* Whoever you are reading this article and almost wherever you are, you may tune in twice this week and hear theatre at its best.

For Mr. Radcliffe gives it to you that way. When I've attended rehearsals I've watched him direct with a certain spiritual, rarified quality—a trace of idealism —a spark of life—a hint of romance, that makes his theatre of the air glowing and alive, and gives other directors on Broadway and off something to emulate.

Vernon Radcliffe is tall, with acquiline features, a sensitive face and a smile that illumines an otherwise serious mien. He was born in Brooklyn in 1889 where, at Adelphi Academy, when only fifteen, he was chosen to play E. H. Sothern's rôle in the senior class play, and he continued his theatrical proclivities at Amherst College, where he became president of the Dramatic Association. On leaving college Mr. Radcliffe took a Broadway engagement as an actor in *Life,* a Brady production. Belasco subsequently offered the young aspirant a rôle, but the war thundered along and he joined the Signal Corps. When peace was declared, Mr. Radcliffe entered his lucrative period financially. He went in the advertising business and became successful, but the theatre beckoned, and when the Neighborhood Playhouse offered him a rôle he couldn't resist. Then began a period in which the now ether director decided to

(*Continued on page 96*)

Radio Rallies Nation to

BETTER TIMES

Rich and Poor Answer Call to Fight Hosts of Fear—Millions for Defense

LATELY America has witnessed a rebound of her invincible war time spirit. The Enemy has been put to rout mainly by the aid of the most powerful weapon the world has even known.

We were invaded. The silent hosts of Fear swept over the land from city to city. Markets retreated to the trenches. No markets, no production. No production, no work. No work, no pay. No pay—destitution, eviction, hunger and the End.

Into the night of this tragic scene crawled the Red Worms of Russia spreading their poison slime of hate and conflict.

Brave men and brave women picked up the faltering banners. Rich men and poor men stood shoulder to shoulder and bent to the fray. Employers pledged to keep their payrolls intact. Many launched vast new enterprises to give employment to additional thousands. Workers tithed their wages for months to come to share their earnings with those who had no work. "Buy now" became a battle cry to sweep the lines of merchandise into action.

And what was the greatest weapon in the hands of the righteous?

Radio. It knocked at every door, put courage in every heart, filled the war chest with ammunition and turned the breadlines into wagelines.

The Emergency Aid Committee organized the country with quotas to be raised. Broadcast time was volunteered right and left to sound the call "to arms". The largest cities were the ones toward which the unemployed flocked. New York was asked to raise $8,000,000.

Almost at the first call came an answer from the aged philanthropist, John D. Rockefeller and his son John D., Jr. They turned over a check for $1,000,000 cold cash. Then other large donations were received. The women were asked to raise $500,000. Women of wealth and personally untouched by the pressure of the times gave freely not only of their money but of their own personal efforts.

In the final drive Mrs. Vincent Astor stepped to the NBC microphone and spoke as follows:



Mrs. Vincent Astor, who appealed to Radio audience for aid to the unemployed in New York area.

By Mrs. Vincent Astor

IT IS a privilege for me to speak in behalf of the wonderful undertaking of the Emergency Employment Committee, particularly from the point of view of the thousands of women and children whose husbands, long out of jobs for no fault of their own, today have some reason for smiling in the face of the widespread economic depression.

To those of us who have been following the daily papers, there [illegible] a tendency to think of the situation [illegible] terms of unemployed men. We for[get] perhaps, that the hardest battle aga[inst] poverty, under present conditions, is b[eing] fought by the women in the homes [of] destitute by the inability of the bre[ad] winners to get work.

It is not difficult to imagine what th[e] women are up against. While their men [go] out each morning to search for work, [the] mothers must sit at home, caring [for] babies and small children, nursing [the] rapidly diminishing stock of food wh[ich] stands between them and starvation, [or] cating the demands of the landlord [for] the long overdue rent.

But even more serious than the phy[si]cal needs is the mental strain which t[hey] must suffer. While their men at le[ast] have the activity involved in their sea[rch] for work, these mothers spend hours [of] the day in feverish anticipation of [the] news the night will bring. Will John [or] Jim, when he returns in the evening, [re]port that he has a job? Or will he co[me] into the impoverished home with [the] same despondent look on his face wh[ich] can mean only one thing—another fru[it]less search?

Put yourself in such a woman's pla[ce]. Isn't there the possibility that you, l[ike] her, might gradually tend to place t[he] fault for undernourished, ill-clothed ch[il]dren upon your husband, rather th[an] upon the economic situation that l[as]made him jobless for many months [in] spite of himself?

Put yourself in the husband's pla[ce]. After tramping the streets day after da[y] without success, you'd hardly feel li[ke] returning nights to a home where yo[ur] appearance would mean repetition of [the] story of discouragement and hopele[ss]ness—where all you could see would [be] the faces of your children and wife gro[w]ing more wan each day for lack of foo[d]. Empty stomachs, heatless rooms, illne[ss] despondency—these are the facts yo[u] would face. It is in the undermining [of] the family morale, as much as in t[he] physical want, that the tragedy of unem[-]ployment lies. It is in the strugg[le] against both that thousands of depen[d]ent women today are bearing the greate[st] burden.

There is another person who cannot be disregarded in this present unemploy[-]

lped turn
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Scene on
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uation—
man who
s the bread-
or her family.
y be a widow
pendents are chil-
she may be the old-
hter of a family whose
id has been temporarily
anently disabled. What-
relationship may be, she is
dwinner in her own right for
ls dependent upon her. She too
caught in the unemployment sit-
nd has lost her job. Unless she
not only herself but her depend-
st suffer, and many are already

years ago a condition similar to
nt would not have affected this
readwinner, because she had not
the privilege, as a woman, of
a salary. She has been given
ilege in more recent years. Hun-
e her have been thrown out of
ing the last twelve months. Con-
o carry the burden of caring for
es and their families, they have
ble to find jobs. Both they and
endents are suffering accordingly.
is being done for women by
rgency Employment Committee?
all, through the generosity of
000 citizens of New York City,
n $6,000,000 has been contrib-
date toward the $8,000,000 fund
by the Committee to provide
families with jobs during the
onths. More than 20,000 heads
ies, including men and women,
n given jobs for three days a
wages that will ensure an income
to meet the necessities of life.
ber, combined with their women
lren dependents, makes a total of
nately 100,000 persons, men,
nd children, who are being given
the present time.
en are working in the parks of
boroughs, on the public docks,
non-profit making institutions.
cleaning away unsightly debris,
g park paths, repairing walks,
fences and rails, and doing other
which the budgets of the Sanita-
nmission of New York City do
vide, or those of the various
and hospitals will not allow.
are paid $5 a day for a three-
k. The fifteen dollars they re-
eekly is enough to give their
the minimum food and heat.
men are not receiving "charity",



but are working their way. They are sober, industrious individuals who, in the present unfortunate situation, do not want alms but only an opportunity to earn honestly enough money to tide them and their families over the cruel winter months when unemployment is most serious. In creating jobs for these men, and paying them for the work they do out of the fund now being sought, the Emergency Employment Committee is providing directly for the relief of thousands of women and children.

I appeal particularly for support of the Emergency Employment Committee's effort for $8,000,000 in behalf of the women and children who will be benefited by the provision of jobs for their husbands and fathers—in behalf of the mothers who see their children becoming undernourished and ill for lack of food, warm clothes and heat—in behalf of the children who, at a time when they should be receiving wholesome food essential to their growth and childhood happiness, are hungry and cold.

* * *

Mrs. Astor's talk was eminently successful for the money poured in immediately after. In about three days New York had passed the $8,000,000 quota and the sum reached $8,250,000 from that momentum. Both of the two great chain systems gave $100,000 each in time to the drive. Following is the statement of the National Broadcasting Company to RADIO DIGEST:

"IF THE time on the air which the National Broadcasting Company and its vast network of associated stations have donated to agencies seeking to relieve the distress of the unemployed had been sold commercially the total would be almost $100,000, NBC officials estimate. Talks by men and women who spoke under the auspices of President Hoover's Emergency Employment Committee, the Women's Emergency Aid Committee and the Salvation Army Committee which was responsible for the game between the Army and Navy football teams have been heard in broadcasts which were presented gratis by NBC. Manufacturers of Philco batteries paid

the Salvation Army committee a huge sum for the privilege of sponsoring this broadcast.

"The roster of speakers who have been heard in these efforts to alleviate the lot of the unemployed includes the names of people who are nationally prominent. Ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, Owen D. Young, Seward Prosser, Arthur H. Lehman, Colonel Arthur Woods, Thomas W. Lamont, His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Grantland Rice, George Gordon Battle, Lady Baldwin, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Gerard Swope and numerous others have spoken.

* * *

Similarly the Columbia Broadcasting System reports as follows:

"BROADCASTING time worth approximately $100,000 has been contributed to the cause of unemployment relief by WABC and associated stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System during the last two months, it is revealed by a survey of this voluntary service just completed.

"A total of nearly ten hours of Columbia's most valuable periods on the air, ranging in installments from the three and a half hours devoted to the coast-to-coast broadcast of the Army-Navy football game for the Citizens' Committee of the Salvation Army to five-minute periods used by local relief agencies, has been donated by the system to help the unemployed since the national drive to better conditions started.

"Men and women of national prominence have been enabled to voice appeals for aid for the cause through the cooperation of Columbia, among them Secretary of War Hurley, Secretary of the Navy Adams, former Governor Alfred E. Smith, Mrs. August Belmont, Senator Dwight W. Morrow and many others."

* * *

In Chicago practically all stations contributed liberally with time and talent. One of the first reports received by RADIO DIGEST *was from WLS, the Prairie Farmer station. It reads as follows:*

"A CHARITY Radio circus and barn dance for the relief of Chicago's unemployed was staged by WLS, the *Prairie Farmer* station to an overflow crowd, at the International Livestock Show amphitheater, in Chicago's stockyard district.

"Because a Radio station like WLS serves not only the rural people, but the city folks as well, *Prairie Farmer* has launched this type of benefit show to relieve a metropolitan situation," stated Edgar L. Bill, director of WLS. "In past years with certain critical periods of suffering among the people of the midwest, WLS has turned its facilities entirely to the task of securing help from those individuals more fortunate.

"A total of more than $365,000 has been raised by this station during such work. This has been turned to the relief not only of such national emergencies as the Mississippi flood, but also to local conditions."

Seats for more than 15,000 spectators were available in the giant amphitheater. An admission charge of 25 cents was made, all the proceeds going to charity.

Beginning at eight o'clock the parade of talent before the audience and the WLS microphones brought some twelve staff acts, a male octet, two quartets, two old-time dance bands, a girls' trio, and a brass band. Among the popular Radio stars appearing during the entertainment were Hiram and Henry, comedy songsters; the Maple City Four quartet, Rube Tronson and cowboy fiddlers, Arkansas Woodchopper, yodler; Renfro Valley Boys, instrumental duo; Doc Hopkins, old-time ballad singer; the Cumberland Ridge Runners, fiddle band; the Little German Band, Hal O'Halloran, barn dance announcer; Swift Rangers, Ralph Emerson, organist; John Brown, pianist; Steve Cisler, chief announcer; Marching Men, male octet; Charley Stookey, farm program announcer; the Chicagoettes, girls' trio; and Eddie Allan, harmonica player.

In the center of the big arena a stand was erected for the broadcasting. Decorated with shocks of corn, bales of hay, and farm machinery it lent atmosphere to the barn dance setting. This stand was flanked on either side by two large wooden dance floors where eight picked couples performed the old square dances. A loud speaker system was hooked up to carry the music and talk to every spectator.

* * *

Our Chicago correspondent investigated the leading stations in that city and found that all were on the firing line. Radio Station WENR contributed both cash and time. It delivered $7,000 in cash to the relief of unemployed and time equivalent to $5,400, making a total of $12,400. The Daily News station, WMAQ, in a series of 15 day and night programs contributed time rated at $12,000. Stations WIBO, WGN, WBBM, KYW with others have put the total well over $100,000.

In Detroit Mr. B. G. Clare writes as follows:

"MORE than $22,500 worth of broadcast time has been donated by the five Detroit Radio broadcast stations in the interests of aiding unemployment, it has been revealed by a close check.

"Station WMBC, owned and operated by the Michigan Broadcasting Company, leads the field with approximately $15,000 worth of time donated during the past 18 months. Relief of unemployment was the aim and ideal of the late "Jerry" Buckley, whose nightly broadcasts and political comments are said to have caused his death at the hands of unknown g... The WMBC fund is known as th... Buckley memorial, presided over by ... Frank Murphy and two promine... troit business men. According ... Clark, station manager, approx... $10,000 in cash has been receive... the Christmas holidays, and mo... $20,000 worth of food and clothi... in to aid the cause.

"WJR, the Goodwill station of D... during the past few weeks has ... about eight hours of time on the a... value of $700 per hour. A m... broadcast was given on Wednesda... cember 17th, with an appeal for f... be directed to the station. Mor... $2,100 was pledged by the listeners. ... gether, close to $2,500 has been c... uted by followers of WJR."

* * *

One of the most optimistic respo... the RADIO DIGEST'S *line of in... came from E. H. Gammons, vice-pr... of the Northwestern Broadcastin... WCCO, Minneapolis. He writes:*

"WE ARE very ha... say that as yet it has been unnecess... WCCO to make any particular app... relief for the unemployed, for th... ditions in Minneapolis are probab... best of any point in the country as ... unemployment and actual poverty a... cerned. Our Community Fund ... which takes care of all charities here ... over its mark this fall by more than ... 000. Business is good out here a... aren't crying."

* * *

Reports from WGAR, WJAY, W... and WHK, Cleveland, and WLW-... Cincinnati, indicate that this and ... Ohio city broadcasting stations have ... on the alert and actively engaged i... tressing that sector.

The same may be said of the St. ... area where Harry L. Ford says th... stations are contributing time and ... as well as cash. Tony Cabooch, w... heard nationally, from KMOX, ha... only been broadcasting but driving a... the city picking up bundles for the... One thousand KWK listeners were ... shalled to provide assistance to one ... sand needy persons—that was a real ... army.

On the Pacific Coast our Dr. Ral... Power says that broadcasting has ... about $100,000 for the unemployed. ... reports that conditions are apparentl... so severe as in the East. All stations ... Seattle to San Diego, however, are ... donating time or have offered their ... ices.

Thus the greatest weapon for pea... for war has gone through the first ti... its power fulfilling all and more tha... fondest expectations of its friends. I... is "doing its bit".



Eva Le Gallienne

MISS LE GALLIENNE is the director and founder of the Civic Repertory Theatre in New York City and frequently is heard in notable dramatic broadcasts over the chain systems. You may remember her best as Nora in "The Doll's House" over NBC.



Mary Smith

THERE'S a name for you! But there's only ONE Mary Smith like this Mary on the dramatic staff at WLW, Cincinnati. Wait until you see her on your televisacle. She's getting ready to make her bow visually over the air in the very near future, so just be a little patient.

Patricia Bowm

ON ano
page in this Radi
gest you will read
Roxy and His
Patricia Bowman (
is one of the mer
of his gang who wil
much better wher
see what you hear
is the premier dan
and Roxy often
her to the mike
bow or a son



Blue Monday

CHECK and triple checkers for Al (Silas Solomon) Pearce as he shoves William (Prof. Hamburg) Wright into a corner during the Blue Monday Jamboree at KFRC, San Francisco. And there's Pedro (Eugene Hawes), Lord Bilgewater (Monroe Upton) and Edna O'Keefe with two double dark blue shadows, Tommy (Lem) Monroe and Arnold (Lafe) McGuire, for color effect.



Margaret Kappler

YOU just have to, that is, you really do have to hand it to old WEAO of Ohio State U. for being the true collegiate broadcaster. And the drama —the Scarlet Mask series, we mean— it's excruciating and everything. Peggy, you know, Margaret Kappler, is the sweetheart and the boys all rave about her. Here she is as Violet Shadrowe.



Russell Pratt

RUSSELL PRATT besides being a Radio comedian of the first rank is also a very popular story-teller to the little Topsy-Turvians of WMAQ, Chicago. Wonder what he's explaining to little Beth and Jim?



David W. Guiom

WHEN he sat down to the piano, ırew his high-heeled boots under the ıddle, and cocked back his big Stet— ɔbody laughed. They knew Dave ·uiom could ride them keys from ıapsodies to ragtime like nobody's usiness. You hear him frequent on ıe NBC range—he's a real cowboy.



YOU can't keep a goo
man cooped up in opera. S
they took Mr. Tibbett and mad
a Rogue out of him in the sin
ing pictures—and now he h
traveled a step farther, wit
mike, to become one of th
Radio clan over the NBC—an
how the ladies love him!

Lawrence Tibbett



...nna Kaskas

EVERY time she sings this fair-haired Lithuanian lady of WTIC, Hartford, Conn., scores a new triumph. She left a successful concert career in Europe to win America. She has been featured a number of times over the Columbia system—have you heard her?

Richard Gordon

QUICK Watson—here he is, Sherlock Holmes in person. You who have heard his voice over the NBC during the series of Sherlock Holmes adventures have doubtless wondered many times about the personal appearance of the famous sleuth—here he is!





Lorraine, Erma and Thelma Ashley

YOU may know these three charming sisters as Sally, Irene ar Mary at WGN, Chicago. Once they were known as the Prair Daisies at WLS. They are admirably suited for trio singing and pla ing—and they write and take part in moving pictures too.



Romeo Greene

YOU hear this full blooded Tuscarora Indian regularly over the CBS on the Carborundum program. His name comes from an ancestor known as Green Blanket because when he came to trade furs at Fort Niagara he always chose a green blanket for compensation.

The Mikado

WHEN KHJ at Los Angeles presented "The Mikado" recently they selected costumes to make the artists feel the parts they represented. They appear here—Kenneth Niles, as "Nanki Poo"; Gogo Delys, as "Yum Yum" and Lindsay MacHarris, as "Ko Ko".





Martha, Connie and Vet Boswell

THESE three sisters are high-lights in Pacific Vagabonds, on the NBC Pacific work. They sing in sparkling tempo and e acquired an audience that manifests self through the mail enthusiastically.



Sandy MacTavish

THIS bewhiskered gentleman of the heather- is one of the most popular features of WCHI, ago. Sandy MacTavish has the real burr that denotes a broadcasting Scotchman.



Thora
Martens

ONE of the Western stations has thrown a challenge to all th other broadcasting stations, claiming it has the best looking as we as the best sound producing feminine artists in America. In Chicag WENR answers the challenge with Thora Martens, their Heaven Blues singer, as a starter in the contest.



NOT many great manufacturers are fortunate enough to have their wives get out and boost their products. E. H. Maytag of the Maytag company is the exception. Mrs. Maytag graciously steps up to the microphone and tells lady listeners as one woman to another how to make a pleasure out of wash day.

Mrs. E. H. Maytag



Ne'er Do Well

ALL up and down t
Pacific Coast tens of thousand
listeners have been asking for
identity of the singer known as
Ne'er Do Well of KROW, C
land, Calif. He slips into a li
private studio, does his stuff all
himself and comes back. Wh
he? Ladies and gentlemen,
take great pleasure in present
to you Mr. Frank Anderson, kn
to Radioland heretofore only
the Ne'er Do Well. You'll n
more about him in the article
the opposite page.

UNMASKING

The Ne'er Do Well

The Mystery Man of KROW! Who Is He? Where Does He Come From and What is His Name? He is—but Read the Story

By HELEN SPAULDING

LEARN how to be the life of the party in ten lessons. Be Popular!"—so read the alluring advertisements, but—

"Ne'er Do Well," that mysterious gentleman of Radio Station V, Oakland, California—that lazy mentalist and soothing crooner, never music lesson in his life, and yet lashed across the Radio world of acific Coast in a most astonishing r. In less than a year and a half the microphone he is probably one e most popular of the young inal Radio entertainers.

croons, he soothes, he sentimentalizes ll but hypnotizes his auditors. He many programs of his own comns! He fingers the keys softly he talks consolingly to someone uble, or sends a cheery birthday g, or maybe bucks up someone written him while blue and downd, and then, when his listeners are t the right mood, he trails off into r of those tunefully caressing melodand, well—he's just about saved y for at least a couple of folks and everal thousand others off, feeling with the world.

"Ne'er Do Well" is probably one e most mysterious of Radio stars. e knows his name. He comes and quietly to the studio, chats a bit, cheerily in a way that sends little ing thrills up and down the spines e girls in the office—for he is and "awfully good looking" they Then he goes into the studio, and the door!

locked studio—deep shadows and uggled up intimately with "Mike" here you have the setting for the r Do Well." When he plays and it's alone—not a soul in the room t's understood around the studio.

"Ne'er Do Well" first heard about , me, when he was in the sixth grade schools of Minneapolis, Minn., his home town. The things that could be done with music intrigued him at once.

"It took me three weeks to pick out a tune on the piano," he said. "I nearly drove the family wild, but I finally got it. Then Dad and Mother took a hand and helped me out with other tunes. You see, my folks were musical. Mother used to sing in choirs and Dad played for country dances. Sometimes he was the whole orchestra. He could pound out some pretty good music on the fiddle, accordion or piano. After I learned that first tune, picking out music came easier and I soon began to play quite a bit. Then they put on programs at church and school entertainments and discovered I could carry a tune pretty well, so sometimes I'd be on for a song, and sometimes I'd be perched up on a couple of big books, so I could reach as high as the keys, and I would play some little ditty!"

In the meantime—to go on with the career of this amazing young fellow—time passed, to use a trite phrase—and we find that he's completed a year at prep school and is ready for a business career. Just about then the Panama Pacific Exposition was being held in San Francisco, so the "Ne'er Do Well" went West and captured second prize in the National Typing Contest, doing something like 132 words per minute. He also cornered a job and did court reporting, stenographic work and became private secretary to quite an important personage.

"When the War broke out I enlisted," he said, "to go to France for big adventure. Somebody found out I could do some fancy typing, so I was assigned to duty with the General Army Headquarters in San Francisco."

Someone else found out he could sing, and night after night he (you see he was not known as the "Ne'er Do Well" in those days) was sent to theatres in a radius of several hundred miles to sing. He made a great appeal, this good-looking youngster in his soldier uniform, and he sang his audiences into a high patriotic pitch. Thus he did double duty.

"BUT they couldn't let me go across," he adds shamefacedly about his War career.

Until a year and a half ago the "Ne'er Do Well" had never been in a Radio station. He didn't even own a Radio. One night a friend asked him to pinch-hit on a program. The "Ne'er Do Well" demurred. The idea of playing before the microphone and to an unseen audience appalled him. He was persuaded, however, and, to tell it in his own words—

"It really wasn't so bad. I just forgot there was an audience. I sort of lose myself when I play anyway. It was really

(*Continued on page 101*)

A CHALLENGE!

TURN to page 67 and take a good look at the pulchritude that adorns KROW in Oakland.

It is an open challenge, and no stations are barred. RADIO DIGEST will be glad to receive the answers to the challenge and publish them

STRIKES—*Luck* *of* B. A. Rolfe

THE MAN Who's Been Havin' His Ups and Havin' His Downs—From Millionaire Down to Rock Bottom And Up Again To Successful Orchestra Leader

YOU know Benjamin Albert Rolfe as a jolly, amiable fellow who doesn't worry about counting his calories and who does a mighty good job of directing a most unusual jazz orchestra.

But if you haven't heard his story from beginning to end it will amaze you to know how many different kinds of pies the adventurous "B. A." has had those celebrated short, pudgy little fingers in. And what he still dreams of doing.

It reads like a Horatio Alger story. Let's begin at the beginning and not put the cart before the horse. Picture "B. A." himself, sitting back with the inevitable cigar in his mouth. (Of course, it really *should* be a Lucky Strike!)

And picture him looking very much like a beaming Santa Claus ready to shower the world with a particularly happy present. No matter how busy he gets he seldom loses that Kris Kringle beam. His story should be told as he told it—with his head back and a reminiscing look in his eyes. He began:

"I was born in Brasher Falls, N. Y. in 1879. That makes me fifty-one, you see. Not so young. Not so young! Oh, well. You don't have much sense till you're fifty, anyway. Especially sense as to the value of money, which I have had much of and lost. Maybe I'll learn from now on."

THAT musingly. Then:

"My father was Albert Benjamin Rolfe—my name reversed if you'll notice—and he was a musician too. So was mother. I was educated between high school in my home town and a Catholic convent. I am not a Catholic, however.

"My school days were very much broken up by the fact that I was one of those pesky little nuisances known as a child prodigy. Believe it or not, but I was only six when I gave my first concert on an alto horn before I was large enough for a cornet—it was in Chippewa Falls, Wis.

"It is strange that the outstanding memory of that eventful night at the skating rink where I made my debut is that on the table beside me were hot gas lights.

"I was just short enough to get the full benefit of the heat and I f... though I were scorching. ... came so naturally to me, ho... that I had the usual childis... of self-consciousness and mi... well have been tooting my h... the parlor back in Brasher ... so far as stage fright was ... cerned."



In 1885, at six years of age, little Benjamin Arthur Rolfe was alto horn player in his father's band.

Here Rolfe stopped, and s...

"Father had the skating ri... chestra. At six and a half ... the alto horn player in H... Independent Band. I must ... looked like the band masco... was father's organization t... played with the band three ...

"Then father decided to ya... around the country. He wa... leader of the band and orc... with John Sparks Circus. ... those were the days! Imagin... that would delight the heart ... small boy. And those wer... days when circus trouping w... cus trouping.

"WE TOURE... Pennsylvania mining towns ... other places. Such adve... Life! Sometimes even yet ... homesick for the smells o... circus and life in the tents a... rickety wagons.

"In 1891, at the age o... father took me to England ... Hardie and Von Lear's Fr... Drama. I gave concerts in E... too. The frontier show made ... hit in England because it ... novelty.

"The only other thing E... had seen at all like it was B... Bill. The show carried an I... Band of eighteen as a specia... elty. I remember that they ... make more noise than a white ... of fifty. Father got along ... with the Indians. He is an honorary ... ber of the Mohawk tribe today.

"After we had played in Engl... year the folks decided little 'B. A.' ... do with a little more schooling. So ... brought me back to Brasher F...

nd Unlucky

By Alma Sioux Scarberry



B. A. Rolfe

fe stopped and shook his head solemnly:
you know I actually believe I might
in Brasher Falls if I hadn't hated wad-
snow so much. Most kids like it. But
ised the snow and cold! I got the
at there wouldn't be so much wading to
New York, so I left the parental roof.
wever, it took me three years to make
he way. I started through the medium
Lowville, N. Y. Silver Cornet Band.
I moved sixty-seven miles nearer, play-
cornet in the Majestic Theatre orches-
Utica. By the time I reached Gotham
3, the land of my dreams, I was of age.

"WHEN I arrived I had little
getting work: I can't weave you the
te tale of starving in a garret. I went
nto vaudeville with *Ye Colonial Septet.*
t ran eleven years, although I wasn't in
long. It made plenty royalties for me,
r.

se Lasky, (now a famous movie pro-
and I went into partnership at this
in my career. We put out vaudeville
Some of our presentations bore such
unding titles as *Pianophiends, The Stun-
renadiers, Ten Dark Knights.*"

here that the high spot of B. A. Rolfe's
comes. This is where he made and lost
une. He went into the movies as a
er. In telling of it he looked highly
l.

egan in the picture game about the time
Pickford made her debut. Those were
days. I can remember when we used
t a stove on the back drop of the set
we thought it wasn't necessary to
he money to get a real stove.

, ah—later I was in pictures when we
hold a set up for hours at the cost of
s $2000 to get a five-cent ink-well that
match the scene before it. Movies!
racket to be in!

output was thirty-six pictures a year.
e days we worked! I produced under
Photo Plays and Columbia Pictures
ation. Some of our stars were big
like Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, Emily
s, Viola Dana—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney

. can get hold of some of those old stills
hand you a laugh! In summer I ran
siness in New York and in winter in

California. I was active in pictures five years, letting my musical career slide entirely by.

"Then I proved fundamentally a good musician by resigning. There is something about a musician that makes him love to resign. I threw it up because the company consolidated with Metro and I got mad! That's always an excellent excuse for resigning—getting sore about something."

It was here that "B. A." admitted he made a fortune in pictures. He grinned and took us into his confidence:

"I made plenty of money—goodness knows! A mint of it—and lost it. I had no money when I left California and pictures and decided to try England and pictures. No doubt you've heard of unfortunate marriages where the girl married a man because she thought he had money—and the man married the girl because he thought she had a fortune.

"Well, truthfully, that's what happened in England. I bluffed these people into thinking I was affluent and they played the same game on me. When it came to a show-down we made the fatal discovery that neither of us could float a picture financially. You can't promote a big company on a shoe-string. I found that out!

"I NEVER could hang on to money. I was so interested in the producing angle dollars meant nothing. They didn't even interest me. As I said before, you have to be at least fifty in some cases before the value of a dollar begins to sink in.

"Real showmen are always gamblers, anyway. I've never known a really artistic person to be saving. And if I hadn't joined that foolish army of independent producers I wouldn't have gone under in 1920. I was busted higher than a kite when I came back to New York from merry old England. It didn't look so merry then. But luck comes and goes."

It was from a friend a little later that we picked up a thread of the Rolfe career that he withheld during the long confab about his life. It was that he "made a fortune and lost his shirt during the Florida real estate boom."

PLUNGING into it with the same gusto he plunged into movies and music, again he was the artist and couldn't hang on to his money. He could take a dollar and make five out of it. But—keep it, never!

After that lesson the still undaunted "B. A." decided to "promote myself for a change."

It was then that he had the courage to start a jazz band in a Chinese restaurant in New York—The Palais d'Or. He not only put over the restaurant but got on the air and started "making an effort to make a name for myself by trying to be different."

In telling of this, the jovial gentleman opined:

"And, of course when you start trying to put yourself over people suspect that you are after notoriety. Funny, isn't it?"

There is no doubt it took a lot of courage for the artistic Rolfe to mix in the atmosphere it became necessary for him to mix in in order to "make good." But, he pulled the restaurant up by the boot straps with him. Both became celebrated. And, letters began pouring in from Radio fans. Lucky Strike tried scores of orchestras before selecting Rolfe.

As happy looking as appears the famous director he is really discontented and like a fish out of water. He said so himself—then explained with his hearty laugh:

"You know about the fellow who said he'd look up a steady job if his boss would let him off long enough. Well, that's me!"

The Rolfe life dream is:

"I want to found a native American school of music. Something typically American. Oh, of course that is out of order and sounds like a foolish dream. I enjoy my jazz orchestra of course and I wouldn't want to give it up. But it is fundamentally, an altogether different kind of musician. Or, perhaps I should say I am two kinds of musician.

"I realize that it took the old masters 1600 years to develop Bach. I realize America could do the same job in fewer years. And Radio is the one medium. The only really native American music we have developed are Gershwin with one little phrase and Cadman with his American Indian music."

Rolfe grew a little wistful:

"I guess, at that, it would take me years to do it even a fountain and I'd be a centenarian by the time. But, the medium of radio it could be done. So I have no conception of our musical expression is."

"B. A." has another dream. As a dreamer, he has the ideal he'd like to have a whole flock of juvenile orchestras in larger cities in the United States. His reason is very interesting one. In his own words:

"This racketeer business is beginning to alarm me. Such babies as these to be growing into outlaws! The undoubtedly, the small boy's love of showing off. Turn his energy and this desire into safe channels and you are a hero.

"Now, a small boy loves to toot a horn. Why shouldn't he toot a saxophone or cornet—make his noise on a musical instrument. My idea is to round up the bad boy gangs from the street corners and turn their desire to make a noise to attract attention into a jazz orchestra. Give them a public place and the right light to show off in."

AND Mr. Rolfe may be right at that. It sounds rather reasonable. If you can't make the little rascals stop and turn them into symphony conductors—make B. A. Rolfes out of 'em.

There may be those among you who feel, however, that the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun couldn't possibly be any worse than the toot-toot-toot of a saxophone.

Rolfe is one of the most interesting directors at NBC to watch in the studio. I have never seen him use a baton.

(*Continued on page 105*)



Rolfe's Independent Band in 1885. The leader in the big shako, at the left, is A. B. Rolfe, Sr. Next to him stands A. B. Rolfe, Jr., cornetist, brother of the famous leader. Fourth is Mrs. Rolfe, mother and clarinet player, and fourth from the right appears little Benjamin, dignified by the title of alto horn player.

The Magic Carpet of the OZARKS

By Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing



Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing

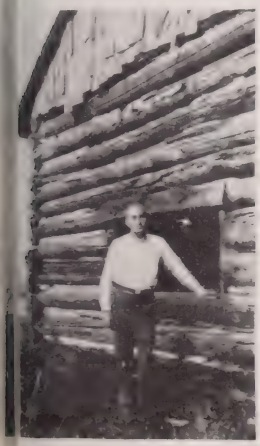
s do come true—sometimes. And so ches. That is why the cities are with eager-eyed boys and girls, men omen who have deserted the isolation n and mountain cabin to make their last to the City of Youthful Dreams ometimes—disillusionment. But to housands who have been banished to n the wilderness by force of necessity choice has come the fulfillment of too. Radio has wrought the miracle. tter reproduced below paints a vivid of what Radio means to one lonely in a remote place of the world.

MAYBE you would like to know how an Ozark native feels about the Radio, and just what it means to the far-removed of the hill country.

ong my earliest recollections are s of an Ozark homestead, where a young father cleared the land and ly young mother kept our rough



The Gobbler Hunter



An Ozark Settler's Cabin

plank house shining and homey for us.

The clearing was the playground for my brother and me. We watched its growth with keenest interest, the forest crowding back little by little and day by day, under the constant warfare waged against it in the homemaking of a pioneer family.

We did not venture beyond the clearing in our play. The scream of the panther and the howl of the wolf told us in plain terms just who it was that still claimed the forest and we did not dispute with them. We even loved the sound of their voices and the shivery feeling it gave us evenings when gathered safely in the light of the big blaze in the fireplace and listened to the review of the day and the stories father told us: Tales of his trip to the city, 200 miles away; stories of his boyhood home in an Eastern state where he hoped to take us to visit some day. And the fairy tales that nobody has told so well since. When he had told us all he knew, he told them over again, often adding little thrilling episodes from his own imagination. The idea of the magic carpet appealed to us most, and while we listened with squeals of delight each time he told it, with or without additional frills, we told it to each other just as often, for of all things wished for, a magic carpet stood at the head of the list. Indeed, it frequently had the list all to itself.

A magic carpet! Just wish to go some place—and there you were. Think of it! We would visit all the cities we had heard about. We would see New York.

Oh, for a magic carpet!

It took many an earnest assurance from our parents to convince us that it was a fairy tale, so vivid a thing had it become to us. Indeed, I think we had to outgrow it, and even then it was something half hoped for.

I was a studious girl, growing up. I wanted to hear great lectures, see great plays, hear good music. If only I had a magic carpet—but of course that was a babyhood tale. Still——

Time went along. Life took me to different points of the globe and finally turned me once more to the hills of my native country. Not to the spot of the old home of my childhood which had become too sophisticated for my partner in the change, but to another portion as wild and remote as the old home site had been.

And it is here that my wish has come true. I have the magic carpet. I turn on my Radio and the music and the beauty I wished for in my young girlhood are brought to the fireside of my backwoods cabin—the sermons I had dreamed of, the lectures I had hoped to hear, the songs I had longed for, except that the terms are reversed. I do not

(*Continued on page 107*)

Star-Gazing *for* Graham



Graham McNamee

Astrologer Finds The Firmament Gives Dean of Elite Announcers A Break—He's Lazy but Lucky

By Peggy Hull

FOLKS, meet Graham McNamee! Yes, I know you think this introduction is superfluous but just wait a minute before you turn the page, for I am going to tell you some things about him that he doesn't even know himself!

He's lazy.

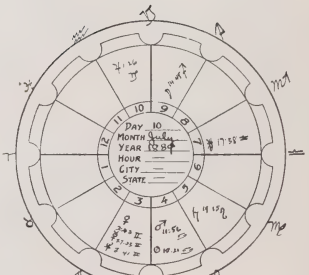
Now don't get mad and bury me beneath a ton of protests. Graham just can't help being indolent. His Sun is in the sign Cancer and in this position, vitality is at its lowest ebb. If he had to do something very strenuous to get before the public, it is safe to say he would be content to remain unknown, but Fate was kind to him. Radio was discovered just in time to give Graham McNamee a break. Anyone knows the easiest and most pleasant job in life is talking, and for Graham it was made doubly easy with three planets in the sign of Gemini.

Gemini rules speech and words. Its influence makes men and women better conversationalists, better writers and when Mercury occupies this position, it gives extreme fluency.

It makes a person fond of travel, of change, of new things, and everyone knows that Graham McNamee flits back and forth across the continent like a flea. You can be certain, there is nothing he likes better than an assignment at the opposite end of the United States.

Remember how many people held back when Radio was first announced? Well, Graham McNamee wasn't one of them. No sir, he stepped right up and learned all about it from the very beginning. It was his Mercury in Gemini which caused him to do this. All his life he will be investigating anything new which makes its appearance in our world.

While Astrology isn't new, it is having its re-birth and if Graham hasn't taken it up yet, he'll be sure to investigate it some time, for his mind is a broad one and he isn't influenced by the opinions of others and neither has he any preconceived notions about a subject. He approaches any investigation with a wide open mind and he possesses such a shrewd and penetrating judgment that he knows he does not have to rely upon others for advice.



His moon in Saggitarius gives him that alert and active personality with which he is associated in everyone's mind who has heard him over the air. And it has a lot to do with the short, crisp way he has of presenting a topic. It makes him fond of animals, especially horses and dogs. It increases his love for sports. As a matter of fact, his success in life depends chiefly upon his association with sporting events and if you stop to recall some of the highlights of his career, you will remember that he first became well known for his broadcasts of baseball and football games.

Graham can also tell you about a horse race with such skill and vivid detail that, although you are a thousand miles from the track, your heart will beat faster, your hair stand on end and you will hover over the Radio literally seeing the horses come down the home stretch.

Saggitarius rules distance and with the Moon posited therein it is no wonder that his public extends wherever the Radio waves go. This position also tends to create the feeling in people that they know him, once they have listened to him, and further strengthens the influence of Venus, N and Mercury mini. As rules brother sisters and nication, he erally a great who feel for h same warm a which harm kin have fo other.

Venus in gives him the for words make his talks disting for precision in describing a sit When Graham gets through tellin about a fast play on the gridiro have a good mental picture of wh taken place. This position of Ve also responsible for the even and nent affection of his Radio auc Unlike Rudy Vallee, whose stars that people either love or hate Graham does not suffer from bitte uncalled for criticism. If people particularly like him, this feelin not take an active form in inve they merely turn the dial and forge but there is no such indifference w comes to Vallee.

NEPTUNE, the spi planet, posited in Gemini, gives G unusual mental faculties and a amount of genius. It makes him sen to the finer intuitional and inspira vibrations and gives the gift of o and unusual literary ability. There field of endeavor where mental inge is required in which Graham coul excel.

His Sun conjuncting Mars in C

him fond of lively places. That is is fond of sports and horse races lains the public's interest in him his connection with them. Just d Gibbons' horoscope, with the Mars in Cancer, showed that he ecome distinguished through rev- and wars, so Graham's indicates through sports and the air.

SATURN in Leo gives him among people of the upper classes. of governments, high officials and d women of the Social Register drawn to Graham through these ns and their acclaim has added the success which his popularity masses gave him.

are many people before the who enjoy only the plaudits of a strata of society, but Graham's be shows that from the masses to lers, he is liked and admired.

his Jupiter in Capricorn there is t about his future. This position beneficiary planet Jupiter makes , self reliant, ambitious and per- No setbacks or disappointments er him, neither can any obstacles n from the limelight very long. corn is the sign which gives pa- nd endurance. People born with in this sign can struggle a life r success. They can keep on in of thwarted desires, overwhelm- acles and they can wait for years ze their dreams. Graham's Jupi- his position stabilizes his ambitions es him a patience he would not se have. It is the guarantor of ure. He may get a few bad now and then, but he will have acity to keep on trying, to stick t he is doing until the adverse s past.

ourse if Graham suddenly found without a spot on the air, he very soon make his old audience nd take notice by turning his hand ing, for his horoscope shows that ld be equally as successful in this he is on the air.

writing is hard work. It means relentless plugging every day and has no disposition for such labor. ld take a tremendous amount of scipline on Graham's part, more believe he's got, but if he did whip into shape . . . what stories he rite!

t Payson Terhune, who has long he title in the dog story world soon run for cover. Grantland d some of the other topnotchers the sporting writers would be eye- ir crowns anxiously, for, if there hing in Astrology, Graham could ngs around them while he was half

Such, dear readers, is the gift nets have bestowed upon a man esn't need it.

ppears that Graham hasn't been g the best of health lately. His stars would indicate that he has suffered from a lack of nervous energy; that he tires easily and when he is working, finds getting on the job a trial. These conditions will pass as the planets move on but in the meantime he must guard against accidents of all kinds and should take no chances with his life or limbs. His bump of curiosity could easily lead him into an unpleasant encounter with a new invention and this is no time for Graham to test out a new airplane or play with electrical devices.

The aspects which have been holding him back during the past year will have been dissipated in 1931 and when his Sun conjuncts Jupiter all of his affairs will take on new life. He will feel better, too, and respond to opportunities with the old enthusiasm. The year 1932, however, is the one which will bring him the most pronounced benefits. And some of the good things which come to him in the next twelve or fifteen months will be only the outriders of the greater fortune on the way.

Many people lose their friends when under bad aspects, and they have to travel the road of adversity alone and uncomforted. But not Graham McNamee. He has a buoyant quality which makes it possible for him to conceal from even his intimates his real feelings. He is not the kind who would let his troubles cast a shadow over his associates.

He has quick sympathy for others in distress and is always ready to help, but he can't be fooled. His intuition is too sharp for that. It would be worse than useless for a man to step up to Graham with a hard luck tale, made up out of whole cloth, and expect him to believe it. He can hear tin drop in a proposition a mile away. But he is seldom prejudiced.

VENUS in conjunction with Neptune makes him fond of music, the arts and drama. Beauty in all forms appeals to him strongly and this aspect also increases his popularity with friends and associates. It makes him thoughtful of other people's happiness, polite, full of kindness and sympathy and inclines to bring benefits from large combines and successful corporations.

With Venus coming to a conjunction with the Sun in Cancer it is safe to forecast an even greater popularity in the future for Graham McNamee than he has yet known. He will be carried on a wave of affection from the public in general to heights he has little dreamed he would scale.

HE WILL have ups and downs throughout his life, but there are none after this particular period through which he is passing at present, which will give him much trouble.

* * *

ASTROLOGY, one of the oldest of professions, has made gigantic strides since it has become better known through broadcasting. Read Peggy Hull's monthly horoscopes of your favorite Radio stars. Next month she will tell you what the forces of the sky had to do with the success of Amos 'n' Andy. Don't miss your March RADIO DIGEST.



Precision in announcing is Graham's middle name—that's the way the stars made him.

Turn About's Fair Play! Radio Listeners Become Playwrights and Fashion Thrilling Dramas for Detroit Broadcasts.

It Actually Happened

By B. G. CLARE

HAVE you a little drama stored in your brain cells? Out in Detroit there are two important public servitors who believe everyone has a story to tell. They are making it possible for readers and listeners to turn about and become writers and playwrights.

The two agents who are gratifying the literary ambitions of a good slice of Michigan's populace are Broadcasting Station WXYZ and The Free Press. The newspaper started the ball rolling by running a contest which they have christened, *It Actually Happened.* It invites housewives, business men, "doctors, lawyers, Indian chiefs, rich men, poor men"—even ice men—to participate by submitting a true incident which they have experienced or witnessed. A $5.00 prize is given daily for each story accepted and printed.

Then Fred Roche, Publicity Director of WXYZ, stepped in. He offers an additional prize of $25 for the best story published each week. This thriller, or sad or comic incident, as the case may be, is adapted for Radio production by James Jewell, dramatic director of the Radio station; and under his supervision it is presented over the air by members of the Civic Theatre Stock Company.

How did Fred Roche's fertile brain conceive the idea of this novel contest? When interviewed, he refused to commit himself, but we suspect that he had a real idea back of his head. Perhaps he was by the wiseacres who write to managers and say that they "c better themselves with only half fort". Maybe he said to himself, believe this particular kicker cou let's give them all a chance."

ONE of the most ful of the *It Actually Happene* dramas was written by Robert D of Detroit. This amateur made only in the columns of a daily ne and over the air, but he also had t of seeing his play accepted for a t run as a "curtain-raiser" before th offering of the Civic Theatre Sto pany.

Mr. Donaldson placed his true in France, in the days when v rampant and every mother knew t edy of seeing her son wrenched f side. It is called *Vive La France!*

The Radio audience, snugly en in arm chairs, sees in its mind's



"Forgive me, God—It was for France—Vive La France." Jessie B as Madame Bertrand and John Griggs as the dying Henri Bertr



The supper in the kitchen. Walter Sherwin as the Padre, Jessie Bonstelle as Mme. Bertrand and Joan Madison as Marie in the WXYZ presentation of the prize play, *Vive La France.*

and war-saddened home of the
w Bertrand. It is stripped bare of
nent, save in one corner a *prie-dieu,*
e the mother is accustomed to offer
rayers for the souls of her two sons,
ues and Pierre, who have been sacri-
that their country may live.
the kitchen, partaking of a humble
of *potage* and black bread, are Ma-
Bertrand, the old village priest, and
e, the young girl who has already
n affliction and the pang of separa-
from her beloved . . . Henri Bertrand,
ast of the widow's three sons. Wild
rresponsible as is this youngest boy,
adored by both his mother and his
ère.
h if *le bon dieu* would only spare
i to be a comfort to me in my old
says the Widow Bertrand.
es," Marie adds her plea. "It is so
ome here in Chantrey."

"OH, PADRE," cries the
er, "God forbid that I begrudge any-
to France, but I have already given
acques and my Pierre because France
ed them, so please God spare Henri."
en the old priest, who had never ap-
ed of the irrepressible antics of the
was forced to take pity on the old
er and the sad Marie, and join in
prayers for the deliverance of Henri.

Supper is over, and the subdued duo of visitors depart, leaving the widow alone. A cough and a scraping of feet come from a dark corner of the other room, which serves as sleeping chamber. A light reveals a man's figure, clad in muddy, blood-stained rags.

Madame Bertrand peered into the man's face. "Henri," she screamed. "My Henri has come back to me. God has answered my prayers and sent you to comfort me. But why did you not write and tell me you were coming?"

The man does not answer, and she suddenly gasps with realization, "Oh, Henri, what have you done? You have run away from your regiment—you have brought shame to the name of Bertrand, a name respected in France for centuries."

Mumbled pleas for sympathy, with reference to brutes of officers, from the deserter, brought only a resolution from the mother to send her son back if she had to drag him herself.

A noise outside. Madame Bertrand shoves Henri into the cupboard that the neighbors may not be witness to her disgrace. She opens the door, to admit—an officer and four soldiers!

"Madame Bertrand, I regret that duty compels me to inform you that your son deserted his regiment ten days ago, and I must demand permission to search your home to find the deserter."

"Surely, Monsieur Lieutenant," answers the mother, "search if you must, but I tell you Henri is not here."

THROUGH the house and the barns the soldiers peered, and at last returned to the room where Madame Bertrand has hidden Henri. "What is in that cupboard?" asks the lieutenant.

"Nothing but—some old clothes," stammers the old mother.

The lieutenant disbelieved her and made as if to open the door.

"I tell you there is nothing in there that concerns you," she cries. "See, I will prove it to you." Grabbing the loaded gun from above the fireplace, she pointed it at the cupboard and fired all five bullets through the door.

When the opened cupboard reveals a dying Henri, the mother who has killed her son to save him from a deserter's death, prays, "Forgive me, God—Forgive me, Jacques and Pierre—It was for France—Vive La France."

A vivid, realistic play, torn from the war memories of a man who now listens to his Radio in the peace of home. Maybe you, too, have an interesting story, waiting only for encouragement to reveal it. Maybe some Radio station near your home will wake up to this opportunity to bring out hidden talent—who can tell?



Sir Arthur Eddington, who as one of the world's leading astronomers, is eminently fitted to speak for science.

Science and Religion

Must They Conflict? A Great Physicist Gives His Answer...

Sir Arthur Eddingtc

I AM speaking on the subject from the standpoint of those interested in physical science, and I should like first to convey the setting in which the problem arises. If you will look up at the sky in the direction of the constellation Andromeda and stand for a few moments scrutinizing the faintest star you see, you will notice one that is not a sharp point of light like the rest but has a hazy appearance.

This star is unique and barely visible to the naked eye. It is not properly a star. We might rather describe it as a universe. It teaches us that when we have taken together the sun and those stars we can see with the naked eye and the hundreds of millions of telescopic stars, we have not yet reached the end of things. We have explored only one island, one oasis in the desert of space. In the far distance we discern another island which is that hazy patch of light in Andromeda.

With the help of the telescope, we can make out a great many more; in fact, a whole archipelago of islands stretching away one behind another until our sight fails. That speck of light which anyone may see is a sample of one of these islands. It is a world not only remote in space but remote in time. Long before the dawn of history, the light now entering our eyes started on its journey across the great gulf between the islands. When you look at it, you are looking back nine hundred thousand years into the past.

Amid this profusion of worlds in space and time, where do we come in? Our home, the earth, is the fifth or sixth largest planet belonging to an inconspicuous little star in one of the numerous islands in the archipelago. Doubtless there are other globes which are or have been of similar nature to ourselves, but we have some reason to think that such globes are uncommon. The majority of the heavenly bodies seem to be big lumps of matter with terrifically high temperature. Not often has there been the formation of small, cool globes fit for habitation, though it has happened occasionally by a rare accident. Nature seems to have been intent on a vast scheme of evolution of fiery globes, an epic of millions of years.

As for man, he might be treated only as an unfortunate incident, just a trifling incident not of very serious consequence to the universe. No need to be always raking up against Nature her one little inadvertence. To realize the insignificance of our race amid the majesty of the universe is probably helpful, for it brings to us a chastening force, but man is the typical custodian, which makes a great difference to the significance of things. He displays purpose. He can represent truth, righteousness, sacrifice—for a few brief years a spark from the Divine Spirit.

It may possibly be going too far to say that our bodies are pieces of matter which by a contingency not sufficiently guarded against have taken advantage of the low temperature to assume human shape and perform a series of strange antics which we call life. While I do not combat this view, I am unwillin base philosophy or religion on the ass tion that it must necessarily break d but alongside this there is another look.

Science is an attempt to set out facts of experience. Everyone will that it has met with wonderful su but does not start quite at the begin of the problem of experience.

The first question asked about or theories such as I have been des ing is, Are they true? I want to phasize that even more significant the astronomical results themselves is fact that this question about them urgently arises. The question, I true? seems to me to change the plexion of the world of experience because it is asked about the world because it is asked in the world.

If we go right back to the begin the first thing we must recognize in world is something intent on truth, s thing to which it matters intensely th thing shall be true.

If in its survey of the universe, phy science rediscovers the presence of an ingredient as truth, well and good. not, the ingredient remains none the essential, for otherwise the whole q tion is stultified.

WHAT is the t about ourselves? We may incline various answers: We are complic physical machinery; we are reflection a celestial glass; we are puppets on stage of life moved by the hand of which turns the handle beneath.

Responsibility towards truth is attribute of our nature. It is thr our spiritual nature, of which respons ity for truth is a typical manifestat

we first come into the world of ex- nce. Our entry via the physical rse is a re-entry. The strange asso- n of soul and body, of responsibility ruth with a bit of stellar matter— ter given to us by accident or not— roblem in which we cannot but feel tense interest, an anxious interest, ough the existence and significance e spiritual side of experience were ng in the balance.

e solution must fit the data. We t alter the data to fit the alleged on. I do not regard the phenom- of living matter, in so far as it be treated apart from the phe- non of consciousness, as necessarily le the scope of physics and chem- It may happen that some day e will be able to show how, from cience of physics, creatures might been formed which are counterparts rselves even to the point of being ved with life, but scientists will per- point out the nervous mechanism s creature, its powers of emotion, of h, of reproduction, and end by say- That is you." But, remember, the pable test is: Is it concerned with in any way that I am? Then I cknowledge that it is indeed myself. are demanding something more consciousness. The scientist might to motions in the brain and say these really mean sensations, emo- thoughts.

en if we accept this rather inade- substitute for consciousness as we ately know it, while you may have us a creature which thinks and es, you have not shown us a crea- to whom it matters in any non- rian sense what it thinks and be- .

BUT having disowned our sed doubles, we can say to the list, "If you will hand over this who pretends to be me and let it lled with the attribute at present g and perhaps other spiritual at- es which I claim are similar on ndisputable grounds, we may arrive mething that is indeed me."

interesting point is that the recent utionary changes of science have this kind of cooperative solution of roblems of experience more prac- e than it used to be. That really is one excuse for taking part in this e, the one side of our complex prob- n which we have recently had some light.

few years ago, the suggestion of tak- he physically constructed man and wing him with a spiritual nature by lly adding something would have a mere figure of speech, a veritable ing over insuperable difficulties, in the same way we thought of build- robot and then breathing life into But we could not do this with a te piece of mechanism designed to walk mechanically. To adapt him for anything else would involve wholesale re-construction.

Now, to be able to put anything in you must have a vacuum, and such a material body would not be hollow enough to be a receptacle of spiritual nature.

I know that our conception of the material universe must be very puzzling to most people, but I have no time to explain or define it. I will only say that any of the young theoretical physicists of today will tell you that the basis of all the phenomena that come within their province is a scheme of symbols connected by mathematical equations. That is what the physical universe boils down to when probed by the methods which a physicist can apply.

A skeleton scheme of symbols is hollow enough to hold almost anything. It can be filled with something to transform it from skeleton into being, from shadow into actuality, from symbols into the interpretation of the symbols.

It seems to me that the time has come when scientists can no longer be able to point to the result and say, "That is you." We will say rather, "That is how I symbolize you in my description and explanation of those of your properties which I can observe. If you claim any deeper insight into your own nature, any knowledge of what it is that these symbols symbolize, you can rest assured that I have no other interpretation of the symbols to propose."

The skeleton is the whole contribution of physics to the solution of the problem of experience. From the clothing of the skeleton it stands aloof. The scientific conception of the world has come to differ more and more from the commonplace conception until we have been forced to ask ourselves—what really is the aim of this scientific transformation? The doctrine that things are not what they seem is all very well in moderation but it has now proceeded so far that we have to remind ourselves that the world of appearances is the one we have actually to adjust our lives to. That was not always so.

FIRST, the progress of scientific thought consisted in correcting gross errors in the commonplace conceptions. We learned, for example, that the earth was spherical, not flat. That does not refer to some abstract scientific earth but to the earth we know so well, with all its color, beauty and homeliness. For my own part, when I think of a tennis match in Australia, I cannot help picturing it upside down, so much has the roundness of the earth become part of a familiar conception!

Then we learned that the earth was rotating. For the most part we give an intellectual assent to this without attempting to weave it into our familiar conception, but we can picture it if we try.

In Rosetti's poem, the Blessed Damozel looks down from the balcony of heaven on "The void as low as where this earth spins like a fretful midge," and perfect truth alone can enter her mind.

Now let us try something fairly modern. In Einstein's theory, the earth, like other matter, is a curvature in space-time. What is commonly called the spin of the earth is a ratio of the two components.

I am not sure that it would be derogatory to an angel to accuse him of not understanding the Einstein theory. My objection is more serious. So long as physics, tinkering with the familiar world, was able to retain those aspects which concern the esthetic side of our nature, it might with some show of reason claim to cover the whole of experience, and those who claimed that there was another side to experience had no support to their claim.

This picture omits so much that is obviously essential there is no suggestion that it is the whole truth about experience. To make such a claim would be offensive not only to those religiously inclined but to all who recognize that man is not merely a scientific measuring machine.

If it were necessary, I would at this point turn aside to defend the scientist for pursuing the development of a highly specialized solution of one side of the problem of experience and ignoring the rest, but I will content myself with reminding you that it is through his efforts in this direction that my voice is now being heard by you. At any rate, there is method in his madness.

Another striking change of scientific views is in regard to determinism, the

(*Continued on page 104*)

When From The Human Heart The Cry Goes Out

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

Must the man of science give answer to the man in the street . . . "It is a universe of atoms and chaos?" A great British astronomer and physicist disagrees. He says that beyond the physical side of the matter we find "a spirit in which truth has its shrine".

It is the privilege of RADIO DIGEST to present his views, as set forth in a talk broadcast recently over the British network and the Columbia Broadcasting System.



Who Knows—But YOUR CHILD May Be One of The CARUSOS *of Tomorrow*

Here's How To Save Him From The Fate of The Window Cleaner With the Glorious Voice Who Couldn't Make Good in Opera

By FRANK LA FORGE

THEY will come from homes that dot the four corners of this broad land—our future Carusos and Pattis. They will fill the ranks of the Metropolitan and other opera companies, and the Radio will give their voices wings.

But a beautiful voice in itself is no more the open sesame to operatic stardom than a beautiful face is to dramatic stardom. It is only the beginning. Whether its guardian will ever reach the bright lights and the plaudits, depends very largely upon the musical training that has gone before, training that can best be given during childhood,—and therein lies the tragedy of the American singer.

In this country there is current a romantic supposition to the effect that a voice is "discovered", after which the lucky possessor has little else to do but trip gaily up the brightly studded ladder to stardom. This legend probably originated in the fertile imagination of some press agent seeking colorful copy for his prima donna client.

A story is told of our American Ambassador to Great Britain, Charles W. Dawes, whose home is in Chicago where he is one of the directors of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. He was walking down Michigan Boulevard one day when he heard a voice of great power and sweetness. The Ambassador paused, for be it understood, as a composer, patron of opera and instrumentalist, he prided himself on knowing a voice when he heard one, and assuredly this was one. He looked about to discover from whence such golden tones were being freely dispensed. Ah, yes, unmistakably, they were coming from a young Italian who was engaged in briskly swabbing off a large front window. Ambassador Dawes became all attention. The fellow certainly had a voice. He engaged him in conversation.

Yes, window cleaning was his regular job; no, he had never studied music. He sang because of a full heart. In fact, he had always sung. It was pent up inside of him and he had to get it out, so he sang.

Ambassador Dawes felt that here was a real find and had visions of being hailed as the discoverer of a future opera idol, so he took the young fellow in hand and began a somewhat intensive musical education which he sponsored. He even so far as to bring about the erst window washer's début as the Du *Rigoletto*. Alas, the resplendent was soon back at his old job again, ing windows and singing while he wo perhaps a trifle wistfully.

No doubt he did have a glorious and one of exceptional promise. He even have been famous today. If lad's mother had insisted on piano tice, when he was a boy, his story have been vastly different.

I have heard hundreds of beau voices, but voices unsupported by quate preparation in the simple rudim Some of them were indeed exquisite their possessors did not even know to read music at sight or keep time erly, two cardinal principles of prep ness that are so essential, they are for granted. Assuredly no busy cond nowadays will stop a costly rehearsal enough to point out such elementary ters.

Moreover, should a singer decid overcome this handicap at all costs will certainly need an iron determina He would feel like an adult who is starting to school to learn his num and letters. These are matters to oc the child mind, not that of the g person. The results produced are less handicaps, tears, heartaches and failures.

Thus you may see why more than is needed to accomplish the unusual. us consider some further points—the of the requirements of a singing ca When he first appeared at the Metr itan, Lawrence Tibbett, with his glor

(*Continued on page 107*)



FRANK LA FORGE, Author of This Article, has been assisting artist to Marcella Sembrich, Mmes. Alda, Schumann Heink and many others. He answers those many inquirers who ask "How can I help my child to become a Radio artist?"



nder Woollcott, sits nt of the mike just he swings into ac- n the period of the Guild Watch at CBS.

By
ALEXANDER
WOOLLCOTT

More TOWN CRIER TALES

Have You Heard This One?—About The Princeton Grad and the Good Samaritan?

LAST autumn I sent several old wives' tales onto the air —the story of the ning lady, for in- , and the story of the man in the subway. I faced each with a on. Each story had told to me as true. it? The question genuine. It was not readbare device of ny broadcaster try- o whip up interest e whips up an ome- I honestly wanted ow. I cannot con- of asking a question ny other reason.

ell, the answers came ng in like pigeons ng to their comfort n — the Public Li-

From all the cities and towns on art of the Atlantic seaboard, from y in Massachusetts and Metuchen w Jersey and Timonium in Mary- the answers came in. This would air sample:

"Dear Mr. Woollcott:

"I heard your story of the murdered n the subway. I am a school teacher don't usually write fan letters like ne. I don't like the way you pro- e words and I think you talk much ast, and I would much rather hear rockett Mountaineers. But I felt d to answer the question you asked ther night. You wanted to know story about the murdered man in bway was true. I happen to know it is true, Mr. Woollcott, but you ome of the details wrong. It didn't n in the subway last winter. It ned in a trolley car in Salt Lake four years ago. I know, because pened to a friend of a cousin of I have written out to my cousin to e exact date and the name of his for you and will let you know as soon as I hear. I hope you won't think me a silly little thing if I ask you to send me a photograph of yourself. Cordially and sincerely yours,

Henrietta Peewee.'

"Well, that's Henrietta's letter. And if that is a fan letter, I'm Rudy Vallee. I need hardly add that Henrietta's cousin in Salt Lake City never came across with the details and that I never heard again from Henrietta.

"THE story I am going to tell next is one that has come to me in twenty different forms from as many different sources in the past two years. The last person to tell it and the one who told it in much the same form I am using tonight is Colonel Ralph Isham of London and Glen Head. Colonel Isham is that eagle of collectors who, under the hooked and irate noses of all the great dealers in autographs, recently carried off the greatest prize of our time, 'The Boswell Papers', which are now being published a volume at a time. You can run down to Macy's and buy them by the dozen, if you want to. They are only $50.00 a volume. Colonel Isham used to be a newspaperman himself. In his salad days he used to be known as the millionaire reporter of *The New York World*. He is, to my notion, the most expert and engaging raconteur now audible at the dinner tables of this latter-day Babylon. Like myself, his specialty is twice-told tales—at least twice told. It is his supreme gift to pick up a bit of American folklore and so sharpen and enhance it that it emerges a gem. Speaking of twice-told tales, I have been at once flattered and perplexed by the recurrence of one request in the Town Crier's mail bag. From sundry and scattered listeners-in, I have been receiving a suggestion that we celebrate Halloween next fall by retelling the ghost story called "Full Fathom Five" which I spun over the air amid the ducking apples and the grinning pumpkins last fall. I wish there was some way I could determine how many of my audience of a year ago would be infuriated by my telling the story again.

"However, to get back to Colonel Isham's yarn, it's a story about a watch. In a panic, I seem to hear a large part of my audience beginning to growl suspiciously. Your Radio addict can smell propaganda with a gas mask two miles off. I can hear a lot of you cagey old birds saying 'If the Town Crier had been engaged by the Camel people, this story would be about a cigarette.' My answer to that is: 'You lie in your teeth.' This story *is* about a watch. It begins with a young Princeton alumnus telephoning from his room at the Princeton club in New York

(*Continued on page 99*)



Rita Bell, bewitchingly demure, did the Helen Kane lines and boop-a-dooping in the Radio showing of *Sweeties*.

RADIO

By Dr. Ralph

Station KHJ Successfully Performs The Noble Experiment—"On With The Show" Brings Sound Pictures To The Air

TORTURED with stereotyped Radio presentations, western listeners have at last discovered something new in what KHJ labels *On With The Show*, which is given each Wednesday at 7 P. M., Pacific time, from Los Angeles.

Several of these have taken an entire talkie feature, cut and revised, and brought out in a Radio version which, somehow or other, never seems to lose any of the lustre of the original production even though the time element has been considerably curtailed.

Besides the talkie productions, the station has also put on light operas, musical comedies and operettas during this *On With The Show* series which is billed to run for a full fifty-two weeks.

The Love Parade, Chevalier's noted vehicle, was the initial attempt. In its original film version this production readily lent itself to numerous characters and many scene changes. But of course the Radio adaptation reduces both the number of people in the cast and the number of scene shifts.

The picture at your neighborhood theatre showed some twenty-two speaking parts. But the Radio version, cutting and doubling, reduced this to exactly ten.

Then again, the original picture script called for ten sequences, while the adapted Radio script culled this to only four. The screen showing viewed exactly 329 scenes, but only fourteen of these found their way into the broadcast program.

All in all, the cutters and adapters, musicians and continuity men, pick out a few definite "shots" and these are protrayed by music, dialogue and sound effects.

The Love Parade went over in a large-sized way. Impersonating Maurice Chevalier was one Charlie Carter. That's the boy's name, although some of the press insist on dubbing him "Charles Cartier", to create an impression of French atmosphere.

A San Francisco lad of sixteen, his father is a well known physician up in the San Francisco Bay region. He manages his youthful son and heir. For *The Love Parade* young Carter did both the lines and songs of Chevalier, although in some of the KHJ Radio-talkies it was found necessary to use two separate and distinct casts . . . one for lines and the other for singing.

The boy's impersonation of Chevalier was a knock-out. So far his Radio work has been confined to this one piece of acting. But he does it well and with plenty of snap and verve.

The major portion of the score and dramatic action of *The Love Parade* was left intact. Yet a tremendous amount of unique labor and ingenuity were demanded of the staff in order to give the ear that which the screen feeds to the eye.

This included the writing and arranging of motifs and incidental music, the skillful weaving of musical themes into the entrance and exit of the leading char[a]cters, the placing of melodic symbols so[that] the listener can easily orient his im[agina]tion. Under the stimulus of a mere [phra]se of dialogue, and a few strains of [mu]sic, the imagination of the listener c[on]structs within him the scene which, on the s[creen] appears concretely before the eye.



Ted White is another KHJ staff member who has had singing roles in Radio talkies.

THEN there was the [com]plete Radio version of *The Rogue* [Song]*,* but, instead of Lawrence Tibbett, [Cali]fornia's proverbial playboy, the lea[d] taken by Pietro Gentile, young I[talian] baritone, who was Tibbett's under[study] during the filming of the productio[n].

Twenty-five years old in April, G[entile] was born in Foggia, Italy. His f[ather] was a dilettante musician and his m[other] a noted sportswoman who was [also] decorated for bravery by King Em[manu]uel of Italy, a signal honor.



Pietro Gentile was the swagger and dashing baritone hero of *The Rogue Song*, produced in Los Angeles by KHJ.

TALKIES

Power

...le in his teens, Gentile pulled away ...parental ties and landed this side of ...atue of Liberty with a magnificent ...ue, a natural in voice, youthful fire, ...on . . . but no money.

...ro took a fling at the boxing game ...while and then followed it up with ... singing. Thus some people knew ...s the boxing-baritone. He became ...orite singer in society circles and ...hall wonder that he worked out the ...nation on the front doors of some ... bigger and better families in Wash... and New York.

... Broadway young Gentile did the ...ile lead in Eddie Cantor's *Whoopee*. ... now doing some picture work in ...ern California. Not so long ago he ...t many distinguished colds while ... for famous artists who delighted ... perfection of his particular style ...chitecture.

... KHJ's second talkie production, *The Rogue Song*, also went over quite big, the staff launched out on an ambitious undertaking of talkies, operettas and other similar features for the coming year.

For instance, there was the studio offering of Balfe's *The Bohemian Girl*, which starred Fred Scott . . . one-time Radio singer who seems to have made good with a vengeance in the movie world.

Young Scott's excellent voice and fine dramatic ability helped him to rise from the ranks of Radio entertainment to starring parts on the silver screen and talkies.

While *The Bohemian Girl* was grand opera, the Radio story was so ably reconstructed that it became more understandable, more plausible . . . sort of losing the grand opera curse.

Then they tried the talkie of *Sweeties*, that screamingly funny story of a boys' school right next door to a girls' school. Station Announcer Kenneth Niles did the role which Oakie had in the original. Rita Bell did the Helen Kane lines. Elvia Allman enacted the role of *Miss Twill;* Ted White as *Bigg;* Lindsay MacHarrie as *Prof. Austin.*

Although the three previous Radio-talkies had used some outstanding guest artist, they did *Sweeties* as an all-studio cast and everybody acquitted themselves pretty well.

PRACTICALLY all of the sound work for these Radio productions comes from the fertile brain of Charles Forsythe. Not content with the ordinary wind machine, he makes one to operate on an electric motor that does the wind storm in several shades and tones, to say nothing of sundry rain, hail and snow side-lines by way of variety.

This new Radio-talkie idea was evolved by Raymond Paige, KHJ musical director, as he was riding on top of a bus out in the wilds of effete Hollywood in search of ideas.

Assisting him was the station arranger, Frederick Stark, German violinist, with practical experience in music arranging for theatres on both the east and west coasts. He did the musical adaptation and wrote new music atmosphere to fit in here and there.

Production Manager Lindsay MacHarrie, one-time assistant student manager at the University of Washington, collaborated in revising the script to fit the limitations of Radio and adapting the talkie to the air production.

Dick Creedon, feature director, and Ted Osborne, erstwhile news-hound, now on the continuity staff, are diligently burning the midnight oil in search of brand new material to keep the series humming along through 1931.



Charlie Carter (left), who played the lead in *The Love Parade* for KHJ and does Maurice Chevalier impersonations, is only sixteen. Kenneth Niles (right), regular KHJ announcer who did a song and some tap dancing in *Sweeties*.

Broadcasting fro

Radio Censorship

WITH the passing of every month the discussion about Radio censorship is growing in volume and in the number of factors involved. As matters now stand, the Federal Radio Commission is definitely limited in its powers to obscenity, blasphemy, treason and the like, although it may fail to renew the license of any station which, in its judgment, is not serving the public interests effectively. As a practical matter, this means that the Federal Radio Commission can exercise little or no censorship over individual Radio programs insofar as they contain objectionable quantities and types of advertising, and involve statements which border close to, or actually constitute misrepresentation. Such censorship today comes under the sole jurisdiction of the chain or individual station accepting a given program.

Certain prominent personages have been clamoring for Radio censorship and there is no doubting that as time goes on this will become as much of a muted subject as it has already become in the fields of book publishing and moving picture production. Experience teaches that in matters of this kind censorship must be either official, which means via some governmental agency, or unofficial, which means via some voluntary agency. Experience also teaches that of the two methods the voluntary plan is infinitely preferable.

Many of the individual stations and all of the leading chains are exercising a type of censorship which is highly commendable and which, in fact, often leans over backwards. Nevertheless, there are a few stations that are very lax in this matter of censorship and, like rotten apples in barrels of good ones, their practices are tending to lower the high plane on which broadcasting as a whole stands today. With a view to studying this situation and also the subject of voluntary censorship as a whole, the Editors of RADIO DIGEST suggest that a Board of Investigation be created under the auspices of the National Association of Broadcasters which shall report its findings on this matter.

Perhaps voluntary censorship is desirable; perhaps it is not. Perhaps no form of censorship is needed; perhaps it is. The whole question should be approached with strictly open minds and the Board of Investigation should include a representative group. In addition to adequate representation from the chains, the large local stations and the small local stations, there should also be at least one well selected individual representing each of the following: Advertising agencies, national advertisers, the Federal Radio Co sion, the American Federation of Advertising an National Better Business Bureau. All of these factors had extensive experience with regard to the practical of censoring advertising copy, and it is probably o phase that the most important questions arise as to mis sentation. On the other hand, it would also be w include individuals well versed in the evolution of c ship as applied to moving pictures, books, vaudevill the theatre.

It may be difficult to organize such a Board of Inve tion and particularly to have it function effectively. will depend upon the selection of an able chairman least the effort seems justified because it is important f broadcasting industry to know just why censorship i desirable and unnecessary, if such is the case. Again, if sort of voluntary censorship seems desirable, it is v important to see that it takes form along lines tha sound and fair to all parties involved. It is quite po that a code can be devised which stations can ratify ind ually on a voluntary basis, and it is also quite po that those stations ratifying such a code will win g approval with the Federal Radio Commission, with who originate and spend advertising appropriations with the American public. Such a code would be re from year to year as intelligent and extensive study indi is advisable, and in this manner the need for actual ce or boards of censorship might be permanently eliminat

Electrical Transcriptions

RECENTLY the President of the National Broad ing Company came out flat-footed against elect transcriptions. The policy followed by other b casting chains and by many of the leading individual tions indicates a similar attitude toward this metho broadcasting programs. Meanwhile, however, the nu of stations equipped to use electrical transcriptions is b steadily increased and the character of such equip steadily improved. Also, articles are appearing in the d press describing the progress which has been made in the art of making electrical transcriptions and in extent of their use.

The answer to all this seems quite obvious. Electr transcriptions are here to stay and no doubt the chara of programs offered through this method will be gradu improved to a point where they will be hard to distingu

he Editor's Chair

rograms presented by talent in person. In reducing of sustaining programs over local stations during hours; in supplying salable programs to a certain r of local advertisers, and as a means of enabling national advertisers to syndicate programs on a stag- basis insofar as the time schedule is concerned—elec- ranscriptions have a field. Also, the use of electrical iptions by national advertisers may be due in certain o the fact that chains of stations cannot be lined up ven program at an identical hour.

rtheless, and in spite of these things which insure ure of electrical transcriptions beyond question of it is quite apparent that talent-in-person will always the premier role from the standpoints of importance blic acceptance. The American people have demon- time and time again their ability to feel personalities t before them via the microphone, and much of the r success of broadcasting is attributable to this inti- f relations which has been created between the artists ir audience. Even moving pictures do not have this e virtue of personal contact. There is also the highly ant factor of timeliness and, of course, electrical iptions can never be recorded and delivered to the simultaneous with an actual occurrence.

ur humble judgment electrical transcriptions will run a bad second to direct broadcasting in their and intensity of appeal. In other words, they can part of the stage but never dominate the stage—and reason presentations-in-person must ever be the bul- of reputation and fame for broadcasting. Both ls have their place, but no one should fail to distin- etween their relative positions and respective limita-

dget
dio Sets

HE world wide decline in commodity prices and in manufactured goods and the lowered purchasing power which accompanied the general business de- n of 1930 caused many business concerns to aim at a narket for their success. There are many examples re the public has been offered new types of products r prices, and of where the quality of usefulness has n seriously affected by the reduced prices. There are cases where price reductions have been effected at the expense of quality and utility.

fices of this sort do not pay in the long run because dissatisfied customers sooner or later fly back against the manufacturer. Midget Radio sets to a considerable degree fall in this category. While there are a few small size sets that are excellently made that sell at lower prices than those encased in larger and more costly cabinets, the fact remains that many of the midget sets which have been put on the market during the past few months fail to offer worth while values to the public. In other words, the dollar saving which they seem to offer is in truth a false economy.

In buying Radio sets we caution and advise our readers to investigate intensively before deciding on which set to buy. We make this suggestion in order that no one will make the unforgivable mistake of buying a set which does not do justice to modern Radio broadcasting. The many, many millions of dollars which are being spent to bring outstanding talent and great programs before the American public are largely wasted if they reach the listener through receiving sets that distort and ruin the actual programs. Hence, we say be sure to shop carefully and, if necessary, spend the extra dollars asked to insure a quality result as contrasted with a mangled result.

RAY BILL



RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

EVERY Friday morning *Collier's* Magazine appears on the newsstands.

Every Sunday night *Collier's* appears on the air.

The Radio hour is under the direction of John B. Kennedy, Associate Editor.



John B. Kennedy

Who's Who says that he was born in Canada in 1894. That makes him thirty-seven. Which is pretty young to have done all the things that *Who's Who* reports him to have done. For instance, to have been a newspaper man in Montreal, Toronto, St. Louis, Chicago, New York, and London. To have been a correspondent during the World War. To have been associated with Herbert Hoover in relief work in Europe. To have founded and edited in 1921 the magazine *Columbia*. To have been for the past few years editor and Radio director of *Collier's*.

Other facts culled from *Who's Who* are that he came from Canada to the United States in 1909, that he attended St. Louis University, where he specialized in philosophy, that he married in 1916, that he has two children, that he has been decorated by the French and Belgian governments.

And grateful am I to *Who's Who*, for after my few moments talk with him snatched at the end of one of *Collier's* Radio hours, I found that I had a great many facts about the program but almost none about John B. Kennedy.

Of course I started him off by asking the very practical question: "Are you getting lots more subscriptions to your magazine because of the broadcast?"

"Well," he replied, "it's rather strange. We have had a tremendous increase in circulation, but we find that *Collier's* has grown as rapidly during the summer months when we are not on the air as during the months when we are. It must be the excellence of the book itself that sells it.

"We're in Radio broadcasting to entertain people, not to sell them. Our readers pay a nickel and they get from us two interesting shows a week, one for the mind—through the *eye*, and one for the mind through the *ear*. The good will established by *Collier's* Hour is an intangible thing. It cannot be measured by a yardstick. But from the piles of letters that come into my office, from the thousands of people who have attended this theatre to watch our performances, I'm convinced the yardstick would have to be a very large one."

And then just as I was going to ask him about his favorite hobbies, et cetera, he had to dash off to a previous engagement.

But that doesn't prevent me from saying something about the way *Collier's* Hour is presented. It is the only program I know where you can both eat your cake and have it, too—meaning that you watch the performers as they act, sing, or talk behind a great glass curtain which separates the stage from the audience, and from a loud speaker you hear the program just exactly as it is going out on the air.

Microphone technique, with its necessity for lowering the voice, is such that most programs are spoiled for the lis who hears them in the studio. Oft is impossible to hear what is being or sung into the microphone althoug performers are but a few feet away *Collier's* Hour one both sees and hea

The program has been on the ai over three years and since March 1930, its performances have been b cast from the stage of the Amste Theatre every Sunday night at e fifteen, Eastern Standard time. To o seats one must write to Collier's, b popular is the program that all seats been spoken for for weeks ahead.

Audrey Marsh

THE race is to the swift. And race is to the young. At leas seems so with this group of Radio people. Bert Lown, twenty-six, L Wall, twenty or so, John Kennedy, th seven, and here's Miss Audrey M soprano for the Columbia Broadca



Audrey Marsh

n, who is only nineteen years old. did get an early start. She began g at thirteen months. At that age nother vouches she could carry the f *Smarty, Smarty,* which does seem priate, doesn't it, for a year-old rd? Yes, she was quite a prodigy.



Lucille Wall

breaks were with her in that both s were musical, her father a singer, other a concert pianiste. Her ca- id not have parental opposition. All h her childhood her talent was ed. In school her time was taken hearsing for amateur productions. she had a great deal of dramatic as well as musical talent she de- to try for the stage. When only en she had parts in *The Prince and auper* and in *Little Old New York.* r graduating from school, she took special dramatic work in New York. lidn't satisfy her. She wanted the hing. Ann Nichols was getting er a company to take *Abie's Irish* on the road. Little Audrey walked e office and said she wanted a job. Nichols gave her the lead.

two years she was "Rosemary" in world's most popular play. After ame a role in Christopher Morley's *Dark,* which played in Hoboken. n came her Radio discovery.

was at a party, she sang a few a Radio executive was present. he ed an audition at Columbia. Abra- ra, she was a Columbia star. t in March, 1930. Since then she en a featured singer over WABC.

Lucille Wall

ILLE WALL, who delights listeners the Love Story Girl in *Collier's* on every Sunday night over NBC, was born not so many years ago in Chicago. She didn't intend to have a dramatic career. At fourteen or fifteen she had made up her mind to be a nun. But her ideas changed and she decided to train herself as a pianiste. Then she heard Paderewski give a recital. The Polish genius so overwhelmed her that she gave up all ambition for a musical career.

The stage intrigued her next and to this idea she brought a determination that eventually brought her to Jane Cowl's company for a three-year engagement. Last year she was on Broadway in *Little Accident* and in *The Ladder.*

She tells an interesting story about her early stage experiences. She was applying at the offices of various theatrical agents asking for work. Finally one agent called her up and told her an actress was needed in such and such a play. She thanked him and naively said she'd let him know about it in two or three days. "All right," said the agent, and slammed up the receiver. Taking him literally, that it was "all right," she appeared in three days to say she'd take the job. "Lady," said the weary-eyed agent, "the girl who took that part has already opened in it." Yet, nevertheless, she eventually got a part from him, and made good at it.

Radio was just a happenstance. Over three years ago some friends told her of the *Collier's* Hour and of its need for someone to take parts in the dramatizations of its short stories. She tried out. was accepted, and has been with *Collier's* ever since. A year ago she began the "Polly Preston" rôle, which is a popular feature over NBC on Tuesday nights.

She is a tall girl, but with a sparkle and vivacity that is rare in the statuesque type. The microphone has enabled her to take the kind of parts she prefers to play—the gay young parts—which on the stage are denied to her because of her height.

"Glamourous?" She repeated the word I applied to her career. "Yes, I suppose it looks so from the outside, but it seems to me that all I do is to work and go home to rest. There is no life like the dramatic one for demanding energy and vitality. There may be some professions where one can burn the candle at both ends and still do good work. but acting is not one of them.

"Yes, I have a great deal of leisure, but it is leisure cut up into little bits. I never can look ahead a week at a time. I can't even plan a hair-dressing engagement."

Collier's Radio Hour is broadcast from the New Amsterdam Theatre with an audience on the other side of the glass curtain.

"At first this audience was terribly disconcerting," Miss Wall said. "I wanted to play to it and not to the microphone. Now, of course, I am used to it and it doesn't bother me. But at the beginning it required an effort of will to keep my mind on my Radio audience instead of the theatrical one! Now I find it easy."

Bert Lown

"A MILLION dollars, and then what?" That was the question I asked Bert Lown as I sat across the tea table from him in the supper room of the Hotel Biltmore.

For Bert Lown, leader of the Hotel Biltmore Orchestra, and heard regularly over WABC and the Columbia network. has admitted his ambition is "a million dollars."

The slender blonde young man. who looks like nothing so much as a youngster just out of college, quirked up a corner of his mouth. Said he, "I'm going to buy an island in the South Seas."

I thought that was just his pleasant way of telling me it was none of my business. So I said facetiously, "Where you will sit and sit and sit, and rest yourself, b'gosh.' "

"No. I'll probably be working as hard as I am now, but it will all be constructive work. Fifty per cent of my energy won't be devoted to fighting competition—as it is in this game, or in any business in the modern world. I want to build something with my own hands, to make



Bert Lown

something out of nothing. I don't know exactly what it will be. But something" —he wrinkled his brow—"well, the sort of thing Jim Dole did with his Hawaiian pineapples."

It began to dawn upon me that this young man was serious.

"But you don't like business, cities, the hustle and bustle of modern life."

"Cities? I hate 'em. But they're

(*Continued on page 102*)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

MY DEARS your Marcella is still almost overwhelmed with the affair of the month—and there have been so many things this season of the year. Passing along from the quite doggy doings aboard the Club Leviathan under the auspices of the RKO-NBC my idea of the real old home week was the Sunday night opening of WMCA atop the Hammerstein theatre. Very swank for a family gathering. And my previous peep at the guest list convinced me that everyone who was lucky enough to get a bid simply could not afford to miss it.

* * *

YOU may know that WMCA has been growing up. There are two floors of studios and the very finest of talent. It is without doubt the most progressive independent station in New York. All due of course to the energetic enterprise of Mr. Donald Flamm, owner and manager. The opening was due to the formal presentation of the new transmitter capable of spreading a program over half the continent or better. Guest artists were summoned from every quarter. Many of the leading celebrities of the air made their start in Radio at the old WMCA. They call it their alma mater.



WMCA Television Theatre, New York

* * *

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE W. JOHNSTONE, representing Mr. Aylesworth of NBC, were in the audience of the little theatre shepherding a flock of lambs from the National group. Among these were Rudy Vallee, Alwyn Bach, Lucille Wall and Baby Rose Marie. Ted Husing and Norman Brokenshire mastered some of the ceremonies as representatives from the Columbia fold. Then there was the exquisite Bernadine Hayes who was crowned Radio Queen, formerly of Columbia and more recently of NBC. (She is leaving New York as these lines are written with a trainload of talkie people for pictures to be taken in Hollywood—dear me, I've forgotten whether it was Warner Brothers or First National.) Then there were N. T. G., sometimes known as Nils T. Granlund, proprietor of the Hollywood Night Club and other notable ceremonial masters. Beautiful Nancy Carroll sat right beside me. And you can just bet RADIO DIGEST was represented by four members of its editorial staff (and escorts). It was an all night party, dear friends, with much chatter and small talk as well as entertainment from the stage. I think it was about 2 a.m. when Mr. Brokenshire broke into a song which sounded much like *"Three cheers for WMCA—long be its wave."* Over it all flowed the blessings of a Methodist preacher, Catholic priest and Jewish rabbi—who participated in the program.



Bernadine Hayes

* * *

HERE'S a long overdue reply to a letter from Mr. R. L. McEachun who wrote from Fort Valley, Ga., on the general tendency to biased reporting of sports by broadcasters. He picks out Mr. G. McNamee at the time of the World Series and says there was a change in Graham's voice indicating something or other when Jimmie Fox hit a homer. Quoth Mr. McNamee to me apropos [illegible] there was a change in my voice, [illegible] than the natural reactions to the [illegible] periods of excitement I was not awa[illegible] it. Certainly I was not rooting fo[illegible] Louis any more than I was for Phi[illegible] phia. The Radio announcer always [illegible] it coming and going after any big [illegible] The losing side always accuses th[illegible] nouncer of favoring the opposition. [illegible] matter of fact I consider that I am [illegible] ing to the whole United States. M[illegible] thusiasm is for the good plays whe[illegible] they are."

* * *

IT WAS over a lunche[illegible] one of the women's clubh[illegible] on East 57th Street th[illegible] made the acquaintance of [illegible] Petch. She is a short, [illegible] getic woman—just ful[illegible] American pep—although [illegible] is English. And the rer[illegible] able thing about her is [illegible] she was the first woma[illegible] broadcast from Norwa[illegible] America. You must hav[illegible] heard her here in the U[illegible] States for she was and [illegible] ably still is, on a tour o[illegible] United States stations, de[illegible] ing educational talks on va[illegible] subjects. She is very m[illegible] about her work and wh[illegible] referred to the great se[illegible] she was giving to human [illegible] she said, "Marcie," that' [illegible] short affectionate term for Marcell[illegible] don't like to be thought of as one of [illegible] dignified educators—I just love life[illegible] I love the way it's lived in America—[illegible] its enthusiasm, its verve." And as we sipped the last drop of tea, Mrs. Petch hurried away to catch a train to Toledo.



Donald Fla[illegible]

* * *

THE rolling pin has played many important parts in the history of many homes—but its unique possibility as a baton for conducting was first



s M. Petch

discerned by none other than Ted Weems. It was natural for Ted to translate almost anything into musical terms, for one of his forebears, Angus Wemyes —is said to have invented the Scottish bagpipes, and his parents are both music teachers. Besides composing and music-ing, Ted took excursions into the literary field while ng the Towne Scientific School of iversity of Pennsylvania, and con- l generously to the humorous pub- , the *Punch Bowl*. To Ted Weems orchestra were paid the highest afforded to any musicians in our hat of playing Inaugural the President United States hington. And after day, ter of *Piccolo* nd his band fresh fame. se any little about Ted e incomplete the mention his brother arly joined heir melody journeys. Ted Weems orchestra are heard every week over the Columbia Broadcasting presenting their programs direct e Hotel Lowry, in St. Paul.



Ted Weems

* * *

RMAN L. of Souderton, Pa. wants and sketches of Harry Vonzell, rowne and Al Llewelyn. And here e grouped in a quartet, the fourth h is Reynold Evans of whom a ter. Harry Vonzell started out on lio career, as a singer, *believe it or* t is now an announcer—and over S. His later capacity was discov- en he was on a program in a local in Los Angeles. Harry was to th several other artists, but as the pidly approached for the opening program and no announcer ap- —Harry found himself with a n his hand instead of the music He was nervous about it and that he had "flopped", but a week as surprised when he was given a job as announcer. Then in the ition for announcer on the Old rogram, Vonzell was chosen out of ndred applicants for the job.

* * *

IOST every day Marcella receives s for more about Reynold Evans. ... of Akron says, "He surely is one mbia's best announcers. I believe if you asked 'Reyn' in a real nice way he would give you a picture without the Sheik's garb." Mary E. K. of Tonawanda, N. Y., asks for his photo; and E. E. D. of Buffalo wants a photo of Reyn for her scrap book. Well, here is Reynold Evans —and without any of the fol-de-rols which he wears in Arabesque. Reyn got the fundamentals of readin', writin' and 'rithmetic at Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven. But the wanderlust seized him and he ran away to join a New York Stock company. He says he was terrible in the part that he took, but it could not have been that as this role started him in his theatrical career. Both of his eyes appear to be quite healthy, but he almost lost one of them in a duel with Walter Hampden during the first act of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Reyn also played with Cyril Maude and with Jane Cowl so he has an excellent dramatic background for his Radio career.

* * *

EDYTHE J. MESERANDE in the Press Relations Department of the NBC writes to RADIO DIGEST and says, "This is for your little bird that knows all." Please page Mrs. A. M. B. of Earlville, N. Y. James Wallington, or Jimmy as he is known to everyone, is only 22 and hails from Rochester. For three years he studied at the University of Rochester —that is, he attended, anyway. He always had a charming voice, as his neighbors commented, and like most Radio announcers, he began his public career as a singer. It was at WGY, Schenectady that he sprouted up into a full-fledged announcer,



Upper: Harry Vonzell, Brad Browne
Lower: Reynold Evans, Al Llewelyn

writing continuities and directing the plays. Came the day—(last summer) he met Miss Stanislawa Butkiewicz, or the future Mrs. Wallington, which is much easier to pronounce, and they sailed off upon their honeymoon on an airplane trip through Canada. Jimmy looks a bit older than his twenty-two years. He is over six feet tall, has blue eyes, light brown hair and a close-clipped mustache. Our Imperturbable Printer must have shaved off the mustache in the process of reproduction here.



James Wallington

* * *



Ford Bond

THIS too, is for Mrs. A. M. B. Good evening, Ladies and —Ford Bond speaking. In a Chicago medical college where his parents urged him to go, Ford preferred studying music to dissecting cats. That's where parents err—of course, this column is not for the purpose of disciplining parents—but when a lad has a singing voice, why send him to a medical college? When he was twenty-two he directed the community chorus and church choir at Alexandria, La., but sooner or later, Radio "gets" any ambitious person, and beginning at WHAS, Louisville, as announcer, then director of studios, music and general programs, he won his way to New York and hied himself over the NBC. Fifteen churches in New York invited him to sing but he accepted finally the offer of the Marble Collegiate Church to become a member of their choir and sing to the congregation.

* * *

CHUBBY PARKER is not on WLS any more, Mel. R. He is living in Chicago, with his family, but is not connected with any station. Bob Boulton is back at college, probably deeply immersed in higher math, Greek, literature and the like. Steve Cisler—says that Bob was a live wire around the studios and quite popular with the ladies on his famous Town Crier Cooking school. Very young and unmarried. Eddie Allan is the Dixie Harmonica King of WLS. He has six hundred tunes packed in his mouth harp. Married! More of WLS in March. Marcella hopes. Bradley Kincaid is dividing his time between WLW and WLS. Even Steven himself has turned Buckeye and joined WGAR at Cleveland.



Roger Bower

BRAD BROWNE of Nit Wit Fame—and did you know, Norman, that Harry C. Browne, director of Hank Simmons' *Show Boat* which has seen its *seventh* hundred performance on CBS, is Brad's brother? And would you think that this stirrer of mirth and giggles once studied law at Georgetown University and has an LL.B.? But he didn't want to practise law—he wanted to practise on the banjo—and he's some banjo strummer. Of course, it's all in the family—for the father is quite at home with this instrument—and in the good old days—the people would gather around in the Browne homestead and all would dance to the merry tum-tums of the banjo. Brad went overseas with the 101st regiment and as personnel corporal, he had leisure to write army songs and entertain his buddies. As a matter of fact, Brad is so popular, that his picture is on the Coming and Going page. I think I snatched the better picture, don't you?



Vida Sutton

* * *

THINGS looked awfully black—and it wasn't in Pittsburgh, either—when Al Llewelyn's steel foundry—that is he was the production manager—burned to the ground. But he picked up odds and ends here and there and managed to calm the landlady on Saturdays with enough money to stay for another week. At the same boarding house lived none other than Brad Browne—and the only one, probably who didn't enjoy the merriment was the landlady—because the other guests never got to bed with these two comedians around—and there was the candlelight bill to be paid. It was at a Newark station where Brad and Al won public acclaim and as Newark isn't far from New York, they came to this city and broadcast their *Cellar Knights, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,* and other comical sketches over the CBS. They now have other programs including the Pertussin Playboys which they broadcast daily at 8:15 in the morning. His success is not confined to Radio for his golf score is in the low nineties.

* * *

ANY time that Marcella herself is so busy that she can't see the Columbia stars personally, she calls up Gilbert Cant and asks frinstance, in her very chirping voice—How old is Guy Lombardo—and off rushes Mr. Cant to Guy Lombardo, takes a peek at his birth certificate—rushes back to the telephone—28 years. Are any of his brothers married—and off he rushes again to the four brothers—and asks each one of them if he is in bondage to the matrimonial vow—hurries back to the telephone and says—"No, they're not married yet!" Leonore C. of Oil Springs, Ontario wants to know if Carmen Lombardo wrote *Until We Meet Again.* Did he, Mr. Cant? Mr. Cant says, yes. They're all four brothers—and they make some quartet, don't they, Christine? Christine of Kenosha says that there is a resemblance between Victor Lombardo and the Prince of Wales.

* * *

BETTY of Stamford writes, "I think Roger Bower of WOR is great—he's a humorous announcer—what I like".

Here he is just as happy as ever. George Roger Bower is his full name, but for some reason or other he dislikes the name George. Well, George, I mean Roger, is a native of Gotham and even attended the universities here—N. Y. U., and City College. He's had his finger in everything—farm hand, desk hand, logger, etc. He is even a Spanish interpreter. WMCA is his alma mater also. Here he worked for several months as a fight announcer, but he is now thriving at WOR and seems to be quite happy both from his picture and his voice over the telephone.

* * *

AND here comes Ford Rush. And here is a partial list of people who have asked about him: Eddie of Peoria; Mrs. Daisy R. of Emporia; and Rosalind T. of Detroit. Ford calls himself the "Pal of the Air" and he certainly proves himself to be that judging from the hundreds of letters he receives from all types of people in different parts of the country. He is now at KMOX "tenoring" away, writes Miss Junkin, program director, "and has such a likable disposition that he is quite irresistible."



Upper: Carmen and Guy Lombardo
Lower: Lebert and Victor Lombardo



Ford Ru

* * *

SH-SH-SH. Irene Beasley is on the CBS, but I can't tell you a thin about it. There's a terrible secr that I know is that she's on an ad ing program and no one will give name of it. So, Maud S. of S Texas, and Twilla of Salina, Kansa Ah wuz you, I'd keep a sharp e her voice.

* * *

MISS VIDA SUTTON has the able task of teaching NBC Radio a cers how to speak distinctly and cor It was she who coached Milton J. and Alwyn Bach and they both came with the diction gold medals.



Paul Specht

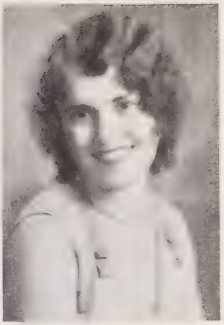
* *

DEE of N writes a very letter about Specht. She "For those admirers wh not had the fortune to se idol on the them visual tall, slender, looking young man, of fine Penns Dutch stock, tucking his violin un chin with a caressing gesture that how well he loves it. He told me h Pennsylvania Dutch farms are his and Paradise. He has managed t step the racketeering clutter of gr etc., etc., which so often impede the along the royal road to renown. speaks with the greatest reverence parents, "a pure old-fashioned m an industrious musical father. Specht is a rich man—rich in the worth while, in happy home ties a sociations, in experiences and in plishments, in character and in ideals." Now, Dee, Dear, I think a beautiful character delineation. Boswell could not have done better. I'm returning Paul Specht's pictu you. Thank you for them.

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. her a letter, ask her any of the b questions that are bothering your Information is her middle name.






Such Pulchritude!
KROW *Issues*
CHALLENGE

HERE'S a station that thinks it has the most beautiful staff of feminine entertainers of any broadcaster in the United States. They're KROW-ing so vigorously about it that RADIO DIGEST thought it only fair to beat television to it and let everyone else have a look at the fair staff of the Oakland station.

They offer plenty of variety—blondes, brunettes, titian-haired entertainers ranging the gamut from the soulful, dreamy type to peppy, jazzy girls.

And so they issue a challenge to the incorporated Radio Stations of the broad, wide, U. S. A., to submit photos of their staff members to the searching eye of publicity. We'll then appoint you Radio listeners and readers as a nation-wide jury to pick the most beautiful staff.

Other broadcasters will have to go a long way to beat this array of gorgeous talent. All of the young ladies are actively associated with the station—there are no "imported" beauties, and all of them are well and favorably known to Pacific Coast listeners.







top row, left to right—June Gilman, the girl with a smile in her voice, receptionist, has been with KROW since its opening. Jean Ardath—she's the titian-haired one!—the station's jazz and concert pianist. Mildred Lewis, next, passes on your request numbers to the musical director when you call—she's called "half-pint" 'cause her height is just five feet. Madeline Sivyer, the Bohemian Violinist is just nineteen, and a real artist.

Left, reading downward—Betty The Shopper, fashion dictator, who knows what to buy, what to wear and—important—how to get it for the least money! Helen Benson, the Banjo Girl, is very, very blond and the dreamy sort of person a banjoist should be. Lillian Boyd, ravishing brunette, is 21 and has double barrelled talents—a soft contralto voice and piano fingers.

Right, reading downward—Maybelle Gleeson, winsome blond wife of Bill Gleeson, general manager of KROW. Beth Chase—isn't she too demure? No, looks are deceiving, for Beth is the Oakland station's blues-singer and jazz baby—tap-dancer, too. Nola Starr has Irish eyes—is a daughter of Erin who can bring tears to your eyes with her tender, rich contralto voice.

Mingling with Mid-Westerne

By

BETTY McGEE

Chicago Correspondent

OVER in the Civic Opera House we find a very versatile couple—Marion and Jim Jordan . . . they bring to mind the truism that versatility is a necessary requirement for every Radio artist. This harmony team of WENR, formerly of the vaudeville stage, have a repertoire of four or five different kinds of Radio acts. First, they are both members of the cast of the "Smith Family", well known comedy sketch. Then, they sing duets together. When they solo, Marion is a specialist in character songs, while Jim is frequently heard in the ballad type of composition. Last, they present a short comedy and musical sketch known as "Marion and Jim's Grab Bag" in which jokes are intermingled with tunes.

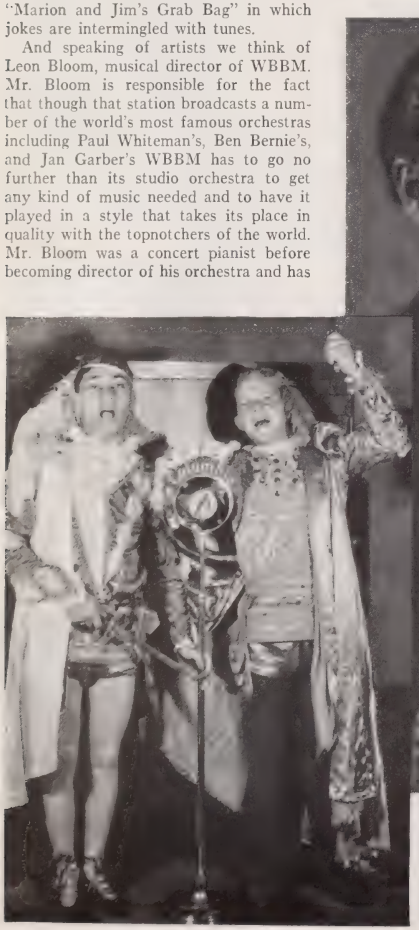
And speaking of artists we think of Leon Bloom, musical director of WBBM. Mr. Bloom is responsible for the fact that though that station broadcasts a number of the world's most famous orchestras including Paul Whiteman's, Ben Bernie's, and Jan Garber's WBBM has to go no further than its studio orchestra to get any kind of music needed and to have it played in a style that takes its place in quality with the topnotchers of the world. Mr. Bloom was a concert pianist before becoming director of his orchestra and has played in the leading cities of both Europe and America.

And still talking music and musicians, Jules Herbeveaux is quite a character. He combines a polished and dignified exterior with the impulses of the incorrigible clown. Strange as it may seem Jules studied to be an engineer. However, it was over in France that he first picked up a saxophone and he has never laid it down; and probably never can, now that his syncopations are a regular feature over at KYW. His two greatest i are his lovely suburban home, an tion . . . and folks at the studio ready putting in bids for rides plane he hopes to buy soon.

* * *

BILLY DOYLE, who is Rudolph WCFL team of Adolph and R tells a funny story about his partn Becker. Years ago they drifted t in Chicago and decided to work vaudeville act, which was to "Dutch" dialect and jokes, and "hoofing". Billy was a dancer, b wasn't, so a pair of wooden sho bought for the inexperienced mem the team and he was set to work cl

After a week or so of practice boys decided their act, including th ging (now they call it tap-dancing) pass muster, so they got a job in a a-day down in Paducah, Ky. Billy danced, and all was well. Then i Ned's turn, but he stood there abs paralyzed . . . he had forgotten eve that Billy had taught him! Afte seemed like an eternity, they le stage, packed their properties, an to sneak out of the back door. E manager caught sight of them an enthusiastically—"Boys, you save show; the part where Ned makes he forgot his dance was a wow!" was with them . . . after six we Paducah they earned a good rep





Above—Marion and Jim Jordan and their piano, are as harmonious at as they are at WENR studios. Both are good comedians and actors,

Top—Leon Bloom, musical director of WBBM, Chicago, is an ex-concert pi

The Radio Romeos (left) of WPG, Atlantic City, in their "Personal Appea Regalia"—they have a memorized repertoire of five hundred ballad

Pacific Pick-ups

ayed all the large circuits of vaude- War separated them, but Radio d them and today they are one of ost popular features of the Chicago

Pancake Festival Held at KGBZ

HAT? *Pancake* festival at a Radio station? Yes—besides dispensing inment, Station KGBZ at York, recently went into the wholesale business, as witness these statistics ons of pancake flour, 20 barrels of and 1,500 pounds of coffee served to 00,000 visitors.

it was all free, served through the lity of Dr. George R. Miller, owner station. Invitations were broad- nd folks were fed in relays of 400 me. Members of the staff, includ- nry and Jerome who recently won to DIGEST popularity prize, enter- in person during the eight days festival. Visitors came to York istances of over one hundred miles ibute to the originality of the plan k of the Festival.

obby Jones Gives adio Golf Lessons

OU have a bad slice or put too much on your ball or any of the other common to merely mortal golfers— e to correct them now, under the ge of Bobby Jones, who has turned ro under the banner of NBC to give rs lessons. But watch out, don't into the china closet or the loud r! There'll be more about him in RADIO DIGEST.

OUT in the K-call Country, where stations all begin with K's, RADIO DIGEST gives two stations—KHJ and KROW—a big splash this month, each with a feature story. As for the other broadcasters . . .

* * *

John McIntyre, KMPC announcer, does the Sunday night drama reading for his station in Beverly Hills, Cal., with organ background by Leo Mannes. Mac studied elocution in high school; continued at the University of Southern California, where he was student assistant in the School of Speech, and now his first job out of school is in broadcast. A year ago he married Gloria Quayle Montgomery and the ceremony was performed in front of the microphone at the station.

* * *

Ray Bailey, debonair music conductor for KMTR, used to manage a dance hall orchestra up in Nome twenty-five years ago . . . later directing the Hotel Coronado orchestra down near San Diego way.

* * *

Jack Strock, who assumes full responsibility for KGER's Allay Oop frolic each afternoon out in Long Beach, Cal., comes from a theatrical family. But he never had a yearning for the stage, preferring instead to follow broadcast ways. Allay Oop freely translated means "giddap horsie," and that is what the hour is, a full sixty minutes of fun and horse play.

* * *

Purcell Mayer, KFI violinist, follows his line of Radio and concert work while his sister, Mary, tries a different angle on the same subject. She is music critic on a morning paper in the same city . . . Los Angeles.

* * *

Charlie Wellman, "Prince of Pep," packs his toothbrush and hair lotion in a grip and goes from KHJ to KFSD for awhile. His singing voice in popular tunes of the day has been a KHJ feature for the last three years on regular schedule. Chuck, fifteen-year-old son, remains in Los Angeles while dad goes to San Diego. The boy is studying to be a lawyer.







ve—The principals of the WLW Canova Hour con their cues—left to t, Don Becker, Robert Brown, Harriet Wellen, Bill Stoess and Franklin Bens

—Dr. George R. Miller, owner of KGBZ, Pancake Festival Station at York.

t—"Shure, Molly and it's swell coffee that you do be makin' to warm a s heart"—Molly and Mike, of the KFI-KECA, humorous dialect team.



They're all good, but Bobby Dukes, on Stan Lee Broza's shoulder, is the youngest and cleverest of the WCAU Kiddies.

Four-Year-Old Is Star of WCAU "Kiddies"

By KENNETH W. STOWMAN

AS RIPLEY would say, "Believe It or Not"—Bobby Dukes has appeared on the stage, screen and Radio and is not yet four. He is chief attraction on the WCAU Sunday Children's Hour.

About two years ago, Stan Lee Broza of Station WCAU conceived the idea of broadcasting a children's program. Within three weeks more than a hundred kiddies were awaiting their turn to broadcast and it became necessary to set a time for auditions to weed out poor material and to develop those which showed promise. The broadcasting time is Sunday morning, with auditions on Saturday, open to everyone. Thus in a nutshell the WCAU Children's Hour had its origin. So popular has this broadcast become that motion picture and stage stars await their Philadelphia arrival so that they may entertain these kiddies.

Last summer nine of the best kiddies, headed by Bobby Dukes, made their first stage appearance at the Fox Theatre in Philadelphia, where in one week they established an all-time house record for midsummer. They played later in Newark, N. J., Wildwood, N. J., Ocean City, N. J., and closed their run at Wilmington, Del., where they filled the house to capacity, a record for child entertainers.



Tackling the biggest band instrument of all —the Jumbo Sousaphone—doesn't scare Alfreda Hagen, KSTP blues singer.

THE Sunshine Coffee Boys departed from KFAB in Yankton, and then they came back. Eddie Dean, the baritone of that harmony team, can also twang a guitar, while Jimmy Dean, the tenor, is a "harmonica-ist" too . . . Myron Woten of the same South Dakota station, is six years old, assists Daddy and Gladys Woten on their program, and lays claim to being the youngest announcer on the air . . . Earl Williams is another old-time WNAX'er who came back after a year spent with other stations.



Nashville, Tennessee, is her home, an likes the South, says Justine Dumm, s soprano of Station WSM.

THE dramatic sketches *Abroad* *The Lockharts*, heard from W in Baltimore, are written by Gene hart and his wife, Kathleen, who the roles of Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, in real life and for the microphone.

Gene Lockhart is well known as a poser, one of his most popular son being *The World Is Waiting for the rise*. Kathleen Lockhart is also a cian of note and has appeared in a ber of stage productions in London New York, as well as on the Radio

W Team Discovered ading Double Lives!

E end men of the WLW Burnt rkers team have another occupa- n private life Hink signs the checks ollege for which he acts as treas- s Elmer N. Hinkle. Dink is none han George N. Ross, Oxford, Ohio, o salesman, and when not blacked light brown hair, blue eyes, weighs unds and is 5 feet 6½ inches tall. d and has two children.

has dark hair, brown eyes, is 5 inches tall and weighs about 140 Beats his partner by one more has three.

* * *

I RICHLEY, xylophone player at LW, is more than conscientious. n't resort to even legitimate trick- His own arrangement of "The Ros- alls for chords on both xylophone braphone. Although fellow musi- could competently play the vibra- chords for him, Richley insists jumping from one instrument to ier and doing all the work himself. ave to do it on the stage, and I heat the Radio audience," he says.

* * *

HEN his shoes developed a squeak just before a presentation of the Theatre at WLW, Edward A. production manager, removed the ng shoes and directed the play in cking feet.

* * *

EY TEN EYCK, announcer at LW. is known to the Radio audi- nder more strange names than any nember of the staff of the Crosley tations. He gets letters addressed es such as these: Tenite, Kemite. ke, Tenike, Penite, 10 Ike, and 1-2- -7-8-9-10 Eyck. Robert Burdette, r Crosley announcer, always intro- Ten Eyck to listeners as Ten Itch.



Here are the end men of the WLW Burnt Corkers—Hink and Dink—otherwise Elmer N. Hinkle and George N. Ross.

IT'S an extraordinary saw that Joe Lenzer plays at WLW. Made of the finest steel, copper plated, its handle of polished wood is decorated with ivory medallions studded with brilliants. That's a record, even for a musical saw.

Everett M. Strout Roamed From Spain to Singapore to KSTP

IT ISN'T often that a youngster selected to be a future president of the United States turns out to be a deep-sea diver—but that's what almost happened to Everett M. Strout, erstwhile diver, sailor, Radio technician, cook, and what not, who is now a member of the engineering staff of KSTP.

Proud of her young son, his mother boasted that some day she would be the mother of a President. "But I turned out to be a deep-sea diver," Strout related. At the age of thirteen years he ran away from home to start his career as a sailor. That step was the beginning of hazardous experiences and hair-raising adventures which ended not so long ago with his marriage to Miss Catherine Schoop of Oak Park, Illinois.

His stories concern: The weird music of Calcutta with its mysterious dark doorways, and how he spent a night in jail there for talking back to the captain of his ship; the alluring beauty of the women of Spain, and particularly Valencia, the most interesting of all the places which he visited; how his hair prematurely turned gray in the first storm that he encountered at sea; how his diving partner was killed while with him at Detroit; the thrills he experienced as he witnessed a cobra and mongoose fight at Singapore; and how he was stranded at Lake Superior with the propeller shaft of the ship broken and how his S O S calls brought ships to the rescue.

In 1923 Strout constructed one of the first Radio stations in Illinois, a 20-watt station at La Salle. Today he is employed by one of the largest Radio stations in the Northwest, KSTP in St. Paul, where he is known as somewhat of a magician or genius for his remarkable success on the technical side of broadcasting.



eventeen members of the Aristocrats at WTMJ, Milwaukee, boast among their instruments everything from an accordion to a harp.



Quin Ryan, veteran WGN announcer, introducing Senator-elect James Hamilton Lewis in one of his recent Radio speeches.



Harry Seymour, genial announcer o WSMB Sunday night Frolics, is losing of his hair, it seems!



WTIC claims that "Tiny" Berman, 270 pounder, is the biggest Radio musician. But his big bass viol dwarfs him!

(Below) Jimmy Boyer, staff organist of WKBF in Indianapolis, is popular with folks in the Hoosier country.





Broadcast Artists Wind Up WSMB Sunday Night Frolic With Coffee

By Moise M. Block

Way down yonder in New Orleans Sunday nights bring to Radio fans an inimitable array of local and foreign artists. Banjoes strum—sopranos sing—pianists assail the melodious ivories—dramatists declaim—a real hot band burns up the ether waves—harmonica players wheeze sweet notes of love—and the WSMB Sunday night frolic is on.

At 9:30 thousands of Radio sets reach far into the air and bring in the voice of Harry Seymour, WSMB announcer: "Your favorite station, WSMB in New Orleans, now brings to you its regular Sunday night Frolic" and the show begins. Harry, as he is known around the studio, is one of the station's biggest favorites. To tens of thousands of Radio fans he is known as "The Gloomchaser", and he and his wife, the former Mina Cunard, motion picture player, sing together and are known as "Mr. and Mrs. Gloomchaser".

Harold M. Wheelahan, business manager of WSMB and in charge of all activities, is always on hand at these Sunday night Frolics, for he broadcasts, too. He specializes in duets with his brother Ed, a singer of note in New Orleans.

Those listening in on these St night Frolics miss only one thing sandwiches and the piping-hot coffee is served in a small room near the studios. The artists on the bill, some of the guests, make the sanc table their "hangout" and a bee-li the usual order for things after on given vent to the talent.

* * *

Elsie Craft Hurley, WCAO's sta prano, has written Evangeline Adam her horoscope. Last summer in Atl City Mrs. Hurley was "horoscoped" learned that success would attend singing and that the next two years w be particularly successful and ever However, she is taking no chances a having another horoscope mailed to

* * *

Jack Turner Totes O 50,000 Fan Lette

WHEN Joe Eaton, chief annou for WHAS, addresses the m phone with a soft but emphatic, "— now ladies and gentlemen, Jack Tur feminine hearts, and masculine ones for that matter, skip a beat as the ow lean a bit forward in front of innume Radio receivers.

His career as a Radio artist on n stations is one marked by more requ than one can easily conceive of as co to one man. As a matter of fact, treasures every fan letter he has received and totes the whole flock them around in several large trunks valises completely packed with s 50,000 or 60,000 bits of appreciation f the Radio audience.

Jack Turner was born in the town Hannibal, Mo. When he was five y old the family migrated to Quincy, and it was at about this time that Ja brand of holler was noticed to be superior to the other kids. Then

Jack Turner, (left), veteran Radio pia known to many stations, seems to settled down at WHAS after wide tra



l, coal, coal, in the depths of the
ings the Miners' Quartette, popular
WGBI entertainers.

Ronald Jenkins (right), was born in Binghamton, but Southern listeners to WBT, Charlotte, like his "Yankee announcin' ".



se, Wis., where Jack began to
e piano and sing in earnest.
s in this Badger city that Turner
ted a mike square in the face and
it. That was at station WABM,
KBH. Also at this time they
n to Jack the title of "Black Key
This didn't stick, but he's been
l manner of things since.
re of the bright lights then called,
n to Chicago where gangsters were
ore scarce than nowadays, jour-
Crosse's gift to the air. Chicago
were not slow to recognize what
e Jack was and in those days he
of the most popular entertainers
W. Wrigley Building, along with
nes and Al Carney, and also at
he Rainbow Gardens, and WTAS
imball building.
came Jack's two very successful
WTMJ in Milwaukee. But the
derlust claimed him again and he
ut for warmer climes, intending to
extended tour of Southern and
Stations, eventually ending up in
ia—where so many things do end
t Jack never got past his first
t WHAS, Louisville, Ky., his first
he management of the station and
and delighted public saw to that.
been with the station an entire
v.

* * *

w England Gains w Radio Network

TH the addition of Station WICC, ridgeport-New Haven, to the Yan- ork, this chain now has six mem- . the others are WNAC, Boston, Providence, WORC, Worcester, Bangor, and WNBH, New Bed-

n WICC has the distinction of e only United States broadcaster two cities as its locale. Some of grams originate in Bridgeport, n the city which also boasts the npus; and, of course, it also pre- ankee Network and Columbia features.

Old Fiddler at KFEQ Used Broom for Bow

By Ada Lyon

Before he was five years old John Holder, the "old fiddler" of KFEQ in St. Joseph, began to play a dollar violin which his father gave him for Christmas. He played for his first dance when he was seven years old, for a dollar and a half. The refreshments were a wash boiler full of wienies and a keg of beer and the dance ended in a fight.

He soon learned that dances and fights went together and that the best policy during hostilities was to sit in a corner where he could dodge pop bottles. Once his bow was broken by a beer bottle and then the fight began in earnest, for the dancers all said that they had been cheated. There was no music and they wanted their money back. The next time, many years later, when the same disastrous accident was repeated, Holder was grown up and equal to the emergency. He used a broomstick for a bow and the dance proceeded.

For ten years he almost deserted his faithful instrument. He became a railroad man, but he lost more sleep railroading than playing for dances, so he has fidoled over the radio for the past four years. He is now broadcasting daily over KFEQ.



John Holder, the Old Fiddler at KFEQ, carries one thousand tunes in his head and has won hundreds of "scrapin' " contests.

The Senoritas string trio at KGER (below). Left to right, Elsie Montgomery, Marie Waters, Helene Smith—fair ones all.



Tuneful Topics

"Know Your Songs"

A Monthly Department In Which The Famous Leader Picks The Song Hits of The Month and Analyzes Them

1.—99 Out Of A Hundred

IN MY Radio announcements I have referred to this song as a statistical number. It is obviously the setting of an oft-repeated statistical slogan to song, and the mathematical thought is lost in the romantic one that is conveyed to the listener. The two boys who wrote it, Al Sherman and Al Lewis, have been classified in my mind for some time as writers more of *quantity* than *quality*. They have turned out songs the way a factory turns out a product; they have always had five or ten songs to demonstrate every time they have had the opportunity to display their wares. Not that I am opposed to the prolific writing of songs, but I do believe that if song-writers became more critical of their own efforts, discarding and rejecting until they were satisfied they had something really worth while, there would be less "just good" songs on the counters than there are today.

I have also reproached many of the publishers for being too lax in their selection. "Just good" songs hardly sell enough to justify their publication, but one manager of a publishing house replied to my attack by saying, "We must have a catalogue." Personally, if I were the judge of tunes for a publishing house, I would rather that we did not publish even one song for the current month, than have three or four *mediocre* tunes, and in that way I believe that I would do away with the salesmanship so necessary to convince orchestra leaders and the public that the songs are good.

Of course, the weak point in my contention is the fact that no one can quite seem to agree on what is a *good* or *bad* song, and many a song has been turned down and condemned by one publisher as being bad, and has become a hit in the hands of another one who worked on it more. Natural songs like *Yes, We Have No Bananas; Dardanella; The Stein Song*, and many others of that type, that became hits through their own momentum and the fact that they stood out, are the kind which I believe one should look for.

One of the main reasons that I was pleased to associate myself with the firm of Leo Feist as a staff writer after I had come to New York and organized the Connecticut Yankees, was that fact that I had come to regard the publishing house of Leo Feist as one that published only real hits. In fact, the slogan "You can't go wrong with a Feist song" was gospel truth to me. I had formed this opinion ever since my high school days, and there could be only one thing responsible for this belief and that was the unerring judgment of one Phil Kornheiser, who, for twenty years, had selected their songs. But the point was that the only Feist songs that came to my attention were the hit songs, and I have since found that Feist, like all other publishers, must include in their catalogue many tunes that they firmly believe will be hits, although I and many others call them "doggy" tunes.

I was very pleased, when meeting Mr. Sherman and Mr. Lewis again as they demonstrated *99 Out Of A Hundred* to me, to find that they were now spending much more time and effort to get one good song than they were in turning out songs by the waste-basket full, and I believe they have a natural hit here, providing that it is, in the jargon of Tin Pan Alley, "plugged" by the various bands that we listen to on our Radios and phonographs.

The few Radio presentations that we have given it have brought a response, not as great, but comparable to that of the *Stein Song*. That is, my barber, the doorman, and others who tune in on our programs have remarked about it, and even a young society girl continued to rave about the number long after I met her a few evenings ago.

It is lilting, catchy, and tuneful; the thought is good and different; there is nothing sickening or disgusting about it, and the thought *99 Out Of A Hundred* flows easily from the mouth. I look for big things from this

It is published by the R Music Corp. and must be briskly and snappily in order it justice.

2.—Hurt

ONE night between shows, in my ing room suite at the Brooklyn mount, as I lay there relaxing, I h Radio tuned in to a program of organ being played by the "Poet of the O Jesse Crawford. To my mind he greatest of all organists, at least of who broadcast, and, too, I believe th nothing more restful than the broadc a well-played organ. Suddenly th nouncer told us of the appearance first time on any program of a new called *Hurt*. The title was so odd t brought me to attention, and I lis very carefully while Paul Small, o my Paramount confrères, did full j to the song.

My first reaction was disappoi but upon hearing it again and ag learned to like it more and more. I discovered that it was written by men whom I know and count amon friends. Al Piantadosi, one of the Piantadosi brothers who have given lives and their musical minds to the lishing of songs, needs no introducti your father or mother. He gave such songs as *That's How I Need When You're Playing the Game of L Baby Shoes; On the Shores of Italy Curse Of An Aching Heart*, which used to sing in the days of the beer dens and when Al Smith was jus assemblyman.

Although Al Piantadosi has been for some time, he seems to be ir stride again, and is writing quite quently and collaborating with an young man, Harold Solomon, who been kind enough to assist me in th vision and transcription of several o songs. Solomon is responsible for melody of *Hurt*.

Not only do I play the song bec I like it and because I enjoy their fr

By
RUDY
VALLEE



Rudy Vallee in a new guise—author and business man.

ut also because it is published
Kornheiser who, as I said, di-
he policies of Leo Feist, Inc. for
ears, finally going into business
iself and getting together one of
catalogues of songs that anyone
in Pan Alley has ever seen. Korn-
has been the power behind a
for many years. A small man,
who physically seems very out
e as a picker of songs, he has,
eless, not only picked and started
r way to hitdom many of our
songs over a period of twenty
ut is known to and knows every
the fascinating land of Tin Pan
He gave such men as Earl Car-
incent Lopez, Joe McCarthy,
e Moss, Jimmy Durante, Ernie
Walter Donaldson, Harry Akst,
e Gilbert, Mabel Wayne, J. Har-
ray, Fred Fisher, Jimmy Monaco,
Clark, Joe Young, Ray Henderson,
Brown their first jobs, and it was
his efforts that I became asso-
with the firm of Leo Feist. He
ndly from me *I'm Just a Vaga-
over* and gave me a substantial
without having heard the song.
y. I was only too pleased, as was
hiteman, Ben Bernie, Lopez, and all
er orchestra leaders who have a
ard for his friendship, to assist
presenting his songs to the song-
ublic, and from time to time *Hurt*
d a place on my programs.
tly on one of my Fleischmann
seem to have presented the num-
a way that called for applause
e critics. Several Radio editors
mmented on that particular ren-
f the number, which shows that
come to like the song or I could
ustice to it.
title would convey, it is the un-
hought of the deceived one. I
e urchins outside my dressing
indow whistling it from time to
hich indicates that it is "com-
" that is, down to the level of
king masses. At the present time
ery indication of becoming a hit.
is best done at about thirty-five
s a minute.

3.—When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver

THERE are so many of the Tobias family that they get in your hair! There is Charles, and Harry, and Henry, and they are all song-writers. Charles, I believe, is the one who has been on the stage as a wisecracker, M.C., and many other things for years; at least, I remember him when he came to a New Haven theatre to bolster up its waning trade for a while. His younger brothers, Henry and Harry, had much to do with *Miss You,* one of my early recordings, and a beautiful song. From time to time they bring forth fine examples of the art of song-writing; in fact I could almost say that two out of four songs seem to have one of the Tobias brothers as a contributor.

In the case of this song, Charles was the contributor of the thought whereby Peter de Rose was able to express to his sweetheart of the air, May Singhi Breen, this promise of undying devotion. Anyone who knows Peter de Rose and May Singhi Breen knows that they constitute not only one of the finest teams on Radio, but two of the sweetest personalities, very happy together and never apart, that one could wish to see.

While the melody is reminiscent of *The Blue Danube,* yet no one could hold that against Peter de Rose, because there is nothing new under the sun, and it is quite possible to tear apart any song and show a similarity between its various phrases and the phrases of other songs. The thought is very simply and sweetly expressed, and it fits the melody admirably. I had the pleasure of recording it a few weeks ago and I think the record will be a good one.

This song is published by the firm that sponsored and brought to hitdom *Carolina Moon,* namely Joe Morris, Inc., whose manager, Archie Fletcher, is responsible for its appearance. We play it as a medium tempo waltz.

4.—My Temptation

THE few months I spent in Boston after my graduation from Yale, before I came to New York to seek my fortune, saw me playing with several Boston orchestras. The big number in vogue then, the Fall of 1927, was *Dancing Tambourine,* written by one W. C. Polla, whose name I had seen as an arranger of various songs. Mr. Polla's main function in Tin Pan Alley life is to make orchestrations for dance orchestras and bands of the various song hits, but he is also the composer of these various novelty songs such as *Dancing Tambourine, Bohemia,* and *Gondolier,* but *Dancing Tam-*

bourine was his biggest and most well-known. I believe that this 6/8 song, *My Temptation*, stands every chance of becoming just as popular if the bands will only play it.

Most bands fight shy of the 6/8 songs due to the fact that the younger generation does not care to dance to them, but I believe that orchestras should remember that Radio broadcasts are not dedicated to a dancing public but to a listening public. I picture most of my Radio listeners as reclining on a couch, a divan, or a chair, in a position of relaxation, listening to the program in comfort, and to be soothed, and such numbers as *My Temptation* and *99 Out Of A Hundred* form a good stimulus throughout the course of an otherwise slow-moving and monotonous program.

My Temptation is very reminiscent of *Valencia*. In fact, Mr. Polla intended it to have that same continental flavor, that European air that we have come to associate with the *Valencia* type of song, and he certainly was successful! The song is very lilting and just as good lyrically as it is musically.

Our Victor record of it is due to appear on the market any day now, and is one of the best things we have ever done. You need only hear the song to like it, and the response to our theatre presentation of it and our few broadcasts has been very wonderful. It is published by Harms, Inc., and we play it briskly.

5.—Blue Again

JACK ROBBINS, who brought the firm of Robbins, Inc., up to a place of great prominence in Tin Pan Alley, deserves credit for having picked a very danceable and singable tune in *Blue Again*. It was originally featured in the *Vanderbilt Revue*, which unfortunately, like the Arabs, folded up and stole away almost over night. The song, however, like any good thing, refused to be kept down and persisted on long after its sponsor had gone to the musty warehouse.

It is gaining popularity every day, not only through the cleverness of its music, but for its lyric thought. It remained for Miss Helen Groody to show me that it was a good song through her presentation of it nightly at the Villa Vallée. In my first presentation of it I played it much too fast to do justice to it. Properly tempoed, the number provides, as a theatrical writer calls it, "great dansapation." The song was written by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh, and you probably hear it a great deal on your Radio. We do it now at about thirty-five measures per minute.

6.—Would You Like to Take a Walk?

THE daring revue, *Sweet and Low* seems to be a breeder of dark horses. Not only will it bring to light a young lady who should have come to public attention in a big way long before this—I mean Miss Hannah Williams—but it will bring to light one of the most delightful songs that she sings in the course of the revue. In fact, I think it is one of the best things she does.

Harry Warren, Billy Rose, and Mort Dixon collaborated on a cute little thought, typically musical comedy in vein, and yet bordering on the commercial* in the dark horse song *Would You Like to Take a Walk?* A very tricky verse precedes the chorus, and the main charm of the chorus lies in the first three notes of every phrase; these are to be hummed, that is, "Mm-Mm-Mm, Would You Like to Take a Walk?"

Then it goes on to ask the young lady, assuming that it is the boy who sings it, if she would like a sarsaparilla, and if she isn't tired of the talkies as he prefers the walkies.

Done in schottische tempo it becomes very danceable, and you will find your feet, in spite of yourself, tapping and yearning to dance.

Remick, the publishers of it, originally did not intend to orchestrate the tune for dance orchestras, but several of us have made our own orchestrations and have presented it on the air, which in turn will create such a demand for it that Remick will probably be forced to feature the song in a big way. In fact, one of their directors has already told me that they are about to do so. Within the next month you will hear it done plentifully on the air, and its freshness and charm will captivate you as it has me.

I am doing it this particular week at the Brooklyn Paramount, singing it in musical comedy style to Miss Groody, and then dancing with her to a chorus of it, and it gets a very fine hand. We play it at about thirty-five measures per minute.

The original key of E flat is a little tiring on the voice; if you can transpose I would suggest that you sing it in D.

*—popular, i. e. liked by the great masses of people.

7.—My Ideal

HERE is another song which seems even more admirably fitted than *Would You Like to Take a Walk?* for the schottische tempo. The sheet copies are written the way we play it, but the first orchestration we received from the publisher made it very long and drawn out. My natural reaction was to play it as it was on the sheet copies, which meant that the band played two measures where there was only one in the orchestration. We call this "doubling up", and we get through the song in half the time it would normally take. I believe that the publisher has since put out orchestrations in the shorter way, which makes the piece seem much more cheerful and lilting. It seems to be over almost before you know it, but it makes an extremely danceable tune, and the thought is out of the ordinary.

While it is a trite expression, and the general trend of the idea has been done many times, yet the writers have handled it extremely well. One of the writers of the music, Newell Chase, is an o[ld] ton pianist and fraternity bro[ther] mine, and Dick Whiting has had h[is] on more songs than you can shake [a] at. I met Leo Robin, the writer [of] lyrics, in the Paramount Studio[s] I was making my picture. He w[as] collaborating with Whiting on a [song] *Sweetie*, and he certainly dese[rves] much praise as the other two boys [in] ducing this very cute song.

You will find that your sheet co[py] tains only fifteen measures, and [if] the right swing you should take [only] thirty seconds to play these fifteen [meas]ures. It is published by the [Leo] Music Corp.

8.—Little Spanish Dance[r]

THERE are few songs today th[at] boast of having been written [exclusively] by women. However, *Little S[pan]ish Dancer* is the work of two female w[riters] of Tin Pan Alley. Mabel Wayn[e], a young lady who composed *Ramona*, *a Little Spanish Town*, seems to h[ave a] flair for writing melodies in a S[pan]ish vein, and has contributed another [to] her lyrical collaborator called *Little S[pan]ish Dancer*. Tots Seymour, who w[rote] the words, was one of Tin Pan [Alley's] most prolific writers years ago. S[he] tired from the game for a while, [came] back again, and her first song aft[er her] return was the hit of last summer, *[Sit]ting in a Hammock*. I know it seem[s odd] for a woman to write songs, but [Tots] Seymour, like Miss Wayne, know[s the] business, and they are both to be [con]gratulated on this song.

It tells the story of the Spanish [girl] who dances her way in and out [of the] hero's heart. It is a cute song [when] properly played, and one that must [be] done slowly, at about thirty-two me[asures] per minute.

The owner of the Villa Vallée com[mented] ed on it last night, and peculiarly e[nough] Miss Wayne was seated at one o[f the] tables with two gentlemen, having [made] the trip specially to thank me for m[y] dition of it on several of our pr[evious] broadcasts. I feel it is unnecessary [to be] thanked for doing a song that I [like] doing, and one that I know people [like] hearing, and this is a good example.

It is published by Leo Feist, Inc.

9.—Cigarette Lady

I RARELY like to bring myself [into] these pages if I can help it, due [to the] criticism which is leveled at me by [other] individuals, but since I am writing [and] collaborating with others who have [also] questioned writing ability, it is neces[sary] that I speak impartially of my own [work].

Back in the summer of 1924 I [was] playing throughout the society resor[ts of] Maine with a Boston orchestra, and [we] had as our pianist a very wonderful [man], Carroll Gibbons, who had been p[icked] out of a local movie theatre in a [small] suburb of Boston by Billy Losez, [who]

(Continued on page 100)



eanne Gifford Dante, we apologize! with Station WMCA, not WCAU.



Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia presenting Radio Digest Diamond Meritum award to the Mystery Announcer of WPEN. Raymond Bill, Editor, at right.

Mexican Station Broadcasts In English and Spanish

of the few truly bi-lingual stations ned its doors not so long ago. Its ers are XED, located at Reynosa, Mexico, not far from Brownsville, Its slogan is "The Voice of the epublics" and since it has 10,000 ower, RADIO DIGEST readers all e United States have been able to on its broadcasts. L. D. Martinez, irector, put over a novel stunt for gural program.

The station remained on the air for a period of one hundred hours—four days, four nights, and four hours for good measure. Entertainers from Mexico and the United States participated and announcements were made in English and Spanish. The studio orchestra, known as the Border Charros, under the direction of Eulalio Sanchez, kept things going a good part of the time, and guest artists from many near-by stations co-operated. Malcolm Todd of WBAP, Fort Worth, and Curtis Leon Farrington of KPRC, Houston, were guest announcers. Tom Noel, formerly of KVOO, also officiated—and liked it so well in Mexico that he was prevailed upon to remain as advertising manager of the new station.

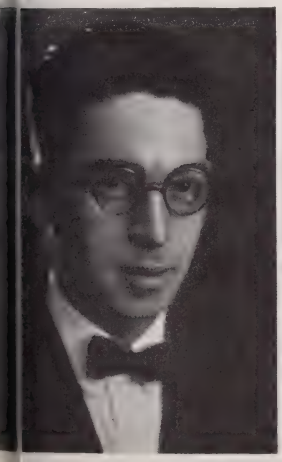
* * *

ANOTHER unique station broadcast in the annals of Radiodom was the contribution of WIOD of Miami, Fla. Eighty broadcasters in the United States joined in giving a "Miami Radio Party", dedicating part of their programs to the Sunshine city, and WIOD in turn took its listeners on a tour of the United States, with stops at all of the cities from which Miami programs emanated.

* * *

THE Station that came back—that title has been given to KJR, Seattle, Wash., whose hard fight against the wolf at the door was described in a recent issue of RADIO DIGEST. Its most recent triumph was Federal confirmation of license to broadcast on 5,000 watts.

AND talking about uphill struggles to prominence, Station KWK of St. Louis deserves a pat on the back. Founded in 1927 by Thomas Patrick Convey, it started out with one small office, a transmitter room, a studio and three employees. The president himself, Mr. Convey, carried on all duties from office boy to announcer. The total income of the station for the first year was barely $10,000—which certainly stretched elastically to cover rent, operating expenses, talent and salaries. Today, only three years later, it reports a 1930 income of over $200,000 and an operating force of thirty-three, with a 5,000-watt transmitter in Kirkwood, Mo.



artinez, Studio Director and Station ager of XED in Reynosa, Mexico.



Winston Barron, CFCA, Toronto, Master of Ceremonies of Silver Slipper Weasel Frolic.

Classical Music Simplified

A Monthly Feature By

William Braid White
Doctor of Music



Dr. William Braid White

Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of the Editor, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

A FEW weeks ago from New York the Philharmonic-Symphony under the direction of Toscanini played one of those programs which delight the heart of the listener. Its two principal items were Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* and the *Erocia Symphony* of Beethoven. For reasons which my readers will, I hope, soon discover to be sufficient, and even perhaps admirable, I shall say something here about these two pieces of music.

It would probably be fair to say that the so-called *Unfinished Symphony* by Franz Schubert is the best known, by name at least, among all large orchestral works. The reasons are numerous. Schubert wrote a great many songs and small piano pieces, and among these are several which almost everybody has heard and has liked. One only has to remember the *Serenade*, the *Hark, Hark the Lark* and the *Ave Maria*. Everybody no doubt remembers that very successful operetta *Blossom Time*, which toured the whole country a few years ago and which was built around the story of Schubert's life and of his music. What turned out to be by all means the most popular and catchy of the tunes in this charming little musical play was nothing more than a slightly modified form of the second theme from the first movement of the famous *Unfinished Symphony*. When I add that the modification by no means improves the theme, which, as one might expect, is much more delightful and melodious in the shape in which Schubert first wrote it down, the reader will understand how it is that the *Unfinished* provides probably the very best of all introductions to the beauties of symphonic music which can be found by any uninstructed seeker after beauty.

I shall therefore venture to join here the great army of those who during the last seventy-five years have united in a universal paean of praise for this lovely piece of inspired work. There may be a few readers who will like to hear about it from my point of view; and indeed there may even be some to whom it will come as actual news. So here goes.

It was just twenty-seven years ago that I first heard the *Unfinished*. It was during that year (1903) when the Philharmonic Society in New York, not yet turned over to a group of rich guarantors but still a democratic association run by the players themselves, had made up its mind to experiment with a group of guest conductors. So it invited Colonne from Paris, Sir Henry Wood from London, Weingaertner from Munich, Kegel from Frankfort, Victor Herbert from Pittsburgh, Gericke from Boston, Theodore Thomas from Chicago and Safonoff from Moscow. Each was to conduct one concert and at the end of the season we the audiences were to compare one with the other. Poor Theodore Thomas died just before his concert, and Weingaertner, I think it was, took his place. Victor Herbert came from the Pittsburgh orchestra, which he was then conducting, for one concert, and he took the *Unfinished* for his principal item. I was only a youngster, of course, and the music came to me, I have to say, as if it were manna from heaven. If I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget the thrill I got from it.

To this day I remember that some one had told me to be very careful not to miss this special piece, and I can see myself again poring over the program notes from my seat high up in the balcony of Carnegie Hall, reading how poor Schubert wrote the glorious music as a token of gratitude for having been elected to some little footling musical society in a second-rate Austrian town; and how then he put it aside after two movements had completed, how he never took it up never sent any of it to its intende tination and, even more astonishing, heard it played!

He was only twenty-five years old he wrote down the two movement then laid the lovely thing aside ne take it up again. That was in Shelley died that year, another fa of the gods, drowned off the Italian Six years later Schubert too was partly of fever, but more of unde ishment. Poor Schubert! He pr never had so much money as twent lars in his possession at any one His total effects at his death we praised as worth the equivalent of twelve dollars and fifty cents, inclu "miscellaneous lot of old music". A the scattered sheets of this music afterwards discovered, by the hands of Mendelssohn, the immortal of the *Unfinished*.

The Sheer Delight of the Unfi Symphony

There never has been any satisfa explanation of Schubert's putting his work after he had completed on of its presumably four movements. ing music was to him no task at all wrote down notes as you or I would a letter to a friend. He wrote *Hark the Lark* on the back of a card at a tavern, and *The Erlki* much the same unceremonious way much the same dizzy speed. Music from him as water from a fountain was quite capable of writing dow first two movements of his symphon the next day forgetting that he had written anything of the kind. Quite sibly that is just what happened.

We today are more fortunate. W also more appreciative than his cont raries, who let him die at thirty-o

ition, just one year after that Titan
ven, already famous the world
closed his earthly career in the
rzspanier Haus not so many streets
The two lie today almost side by

Melody, Sweet Melody

which most attracts about the
shed Symphony is its astonishing
ousness. The tunes are sweet al-
o lusciousness. the harmonies are
ooth as oil, the tone-coloring is
eringly lovely. There are no prob-
et to the hearer. There is no vast
ctual effort of concentration re-
The listener may just bathe his
in the sheer delight of lovely sound.
rongly recommend every Radio lis-
o be on the lookout for this music.
is frequently played by one or an-
orchestra each season. Those who
ever heard it before can, as I said,
bathe their senses in its luscious
. Those who know it and are by
little bit acquainted with symphonic
may mark the immediate entrance
main theme in the first movement
the "motto" has been intoned
by the basses during the first two
ee measures, the singularly lovely
theme from which the *Blossom*
tune was drawn, the clear cut and
form, and the charming, simply
d, and intelligible closing-piece or
The second movement is perhaps
nore luscious than the first, which
has its moments of passion and al-
of pain. This Andante is pure
. Note the opening tune, its con-
with the second tune which comes
little later on the clarinet against
paniments in the strings, and the
tly beautiful reiterations of the
ne by one and then another group
truments as the movement comes
quite lovely close.
re is a magnificent Victor phono-
recording of this Symphony, by the
from the inspired playing of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski.

The Musicians vs. The Engineers

I have been listening again to broadcast music from the New York Philharmonic, the Roxy, the Curtis Institute and other symphony orchestras. It would be all wrong to deny to the broadcasting art the merit of excellent intention, but only a gross flatterer would say that the results are perfect. The truth is that the conductors of orchestras and the broadcasting engineers are still standing apart from each other. This indeed is a great pity, for broadcasting is already the biggest and most important factor in contemporary musical activity. That is to say, apart from any other consideration, the most important, the most active and by far the biggest factor in the practical enterprise of making music and of getting it heard is being done by the broadcasting interests. For that very obvious reason then, the men who have in their charge the great orchestras which are coming more and more into the orbit of broadcasting, ought to be getting themselves into the closest possible relations with this new means of extending music to their audiences.

After all. that is what it comes to. Broadcasting expands the size of the audience to which the musician plays. Ernest Schelling, for instance, is one of the most hard-worked conductors of orchestras that this world knows. Last year his children's concerts, in New York, Boston and Philadelphia attracted some 90,000 young people of all ages from five to twenty years. Now 90,000 young people are a great many, yet they are but a handful compared with the vast audience which broadcasting furnishes, an audience potentially of millions.

Yet the fact remains that when this remarkable man broadcasts he reaches young people by the hundreds of thousands, and does something, at least, to teach them that early love of beautiful music which is one of the finest accomplishments any human being can have, or can acquire. This indeed is true. in one degree or another, of all the famous orchestral conductors who weekly during the season guide their great armies of highly trained musical artists through the measures of great music. All these gentlemen with their orchestras either now are, or soon will be, broadcasting regularly. My point is that there is nevertheless something more to broadcasting than the mere bringing of an orchestra into a studio with instruments and notes. The whole process, from the actual playing by the instruments under the conductor's baton. to the hearing of the result at the loud speaker end of each among tens of thousands of Radio sets scattered over half the country, is in reality a single continuous process. Unfortunately, the present way of doing things tends to break it up into two parts. The orchestra plays. It is supposed only to play. On the other hand the transmission of its music to the unseen Radio audience involves a vast and elaborately organized series of electrical engineering processes, which, very naturally. have been designed by, and are under the control of, engineers. The musicians tend to think that they have done their part when they have, so to speak, put the music into the microphones. The rest is left to the engineers.

Technical Improvement in Broadcasting Is Needed

Now there is a mistake here, and a big one. The thing ought not to be quite so simple. It is not quite the same thing as telephone engineering. Telephone engineers are dealing with human speech, and they design apparatus to transmit that speech over long distances. They wisely do not even try to teach the telephone user to speak correctly, for that would be both impertinent and impossible. They therefore confine themselves to discovering what speech sounds are and then they design telephone systems to do the best

(*Continued on page 102*)



Toronto Symphony Orchestra, which broadcasts on the Canadian National Railways Chain each Sunday afternoon, is glad of the opportunity to doff formal concert attire and dress for the mike in shirt sleeves. Dr. Luigi von Kunits, conductor, stands in front center.



Ruth Nichols, beautiful aviatrix and record-holder.

Ladies

says RUTH

Skimming The Winds In A Plane
—Is Easier Than Fighting Traffic
In A Motor Car

An Interview By

ANNE B. LAZAR

"EVERY woman should learn to fly!"

This is the opinion of one of the foremost pioneer women pilots in America—Ruth Nichols—who breaks flight records with as much ease as she presides over one of those fashionable teas that are open only to members of the Junior League.

And what is the Junior League? It is a closed society in every sense of those two words. And you can't even buy your way in—no, not even in these days when buying is so much in demand. This exclusive organization of society's younger set occasionally produces persons who leave their dances, fancy balls and sports long enough to take an active interest in public affairs—but never has it yielded quite as resolute and determined a character as Ruth Nichols.

It seems almost incredible that the hands which directed the powerful airplane across mountains and lakes from one border of our continent to the other in a record-breaking flight belong to a young society girl!

It was with a desire to learn what part the ubiquitous Radio played in this flight that I went to seek this youthful champion of the air.

The interview was arranged by Mr. Trenholm, Public Relations Counsel for Miss Nichols. The time set was for one o'clock. At ten of one I was still at the office answering telephone calls, but the merciless minute hand ruthlessly swept away the time—and before I knew it, there were only three slender minutes left.

Now, figured I, it generally takes me a quarter of an hour to wade through the mass of scurrying train-bent beings in the Grand Central Station. I have only three minutes. Could I break my own record and make it in three? It had to be done! I was to meet a speed record-breaker and I was going to be no sluggard myself.

I puffed and fumed and fought through the crowds and after many hair-raising thrills and narrow escapes from collisions with travelers and suitcases, and at the dot of one, I found myself in the presence of Ruth Nichols.

TWO champions meet face to face—Ruth Nichols—and your humble servant; one, the noble conqueror of the air who almost reconciled the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts—leaving only a slight difference of a few hours—and the other, modest victor of New York's cro

The freshness of the high-blown w was still in Miss Nichols' cheeks as smiled from those kind, deep-set, g blue eyes of hers. Wavy wisps of brown hair peeked from her little b hat. Her pretty silk frock betraye evidence of masculinity which migh associated with one learned in the chanics of aviation—and there was the tiniest hint of jewels.

AND what a handclasp! I not surprised that the powerful airp was reduced to a mere servitor u that commanding, skillful grasp. there is that same commanding ex sion in her whole face. It does not to be a wonder that the part of this ness of annihilating distances should fallen to the lot of this girl with individual feminine charm! But wo or not, it was she who outraced the pr inent air navigators of the day— Lindbergh and Capt. Turner. She in rose to conquer, and although she at utes much of her success to the mo Pegasus which was loaned to her by Powell Crosley, Jr., of WLW, it was tirely her own mastery and adeptness drove her winged steed through the safely and surely from ocean to o with such amazing rapidity.

There is even the slightest sembl of a Lindberghian expression in her f And like a shadow it is very evasive— I can't seem to remember whether i in her smile or the gleam in her eyes maybe after all it is only the skyw glance that seems characteristic of

Must FLY

NICHOLS



Underwood & Underwood Photo

Perched on the wing of the Crosley Radio plane in which she made the record. Miss Nichols is one of the few women pilots competent to fly this huge racing ship.

n humans who learn to ride the . But there is this much Lindbergh r she refers to her flight as "we" s and "we" doing that.

urse, the first question I asked—ugh I was interested in knowing part in this new drama of the "Is it safe?" Back in my mind e sharp remembrance of my first e at an automobile wheel. We izzing through the mild summer fty—and then the—well, fortuny instructor was a Radio star—person could have such presence

ore, the safety of aviation o me to be the most important be settled for those eager, would- That point settled, and the rest easy.

Nichols has her Five Points of Of course, there may be other eld by other people, but that's e point. There is, for instance, er page of this magazine a pic- savage holding to his points by n them.

ck to Miss Nichols and her Pen--these points should be followed e who aspires to fly. They are: ays fly only in good weather. reports can always be obtained ports. (I would strongly advise relying on newspaper thermome-

over established airlines only. ese regular air routes emergency fields are located at different points within a few miles of each other.

3. You must fly only in standard equipment. Leave experimental planes to experienced aviators.

4. Airplanes must be daily inspected by some thoroughly reliable person in whom you have absolute confidence. They should also be frequently subjected to government examination.

5. Be sure your pilot is both experienced and conservative. Not all experienced pilots are conservative.

These points followed and flying is just as safe and less tiresome than driving.

"I PREFER flying to driving any time. It is tiresome to drive for any length of time through traffic," declared Miss Nichols, "and I should say that flying is safer. Now let me tell you how Radio helped me in this flight.

"It proved itself indispensable in two ways," continued Miss Nichols, "first, in receiving weather reports," she nodded her head with a twinkle in her eye. "You know that weather is mentioned in one of the Five Points I just gave you; second, with respect to direction and wind velocity.

"There were three instances when I received Radio weather reports which were critically important. First, between Columbus and St. Louis when I encountered three heavy, blinding snowstorms which I knew nothing about when I started. I had to bring my plane down almost to the treetops. When weather is against you like that, without a knowledge of what is ahead, one is uncertain about going ahead or turning back. But I got a report that clear weather was ahead, and knowing this, I was able to withstand the rigors of the storm.

"The second time when a Radio report helped me occurred on my way from Los Angeles to Arizona. The earlier weather report had indicated clear weather with slight cloudiness over Arizona. But I found very thick, instead of slight, cloudiness. But, assured by my Radio, I pressed through because I knew that clear weather was ahead of me.

"When I left Wichita for New York. I received pretty good weather reports, but I encountered terrific rainfalls between Wichita and St. Louis. Again the realization of clear weather ahead (from Radio reports) encouraged me to push through.

"Now, with regard to direction and velocity," continued Miss Nichols, "I learned over the Radio whether I should fly at three, five or nine thousand feet high. This advice was exceedingly helpful because if I wanted a tail wind to blow directly behind me, I had to fly at a certain altitude.

(*Continued on page 105*)

Your Kitchen

By Ruth Witson

A LIST of daily home-making jobs is an appalling sight to meet three hundred and sixty-five times a year. To the new home-maker even a carefully scheduled day is quite enough to be frightening, but if you were to write me a list indicating time spent on jobs at home according to your present methods, the analysis would be startling. I venture to say, that without knowing it, you are losing valuable time, money and pleasure simply because you have not been able to get your housework down to a business basis and because you are not taking advantage of labor saving devices on the market. I hope some morning, you will drop in at the National Radio Home-Makers' Club in New York and watch the way we run our kitchen and why we tell listeners on the Columbia network how we have made it one of the most efficient in the country.

The first outline made for a working schedule, should be a rough one. List the things that must be done at a specific time and then build the rest of the day's work around these items. For example, at certain periods every morning, when we are broadcasting, it is impossible for any kind of work to be going on in the kitchen. Consequently, we have planned that water be put in the radiator covers, windows dusted, flowers watered and other jobs that must be done in a short time. The heavy work is apportioned to different days. Thursday, the door-knobs are polished, Friday, the door in the kitchen is waxed and on Saturday the silver is cleaned and polished and the refrigerator gets a thorough cleaning. Such a system is like the old rule of, Monday wash day, Tuesday ironing and so on; but no matter how ancient the law, it is still a wise one to follow. If the work is allowed to pile up to the end of the week, it makes a rushed day or two, or, if by chance you are prevented from doing the work that particular day, the whole routine for the next week, is out of line.

Along with planning the day's work, we have allotted time to ordering, purchasing and storing the foods that we keep on hand. Our order list corresponds to your market list.



A spotless kitchen is possible even immediately after cooking preparations

TWICE a week, we go over the programs for the next three days and order accordingly. You should consult your menu schedule three days in advance and buy enough provisions to last for that length of time. Modern equipment and machines make this labor saving plan possible. With the advent of the electric refrigerator, it is now possible even to add easily perishable foods to the supply of easily preserved foods. This ease in marketing, incidentally, makes for cheaper food bills and better health. Foods are kept and small bits of left-overs can be u to advantage. After the supplies a ceived, the storing becomes a mat importance. Package products s be arranged on shelves in orderly putting the large boxes toward the Vegetables such as celery, parsley lettuce should be washed and put covered container with a little in the refrigerator. We have fo an excellent to prepare vegetables beans, carro peas, ready cooking and to keep thes small amou water in th frigerator. course, this saver is appl only when have some ki mechanical erator at you mand.

During the days, we k juice cock either tomat combinatio several fruit made up, pa frozen in th frigerator. practice as you of alway ing some app on hand to up lazy app Because a everyone li sandwich or cooky to nibble durin morning or afternoon, we also k the refrigerator, several jars of san filling mixed to just the right consi and ready to spread on bread; or a refrigerator cookies all ready to sli bake at a moment's notice. makers can follow these before preparation rules. Briefly, this ex why, no matter how many guests the Radio Home-Makers' Club, w always ready to serve them with thing delicious to eat. There are reasons for this preparation; first, a very gracious way of entertainin second, if we do have interruption rest of our work does not suffer.

I remember one cold afternoon i cember when the kitchen laborator

GLIMPSE into National Home-Makers' Kitchen Reveals Latest Housekeeping Methods, But Good Old-Fashioned Schedule Is Here to Stay

all to serve tea for eight people. the work had gone along on just as it does every day, this nake the least bit of difference. lar day's cleaning was done, the job of heavy work was com- d everything was up to schedule. ou do get behind in your work day, it is better to do a little h day and keep the cleaning up

ulation of dust and dirt is cer- breed disease germs. This in unts for the sanitary measures utions taken in our studios. The re in every studio is kept at t degrees Fahrenheit. After ram is broadcast, the studio is create a clean fresh circulation. ere is scrubbing or washing of to be done, a little disinfec- ided to the water. Any of the roducts can be used as well as ehold aids on the market. lutions of soap, soap chips and make effective disinfectants, al- ey are not usually thought of terms. Ice water that is kept studio, is placed in covered ugs. Many guests have asked kitchen is an efficient one be- are experts in this particular ll, partly; but the greatest factor e have up-to-the-minute kitchen t.

WHAT we have in our aboratory, every housewife can ier home kitchen.* No matter l of equipment you are buying, one point in mind,—buy prod- are best suited to your needs, t will give you the best service that will be easy for you to Too often, home-makers are ided by the decisions of their Equipment that will stand up wear and tear of small family y be entirely unsuited for large rvice.

n as a new gadget is placed on et, we make a thorough investi- find if that particular product time and labor saver to us in en laboratory work. If the t proves satisfactory, it wins ent place on the shelf or in the rawer. Besides the new tricky ve have complete sets of bowls, pans suited to every need, spoons and cups, so that at we are ready to make all dif- ferent types of food dishes. The equipment is so arranged that there are no wasted minutes looking for anything. We have made a place for everything and everything is kept in its place. The equipment is so arranged that it is really a pleasure to work in the kitchen, for a well organized kitchen lifts housework and cooking out of the drudgery class.

THE method we use in determining the equipment best suited to our needs, can be carried out in the home. The machines are fairly light and easy to operate yet durable enough to stand up under long wear. The original price should be considered, the price of operation and service or replacement of parts that may be necessary. Sometimes the selling price may be a little higher than other similar machines on the market, but in time the more expensive equipment may actually save you more money in operation service charges or food bills.

The one important feature that practically every manufacturer is taking into consideration is the bending over necessary to run the equipment. This item is illustrated by the fact that within recent years, the designs in kitchen furniture have undergone drastic changes. Stoves have ovens placed at the side with a side swinging door, so that there is no need to bend over to look at the pie or cake. Refrigerators have cold controls and machinery at the top so that adjustments can be made without bending over. Shelves are arranged so that foods can be stored according to the most scientific laws. Shelves are adjustable to accommodate a number of different types of foods. The new machines are easy to clean. The outer surfaces are washable compositions, the corners rounded with a flat top which can be converted into an extra shelf,—a point not to be overlooked in this era of kitchenettes. The inside of refrigerators also have rounded corners. This means that there are no cracks or crevices for crumbs to hide in. Other equipment such as tables, sink tubs or service tables should be the correct height so that the housewife will be at ease while working and can accomplish her tasks without bending over.

Some tables and stools, some stoves, washing machines and ironing boards, can be raised by nailing or placing wooden blocks under the legs. True, equipment such as sinks cannot be raised, but you can raise the dishpan. You can have made, or still better, make for yourself, a wooden rack that will support and raise the dishpan to the proper height.

Every home-maker has a right to have sunlight and fresh air in the kitchen. The smaller windows have replaced the larger ones and now windows are hung with gay thin curtains that let in light, sun and air. If you are not fortunate enough to have plenty of windows in the kitchen, you should have some kind of light provided. A center light is almost indispensable. There should be side lights, one over the sink and a second by the kitchen cabinet to give a bright light for close work. The modern home-maker



Heavy kitchen utensils are concealed in lower cupboard

has found that in her home her kitchen is, in reality, her laboratory and workshop. That is why she has demanded improvements that were once considered luxuries.

Every home should have a kitchen library including standard books on cooking, laundry, interior decorating, child care and entertaining. With new equipment and research service everyone can have an attractive home.

* Mrs. Allen will be pleased to help you make your choice in household equipment. If you will address your requests to her in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.—*Editor.*

Are AMERICAN WOMEN LAX in Politics?



Mary Agnes Hamilton, M. P., and English political leade
She hopes for bigger and better things from our wom

"Our Women Have Gone Further than Yours," Says Feminine Member of English Parliament. But She Admits They Lag in Business.

By Mary Agnes Hamilton
Member of Parliament

(From transatlantic broadcast over the stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System)

I SHOULD like to begin by saying how real and deep is the pleasure it gives me to have this opportunity of being in a kind of contact with my many friends on your side of the water, realizing how much our people have in common, how much the whole world depends on our working hand in hand.

In the common cause of woman the will to service can be realized if a new body of fully effective citizens can be created which is in the power of anyone, quite regardless of sex.

So far as women are concerned in both countries, they are waking up very fast and taking a larger and larger share in the business of citizenship. It may be merely a national illusion on this one point, but I think the women of Britain have an advantage over you. Our women have gone further in politics than yours yet have. When I say this I am not forgetting the women sitting in Congress or the Senate or the women doing administrative work like Miss Perkins, or educational or opinion-building work like Miss Addams, Mrs. Catt, Miss Morgan, to name only a very few.

I yet venture to say although your women got the vote on equal terms earlier than ours did, we have done rather more with it. Let me remind you how it is with us today. Our House of Commons includes now fifteen women, after hotly contested elections, elections in which, as you know, both men and women have to cast their votes direct for the party candidate.

AT OUR General Election seventy tried to get elected and fourteen succeeded. One woman — an English peeress—once a conservative worker, now a Labor member, was the fourth of those to sit on the benches of the House of Commons, the other three being Conservatives—Lady Astor, Lady Iveagh and the Duchess of Atholl.

At the 1918 election only one woman was returned. Everybody has forgotten her. Nearly everybody asked, "Who was the first woman to be elected to the British House of Commons?" would say it was one of your countrywomen, Astor! but as a matter of fact it w Irish woman elected in 1918. She, ever, did not take her seat as she Sinn Feiner. As a result, the first w M. P. is forgotten. Such is fate.

Now the women are treated exact though they were men. We hang u hats and coats and deposit our umb in a common cloakroom. We stand the Chamber happens to be full in d Our points of view are entirely i backgrounds.

Our sex in 1929 had ten in the L Party, three Conservatives and on dependent. I don't think it is an dent that the Labor Party has twi many women M. P.'s as the others together. Labor, after all, was the political party of our country to tre women absolutely on an equality wi men. It is the party, too, whic equal franchise on its party prog Labor led the way in admitting wo to parties.

Their equality in the trade unio

. and as far back as 1924 Miss
ret Bondfield, who was elected
an of the Trade Union Congress,
d with particular success over the
ence of the Labor Party. It was
t gathering. Again in 1924, the
Party broke all records by choosing
an to be the first member of the
Administration. When the Con-
ves came back to power, they had
hat as well as we did.
929 this went further. Miss Mar-
Bondfield is today the Minister of
She is the first woman to be a
member of the Privy Council. In
n there are two women who are
private secretaries to Ministers,
iss Susan Lawrence, under-secretary
Ministry of Health.
as Premier MacDonald, too, who
woman to the League of Nations
4. It was the first time a woman
en a member of the British Dele-
In 1929 and 1930 he sent two.
at 1930 assembly women came
nting their countries, from Great
. Canada, Australia, Norway, Swe-
Denmark, Finland, Holland and
ry. The Hungarian representative
ade chairman of one of the League
ttees, and it was very well held by
Lithuania, Roumania, Hungary—
l sent delegates. Germany sent a
as technical expert. So far, you
tice, the Latin countries have not
omen to Geneva.
. I think, is a complete answer to
l-fashioned and timid-minded folk



sentative Ruth B. Pratt of New York—one example of
iblic-spirited woman whom Mrs. Hamilton calls on us
to produce.

who believe you can't get men to work under a woman. You can; you do. The two greatest administers of the Departments of Labor and Health are working under women and are doing it with complete content because their chiefs are competent persons. The women are doing their share in putting through the House of Commons some of the biggest and most difficult bills which the Labor Government has introduced.

IN THE case of the Unemployment Insurance Act, Margaret Bondfield was responsible for it. She was backed up in regard to the Pensions and Housing Bill, and everyone, I think, admits that in both cases the work was done with complete efficiency and perfect control over the Parliamentary instrument.

I now come back to the question which I ventured in the beginning. Why is it that women have been able to go further with politics with us than with you? I am assuming, of course, that I am right in thinking that they really have done so, that in politics, at any rate, our women have gone ahead of yours. I think the answer to this question is difficult.

I get the impression when I am in the States that politics do not stand too high in public estimation with you; that, on the contrary, a great many people who have a very keen public conscience, if I may call it that, keep out of active politics. Well, it is not so with us. With us it is broadly true that any woman or man who wants to get a thing done and dreams, seeks according to the measure of his or her ability to help make those dreams come true. Anyone with that sort of idea, I should think, feels the way to do it is to get it done. If they want to get their dreams realized, they make their way sooner or later into the House of Commons. That is with us the royal road to effective citizenship.



Representative Ruth Bryan Owen of Florida, daughter of the famous William Jennings Bryan and famous in her own right.

From time to time, of course, you will hear wails about political life not being what it once was. People will talk loudly of their personal disillusion and will ask you, "How can you stand it?" But although we see lots of things in our life and party organization that want alteration, our notion in Britain about how to make public life better, how to make Parliament more effective, and improve things generally, is to take active part in the political battle. If the decent people, the people who see the faults and failings that, of course, exist,—if they keep out, they fail, so we feel, in that duty.

Women here are particularly strong. It is not only that they are priggish (some of us are priggish and try to hide it) but we have an idea we have something to contribute or feel sort of moral. We feel that we ought to go in, to take our share of the rough and tumble, take the rough with the smooth, and do what we can to make things better.

WOMEN with us took longer to start going into politics and prove themselves there than they did in the arts or professions, or medicine. In business, of course, I admit we still lag behind you. Just because Britain tends to put politics so high we expect greatly of it.

That women are out there in public life, is counted, with us, as the present sign of the fact that the general ideas

(*Continued on page 104*)



Frances Joyce of Earl Carroll Fame Refuses to Let Haste Rob Her of Her Beauty

High Cost of HASTE

Have You Read the Story about Mrs. Thompson—the Woman Who Never Hurried? And It's Not a Fable Either!

By FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on the Care of the Skin
Heard on NBC every Tuesday Morning

IT MAY be true that there are less than half a dozen people in the world who understand Einstein's theory of relativity. I remember reading such a statement in one of the New York newspapers when Einstein came to this country last December. I do not remember the names of the very few people who were reputed to understand the famous theory of time and space, but I do know that the women who write to me have very curious theories of their own on the problem of time.

"I haven't time to do the things which you suggest. I am busy every minute of the day and I have to hurry all the time to do the necessary things of life. I have no time to be attractive." So one woman wrote me recently, and so a great many women seem to feel. If I were not sorry for these women, I would be impatient with them. For, of course, every single one of them is going to suffer from the high cost of haste.

Strangely enough, lack of time is always one of the results of the high cost of haste. Women tell me that they have no time to be attractive. They give me long lists of reasons and I might believe some of these reasons if I did not know Mrs. Thompson.

Mrs. Thompson is ninety-two years old. When she was a young girl, she married a widower with eight children. They lived on a large farm and she had none of the conveniences which are taken for granted today by the women who write to me. Mrs. Thompson managed a large house, eight stepchildren, and later, two of her own—and not one of these ten children ever saw her with a shiny nose, or a soiled or rumpled dress, or—and I think this is especially remarkable—with her hair out of curl. And there were no permanent waves sixty or seventy years ago, either! I do not know of any woman in this generation who has as few comforts, as few conveniences, as few necessities, if you like, as Mrs. Thompson had when she was raising a family of ten in a dilapidated farm house. Yet Mrs. Thompson always had time for her appearance.

Free booklets on the care of the Skin by Frances Ingram, will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. *Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of* RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor.*

Another remarkable thing about this remarkable old lady is the fact that, according to her children and her grand-children, she was never in a hurry. And never being in a hurry, she had time for everything worthwhile. Haste has always made waste, of course, but perhaps never so much as in our modern civilization. We are all victims of haste. We hurry doing every one of the thousands of useless things that clutter up our lives. We hurry just as much about non-essentials as we do about essentials. Few of us have developed sufficient serenity to detach ourselves and to see things with a clear sense of values. This was brought home to me several years ago when my father visited me. He arrived in New York at the P sylvania Station. I met him there a taxi and dashed him across town to apartment. All the way over I wa the edge of the seat, urging the driver to exercise more ingenuity getting through the traffic. I di realize how much nervous energy I expending or how foolish my atti was until after we had reached the ap ment and my father asked, "What you have for me to do that it was important to save those few min coming across town?" Well, I nothing in particular for him to do I felt that his question was a just c mentary on my silly striving for haste

Too often haste does not advance in our efforts nearly so fast as we lik think it is doing. C sider Lewis Carr Alice in her hur trip with the Queen. You rem ber that the Red Qu and Alice were runn hand in hand and t it was all Alice co do to keep up with the Queen who k crying, "Faster, faster," as they skimm through the air, hardly touching ground with their feet. Just as Alice thoroughly exhausted, they stopped the Queen propped Alice up against a t —the same tree they had been under whole time. For all their racing they h not progressed a single step.

A good deal of our modern haste g us just as far as Alice's famous flight w the Red Queen—and not a step further

Why do we hurry? We hurry beca we worry and worry arises from fear

(*Continued on page 103*)

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

NTINES OF A JOKE EDITOR

Driven to Desperation

those hen-track writin' blokes
expect me to read their rotten
es
an say is—I hope you croaks.

nk entertainers who have a yen
e their names in print again
g fan letters signed "Good
zen"
nly hopes you land in the pen.

dies who think they "really can
e"
s that tickle my ribs—I'm polite
t I wish you is poor appetite.

ery next fella' who thinks he can
w
ons that surely will make me
aw
ows me a bunch o' tripe—Haw—
w!
ve him a smacker—right on the
!

♡ Indi-Gest

r since I can remember I have
receiving comic valentines—never
get a lace-trimmed heart or even a
heart-shaped peppermint with "I
You" on it in purple ink. But this
I'm getting back at some of those
ies with some comics myself (see
above — adv.). No funny pic-
but if I illustrated them the censor
bly would revoke RADIO DIGEST'S
g privileges. But right here and now
t to tell all you contribs with regu-
onest-to-goodness funnybones not
no 'tention to my knocks—they're
or the sad guys.

SOCK ON THE NOSE

ener Minstrels on WENR:—
ne: Say, Ray, is your brother hav-
y trouble?
y: Not lately, but one time he was
cher in a butcher shop and while
as cutting some meat the knife
d and cut off his toe and while he
d down to get his toe he cut his
off.
ne: What trouble does he have?
y: When he picked up his toe and
he was so excited he put his nose
s foot and his toe on his face and
he has to take off his shoe every time he wants to blow his nose.—*Armando Govni, 222 Willow Ave., Joliet, Ill.*

The telegram read: "Baby girl born this morning. Both mother and daughter doing well." And in the corner was a sticker which read: "When you want a boy, ring Western Union." Direct male advertising?—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHAT MARRIAGE WILL DO TO ANNOUNCERS

Robert Brown, WLW:—"The next number is one you will always remember. It is a number you will always cherish—it will stay with you. The title is '*Forgotten.*' Perhaps Mr. Brown can be excused for that one, as he had just been married a few evenings before.—*Hull Bronson, 2220 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

TONGUE TWISTER

Say it fast:—"Is this a zither"—three times. Now you'll appreciate the trouble a Columbia announcer had the other afternoon. He tried three times without success—*Mrs. Horace P. Cook, 412 W. 11th St., Anderson, Ind.*

The tablewds (apol. to W. Winchell) don't seem to get much gravy from Radio Stars. No murders, divorces, shooting matches—they don't seem to have such good press agents. But when it comes to the movies:—

Phil Cook: "I see nearly all movie actresses have long slender fingers. I suppose it comes from the wedding rings—slipping them on and off so often."—*Carl Horn, 532 S. Lime St., Lancaster, Pa.*



Lady in antique shop:—Can you show me something in an antique Radio, circa 1921, with original cat's whiskers and crystal?

POEM AND LAFFUSTRATIONS
by
DON DICKERMAN
(FROM THE WALLS OF THE BLUE HORSE NIGHT CLUB)

IN A FARAWAY LAND CALLED WHONOESWHE



He looks like a Human with
A trick Head of Hair
He runs around Naked and
He roars liked a Bear.

He gets up in the morning and
He starts a little Fight,
And he doesn't stop Fighting till
He goes to bed at Night.





They're very fond of Hunting and
They wield a Wicked Spear,
Killing oftentimes with Single Thrus
A herd of Twenty Deer.



That's where the Jazz Originates,
They play it Day and Night,
And where they sing the Dizzy Blues
And Shake the Shimmy Right.

The Men go to Market and
They don't need any Dough.
For they eat up One Another when
The Food runs Low.





The Whiskey Fruit is full of Punch
The woods are full of Sprees,
You'll find your Steamer Baskets
Growing right upon the Trees.

GOSSIP SHOP

Two visitors on a personally-conducted tour barged into the studio at Columbia the other night just before Toscha Seidel's concert was to begin. Only one person was in the room.

"This is where Toscha Seidel is going to broadcast, isn't it?" one of the guests asked.

"Yeah, this is the joint," said the man in the room. "But take a tip from me buddy: lay off of that program, it's a lot of dizzy classical stuff!"

The speaker was Seidel himself!

* * *

Guy Lombardo got a fan telegram after his broadcast the other day. It came from a neighbor living in the same house with him. Here it is:—

GUY LOMBARDO
ROOSEVELT HOTEL
NEW YORK CITY

YOU SOUND MUCH BETTER OVER THE RADIO AT TEN THAN OVER MY HEAD AT FOUR PM

OLIVE SMYTHE

* * *

Josef Hofmann, the famous pianist, tells one on himself. It seems he was giving a concert and was disturbed by the laughter and mumblings of a man in the third row front.

"You'll have to come and get your money back," the usher firmly proclaimed.

"All right," was the answer, "but why'm'I bein' kicked out?"

"You're drunk," said the usher.

"Of course I am," was the retort, "if I wuz shober d'ya think I'd be at a conshert?"

* * *

When George Beuchler, WABC staff announcer, takes time off between programs to have dinner, he takes his stopwatch with him. Mr. Beuchler has learned to calculate to a second how much time will be occupied by each dish. If you sit next to him at dinner, you hear him mumbling to himself:

"Soup, two and a half minutes; salad, three minutes; grilled steak, eleven minutes . . ."

DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN BIRTHPLACE

The Mirthquakers, NBC:—

"By the way, Brother Macey, where did you get that black eye?"

"That's a birth mark, Brother Brokenshire."

"A birth mark? What do you mean by that, Brother Macey?"

"Well, Brother Brokenshire, I was coming back from Chicago the other night and I got into the wrong berth!"

—*Haydon Peterson, 1723-12th St., Des Moines, Ia.*

ABSURDITY

Say, Indi-Gest, to kill some time
I Thought I'd write a Jingle,
On Radio celebrities,
The Folks with whom I mingle.

Ray Perkins hands me quite a laugh,
Phil Cook is also funny,
But count me out on Cheerio
E'en though it cost me money.

So many bands have tried to ape
"B.A." Lombardo Vallee,"
I wish someone would dump the bur
In some deserted alley.

I'd like to sing a line of praise
For Pete and Aline Dixon,
Their "Raising Junior" is one act
My dial is always fixed-on.

And here's three cheers for Arabesq
And Frontier Days are fair,
Then add a long huzzah! for
Billy Jones and Ernie Hare.

Whoa Indi-Gest, I'd better stop
While I still have my health
Before some reader throws a brick
And ends my trek toward wealth.

"STEW"

Indi-Gest assures you that "Stew" not the Old Soak. He is none oth than Leonard *Stewart* Smith, popu RADIO DIGEST author.

V:S AN ANIMAL STRANGE CALLED THE HOTTENTOT



ristic Painting they
lways at their Best,
slap it on your Ankle, or
'll Etch it on your Chest.

To hear a band of Hottentots
A-Blattin at a Ball
Would knock you for a Homer if
You'd Any Ear at All.







re no Cops, no Courts or Jails,
Man-made Laws to Taunt-em,
n't any Income Tax,
Dues or Rent to Haunt-em.

I wish I were a Hottentot,
To see Life's Joys I've Striven,
But those black birds enjoy it so,
They Hardly know they're Livin'!



's the good of spending trillions
rs for wire-rights and buying
unch of local Radio stations, if
all the impression NBC can
n the rising generation:—

le girl, a patient in our hospital,
letter to Phil Cook, addressed

Mr. Phil Cook, N.B.C.,
ational Biscuit Company,
New York City.

Cook, eh what?—*A. McCul-*
N., 43 So. 6th St., Easton, Pa.

A RADANECDOTE

over WLW:—Several years ago
e, Edison, Ford and Burroughs
uring through Cincinnati. A
their car went bad, and they
at a little crossroad store. Mr.
ent into the store.
t kind of automobile lights do
e?" asked Ford.
on," replied the merchant.
ake one," said Ford. "And by
, you might be interested to
at Mr. Edison is out in my car."
' said the merchant.
the light was put in it was
hat a new tire was needed, so
ent back into the store and
hat kind of tires they had.
stone," was the reply.
he way, you may be interested
that Mr. Firestone is out there
ar and I am Mr. Ford—Henry

"So?" said the merchant.

While the tire was being put on, Burroughs, with his white whiskers, leaned out of the car and said to the merchant, "Good mornin', sir."

The merchant looked at him with a sarcastic grin and said: "If you try to tell me you're Santa Claus I'll crown you with this wrench."—*Imp, Grosse Isle, Mich.*

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH

The Interwoven Pair:—

Billy Jones: Have you ever heard my favorite piece, Lohengrin?

Ernie Hare: No, but I've heard Minnehaha.—*Harold F. Baker, 401 College Ave., Winfield, Kans.*

Now, isn't it a pity that Gigli, the tenor, doesn't say his name the way it looks, instead of in good old Italian, "Zhili" (not a G in it)—so we could have put him in that one. Well, now go ahead and get giggly over this one:—

Something for Everyone (CBS):—

"I never thought I'd pull through. First I got angina pectoris, followed by arteriosclerosis. Just as I was recovering, I got tuberculosis and aphasia."

"Good heavens, you don't look much the worse for it."

"I wasn't ill, you idiot! I was in a spelling bee."—*Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.*

SLIPS THAT PASS THRU THE MIKE

On November 30th, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen was introduced to us
By John B. Kennedy on Collier's Hour thus:
(He placed the cart before the horse,
And introduced her as) Mrs. Ruth Owen Bryan, of course.
Mrs. M. J. Swan, 12 Northern Ave., Northampton, Mass.

CAUSED BY PATRIOTISM:—Winnipeg's CKY in Canada introduced an orchestra rendition of *It Happened in Monterey* with the solemn statement that the harmony boys would next play *It Happened in Montreal.*—*J. P. Leith, University Station, Grand Forks, N. D.*

REPORTED FROM THE STUDIO ITSELF:—WTIC in Hartford made a mistake in switching programs one night. The announcer pushed the button which connects the Hartford station with the NBC Red network instead of the local studio. Upon hearing a strange voice discussing spiritualism, he quickly pushed the right button—but too late—here was the result of his mistake. WTIC Announcer:—"Our next feature, the Travelers' Hour, is introduced by Mr. Paul Lucas (NBC:—) in a hypnotic trance."

LOWELL THOMAS MAKES A MISTAKE. To quote him:—"A person could go into a drug store and buy either epizootic or asafetida." (In case you don't know it, epizootic is a disease peculiar to animals—why buy it at all?)—*Edith C. Woodbridge, 2417 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

ANNOUNCER PUTS ON RUDY VALLEE RECORD. We hear, "Click—scratch, scratch, scratch, click! Scratch, scratch, scratch, click—" Silence. "Rudy Vallee is cracked!" piped a young female voice. Followed by, announcer: "With due apologies, the young lady says she was referring to the record!"—*Edwin V. St. John, 25 Whiting Ave., Dedham, Mass.*

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH in this news broadcast from WEEI. Announcer: "This large corporation has been operating on a strictly *profiteering* basis for twelve months—a procedure that has been eminently satisfactory but that has produced no profits to the shareholders." He didn't even correct his mistake.—*William W. Sanders, "Birchbrow," Haverhill, Mass.*

Voice of th

RAH FOR HAPPY HOLLOW!

HERE are a few lines I would very much like to see in print in V.O.L. But I know that what I write is never eligible for anything like that (*No!—Editor*). There is one station and especially one program here in the Middle West that I admire—KMBC, Kansas City, Mo., and the program is "Happy Hollow", written and presented under the direction of Ted Malone.

Happy Hollow is the typical small town, with the general store, little red school, depot where a train comes through once a week, and everything else that makes a "one-horse" town. —The Pestication Pest (Marguerite), Higginsville, Mo.

* * *

WE REFUSE TO PLEAD GUILTY

I WAS first introduced to your excellent magazine with the September issue and now I come back for more every month. "Somebody or other", who stated in V.O.L. that most of the news and articles in RADIO DIGEST were about Radio artists of the South and West is crazy—at least as far as the West is concerned. I haven't seen much as yet about the stations I usually listen to—especially about KFRC, my favorite station.—J. R., Sacramento, Cal.

Not guilty this time. December, 1930, issue contained a story and pictures of the KFRC Blue Monday Jamboree—rotogravure section this month displays a fine picture.—EDITOR.

* * *

JIMMIE GREEN STORY COMING SOON

I AM a Jimmie Green fan, and wonder why he isn't given the publicity in RADIO DIGEST that he rightly deserves. And Frankie Aquins, one of the featured vocalists in Jimmie's orchestra, possesses the finest, and I think, the sweetest voice I have heard. I have listened to both of them over WENR, WTMJ, and have now followed them, via the Radio, of course, to WGY.—Lucille MacLeod, 5726 Erie Avenue, Hammond, Ind.

* * *

FOR RADIO CLUB FANS

I STARTED reading RADIO DIGEST with the October issue and I find it to be the best Radio magazine I have ever seen. I especially enjoy reading the V.O.L. I have become affiliated with two Radio clubs through reading this column and I would like to join several more. If anybody who reads this letter happens to be at the head of any Radio club will they please send me an application card and any other information necessary to join.—Stanley J. Fredrickson, 816 Macon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

MR. ARNOLD'S letter gave me an idea. Why not publish the names of people who would like to interchange information on Radio reception and all the "whys" and "wherefores" of Radio?

I would like to receive letters from listeners about the distant stations they can get and the different programs their local stations have—or anything about Radio!

I will gladly answer any letters.—Mr. L. J. Goulette, Route No. 2, Plummer, Idaho.

* * *

WANTS "CHEERIO" TO REMAIN INCOGNITO

IN ANSWER to Mrs. Servior Mitchell in the December DIGEST, I want to disagree with her about "Cheerio" taking the wrong attitude in remaining "incog."

When you hear a Radio artist every day for several years can't you just picture how he looks? I can, and sometimes when I finally see his picture—— Oh! how disappointed and disillusioned I am. Imagine how many thousands of folks have their own conception of just how "Cheerio" looks,—and they *can't all* be right. So think what would happen if suddenly some paper came out with the picture of a short fat man labeled "This is Cheerio" and nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine people had pictured him as a tall thin man! I would rather keep my own mental vision of him. How about the rest of the "Circle"?

Here's to RADIO DIGEST—may it always be as good as it is today.—Mrs. W. H. Stiles, Stone Harbor, N. J.

* * *

HE STILL BELIEVES IN SANTA CLAUS

IN YOUR December issue you have a very interesting article about some of the Radio artists and what they want for Christmas. Should Santy Claus make inquiries as to what some of the listeners want, will you please tell him if we find an announcement, in our socks on Christmas morning, of Floyd Gibbons in his nightly broadcasts of news flashes, he will make the whole world happy. Thank you.—A Listener, Dayton, Ohio.

* * *

CHEERIO STILL ON NBC AND WDAF AT 9:30 CENTRAL TIME, LITTLE JACK LITTLE ON NBC AND WREN 12:45 SUNDAY

WE USED to get "Cheerio" through WDAF, Kansas City, but can't locate them now. Are they off the air? If not, what chain are they on and what station?

Is Little Jack Little still on the air, and if so, from what stations does he broadcast?—B. R. Coggeshall, Solomon, Kans.

* * *

WHERE IS "APOSTOLIC CHURCH OF PENTECOST" BROADCASTING OVER 1040 KILOCYCLE STATION?

ABOUT December 1st (9:00 o'clock mountain standard time) we heard a religious service being broadcast from a station using a frequency of about 1040 kilocycles. KNX, Hollywood was on one side, while our local was on the other side. Can any one tell me where this church is located? We would like to communicate with it. We are pretty sure it was the Apostolic Church of Pentecost. If possible, we'd like to know the Evangelist's name, too.—David Donaldson, 1355 McTavish Street, Regina, Sask., Canada.

* * *

RECIPE BROADCASTERS, PLEASE TALK SLOWLY AND GIVE MRS. HOUSE-WIFE TIME TO WRITE

IT IS rather disheartening to a housewife who has listened intently to the discussion of a new dish to find, after she has dashed around looking for a pencil and paper (and found them), that the lady at the other end of the Radio connection is talking so fast that it is not possible to take down the recipe or instructions.

The speed at which the average cooking broadcaster delivers her recipes makes it quite difficult for many of the housewives to take down all the information given in long hand.

Of course, the writer is taking into consideration that the time is limited in which the broadcaster is obliged to dictate her recipes, but would it not be better if the dictator gave fewer recipes, enabling the housewife to make a success of these, than to distribute many recipes, which through lack of time allowed are incompleted by the housewife and, as a consequence, unusable.

Incompleted recipes for dishes which cooks are anxious to serve means lost sales of ingredients comprising them, reacting against the manufacturer sponsoring the broadcast.

Is it not essential, therefore, that proper promotion of sales the whole distributor advertising the various pr through the medium of the cookery talk it that recipe dictation is standardiz time? Bessie A. Crotty, 1 Jacobus Pla York, N. Y.

* * *

P. S.—NELLIE SAYS DON'T BROA RECIPES AT ALL

I WISH some station or magazine wou a movement to abolish recipes fr Radio. Not one person in a thousand pencil and writes 'one teaspoonful salt flour' " and the rest of the rubbish one pelled to listen to regardless of how mu pays for a Radio.

If it is boresome and nerve-racking for to have to listen to a flock of unint recipes, how irritating and exasperating be to men.

If "Good English" supplanted the programs" we might all profit with t which is now wasted.

If we can't afford a cook, in this day a we eat in restaurants. PLEASE begin s ment to eliminate "recipes" and replac with music or "Good English."—Nell Black, Miami, Florida.

* * *

GUESS YOURS IS "MINORITY OPI ON LITTLE JACK LITTLE—HE NOW ON NBC

I HAVE been reading your RADIO DIG some time and am interested in lette your readers upon various phases of programs. I like to see friendly critici not daggers thrust at each other throu magazine! I think each listener has a r his or her opinion, and to have likes a likes.

Now I wonder just what readers th "Little Jack Little"? There has been a deal of discussion about him and many criticisms of his line of Radio broadcast WLW. One may have a pretty accura of the man from hearing him just once. me and all my family and many frien could be left off the Radio entirely and missed—much! He is a natural born pi believe, but if he would only play and n to talk or sing! I simply can't stand hi of conceit and egotism and self esteem.

We like good poetry over the air but ge of it suitable for broadcasting. W "Tony's Scrap Book" now over the CB "Buck and Alice" over NBC, and so others. The fine pipe organ program WLW, WGN, WENR and other statio so good—so are the School of the Air an Cook and "Cheerio"—over the big chai don't know what we would do witho Radio. I enjoy reading about the prograr different characters in the RADIO DIGE is fine!—M. F. L. C., Indiana.

* * *

SEE MEXICAN STATIONS LISTED PAGE 96, RAYMOND

CAN you tell me what station in Ta Tamps, Mexico, broadcasts on ap mately the same wave as WJZ? (*Probab mean XEM, Tampico*—EDITOR). Also, Mexican station coming in between W and WTIC sounds a cuckoo call durir program at intervals? (*Probably XER, M D. F.*).—Raymond Dessinger, Linwood.

Listener

WAY WID YER BLARNEY

ust have adopted M. Emile Coue's
every day in every way your maga-
wing better and better. I am sure
uld get a greater kick out of a Mike
an program after looking at their
n page 67 of the October RADIO
Hoping to hear more of your magic
wishing you all success.—Mr. and
k A. Jennings, Caro, Michigan.

* * *

W! WHAT A BIG ORDER

RADIO DIGEST very much. I would
ry much to see a write-up and pic-
he WCAU announcers, and would
ly like to see published pictures of
of the WCAU Children's Hour per-
you can secure.
ll you permit me to talk about some-
not like in RADIO DIGEST? I refer
ion. This feature seems to me out of
Radio magazine. I believe it could
better advantage in giving this space
adio write-ups and pictures.
ever was a write-up and pictures of
Herman and the Smith Family of
nd Louie and His Hungry Five of
RADIO DIGEST I missed it, if not,
e to see it.—Charles L. Anspach,
Haven, Pa.

had 'em all with pictures, Charles.
ly—WCAU Kiddies on page 71 this
Mike and Herman page 67, October.
double check on the fiction—EDITOR.

* * *

E POOR ANNOUNCER—HE IS MED FOR WHAT MAY BE THE SPONSOR'S FAULT

THE public, have our favorite an-
ncers as well as our favorite stations.
critical—we are super-critical—why
we be when we are daily enjoying
ur hours of free entertainment?
e in ten thousand of us knows an an-
by sight, but we know his voice and
is picture for our mind's gallery from
e a good-looking man, rather under
e, in evening clothes. He is standing
galaxy of entertainers in velvet and
is the Master of Ceremonies, a per-

announcer helps a poor program. A
nouncer hurts a good program. A good
r, to our mind, is one who is not
who does not over-air his knowledge.
our announcer to use good English
which is free from accent. We be-
he should use a few descriptive ad-
out we do not want our announcer to
cheap wit. We are fastidious.
not always *turn to something else* dur-
advertising of the sponsor's wares.
e only two reasons why we do not;
we don't want to miss the beginning
ogram; the second, we are *interested*.
ccess of a station depends on how well
uncer holds our interest—will we ask
mer's Toothpaste when we stand
e druggist's display-case? If the an-
has told us in as many words as
(and no more) "Gummer, the manu-
of the wonderful Gummer's Tooth-
ich is so well recommended by all
has the pleasure of presenting——,"
ask for Gummer's Toothpaste. We
lp asking for it because the name,
r's" stands out.

"Music soothes the savage breast." Granted. But a heavenly choir would fail to soothe us during some of the long-winded and disjointed preambles to some of the programs.

Some day a thinking sponsor will explain to his wordy announcer that the Radio has brought out another phase in selling-psychology. He may call it appreciation—it doesn't matter; whatever he calls it, it is a sale made by his program in the way the tailor's extra care in the fitting of an altered coat brings the man back for a new suit.

General Napier announced the capture of Scinde and the end of a campaign by the one word, "*peccavi*"; meaning, I have sinned. O for the day when we shall hear, "This is Station BLAH *Napier* is your announcer."

Will the writer of this letter please communicate with the *Editor?*

* * *

MORE WHAS PICTURES, PLEASE!

I AM a regular reader of the RADIO DIGEST and like it immensely. I have only one objection—there are never pictures and write-ups on WHAS artists or announcers, where other stations have them two or three times a year. I hope we will hear a little about them soon.—Miss S. Glenn, Louisville, Ky.

See the picture and story about Jack Turner, pianist of WHAS on page 72 of this issue and other pictures in the Sept. issue—EDITOR.

* * *

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT—VOICE OF THE "RUDY" LISTENER

WE PUT it to a vote in the V.O.L. columns—this question of the most popular orchestra leader—we'll let you in to count the ballots—here they are:—

UNTIL I found your column in the magazine I did not know the Radio listener was supposed to have a voice. I thought we had to take everything they wanted to hand us and not squawk. If you doubt this statement try to find a good program Sunday morning or afternoon. I think that if they put Rudy Vallee on the air Sunday afternoon, even you ducks that are razzing him would welcome him with open arms.—A. Curnow, Detroit, Mich. . . . Is the V.O.L. intended to be the humor department? Whatever the intention, it has succeeded in being the funniest spot in the magazine since I have been reading it. These bombastics about Rudy Vallee started by the eminent Mrs. Johnson are the source of the amusement.—R. M. Kenworthy, Chicago, Ill. . . . I'll bet most of these people who do the "panning" listen to his programs.—Bea Trumble, Saginaw, Mich. . . . I am always, like all other young people, willing and anxious to read anything that Mr. Vallee writes.—Margaret M. Long, Chicago, Ill. . . .

* * *

WHEN we studied about Rome in School, we learned that Roman youths used to take mud baths to make them more gorgeous (A tip for Rudy and these mud-slingers).—Another "heigh-ho" fan, Grass Lake, Mich. . . . He has worked very hard to put himself and his orchestra where they are today and deserves every bit of praise he receives. Come on, you Vallee fans, fifty-million of us can't be wrong.—Carlita M. Halford, East Hartford, Conn. . . . If some girls want to picture him as their dream lover, well isn't that their own affair? Heaven knows it's harmless enough.—C. L., Augusta, Maine. . . .

OH! IT'S a "Beauty Contest" now—well, I'll raise your two cents and have my say. Ugly features, unattractive and homely face (as Rudy's was called) never kept any good man down. How about Abraham Lincoln? And coming back to Radio, would you call Graham McNamee handsome?—Ruth Ramsay, Petersburg, Ill. . . . Razz Rudy? Not while I'm around. His musicians got their instruments at some place other than the 25c to $1.00 store, as they certainly are not tin panny. —Mrs. R. Whaley, Detroit, Mich. . . . To me he is a mythical knight, and his voice sends me all a-twitter and a-twitch.—Virtinia K. Henderson, St. Joseph, Mo. . . . A million girls in love with him? Why not? Hasn't a person who has gained a foothold for himself on the ladder of fame some sort of right to expect applause? Hasn't his voice that certain something that weaves romance—its' so—so—oh, what shall I say?—J. M. Swanson, Ludington, Mich. . . .

Etc., etc., etc., from many, many more, in cluding M. E. Brown, Waterbury, Conn., Mr. R. M. Hubert, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . Valeria Bache . . . D. B. Morris, Huntington, L. I. . . . and so on, and so on, ad infinitum.

* * *

ONE VOTE FOR "JIMMIE" GREEN AND "SOL" WAGNER

POOR Rudy. It really is amusing the way Mrs. Johnson has all the Rudy Vallee fans up in arms. To be perfectly frank I don't care for him myself.

The best orchestra in the country, in my opinion, is "Jimmie" Green. If you haven't heard him, well, you've missed a lot.

And I must not forget to mention "Sol" Wagner. Tune in on WENR Chicago and if you're blue, you won't be for long.—"Tiny," Washington, Pa.

* * *

MORE VOTES FOR LOMBARDO AND COON-SANDERS

I AM writing this in favor of Guy Lombardo and Coon-Sanders. I don't see how a perfectly good magazine like yours can harp so much on Rudy Vallee.

Lombardo and Coon-Sanders have bands that really work together to put over the whole orchestration, not just a few pretty choruses of a good number. Guy Lombardo's band and Coon-Sanders' must rate far above Vallee because of their higher and more complicated type of music.—Warren J. Hanson, Northfield, Minn.

* * *

THERE seems to be so much discussion in the Voice of the Listener about Rudy Vallee and Guy Lombardo, I will have to "speak my piece". The Royal Canadians have more rhythm and individuality than any orchestra I have ever heard.

Of course, I know the men have been accused of being jealous of Rudy but does that sound reasonable? If that were true, we would be jealous of the Lombardo boys, too. All three of them are good looking and I know of no one that can imitate Carmen's singing. My vote goes for the Lombardos.—George F. Kunze, U. S. Veteran's Hospital, Oteen, N. C.

* * *

ONE VOTE ISN'T ENOUGH FOR HIM—HE TAKES TEN

THIS is my arrangement of the ten best orchestras. Johnny Hamp, Earl Burtnett, Paul Whiteman, Isham Jones, Jack Denny, Ben Bernie, Gus Arnheim, George Olsen, Wayne King, Ted Weems.—O. J. J., Melrose, Wis.

* * *

WHERE IS ROY INGRAHAM'S BAND?

IF I were to name the five best orchestras on the air I would mention—Coon-Sanders, Guy Lombardo, Wayne King, Roy Ingraham and Art Kassel.

By the way, can anyone tell me what has happened to Roy Ingraham? We haven't heard him in this part of the country, since last spring.—Geraldine Schuman, Milwaukee, Wis.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Synchronization of Stations

Synchronization is a subject of fundamental importance to Radio listeners since it may have very far reaching effects on broadcasting. By means of synchronization it is possible to operate on a single wave length any number of stations transmitting the same program. Just what synchronization is, and the effect it will have, are described here

THE next few years may see the operation of entire chains of broadcasting stations on the same wave length if the proposed experimental operation of WTIC, Hartford, on the same wave length as WEAF; and WBAL, Baltimore, on the same wave length as WJZ, proves successful. Normally if two stations located quite close together are operated on the same wave length, serious interference is produced, but if their operation is synchronized, it has been determined from experiments made by engineers of the NBC, no interference is created. In fact, it appears that the synchronized operation of two or more stations on the same wave length has the effect of improving reception for listeners located midway between the two stations and normally receiving rather weak signals. Such listeners will, when the stations are synchronized, receive a combined signal from both stations which will make the reception louder and decrease fading.

It is to test the practicability of synchronized operation under ordinary broadcasting conditions that the National Broadcasting Company has requested permission of the Federal Radio Commission to permit the operation of WTIC and WBAL on the same frequencies as WEAF and WJZ respectively. At present WTIC and WBAL share time on 1060 kc. and operate on alternate days; when synchronized both stations will be on the air full time. WBAL will operate half time on 1060 kc. and half time synchronized with WJZ on 760 kc.; WTIC will operate half time on 1060 kc. and half time synchronized with WEAF on 660 kc. This synchronizing arrangement, giving both WBAL and WTIC full time broadcasting schedules, will bring many new NBC features to the listeners in Baltimore and Hartford areas.

Though these experiments prove entirely successful it would not be possible to extend such operation to all the stations on the networks. For example, KYW, Chicago, operating on 1020 kc., now carries a number of NBC programs. But if this station were to be synchronized with the key station, WJZ, on 760 kc., serious interference would be produced in Chicago because the synchronized operation of KYW on 760 kc. would place it too close to 770 kc. assigned to WBBM, Chicago. The only conclusion one can reach is that the general adoption of synchronized operation of chain stations probably require the reallocation of broadcasting stations. Obviously, the frequency assignments of a large number of stations must be changed to make available a clear channel throughout the entire country on which a group of synchronized stations could be operated.

The final set-up after the necessary reallocation of stations, would be the assignment of one wave length to each chain and all the stations associated with a particular network would operate on this common wave length. Whereas a group of thirty stations now require some thirty different wave lengths, when synchronized only one wave length would be required, releasing the other twenty-nine wave lengths for other programs. This is an important advantage of synchronization; it makes more efficient our use of the limited number of broadcast channels.

Many of the chain broadcasting stations are not in favor of synchronization, for as soon as they operate on a common wave length they lose their individual identity. The chain broadcasting companies will therefore be compelled to purchase and operate their own stations or to take full time leases on stations which can readily be changed over for synchronized operation. To buy new stations or lease existing stations and change their wave lengths involves the expenditure of millions of dollars. Synchronization, without doubt, is something that cannot be accomplished over night.

So far as the Radio listener is concerned, what are the advantages of synchronization that would warrant the expenditure of millions of dollars? In what way does synchronization result in improved Radio reception for the listener? It seems to us that synchronization yields the foll advantages.

First, the entire country could be ted" with a number of high-po broadcasting stations so located as t ply a good strong signal to all list Since all these stations would us same wave length, there would be terference between them.

Second, listeners throughout the co could have available full time rec of chain programs.

Third, reception would be imp since listeners now so located as to r a rather poor signal would, in most receive stronger signals under synchr operation.

Four, tuning in the chain pr would be simplified since all the pro of a particular network would alwa received at the same point on the dial of the Radio receiver.

Synchronization will also result i release of a number of wave length used in the transmission of chain pro and these wave lengths could then b to give additional programs to th tener. Channels would also be left if in the process of setting up a syn nized network certain transmitters purchased, thereby possibly leaving the frequency assignments formerly by these stations. If this occurs seriously doubt the ultimate use. of chronization), and such frequencie released, they should certainly be ass to organizations who can afford to and maintain high-powered station ganizations willing to spend time money to put good programs on th

THE notes on synchr tion given on this page obviously the picture far into the future. Syn nization must be brought about by e tionary rather than revolutionary ch in our present methods of broadcastin

Meanwhile if the proposed experi with WBAL and WTIC are succ there is no reason why such operati dual wave lengths cannot be appli many other stations so located that operation could be undertaken wi causing interference with station neighboring channels. In this m many stations now operating part will be enabled to operate full time.

of the Radio Arts

Latest Developments in Television

THE last few weeks of 1930 brought forth a number of important developments in television. During December an important ence was held by all engineers work- o television problems. This confer- lled by the Federal Radio Commis- d held in their offices at Washing- C., discussed various technical s concerned with the experimental ssion of television programs. As a f the conference a number of as- ts were changed and the engineers definite resolutions regarding the ent of licenses and the setting aside tional bands for further experi- work.

g the television conference, P. T. rth, associated with Television ories of California as its Technical r, somewhat startled his co- by stating that he had done some ul work with 700 line television and that by special processes and e transmission band required for ictures was no greater than that by an ordinary broadcasting sta- the transmission of voice and One of the major problems on he progress of television depends ge extent is that it ordinarily re- the use of very wide bands of cy and the transmission and recep- these wide bands creates problems to overcome.

NOW if a method can be to make it unnecessary to use such ands, television would probably come a practical reality. It is ood that Mr. Farnsworth expects onstrate his system in New York me during the early part of 1931. s to say everyone is looking for- ith much interest to this.

rts have reached the Department merce of a successful demonstra- Paris by M. Barthelemy, a well French experimenter, of a tele- evice which works successfully on nary broadcast receiving set. A from the trade Commissioner in ated that figures were produced in lief and in colors, the images were red and facial features were suf- distinct to permit easy recognition iduals. It is understood that M. emy claims his apparatus attains tion thus far not reached in other countries. When asked if he could televise an entire scene he replied in the affirmative.

With the closing weeks of 1930 there was brought to light some data on experiments made by engineers of the National Broadcasting Company in the transmission and reception of television images on



Mr. D. E. Replogle, of the Jenkins Television Corp., a pioneer who has probably done more than any other man to aid the advance of practical television apparatus.

short wave lengths. These tests were conducted in the heart of New York City and it was found that the Radio waves acted very much like light waves—being easily absorbed, reflected and refracted. In other words they literally bounced around among the steel buildings in New York.

Reflected waves caused the television receivers to show two or even many images instead of just one. We suppose that in an extreme case a lone pretty girl doing a dance would look like a whole chorus!

With these short wave lengths many "dead spots" were found where little or no signal could be received, these areas of poor reception being due evidently to the absorption of the Radio waves by steel structures. The shorter the wave length, the more severe are such dead spots, although they were not uncommon in the broadcast band, especially in the early days of broadcasting before stations began to use high power.

Dr. Herbert E. Ives of the Bell Laboratories, and one of the most prominent engineers associated with the art of television, has done considerable work on the transmission of television images in natural color. Color transmission without the use of extremely wide bands of frequency has been perfected and color values in the case of ordinary black and white images have been improved.

In the television demonstration given by Dr. Ives during the early part of 1930, the subject was illuminated with blue light and the photo-cells were of the type sensitive chiefly to light in the blue part of the spectrum. Blue light was used, since the eye is comparatively insensitive to this color and the face of the person being televised can therefore be illuminated with a very intense blue light without causing the discomfort which would be experienced if white lights of the same intensity were used.

THE effect of using blue light, however, was to make the yellow and red tints of the skin too dark. In order to produce a more natural gradation in color values a purple light is now used with additional photo-cells more sensitive to red light added to the system. Purple being a combination of red and blue, we are therefore in effect scanning the person's face with the aid of light at each end of the spectrum and as a result we obtain much more faithful reproduction.

These notes on television make it apparent that a tremendous amount of engineering thought is being devoted to the subject. What this year holds in store in the way of further television developments no one knows, but there is little doubt that tremendous advances will be made. Farnsworth's revolutionary system, about which no details have been divulged, may prove to be practical and television would then be "just around the corner." Readers of RADIO DIGEST may be sure that the editors of this magazine will keep in close touch with all television developments and report them in these pages, as rapidly as possible.

Stations Alphabetically Liste

The following list has been corrected from latest issue of the Official U. S. Federal Radio Commission bulletin in effect at the time of going to press (January 1, 1931).—EDITOR

K

KBTM.....Paragould, Ark. 100 w.—1200 kc.
KCRC.....Enid, Okla. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz. 100 w.—1310 kc.
KDB....Santa Barbara, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDYL....Salt Lake City, Utah 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
KECA....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1000 kc.—209.7 m.
KEJK....Beverly Hills, Calif. 500 w.—1170 kc.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KEX.....Portland, Ore. 5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr. 5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
KFBB....Great Falls, Mont. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
KFBK....Sacramento, Calif. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas 1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KFEL.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—940 kc.—325.9 m.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo. 2500 w.—560 kc.—440.9 m.
KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa. 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFJF....Oklahoma City, Okla. 5000 w.—1470 kc.—202.6 m.
KFJI.....Astoria, Ore. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFJM.....Grand Forks, N. D. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m. 1000 w. until local sunset
KFKB.....Milford, Kans. 5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill. 10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KFLX.....Galveston, Texas. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m. 1000 w. until local sunset
KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. 250 w. until local sunset
KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash. 500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska. 100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFQZ.....Hollywood, Calif. 250 w.—860 kc.
KFRC....San Francisco, Calif. 1000 w.—610 kc.—491.9 m.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif. 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m. 1000 w. until local sunset
KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas. 500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KFUM Colorado Springs, Colo. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif. 250 w.—750 kc.—299.8 m.
KFVS....Cape Girardeau, Mo. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFWB....Hollywood, Calif. 1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFWI....San Francisco, Calif. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KFWM.....Richmond, Calif. 500 w.—930 kc. 1000 w. until local sunset
KFXF.....Denver, Col. 500 w.—940 kc.—325.9 m.
KFXM..San Bernardino, Calif. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m. 250 w. until local sunset
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D. 500 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash. 5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif. 250 w.—1360 kc.—225.4 m.
KGBU....Ketchikan, Alaska 500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo. 100 w.—1370 kc.—228.9 m.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m. 1000 w. until local sunset
KGCI....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGCX....Wolf Point, Mont. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset
KGDA.....Mitchell, S.D. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGDE....Fergus Falls, Minn. 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif. 250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
KGEF....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KGER....Long Beach, Calif. 100 w.—1370 kc.—220.4 m.
KGEW....Fort Morgan, Colo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFF.....Alva, Okla. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif. 100 w.—1420 kc.—249.9 m.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D. 200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
KGGC....San Francisco, Calif. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGGF.South Coffeyville, Okla. 500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M. 250 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m. 500 w. until local sunset
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo. 250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont. 500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KGIR.....Twin Falls, Idaho 250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGIR.....Butte, Mont. 250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGKL....San Angelo, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGKO....Wichita Falls, Texas 250 w.—570 kc.—526 m. 500 w. until local sunset
KGKX....Sandpoint, Idaho 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGMB....Honolulu, Hawaii 500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGNF....North Platte, Nebr. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif. 7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
KGO.....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas 1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KGW.....Portland, Ore. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash. 100 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho 500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KJBS....San Francisco, Calif. 100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash. 5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
KLDS....Ogden, Utah 100 w.—1370 kc.—214.2 m. 200 w. until local sunset
KLPM.....Minot, N. D. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark. 1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo. 1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa 1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KMBC....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m. 2500 w. until local sunset
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KMMJ....Clay Center, Nebr. 1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash. 500 w.—1340 kc.—348 m.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo. 5000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
KMPC....Beverly Hills, Calif. 500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
KMTR....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif. 5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KOA.....Denver, Colo. 12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KOB.....State College, N. M. 20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla. 250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m. 500 w. until local sunset
KOH.....Reno, Nev. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KOIL....Council Bluffs, Iowa 1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KONO....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz. 500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—650 kc.—461.2 m.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPO....San Francisco, Calif. 5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KPRC.....Houston, Texas 1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m. 2500 w. until local sunset
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif. 1000 w.—950 kc.—220.4 m.
KPWF....Los Angeles, Calif. 10,000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif. 500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KREG....Santa Ana, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KREP.....Phoenix, Ariz. 1000 w.—620 kc.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas 10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif. 1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans. 500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m. 1000 w. until local sunset
KSAT.....Birdville, Texas 1000 w.—1250 kc.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa. 1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo. 500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho 250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah 5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa 500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D. 2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif. 1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KTAP....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTAR.....Phoeniz, Ariz. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas 1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif. 750 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La. 1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
KTHS...Hot Springs National Park, Ark. 10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KTLC.....Houston, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa 5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
2000 w. until local sunset

KTSL.....Shreve
100 w.—1310 kc.—228
KTSM.....El Pa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228
KTUE.....Houst
100 w.—1420 kc.—211
KTW.....Seattl
1000 w.—1270 kc.—23
KUJ.....Longvie
100 w.—1500 kc.—199
KUOA.....Fayette
1000 w.—1390 kc.—21
KUSD.....Vermill
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9
750 w. until local sunse
KUT.....Aust
500 w.—1120 kc.—199
KVI.....Tacom
1000 w.—760 kc.—394
KVL.....Seattl
100 w.—1370 kc.—218
KVOA.....Tuc
500 w.—1260 kc.—238
KVOO.....Tul
5000 w.—1140 kc.—26
KVOS.....Bellingha
100 w.—1200 kc.—249
KWCR....Cedar Rapi
100 w.—1310 kc.—228
KWEA.....Shreve
100 w.—1210 kc.—247
KWG.....Stockt
100 w.—1200 kc.—249
KWJJ.....Portl
500 w.—1060 kc.—282
KWK.....St. Lo
1000 w.—1350 kc.—22
KWKC....Kansas C
100 w.—1370 kc.—218
KWKH.....Shreve
10,000 w.—850 kc.—3
KWLC.....Decor
100 w.—1270 kc.—236
KWSC.....Pullm
2500 w.—1390 kc.—24
KWWG....Brownsvil
500 w.—1260 kc.—238
KXA.....Seatt
500 w.—570 kc.—526
KXL.....Portla
100 w.—1420 kc.—211
KXO.....El Cent
100 w.—1200 kc.—249
KYA.....San Francis
1000 w.—1230 kc.—24
KYW.....Chi
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—2
KYWA.....Chi
500 w.—1620 kc.
KZM.....Haywoo
100 w.—1370 kc.—218

W

WAAF.....Chi
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9
WAAM.....Newa
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8
2000 w. until local suns
WAAT.....Jersey Cit
300 w.—1070 kc.—319
WAAW.....Omah
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3
WABC.....New Y
5000 w.—860 kc.—348
WABI.....Ban
400 w.—1200 kc.—249
WABZ.....New Orle
100 w.—1200 kc.—249
WACO.....Wac
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241
WADC.....Tallmad
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227
WAIU.....Columb
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5
WALR.....Zanesvil
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.
WAPI.....Birmingh
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263
WASH....Grand Rapid
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1
WBAA.....W. Lafaye
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.
WBAK.....Harrisb
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7
WBAL.....Baltimo
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—28
WBAP.....Fort Worth
10,000 w.—800 kc.—374

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
210 kc.—247.8 m.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
400 kc.—214.2 m.
Richmond, Va.
570 kc.—247.8 m.
Chicago, Ill.
-770 kc.—389.4 m.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Ponca City, Okla.
200 kc.—249.9 m.
Buffalo, N. Y.
900 kc.—333.1 m
Bay City, Mich.
410 kc.—212.6 m.
Boston, Mass.
1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Hackensack, N. J.
650 kc.—206.8 m.
New York, N. Y.
350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York, N. Y.
-860 kc.—348.6 m.
Terre Haute, Ind.
310 kc.—228.9 m.
Birmingham, Ala.
90 kc.—322.4 m.
ntil local sunset
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
410 kc.—228.9 m.
Tilton, N. H.
630 kc.
Vellesley Hills, Mass.
70 kc.—325.9 m.
Charlotte, N. C.
080 kc.—277.6 m.
Dallas, Tex.
570 kc.—218.8 m.
Springfield, Mass.
-990 kc.—302.8 m.
Boston, Mass.
90 kc.—302.8 m.
Scott, Conn.
90 kc.—500 m.
Canton, N.Y.
720 kc.—245.8 m.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
220 kc.—461.3 m.
Columbus, Ohio
30 kc.—209.7 m.
Lincoln, Nebr.
0 kc.—508.2 m.
Northfield, Minn.
250 kc.—239.9 m.
Camden, N. J.
80 kc.—234.2 m.
Baltimore, Md.
0 kc.—499.7 m.
Asbury Park, N. J.
80 kc.—234.2 m.
Rapid City, S. D.
00 kc.—249.9 m.
Philadelphia, Pa.
-1170 kc.—256.3 m.
Burlington, Vt.
00 kc.—249.9 m.
Allentown, Pa.
40 kc.—208.2 m.
Zion, Ill.
080 kc.—277.6 m.
Baltimore, Md.
70 kc.—218.8 m.
Springfield, Ill.
10 kc.—247.8 m.
Minneapolis, Minn.
10 kc.—370.2 m.
New York City
50 kc.—222.1 m.
Chicago, Ill.
70 kc.—344.5 m.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
00 kc.—214.2 m.
Covington, Ky.
480 kc.—201.6 m.
Long Beach, N. Y.
00 kc.—199.9 m.
Janesville, Wis.
00 kc.—249.9 m.
Joliet, Ill.
10 kc.—228.9 m.
Culver, Ind.
00 kc.—214.2 m.
Pensacola, Fla.
20 kc.—223.7 m.
Meridian, Miss.
0 kc.—340.7 m.
til local sunset
Harrisburg, Pa.
00 kc.—249.9 m.
Yonkers, N. Y.
10 kc.—267.8 m.
Chicago, Ill.
10 kc.—247.8 m.
Charleston, S. C.
10 kc.— 228.9 m.
Portland, Me.
0 kc.—319 m.
Springfield, Ohio
50 kc.—206.8 m.
Tampa, Fla.
20 kc.—245.8 m.
Kansas City, Mo.
10 kc.—491.5 m.
Amarillo, Texas
10 kc.—212.6 m.
El Paso, Texas
10 kc.—228.9 m.
Fargo, N. D.
280 kc.—319 m.

WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—267.7 m.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7. m.
350 w. until local sunset
WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WDRC.....Hartford, Conn.
500 w.—1330 kc.—226 m.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WEAR.....Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1070 kc.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis.
2500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WEBE.....Cambridge, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
200 w. until local sunset
WEBW.....Beloit, Wis.
350 w.—600 kc.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WEHC.....Emory, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—249.9 m.
WEIS.....Evanston, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—211.1 m.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WEMC.Berrien Springs, Mich.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.5 m.
WEPS.....Auburn, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEVD.....New York City
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WFAA.....Dallas, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WFBG.....Altoona, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFBJ.....Collegeville, Minn.
100 w. 1370 kc.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—220.4 m.
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFVJ.....Rome, Ga.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WFDW.....Talladega, Ala.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WFJC.....Akron, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WGBS.....New York City
500 w.—1180 kc.—499.7 m.
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGP.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGHP.....Fraser, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.
WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.

WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
WHAP.....New York City
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
100 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
500 w.—950 kc.—348.6 m.
WHBD.....Mt. Orab, Ohio
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHDH.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WHDI.....Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—211.1 m.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
WHN.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—234.2 m.
WIBG.....Ellans Park, Pa.
50 w.—930 kc.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—570 kc.—535.7 m.
1500 w. until local sunset
WIBS.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas
1300 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
300 w. until local sunset
WICC.....Bridgeport, New Haven, Conn.
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w. l.s.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—560 kc.—230.6 m.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C.
1000 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WISJ.....Madison, Wis.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4m.
WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.4 m.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
1000 w.—1240 kc.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
400 w. until local sunset
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—630 kc.—491.5 m.
WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.2 m.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WJBT-WBBM..Glenview, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill.
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1250 w. until local sunset
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
WJSV....Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJZ.....New York City
30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala.
100 w.—1200 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WKBQ.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
150 w. until local sunset
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
WKEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—1040 kc.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WKY...Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WLBF...Kansas City, Kans.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLBL.....Stevens Pt., Wis.
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLBZ.....Oil City, Pa.
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WLBX...L. I. City, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLBZ.....Bangor, Maine
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WLEA.....Hornell, Mass.
500 w.—1360 kc.—212.6 m.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
100 w.—1420 kc.—218.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLIB.....Elgin, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WLIT...Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—235.4 m.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WLSI.....Cranston, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214 m.
WLVA...Lynchburg, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
WLWL....New York City
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WMAC.....Cazenovia, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMAF..S. Dartmouth, Mass.
500 w.—1430 kc.—212.6 m.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—288.3 m.
WMAL...Washington, D. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WMBD.....Peoria Hts., Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WMBF....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
100 w.—1370 kc.—228.9 m.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—218.8 m.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WMCA.....New York City
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMMN....Fairmont, W. Va.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMSG.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WNAT....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. Dak.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WNBF....Binghamton, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WNBH...New Bedford, Mass.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WNBO....Silver Haven, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
2000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WNRC....Greensboro, N. C.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WNYC.....New York, N. Y.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
1000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WOAN...Whitehaven, Tenn.
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WOBT.....Bristol, Tenn.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WOBU....Charleston, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WOC.....Davenport, Iowa
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WODX.....Mobile, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—214.2 m.
WOI.....Ames, Iowa
5000 w.—560 kc.—465.8 m.
WOKO...Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WOMT....Manitowoc, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WOOD...Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—610 kc.—230.6 m.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
WORC....Worcester, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WORD.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.2 m.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
1000 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WOV.....New York City
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WOW.....Omaha, Nebr.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WPAD.....Paducah, Ky.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WPAP.....Cliffside, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—266.9 m.
WPAW....Pawtucket, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WPCC.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—570 kc.—535 m.
WPCH.....New York City
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WPEN....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
100 w.—1420 kc.—218.8 m.

WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
WQAM.....Miami, Fla.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—535.4 m.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WQDW.....Tupelo, Miss.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WRAF.....LaPorte, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WRAW.....Reading, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—
WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBT.....Wilmington, N. C.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBX.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
WRDO.....Augusta, Maine
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRDW.....Augusta, Ga.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WRHM.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRK.....Hamilton, Ohio
100 w.—1310 kc.
WRNY.....New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WRR.....Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—361.2 m.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WSAZ.....Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSEN.....Columbus, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—
WSFA.....Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSJS.....Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.

WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WSOA.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—
WSPA.....Spartanburg, S. C.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WSSH.....Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1420 kc.—212.6 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—580 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN.....Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW.....College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WTNT.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—204 m.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258 m.
WXYZ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—434.8 m
CFBO.....St. John, N. B.
50 w.—889.9 kc.—337.1 m.
CFCA-CKOW-CNR1,
Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—840 kc.—357.1 m.
CFCF.....Montreal, P. Q.
1650 w.—1030 kc.—291.3 m.
CFCH.....Iroquois Falls, Ont.
250 w.—599.6 kc. 500 m.
CFCN-CNRC. Calgary, Alta.
500 w.— 690 kc.—434.8 m.
CFCO.....Chatham, Ont.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CFCT.....Victoria, B. C.
500 w.—629.9 kc.—476.2 m.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
250 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.
CFJC.....Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CFLC.....Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.

CFNB.....Fredericton, N.B.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CFQO-CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co.
Ont.,
400 w. 960 kc.—312.5 m.
CFRC.....Kingston, Ont.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
30 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.
25 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CHMA.....Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CHML.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CHNS.....Halifax, N. S.,
500 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CHRC.....Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot, Butte,
Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.
CHWK.....Chilliwick, B. C.
5 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CHYC.....Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CJCA-CNRE, Edmunton,Alta.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CJCB.....Sydney, N. S.
50 w.—880 kc.—340 9 m.
CJCJ-CHCA...Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—434.8 m.
CJGC-CFGO.....London, Ont.
500 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CJGX.....Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—629.9 kc.—476.2 m.
CJHS.....Saskatoon, Sask.
250 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CJOC.....Lethbridge, Alta.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CJOR.....Sea Island, B. C.
50 w.—1030 kc.—291.3 m.
CJRM.....Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—590.6 kc.—508 m.
CJRW.....Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—599.6 kc.—500 m.
CJRX.....Winnipeg, Man.
2000 w.—1214.6 kc.—25.6 m.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKCD-CHLS Vancouver, B.C.
50 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKCI.....Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—940 kc.—340 9 m.
CKCL.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CKCO.....Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—889.9 kc.—337.1 m.
CKCV-CNRQ...Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CKFC.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKGW.....Wolfville, N. S.
50 w.—930 kc.—322.6 m.
CKGW.....Bowmanville, Ont.
500 w.—690 kc.—434.8 m.
CKLC-CHCT Red Deer, Alta.
100 w.—840 kc.—357.1 m
CKMC.....Cobalt, Ont.
15 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CKMO.....Vancouver B. C.,
50 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKNC-CJBC...Toronto, Ont.
50 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CKOC.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CKPC.....Preston, Ont.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CKCR.....Midland, Ont.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CKSH.....Montreal, P. Q.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.

CKUA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CKWX.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKX.....Brandon, Man.
500 w.—540 kc.—555.6 m.
CKY-CNRW Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—790 kc.—384.6 m.
CKNB.....Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—629.9 kc.—476.2 m.
CNRD.....Red Deer, Alta.
——w.—840 kc.—357.7 m.
CNRO.....Ottawa, Ont.
500 w.—599.6 kc.—500 m.
CNRV.....Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1038 kc.—291.3 m.

Cuba

CMBA.....Havana
50 w.—1175 kc.—255 m.
CMBC.....Havana
100 w.—887 kc.—338 m.
CMBD.....Havana
50 w.—622.4 kc.—482m.
CMBQ.....Havana
50 w.—952 kc.—315 m.
CMBS.....Havana
50 w.—680.2 kc.—441 m.
CMBW.....Marianao
50 w.—1027 kc.—292 m.
CMBY.....Havana
200 w.—611.9 kc.—490 m.
CMBZ.....Havana
100 w.—1027 kc.—292 m.
CMC.....Havana
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CMCA.....Havana
100 w.—1136 kc.—264 m.
CMCB.....Havana
150 w.—952 kc.—315 m.
CMCE.....Havana
100 w.—1098.7 kc.—273 m.
CMCF.....Havana
250 w.—643.7 kc.—466 m.
CMGA.....Colon
300 w.—832.8 kc.—360 m.
CMHA.....Cienfuegos
200 w.—1153 kc.—260 m.
CMHC.....Tuinucu
50 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD.....Caibarien
250 w.—923 kc.—325 m.
CMI.....Havana
500 w.—815.2 kc.—368 m.
CMK.....Havana
2000 w.—731.3 kc.—410 m.
CMW.....Havana
1000 w.—599.6 kc.—500 m.
CMX.....Havana
250 w.—914.3 kc.—327 m.

Mexico

XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal.
101 w.—250 m.—1200 kc.
XEB.....Mexico, D. F.
10,000 w.
XEC.....Toluca, Mexico
50 w.—225 m.—1333 kc.
XED.....Reynosa, Tamps.
2000 w.—312.3 m—960.6 kc.
XEE.....Linares, N. L.
10 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.
XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax.
105 w.—265 m.—1132 kc.
XEG.....Mexico, D. F.
2000 w.—362 m.—828.7 kc.
XEH.....Monterrey, N. L.
101 w.—265 m.—964.6 kc.
XEI.....Morelia, Mich.
101 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.
XEJ.....Juarez, Chih.
101 w.—350 m.—857.1 kc.
XEK.....Mexico, D.F.
101 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.

XEL.....Saltillo
10 w.—275 m.—1091
XEM.....Tampico
501 w.—356.9 m.—841
XEN.....Mexic
1000 w.—410 m.—731
XEO.....Mexic
101 w.—305 m.—983.6
XEQ.....Ciuad Juare
1000
XER.....Mexic
101 w.—280 m.—1071
XES.....Tampico
500 w.—337 m.—980
XET.....Monterre
500 w.—336.9 m.—890.
XEU.....Veracr
101 w.—375 m.—800
XEV.....Pue
101 w.—290 m.—1034
XEW.....Mexi
5000 w.—385 m.—780
XEX.....Mexic
500 w.—325 m.—923
XEY.....Surre
105 w.—548.6 m.—54
XEZ.....Mexic
500 w.—548 m.—588.2
XETA.....Mexi
500.
XFE.....Villahermo
XFF.....Chihuah
250 w.—325 m.—915
XFG.....Mexic
2000 w.—470 m.—638.
XFH.....Mexic
250 w.
XFI.....Mexic
1000 w.—507 m.—791.
XFX.....Mexic
500 w.—357 m.

Televisio Stations

Channel 2000 to 21
W3XK.....Whea
5000 w.
W2XBU.....Beaco
100 w.
W2XCD.....Pass
5000 w.
W9XAC.....Chi
500 w.
W2XAP.....Jersey Ci
250 w.
W2XCR.....Jersey Ci
5000 w.
Channel 2100 to 22
W3XAD.....Camd
500 w.
W2XBS.....New Yor
5000 w.
W3XAK...Bound Bro
5000 w.
W8XAV.....Pittsb
20,000 w.
W2XCW...Schenectad
20,000 w.
W9XAP.....Chi
1000 w.
Channel 2750 to 285
W2XBC.....L. I. C
500 w.
W9XAA.....Chi
1000 w.
W2XG.....W. LaFay
1500 w.
Channel 2850 to 29
W1XAV.....Bost
500 w.
W2XR..Long Island C
500 w.
W9XR.....Chi
5000 w.

Radio Drama

(*Continued from page 29*)

starve in the theatre rather than feast in business. He took whatever he could get, acting and directing with de Mille, with Alan Dwan, with little theatre groups, notably the Comedy Club and the Snarks where he directed Hope Williams before she became famous.

During this period he was requested by the Gold Dust Twins company to put them on the air with a "real drama." Mr. Radcliffe thinks that on this sketch over WEAF he probably put the first sound effects on the air. He recalls bringing vacuum cleaners in taxicabs to prove to the doubting salesmen that he could create the sound of an automobile on the ether waves by such means.

Two years ago Mr. Radcliffe was asked to direct the *Melodrama Hour* for the National Broadcasting Company and the rest is history. As he demanded better and better plays, *The Melodrama Hour* quietly turned into the *Radio Guild*, just as simply as the duchess' pig in *Alice in Wonderland* turned into a baby. Now *The Radio Guild* boasts such great guest artists as Eva Le Galliene, and Dudley Digges.

"Radio drama is a natural evolution," Vernon Radcliffe says. "It is the next step after the motion picture, and just as important a form of drama. In every age the theatre adapts itself to its audience. We used to have it on moving wagons, in ballrooms to suit the populace and now we have reached the stage when Radio drama is the form most suited to our twentieth century audiences—n audiences, who create by popular d the theatre of the air. Great thi coming of it, and greater will com

This is the opinion of an enth To some of you Radio drama wil bring this soul-reaching satisfacti those of you who live in big ci shadow will probably never loom enormous proportions on your horizon. But to millions it is a of coming in contact with what t theatrical minds have to offer, a sesame to illusion and romance.

ANOTHER discussion concerning velopment of Radio drama will in the March issue of RADIO DIGEST. *authorities predict Radio entertainm flavor more of drama and speaking st ever before during 1931.*

Night Clubs of New York

(*Continued from page 11*)

the rendezvous for New Yorkers a Sunday evening to dine and There are few finer bands than mp's, and it was very popular ere.

Daffydil Dickerman outdid him- of the cutest, oddest, and places one could ever imagine, at big plaster plaques of what an conceived the *daffydil* to be, nking eyes that blinked every bass drummer lowered his foot ass pedal, and with crazy Dicker- wings and paintings all around n.

ention Greenwich Village without of the Village Nut Club would wn upon my head the condemna- that very worthy establishment. ght at the Village Nut Club until hours of the morning there may a great deal of clean fun. The very mixed, with a sprinkling rities, day laborers, professional nd all types. If you have lis- one of their broadcasts, you get idea of the way their program is ut each evening. True to their erything is spontaneous, quite d really funny. I enjoyed my- endously the evening I visited it. n the center of Manhattan among s I have already mentioned, one weetest bands in the world—Emil at the El Patio, where Rosita non hold forth nightly. Then "the sweetest music this side of —Lombardo's at the Roosevelt he Hollywood Cafe, perhaps the que and the nearest approach to ight club in its success, with the er and egg men, conventioners of town who come in great big viring ahead for reservations for a hundred people; with the most oor show consisting of the most girls to be found in any show in New York; very clever acts, that such a discriminating eye of Nils Granlund, better known G., can find and pick. In fact, himself is a show all alone, and at I enjoy watching work.

IT IS one place where a celebrity may go without fear called upon to do anything, as has made that a hard and fast er to call upon any celebrity to n no matter how hard the crowd and applaud for that person to Their bands are changed there it there is always good music. there is Jansen's Hof Brau, an ezvous. The Paramount Grill New Yorker, like the Roosevelt, grills with hotel food and good music, and like the Villa Vallee, well-ventilated and aired. Personally I am a crank on fresh air; a smoky, hot, sticky atmosphere ruins the evening for me. I must be where the air is fresh and that is one of the things I am happiest about at the Villa Vallee—the fact that our air is constantly being changed and a person never comes out with smarting eyes.

THERE are so many clubs that it would take pages for me to talk about them. The Central Park Casino, with its gorgeous interior, its superb band, Leo Reisman and his orchestra, than which there is none better, Leo himself being one of the greatest showmen that ever stood before a band. And the Club Richman, where Harry intermittently holds forth (when he is there the place itself takes on a new atmosphere). Harry Richman and George Olson have been responsible for the tremendous run of popularity at this cozy and intimate place.

Coming from the country myself I can speak rather authoritatively when I say I know what the average small town person's conception of a New York night club is. Whether his conception is due to plays, motion pictures, novels, newspaper stories, or word of mouth publicity I do not know; I do know, however, that people in the rural districts and in small cities conceive a New York night club, in its strict sense, to be a place filled with bad air, smoke and excitement, where lewd women with nothing on disport themselves under the delighted eyes of fat butter and egg men from the Middle West, shaking everything at them but the club's license; a place where, from the moment one enters until the departure, they take everything from you but the gold in your teeth; where you are liable to receive anything from a sandbag over the head to a Mickey Finn, which is a potent powder slipped in a drink to put the victim out of the picture temporarily!

These "gyp" clubs, as they are called, did flourish at one time in New York City, and many of our popular Broadway entertainers today can talk for hours about what used to go on inside them. Let me assure you that this type of club has gone by the board, and the only place where an out of town bumpkin might run into such a place would be in a racketeer speakeasy, and the country gentleman who finds himself in a jam in one of these places has no one to blame but himself!

There are a host of new places springing up and closing down nightly, but I hope that I am touching on the most popular ones now running.

Only last night the Paramount Grill opened with an entirely new policy. For a high class hotel to adopt a no couvert charge policy, which the Chinamen have made so popular in their chow mein dance palaces, is revolutionary. The Paramount has taken a step that will probably help them become very successful. One of the finest floor shows in the country, headed by the able and versatile Benny Davis, with a very fine band, Florence Richardson and her boys. From my observations of the debut, the Paramount Grill is going to have a tremendous run.

I SHOULD really leave the description of and location of these clubs to one who makes it his business to tell you where to go in New York, Rian James of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, whose little booklet, "Where To Go" is perhaps the best guide to the restaurants and night clubs of New York City, but since I am asked to write this article I feel that I must at least tell you something about them.

There is one club in particular that is worthy of some detailed consideration. It is located on the site where Texas Guinan herself once held forth. Small, close and very plain, it is perhaps the most successful of New York night clubs and is the nearest to the popular conception that people in the country have of New York night clubs. It is known as the Club Abbey.

Unquestionably its easy location, near Broadway, and its all night policy, in contrast to the two and three o'clock closing of the other clubs, are responsible for the popularity that is has been enjoying for some time. It has become the rendezvous of all the Broadway wiseacres, columnists, and most of Broadway's racketeers are to be seen there throughout the course of a week. The central personality who dominates its dance floor between dance sets is unquestionably in a large measure responsible for the success of the club. A striking figure—a tall, broad-shouldered young man who goes by the name of Jean Mallin. Just how to describe him is extremely difficult. He has a very ready and brilliant wit, and permits himself to be the target for fast repartee on the part of anyone who chooses to fence with him.

He seems to capitalize on a supposed *effeminacy* which he accentuates and heightens, to my mind deliberately. My observation of him on the occasion of my one visit to the Abbey has led me to believe that he does this, realizing that he is making a living and a good one, by carrying out and heightening a character which I believe is not really his.

Although the rest of the floor show is quite daring, fast and full of double en-

tendre, yet this Mallin and his drollery and facetiousness makes the Club Abbey an unusual place to visit. Almost any night one will encounter such persons as Winchell, Hellinger, and all those who are so typical of Broadway's night life.

The blasé out-of-towners seeking something entirely different should try to find a member to go with to the most unique establishment that it has ever been my pleasure to visit, namely Belle Livingston's place on 58th Street, between Park and Lexington. She has brought a Continental atmosphere into an old house. One of the objections she always found most people had to offer about establishments where one could eat and dance, was that the air was bad, so in this three-story house of hers she took particular pains to see that every room has direct contact with the outside, thus ensuring all her guests of that most precious stimulant to a good evening—fresh air.

THE room where one dances is perhaps the most unique, presenting a Turkish Harem effect, due to the lamps which hang from the ceiling, the lighting effect, and the paintings on the wall. Around the edge of the room built to the wall, are luxurious lounging places with large, silk pillows and small benches in front with ash trays. There is a room entirely in red, with a fireplace at the rear end at which the cooking is done right before the eyes of the diners. It is her modern English eating room and is very attractive.

I forgot to mention that the entrance into the establishment is through a large, iron gate, like that of a prison.

Upstairs are lounge rooms and places where one can converse without being disturbed by the diners or the dancers. Then there is a room for backgammon, and another one for ping pong, and a beautiful, intimate golf course, with little water hazards in which, on the opening night, she had live eels—but the eels went the way of all flesh, i.e., down the drain pipe!

Her shows vary from a small group of acts to something of a circus nature; in fact, one of my friends, on his first night there, was amazed on entering to see a whole troupe of African savages doing a war dance in the middle of the floor.

Belle Livingston herself has a very colorful and interesting background and history, and is one of the most gracious lady-hosts that one would expect to find in such an unusual place. The few times I have been there, there have been tremendous crowds, with many celebrities scattered among them, which indicates that if one gives the public something different, good business brings itself.

To close this little discussion of night clubs and not mention the "Queen of the Night Clubs," as she styles herself, that very unusual woman, Texas Guinan, would be almost a sacrilege. I have found Texas Guinan to be a very human person, one who has a great respect for the feelings of others. She has become successful and capitalized on the adoption of a policy of pep, animation, whirlwind speed in floor shows, beautiful girls with little or nothing to wear. If there was ever a person qualified for a degree of Professor of Night Club Psychology, it is certainly she!

I marvel at her audacity in calling her nightly audiences "suckers," as some of them really are, but she seems to be able to do it without harm to herself. She thrives on noise, bedlam, and pandemonium, and her opening act is to throw to her audience every noise-making device that it is possible for her to purchase.

She picks her girls with an eye to beauty of face and form. Some of them are very clever, others merely fill out the picture. The girls who work for her say that she is a very wonderful person to work for, very human and sympathetic, but she is a Simon Legree for work and sets a good example by her own indefatigable zeal throughout the course of a long evening to the wee hours of the morning. It has been my pleasure to introduce her and to be introduced by her at theatrical and charitable affairs, and she has shown me the courtesy of leaving me alone when I didn't want to be introduced, which is more than many persons would do. She has had streaks of success and streaks of trouble and misf
but through it all she remains s
dauntless and a hard worker. W
each other at benefits at which w
form on Sunday nights for various
causes. There on the stage wi
"girls," as she calls them, she put
show sometimes lasting for a soli
one which always keeps the excite
a high pitch.

SHE still is, and p
will be for some time, the "Queen
Night Clubs."

I have tried to give the out-c
cousin an idea of what New Yo
holds in the way of entertainmen
theatre. If I have omitted men
any particular place, it is done u
tionally. I am writing this articl
carrying the same schedule that I
while writing my book—a schedul
hours a day, most of which is s
the theatre, and the rest in th
Vallée until the wee hours of the
ing, getting up early certain morni
broadcasts, recordings, and rehear

It is impossible to think of eve
where one could find good, wh
recreation. That is why, again, I
would be very easy to secure Rian
very terse booklet, "Where To G
cause I believe he has not omitt
place worthy of a visit, and he c
the eating places according to nati
thereby offering to the out-of-towr
desires the food of his particular
the opportunity to secure it very
as New York has restaurants o
nationality of the world.

If this has helped to give you a
of night club conditions in New
then the sleep I have lost by th
to dictate this has not been in va

Radio Queen Writes S

Bernadine Hayes, chosen as th
beautiful star in Radiodom, i
among her talents that of song-
Her number will appear some
April and it is expected that it w
"natural"—a success from the st

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Name..... *Date*.....

Street..... *City, State*.....

More Town Crier Tales

(*Continued from page 57*)

rage around the corner and leav-
d that his car should be sent
t once. At the last minute, he
ided to drive down to a little
on which some of the old grads
me were holding that evening at
seau—pardon me, I mean Old
If he lost no time in jumping
dinner clothes, and if he was
ith the traffic lights on his way
Holland Tunnel, he would get
Princeton in time for the soup.
uld catch up on the cocktails as
ing wore on. Well, he did catch
e cocktails and was in a fairly
v by ten that evening. His class-
ho at eight had seemed a pasty,
and tiresome group of contem-
had mysteriously changed in the
ng two hours, and by ten he
liked them a lot. By eleven,
ned to him the wittiest, the most
shed group he had ever mingled
y twelve they were all singing
mething or Other King of Eng-
h their arms around each other.
apel bell was striking, it was one
hen he slid in behind the wheel
e seater and struck off along the
d to New York. He had been
bout an hour and was speeding
onely bit of road in the Raritan
ection—if I ever retell this
the way, I have some thought
g it "The Raritan Samaritan"—
aster overtook him. It wasn't a
nan. He hadn't even run over
y. He would much rather have
somebody. What happened to
a blowout. With a sigh that
like a wind from the sea, one of
collapsed. He came to a jolting
groaned.

HE WAS miles from any-
t was years since he had changed
d he never had been good at it.
had been good at anything like
ll he was good at was selling
d singing "The So-and-So King
nd." The first thing to do was
e spare off the back.
been there so long that it had
the clamp. He engaged in a
struggle with it that lasted ten
By the end of the ten min-
spare tire was free, but his
oat was a wreck and a pen-
torn flesh was fluttering on his
l. With a few good old Prince-
es he bound up his wounds with
y muddy handkerchief and be-
ing for his jack. He assumed he

l been years since he had had
to use a jack, but he assumed
n that band of robbers at the garage in New York would not let him go out without one. He looked for it everywhere—in the tool box, under the cushion, under the seat—everywhere. In a kind of sleepy half-witted helplessness he even found himself looking in his pockets for it. All in vain. There was no jack. For all he knew, there never had been. He had spoiled one good dinner suit, one fairly good left hand, and one already damaged temper battling with that spare tire only to find that he might just as well have left the darned thing in place. He couldn't put it on anyway.

He was wondering whether to hoof it to the nearest village or just to die quietly from exposure and chagrin, when

RUDY VALLEE

Tells The Stories
Back of the Songs

in the

TEN HITS
OF THE MONTH

Regularly in
RADIO DIGEST

far in the distance he saw a point of light. A point that grew and grew as it came nearer and nearer. It was a south-bound car coming his way. Perhaps it would give him a lift. It was going the wrong way but at least it could take him to shelter. He stepped out to do a bit of wig-wagging, hoping all the time that his recent scrimmage with the spare had not left him looking too much like a bandit. He didn't want to frighten the good Samaritan that was coming his way. As the car drew close he became a human semaphore of distress. Sure enough his potential help slowed up, stopped. The car was also a one seater and the driver of it, as he came forward into the light of our hero's lamps was revealed as a bespectacled and benevolent-looking fellow just the type to extend a helping hand. Would he give our young friend a lift? Well, surely he would, but what was the trouble? Just a blowout? But that was nothing. Oh, no jack? Well, but he had a jack. It would be the work of a minute. And not only did the kindly stranger produce the jack from his own car, but he did most of the work that had to be done, saying that wayfarers should help one another and humming a tune to himself as he made his words good.

Old Nassau didn't do much but hover around and nurse his wounded left hand. In no time the stranger was climbing back into his own car and Old Nassau had nothing to do but pick up a few tools and go on his way. He wondered how much time he'd lost. He stepped around in front of his lamps and reached for his watch. It was gone. His anger was explosive. Just when he was thinking what a kindly chap this stranger had proved to be, just when he was thinking what a friend!" old this was, after all, this had to happen to him. His mind worked fast. There was not a second to lose. The dirty crook was already at his wheel.

HE REMEMBERED in a flash that in the pocket of the door of his car there had been or was a loaded revolver. It took him one second to get it. In another second he was on the running board of the Good Samaritan's car, with the revolver stuck in the Good Samaritan's startled face. "You dirty bum," he said. "Wayfarers ought to help each other, ought they? You dirty bum. If I hear a word out of you I'll fill you full of lead. Just hand over that watch." With shaking hands the Good Samaritan dove into his vest pocket and came across.

With the watch in his pocket and the pistol still aimed, our hero backed across the road, slid into his seat, and started his engine going. In another moment, his bitterness assuaged, his wounded hand forgotten, the watch in his pocket, he streaked off to New York at sixty miles an hour. From time to time he kept saying to himself "the dirty bum" or "wayfarers should help each other, my eye" or once and again just those words "the dirty bum". It was almost six in the morning and the sleepy city was stirring with a new day's life when he drove his car into the garage, walked two blocks to the club, woke up the night watchman, went up to his room, and prepared to turn in.

It was what he saw when he got there that rooted him to the spot and sent his heart into his boots. The dreadful thing he saw was something lying on the dressing table—something which, in the haste of his departure for Princeton, he had left lying along with his keys and loose change. It was his watch.

Tuneful Topics

(*Continued from page 76*)

tor of the orchestra. Gibbons had several melodies and ideas, and as a result of one afternoon's collaboration we wrote a chorus called *My Cigarette Lady*. The tune always haunted me; we never played it on the engagement as it was merely a song we both carried in our heads.

In the fall we went to London, and when I returned in the Spring Gibbons stayed on and became director, not only of a great English orchestra, but the dance recording head of the Victor Co. American publishers published two of his songs which you may have heard, *A Garden in the Rain* and *Peace of Mind*. While they were not sensational, they were pretty tunes and well-liked.

A few months ago Gibbons passed through New York on his way to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios to write for pictures. Meeting him at a party at Roger Wolfe Kahn's recalled to me the song we had written together, and I began a broadcast of the chorus, which was all we had written. The response was so overwhelmingly favorable that one of the subsidiaries of the Radio Music Company, with whom I am contracted to write, namely Davis, Coots and Engel, asked me if they might publish the song.

I found it impossible to get in touch with Gibbons, so I set myself down to write the melody of the verse and the two verses themselves. The chorus, as we originally conceived it, might mean that the cigarette lady was the girl that he had loved and lost, or it might be just his conception of the girl-to-be. I chose the latter and more happy viewpoint, and really believe that I did even better on the verse than I did on the chorus, which sometimes happens. I can think of several compositions where the verse was much better than the chorus, though that is not usually the case.

I am expecting daily to receive a copy of the finished song, as it went to press over a week ago. We do it quite slowly, at about thirty-two measures a minute, and I find that the key of D is the best range for the voice.

10.—Little Things in Life

IRVING BERLIN offers to the world the panacea (if there is any) for the present large-spread depression. Some people say that the depression is merely a myth in our minds which would be dissipated if we would tell ourselves that there is none. But I know that there is, and we find in the song, *The Little Things in Life*, the solution to the entire matter.

The trouble with us is that we want large, marble houses, with a whole coterie of liveried servants, butlers, footmen, and what-not; too many empty rooms, too many cars, too many yachts. Mr. Berlin expresses in song the belief that the little things in life—simple rooms, a little rain, a little sunshine, and finally the baby's cry, all these things if taken in moderation by the little man and little wife will bring the two happiness.

My first reaction to the song was unfavorable. Like all Berlin songs this has to be heard several times before it grows on you. When I heard the song later on the air, done to its best advantage by one of the best Radio bands, I realized its possibilities, became one of its strongest supporters, and it has found a prominent place on my own Radio pro[gram]

The fact that it is climbing up t[he] of best sellers (today I find it fifth [on] the top) indicates that the public [is] a receptive mood for this type of [song]. What more can be said than that? [The] Berlin organization has another h[it] their hands.

We play it quite slowly, about t[hir]ty-two measures a minute.

Again I want to congratulate Mr. I[rving]

Is A Comedian Fun To His Wife?

(*Continued from page 28*)

She then sees to it that he selects a variety in his clothes and that the man doesn't talk him into anything.

He loves to see the feminine me[mber] of his family well dressed, and pays bills without a murmur. But his clothes never mean a thing to him

He likes to consult Mrs. Stone [about] his shows, even though he knows h[e will] not act upon her suggestions. It is [not] that he wants to think out loud a[nd] see what her reaction is. He must [have] a little audience for whatever he [does]. Certainly he could never have a [more] interested or eager one than his fami[ly].

He's a democratic, humble man man whom his family honors and res[pects] no less than the world. He has [a] reverence for women and treats [his] mother with rare, old-fashioned cou[rtesy].

It isn't to be wondered, therefore Mrs. Stone said to me, in partin[g] could ask nothing more of life than my girls should find as good a hu[sband] as I have."

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See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

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2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	6.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	9.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	12.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	15.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	$30.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

The Ne'er Do Well

(Continued from page 45)

fun and I hadn't been playing or much about that time. I was ed to the manager of KROW, e of the other artists, and they me feel at home, as they do e who comes around our station. kick out of it and then went d never gave it another thought. g after, however, I received an-)S from my friend and again I That night the manager, Mr. came in to talk to me and asked ay a program for them once in a Pretty soon I was billed regu- l that is all there is to my getting n the Radio game."

It's really only the beginning of nteresting story. For the "Ne'er " has become the Elsie Ferguson air, the judge advocate of Ro- and, the settler of lovers' quar- eetings-broker for California, and ipient of an unprecedented of fan mail, especially from his eners.

wfully surprising," he said mod- never realized so many people rite to me. One young couple on quite a correspondence with the girl and then the man. ere having quite a quarrel and emed awfully in love. So I'd ng that would recall some special them and maybe I'd say a few out forgiving or forgetting, and egan to go along fine. Then I ear from them for a long time day a letter came in, stating that e going to be married and would their wedding march for them Radio. Of course, I did.

sometimes people want me to r a friend on their birthday or ary or send a word of cheer to erson. I like to do it and it e feel good to think maybe I'm lping out some folks."

Ne'er Do Well" has become the the Pacific Coast—his rapid y is said to be most amazing. only sings and plays, but he s. He can play for hours his positions. He has had a num- songs published including the *o Well*, from which he gets his *Wish I Knew, I'm All Alone*, *Waltz*, and *Sentimental Sweet-*

longs to the American Society posers, Authors and Publishers. a sport fan, follows the current d goes on long auto rambles, ex- unfrequented roads and byways California hills and yet—

just the "Ne'er Do Well"— Lone Greetings Broker for the Coast. His name? And what look like? Well, just take a look 44 and your questions will be l.

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Believe It Or Not

(*Continued from page 25*)

Among the latter are many epistles branding me as a colossal liar and fake. But I really don't mind this as it is a form of flattery. They simply didn't know the truth when they heard it. Whenever they come in with a signature and address, which is seldom, they are immediately answered and the verity of the statement in question is proved. I have yet to be caught in a lie.

There are many incredulous tales to be told of the broadcasting studios, of the daily show that goes on inside. Over a year ago, John B. Kennedy told the story in *Collier's Weekly* of Nathaniel Shilkret. While leading his forty-piece orchestra through the intricate rhythms of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, the lighting current failed and the studio was instantly wrapped in complete darkness. "Without a moment's halt," said Kennedy, "Shilkret and his men carried on, in the darkness, and finished Gershwin's complicated masterpiece without losing so much as half a note. From this number they passed to others—with nothing but two candles stuck on the conductor's rack so that the musicians could follow his signals and his baton. The listening millions were unaware of the slightest hitch."

It takes about 200 Radio and telephone engineers to handle a coast to coast network program, exclusive of the engineers in the local studios. And sometimes it is found more convenient for broadcasting a program on the Pacific Coast to bring it all the way east and back again, crossing the continent twice.

Believe it or not, Radio listeners-in hear sound broadcast before it reaches the ears of those persons in the studio twelve feet from the microphone. For, the minute that it gets on the wire, sound becomes an electrical impulse which travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second.

Believe it or not, according to the statistics gathered by Radio Retailing, 4,438,000 factory Radio sets were sold during the past year.

Radio is soaring skywards—ascending fast, and it is my belief that the next great star of Radio will be able to ask—and what is more important, receive—$25,000 a week for his services. I base my argument on the vast economic power of the broadcasters, glancing at their tremendous resources, at their possibility of attracting an audience of 60,000,000 persons, and safely declare they can afford to pay the price.

It makes interesting food for thought and meat for the dreamers, as it was not so long ago that the amusement world raised an incredulous eyebrow because Sir Harry Lauder was able to take back to his fortress in Scotland $30,000 for a thirty-minute swim in the Radio sea. Lauder received this staggering sum only once. He was not asked to send his little black bag on a regular weekly trip to the studio cash box.

Al Jolson startled even that section of Broadway that is familiar with his huge earnings when he received $7,500 for singing three songs on the microphone.

There have been numerous occasions when the Radio men have paid enormous sums for individual performances, but no single artist has yet signed the dotted line for a regular weekly salary of five figures. Yet I feel the day is not far off. From the standpoint of the amusement world it will most emphatically be THE DAY—*Der Tag*.

There are on the lists of the broadcasters any number of artists who are receiving in excess of $1,000 a week. Big money as reckoned by Broadway, but not so big as reckoned on the Radio waves. Big money to them means salaries of more than $10,000 a week. The broadcasters will be ready to pay it—and plenty more, when they find the stars. Meanwhile they are busy with their binoculars. Believe it or not.

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 63*)

where you make money. In four or five years, if present conditions keep up, I'll have my million. Then I'll step out and let my brother take over. He can make his pile and buy his island if he wants one."

Present conditions are rather strenuous, as he is in charge of seventeen orchestras in cities as far apart as Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Los Angeles, Rio de Janeiro, Paris, London. Before long he expects to have an orchestra in practically every large city in the world, working through the United Hotels Company. Then there is his Radio work—his sustaining hours over Columbia, his commercial program with the Smith Brothers—his personal appearances at various private and public dances, his phonograph recordings.

He goes to bed late and gets up early. Two or three hours sleep a night is enough for him. He says he got his training getting up to milk the cows.

"Take today; it's typical of most of my days. It's five-thirty now. I'm here till six, when I leave and go to my office for dictation. Then I dress and am in White Plains for a dance at eight-thirty. I am in Greenwich, Connecticut, from ten to ten-thirty for debutante party. Then I'm at Ossining for fifteen minutes at a public dance. Then I'm back here at the Biltmore from twelve to twelve-thirty, when we also go on the air. I'm at another dance from one-fifteen to two. I'm at the Plainfield Country Club in New Jersey, from three to six. I get back to New York at seven. I sleep till nine-thirty and then get up in order to make my appointment at the Victor studios at ten." He glanced at his watch.

"But your health," I gasped. "[illegible] can't stand up under that continu[illegible]

"Yes, I can. I go to a doctor [illegible] month and have him look me ove[illegible] careful about diet. I don't dr[illegible] smoke. It's just a question of [illegible] used to it. But it doesn't leave yo[illegible] leisure."

"I don't see how it leaves yo[illegible] But if you do get some, what do [illegible] with it?"

"You'd be surprised. One of [illegible] cret vices is riding a bicycle."

So far all his heavy responsibiliti[illegible] put no mark upon Bert Lown. [illegible] twenty-six and could pass for [illegible] younger. People, upon being intr[illegible] to him, often think he is the son [illegible] orchestra leader and ask for his fa[illegible]

All his success has come to him [illegible] three years. Three years ago he w[illegible] ing cash registers. One of the [illegible] of his success is his ability to d[illegible] authority.

He wrote those two popular nu[illegible] *By By Blues*, and *You're the One [illegible] For*. His new theme song for [illegible] *With You By My Side*.

And I, for one, hope he doesn[illegible] that South Sea island very soon.

Classical Music Simplified

(*Continued from page 79*)

that can be done to transmit these s[illegible] even though they may know that it [illegible] be much better in most cases if the [illegible] ing voices and the speaking practi[illegible] both men and women could be imp[illegible]

With broadcast music, the mat[illegible] different. The object of broadcast[illegible] to convey to you and to me the n[illegible] possible reproduction of the effect [illegible] music has when it is heard in the [illegible] sort of concert room from the seat i[illegible] room which is known to be acous[illegible] best situated. In order to achiev[illegible] object both the musicians and the [illegible] neers have to learn that there is a [illegible] deal more to it on the one hand, tha[illegible] mere putting of sounds into a micro[illegible] and on the other hand than merely d[illegible] with the electrical output accordi[illegible] readings on energy measuring mete[illegible]

It is my deliberate opinion that [illegible] is grave danger to the growth of m[illegible] art on the one hand, and to the a[illegible] pleasure derivable from listening to t[illegible] casts of good music on the other han[illegible] less a study can be made, on a large [illegible] of the whole problem from the [illegible] standpoints of the engineers and o[illegible] musical artists. I consider that the [illegible] principle upon which any such stud[illegible] be successfully made is the princi[illegible] equality between the musicians (p[illegible] cers) and the engineers (reproducer[illegible] broadcast music.

Crashing Airplane

(*Continued from page 19*)

r we all had taken long drinks from
ethen jug, we piled the scattered
n a heap. Then in a springless
n cart, drawn by two ponies, we
auled across the desert and over a
road to the little town of Alcan-
in the province of Murica, about
iles inland from Cape Palos and
ort of Cartagena. I had ended my
nt from Paris to Fez in a lonely
between two ranges of the Sierra
Mountains in Andalusia, land of
ors, and within an hour's flight of
Granada.

n we arrived at Alcantarilla they
s to the only hotel, a little two-
Spanish inn, the *Hospedaje y Casa*
idas, where they gave us each a
f cognac and a bed. Summoned
ately after our arrival, several
physicians came, dressed the
of my companions, closed the
s to darken the rooms, and forbade
to enter.

was the last I saw of them. The
said that although Noailhat and
erpignan mechanic were quite
injured, they were sure they
ecover before long. They assured
y would be well cared for at a
ospital. Some months later I
rom Noailhat. He had recovered
but forgotten the crash. The
ic from Perpignan got well, too.

a brief stay in Granada, I set out
is. When I got there and told my
hat had happened in the lonely
n the South of Spain she said:
interesting. But you have arrived
time. Come down to the Rue St.
with me. I want you to meet
oiselle Augustine and see the
frocks I have picked out. And
rget your travelers' cheques."

ext day, in a taxi-cab piled high
xes filled with fluffy things, plus
for Monsieur, whose derby had
recked at the foot of the Sierra
s, we turned up at Le Bourget
ady to take off for London on the
of our 25,000-mile air tour of
Asia and Africa.

igh Cost of Haste

(*Continued from page 86*)

night happen. We do most of
rrying because our minds are
ahead to unfavorable conclu-
However, we have a marvelous
e of spirit which gets us over
l troubles, and very little of our
nd worry is caused by actual losses
edy. The things about which we
he most are in almost every in-
but trifles which are exaggerated
active imaginations.

y should be unnecessary. As
l, we hurry because we worry, and worry arises from fear of what might happen. Why do we constantly fear that we are going to meet something that we cannot conquer? Haven't we managed to meet what life has offered up to now? Why should we feel that we cannot continue to meet the needs of this hour and the next hour, and the next? When we worry and we hurry, all we accomplish is a tenseness of mind which prohibits the accomplishment of whatever it is we want to do. Therefore, one of the soundest mottos for us all is the old one, "when angry, count ten"—only to this motto should be added, "When worried and hurried." In the time that it takes you to count ten, you should be able to restore order to your mental state and to quiet your frenzied, unthinking impulses.

Without exaggeration, haste can ruin your entire life, it can spoil your chances of happiness, and, it can do more than almost anything else to mar your attractiveness. Haste dulls the eyes, wrinkles the face, checks digestion, causes your glands to manufacture poisonous fluids, and puts you in a frame of mind which is obviously harmful to your appearance.

Coming back once more to Mr. Einstein and his theory of relativity, I want to remind you that haste concerns time, and time is, after all, relative. A woman in Texas with every modern convenience writes to me that she has no time to be attractive. Mrs. Thompson, raising ten children on a run-down farm without any conveniences, always had time to be attractive. Whether one understands Mr. Einstein's theory of relativity or not, it seems to me that these two examples demonstrate more or less adequately a certain relative value of time and that they have a pertinent application to this article's title—The High Cost of Haste.



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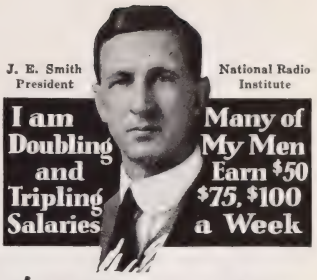
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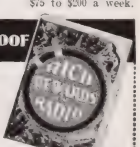
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Science and Religion

(*Continued from page 55*)

view that the future is predestined and that time merely turns over the leaves of a story that is already written.

Until recently this was almost universally accepted as the teaching of science, at least in regard to the material universe. It is the distinctive principle of the mechanistic outlook which some years ago superseded the crude materialistic answer. But today physical theory is not mechanistic. Now it is built on a foundation which knows nothing of this supposed determinism. So far as we have yet gone in our probing of the material universe, we cannot find a particle of evidence in favor of determinism.

THERE is no longer, I think, any need to doubt our intuition of free will. Our minds are not merely registering a predetermined sequence of thoughts and decisions. Our faculties, our purposes are genuine, and ours is the responsibility for what ensues from them.

I think we must admit that, for we are scarcely likely to accept a theory which would make the human spirit more mechanistic than the physical universe.

I now turn to the question, "What must we put into the skeleton scheme of thinking?" I have said that physical science is aloof from this transmutation. If I am positive on this side of the question, it is not as a scientist that I claim to speak. It was by looking into our own nature that we viewed the first failure of the physical universe to be co-extensive with our experience of reality. Something through which truth may act must surely have a place in reality if we are to use the term reality at all.

In our own nature, all through the conduct of our consciousness with a nature transcending ours, there are other things which claim the same kind of recognition—a sense of beauty, of morality, and finally at the root of all spiritual religion, an experience which we describe as the consciousness of God.

I would say that when from the human heart the cry goes up, What is it all about? it is no true answer to look only at that part of experience which comes to us through certain sensory organs and reply—it is about atoms and chaos, it is about a universe of fiery globes moving on to impending doom; it is about noncomputated algebra; but rather it is about a spirit in which truth has its shrine, with potentialities of self-fulfilment in its response to beauty and right.

It is the essence of religion that presents this side of experience as a matter of everyday life. To live in it we have to grasp it in the form of familiar recognition and not as a series of abstract statements. Its counterpart in our outward life is the familiar world and not the symbolic scientific universe.

The man who commonly spoke of these ordinary surroundings in scientific language would be insufferable. It means a great deal to me to conceive of God as Him through whom comes power and guidance, but just because it means so much I have no use for it if it is only fiction which will not stand close examination. Can we not give some assurance that there is such a God in reality and that belief in Him is not merely a sop to my limited understanding?

The fact that scientific method seems to reduce God to something like an ethical code may throw some light on the nature of the scientific method. I doubt that it throws much light on the nature of God. If the consideration of religious experience in the light of psychology seems to remove from the conception of God every attribute of love, it is pertinent to consider whether something of the same sort has not happened to our human friends after psychology has systematized them.

It does not fall within my scope to give the questioner the assurance he desires. I doubt whether there is any assurance to be obtained except through the religious experience itself, but I bid him hold fast to his own knowledge of the nature of that experience. I think that that will take him nearer to the ultimate truth than codifying and symbolizing.

It is true that in the relativity theory we continue our attempt to reach purely objective truths. With what results? A world so abstract that only a mathematical symbol can inhabit it.

IN THE other great modern development of physics, the quantum theory, we have, if I am not mistaken, abandoned the aims and become content to analyze the physical universe into ultimate elements which are frankly subjective.

If it is difficult to separate out the subjective element in our knowledge of the external world, it must be much more difficult to distinguish it when we come to the problem of a self-knowing consciousness where subject and object, that which knows and that which is known, are one and the same.

I have been laying great stress on experience, speaking of the problem of experience. In this I am following the dictates of modern physics. I do not wish to imply that every experience is to be taken at face value. There is such a thing as emotion and we must try not to be deceived. In any attempt to go deeply into the meaning of religious experience, we are confronted by the difficult problem of how to protect and eliminate delusion and self-deception. I fully recognize that that problem exists, but I must excuse myself from attempting a solution.

The operation of cutting out delusion in the spiritual domain requires a de surgical knife, and the only knife I, as a physicist, can manipulate bludgeon which it is true crushes il but at the same time crushes even of non-material significance, and ev duces the material world to a state creativeness.

I am convinced that if in physi pursue to the bitter end our atten reach purely objective reality we simply undo the work of creatio present the world as we might conc to have been before the Spirit mov the face of the waters. The sp element in our experience is the cr element, and if we remove it as trying to do in physics, on the g that it always creates an illusion, we reach what was in the beginning.

Reasoning is our great ally in the for truth, but reasoning can only from promises. At the beginning argument we must always come ba our innate convictions. There are convictions at the base even of ph science. We are helpless unless we also, as perhaps the strongest con of all, that we have within us some of self-criticism to test the truth convictions.

That is not infallible, that is to is not infallible when associated human frailty, but neither is rea infallible when practiced by our bl ing intelligence. To make sure th are not without this guidance wh embark on the adventure of spiritua uncharted though it be, it is suf that we carry a compass.

Are American Wom Lax in Politics?

(*Continued from page 85*)

against our sex are really done. N so definitely implies the gaining of ity as the existence of women in p Nothing for us could mean quite so No woman M. P. sees herself in the as a peculiar person either in the of Commons or out of it. In fact, women have been in politics it absolutely for granted, and in th spect, I think we have made a ste ward. If I can establish the positi women in the life of the country tween your country and mine, one get a different picture. What I have trying to talk to you about is the tion of women in politics rather tha where else. Along that line I thin women of Britain have established selves and now are taken for grante are looking across with eager and h expectations of finding the influen women in the politics of other cou go at least as far as it has gone country in the past few years.

Ladies Must Fly

(*Continued from page 81*)

tainly consider Radio to be an able factor in flying," concluded hols, "and I'd like again to ex- gratitude and indebtedness to sley whose plane made possible it."

did you happen to get the Cros- ?" I inquired.

Brock was ill in the hospital efore was unable to operate the

Knowing that the plane was I asked Mr. Crosley if I ve it."

rosley's plane, "The New Cin- has written many important in the progress of aviation. It ed the present round-trip trans- al record of 31 hours and 58 from Jacksonville, Fla. to San al. and return, made last June pt. William S. Brock and Ed- Schlee as pilots. It also partici- the Los Angeles to Chicago non- e in August and was the official ip in the National Air Reliability September.

ow Miss Nichols has added to list of attainments the record inental flight for women which e in 13 hours, 22 minutes and 31 breaking Mrs. Keith-Miller's y 8 hours, and bettering Col. h's mark by more than an hour! cond only to Lieut. Hawks in the inental speed record.

Nichols is a graduate of Wellesley e was a bright scholar and ma- the social sciences. She has aken an active interest in sports, goes in for hunting, polo, swim- ling and other outdoor activities. cident that probably first awak- r interest in flying occurred in City some eleven years ago, e flew off in a plane with no less shed a person than Eddie Stin- eer aviator. Mr. Stinson was pre- o take off in the plane when this lip of a girl, as Ruth Nichols ve been at that time, insisted ing up with him. While they he looped with her. Miss Nichols have her Five Points then which a *conservative* pilot, and perhaps t experience inspired her to set is fifth commandment!

Nichols lives with her family in usive countryside of Rye, New id is a firm believer in a home, , dishwashing, and all the etcet- domestic life, but she believes mly that every woman should o fly, that is, if her health is

"As the field is limited," con- Miss Nichols, "I don't think she o take it up as a profession. Al- women may distinguish them- n flight-breaking records. I don't that they will ever drive mail- or commercial planes any more than they would drive trucks or sail ocean liners across the seas. They will find their places in the educational, promotion and executive departments.

"Aviation is not a profitable business. The aerial chauffeur does not receive very much over a hundred dollars a month and a bonus on a mileage basis.

"I would like to see everyone fly as much as possible, but women taking up aviation should not expect to find it commercially profitable, or they will be disappointed."

What other startling surprises this famous young aviatrix is going to spring on the interested on-lookers, remain to be seen, but this much can be surmised; that this record-smashing is not going to be confined between the constantly shrinking borders of our continent. It may be that one bright morning, Miss Nichols will take off a few hours from her daily work to fly across the Atlantic and say "howdy" to Paris.

Strikes—Lucky and Unlucky

(*Continued from page 48*)

uses his fingers, nonchalantly flicking jazz demons from the air, as though he is not exercising even as far as the wrists.

He explains his directing thusly:

"Sometimes I use a baton to shift gears. The original idea of the baton was to extend the arm. Imagine a conductor with a wooden arm. No life! There is expression in the fingers. I lift a finger at the violins. My men all know what that means. I wave a finger at the clarinets. I make a fist and sweep at the drummers.

"There has been a great deal of comment upon my introducing everything from jew's harp, or a saw, to funny little whistles in my orchestra. They create not only melody and rhythm—but humor. A dance orchestra should have an underlying current of humor. Humor is happiness. Dancing must be happy."

And, wow, what an opinion B. A. Rolfe has about setting the classics to dance music. He considers it vulgar and inexcusable! Sort of sacrilegious, he feels too. He has all the bound-in-the-wool, old fashioned ideas of musical traditions despite the fact that he is a jazz artist now.

Lucky is the largest dance orchestra on the air. It takes a lot of men to play all the little doo-dads "B. A." drags around. At first there were thirty-six men. Now there are fifty musicians and a lot of singers.

Can you help keeping an eye on this busy fellow to watch what he'll do with the fortune he is recuperating? Just sort of a curious eye to see what he'll tackle next.

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The Pipes *of* Pan

No More Farcical Auditions for Amateurs, Please—Keep Radio Censors Within Bounds And Let Them Strike A Happy Medium

GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

CENSORS are always a bane, to someone or another, although it cannot be gainsaid that they serve a useful purpose, and that, sans censors, decency and dignity might, occasionally run amuck.*

Many professional censors, however, have a bad habit of taking their authority too seriously, and, sooner or later, they become despots. The responsibility of passing on the mental diet of their fellowman is a huge one, and the liability, at times, goes to their heads.

Take, for example, the Radio censor. True it is, as the big chains claim, that one never knows who may tune in on a program. A little child is as apt as not to dial in the giddy comment of a careless announcer. America's youth must be protected, and so on.

Yet we have seen specimens of the Radio censor's handiwork that would make a horse laugh. They have read evil into harmless song lyrics, and double-entendre into innocuous "gags". They have placed the stamp of smut on innocent recitations and inoffensive continuity.

Can't censors *ever* strike a happy medium?

* * *

FLATLY and irrevocably this writer herewith declares against auditions in Radio studios, or anywhere else, for that matter.

Auditions are farces—all of them. We've attended dozens, and have yet to be present at a "discovery" of any significance whatsoever. Auditions, it appears, are the last resort of the untalented; when all else has failed, the aspirant to Radio fame submits to one.

A person with genuine talent soon finds an agent to interest himself in that person's future. Experience has shown that only once in a decade is a genius unearthed at those ludicrous sessions that occur regularly at Radio stations, and result in nothing but a costly waste of everyone's time.

Granted that those in authority are qualified to pass on the merits or demerits of those who offer their wares. What then? Nothing ever happens but the routine taking of names and addresses, and the amateur then waits pitifully to receive the summons that never comes.

It's unfair to the deluded victim, to begin with. He or she must appear at some inconvenient time and waste hours waiting for The Opportunity. The aspirant to Radio laurels is then told to "make it snappy" and under this tremendous nervous strain, usually is licked at the very start. Efforts of the amateurs are taken as jokes by the "holier-than-thou" critics who pass judgment.

It's all too pathetic—and meaningless. Nothing *ever* happens. Let's stop it!

* * *

IT CANNOT be gainsaid that there are certain commercial broadcasts that are widely disliked, and yet they continue on like Tennyson's brook, with their sponsors apparently oblivious to public opinion.

We know of several concerning which a unanimity of opinion prevails, and that opinion is that they represent a shameful waste of air. Perhaps you, too, have a pet peeve in this regard, and find, after conversation with your friends, that they concur.

The programs we have in mind are bad because their sponsors, instead of sticking to the merchandising of their own produce, have suddenly become self-appointed master-showmen, to the neglect of their businesses and everything else. Fascinated by their new power, they abuse it, and tell veteran purveyors of entertainment, who stand by amused, how the public is to be catered to. The result is more often than not pitiful; again a little knowledge proves to be a dangerous thing.

We know of one internationally famous orchestra that flopped disastrously under commercial auspices, and lost considerable prestige. Now on its own, the same organization offers weekly a highly commendable broadcast, and its director explains the difference by saying, simply: "No longer are we being interfered with by autocratic amateurs who tell us what and how to play. Not being troupers, the smell of the theatre is foreign to them."

* * *

WHEN is a song "old"? How long after a ditty has passed into forgetfulness should it again be revived?

Songs with a tradition, like *After the Ball* and *The End of a Perfect Day*, never grow old. There's a ripe and mellow to compositions of this type, whic them delectable dainties for the matter how hoary they may be.

But it's different as far as last popular song is concerned. Nothir ephemeral, at best, as the Tin Pa product; it's usually as short-liv evanescent as a newspaper. Of there are exceptions, such as *M Waltz* and *Three O'clock in the M* but there are only a few such tun decade.

When it comes to the tin-panny song, however, its usual life is a if it exists that long. Next season comes irksome, and the following is nothing less than painful.

Chronic song revivalists on t should take this into consideration. Berlin's old songs are always pleasa when you attempt to resurrect the ingless drivel of a year back, you noying — not entertaining — your patrons.

* * *

AN EXECUTIVE at one of the tant Radio stations discusse article in last month's RADIO DIGE ferring to the indiscriminate cho songs on Radio programs.

We commented, if you rememb the frequency with which certain are offered, and declared that the rep of the "hits" of the day gave ma teners-in a sinking feeling aroun region of the stomach.

The executive mentioned above o solution. Here's his remedy:

"What Radio stations need mor anything else," he told us, "is an who could be designated a 'pr editor,' and whose function it wo to prevent Radio over-doses of c tunes.

"Under this plan each orchestr vocalist would submit their progra this individual, sufficiently in advanc continued. "If he notes thereon an surd reiteration of titles, he should b mitted to 'blue-pencil' them un fully."

In connection with this same th the writer is in receipt of a letter M. H. Aylesworth, president of th tional Broadcasting Co., who says, a other things: "We are doing our b prohibit duplication and I thoro agree with you in regard to the of overdoing music by repetition."

* Critics are not always right, nor are they always wrong! Publishers usually place their remarks in a "column" where complete freedom of expression can be maintained without regard to the Editors. Through this method censorship is not allowed to dull the sharp edge of criticism and the true function of critics in stimulating keener thinking is protected. —EDITOR.

...rk's Magic Carpet

(Continued from page 49)

go to them. They come to me. ...more than twenty miles from our ...station and half as many from ...est state highway. The winter ... the hills are impassable, but my ...rpet knows no distance.

...bors "drap in" to share the joy ...e Gobbler Hunter oftenest of all. ...'t more'n sixteen, I reckon," he'll ... "when I was knowed fur and ... the Gobbler Hunter, 'count of ...tin' so many wild turkeys."

...ls his pipe with the native home-...ong leaf tobacco, smokes it empty ...'s a "chaw" of the same brand. ...re grows warmer; he moves back, ...still true. Never does the Gob-...nter miss the coals pushed out ...der the front log, and the sizzle ...eer" is heard at regular inter-...he wolves howl in the forest back ...bin, foxes and owls chiming in on ...us, but they must take their turn ...program.

...he Gobbler Hunter is again giving ...personal explanation of the Radio. ...I wait to listen. "It's spooky," ...ing. "Plumb spooky. They jist ...other way to git around it. You ...ll me that you can turn a little ...n' away off in this lone country ...what's a-goin' on in the world— ...ct me to swaller it. It jist ain't ...lon't rhyme."

...s, when the Gobbler Hunter ... "swaller" something, it "don't

...h and tune in on New York—and ...half agreeing with him, and feel-...n the need of parental assurance. ... time, the other way 'round. I ...be told that it is true; that I shall ...e up and find that it is all a fairy ...is magic carpet.

... is a break in the weather and we ...arty. Without invitations. No-... ever invited in the Ozarks and ...ly always comes, from the oldest ...her down to the youngest baby, ...nd old having their good times ....

...ance—and listen to the Radio. ...play games—and listen to the ...

...y good night—and stay to listen ...adio.

...t they go, reluctantly, and once ... give thanks for this salvation of ...ted, this greatest of all great dis-...—the Radio.

...usos of Tomorrow

(Continued from page 56)

...as heard only in minor rôles, as ...iably the case with newcomers. ...t have been singing them yet had ...mother seen to it that, as a boy, ...ical training was not neglected. ...rtain Tuesday morning at rehears-al. Tibbett was informed that he was to sing Valentine in *Faust* Friday night in case he could prepare the part, which was new to him. That gave him approximately three days to work up a part for which there should be at least three months' preparation. He was flushed with the news when he appeared at my studio. He took the score home, sat down at the piano and hardly left it, in fact, until he had made the rôle his very own. It was a grind, but Tibbett's success on Friday night gave the management confidence in him.

Lawrence Tibbett is not a pianist but the knowledge of that instrument gained by him in former years was the golden key of fortune without which his name would not be the byword it is today.

The singer must necessarily wait until the voice changes or settles before it is advisable to study singing seriously or before very much can be told about the voice. Boys particularly would find it an advantage if they would save their singing voices until they have changed. That is why it is so vital that the ground should be prepared. Many boys with beautiful voices are encouraged to sing publicly and allowed to sing too long with the result that the voice breaks and never returns.

How are we then to prevent this failure of those with beautiful voices?

It is a matter primarily for the parents to decide, for it is chiefly their responsibility. The wail that I hear most frequently is, "Oh, if my parents had only made me practice." If every mother, who finds it at all possible, would see that the education of her children includes the study of music, preferably the piano, since it is the beginning and end of most music, more American singers would succeed.



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Arturo Toscanini

(*Continued from page 7*)

his blankets and begins to read it as though it were a book. In two hours, he has finished reading the manuscript—and he knows every note that has been written there!

Everyone knows, moreover, how when he first came to the Metropolitan Opera House in 1913, he started the rehearsal of Wagner's *Götterdammerung*—the most intricate and the longest opera score in existence—without the music, and that he knew every bar and every passage in the whole opera! But not every one knows that his memory is phenomenal in other respects too. It was in 1913, when he was rehearsing a Rossini opera at the Metropolitan, that the first 'cellist made a mistake. It was a slight mistake and Toscanini, far from mentioning anything, did not even seem to notice it. The maestro had evidently not heard, thought the 'cellist with relief.

The following season when Toscanini was back with the Metropolitan he rehearsed the Rossini opera once again and when he came to that very 'cello passage, in which the 'cellist had made a mistake a year before, he raised a warning finger to the musician! Another anecdote—which, because I myself heard it, know that it is no legend but a true happening—is even more unbelievable. Two years ago, the trombonist came up to Toscanini and regretfully told the maestro that he would not be able to play that day.

"Why?" asked Toscanini with surprise.

"One of my valves is broken," the trombonist explained. "I cannot possibly play lower C."

TOSCANINI thought for a moment. Then he answered: "That's all right. You'll be able to play. There's no lower C appearing in your music for today!"

Toscanini is, of course, a tyrant as a conductor. I say "of course" because every great conductor must be. He will not permit anyone to do anything which he does not sanction. At the Metropolitan Opera House, a famous opera-singer was imported to sing the principal role in Gluck's *Orfeo*. During one of the solo passages, the soprano held her high C a trifle too long to suit the maestro and so he interrupted her outburst with the orchestral interlude. The soprano rushed backstage, burst into violent tears, and swore she would never again sing under such a conductor.

In La Scala, especially, was he known for his tyranny. He was known to throw books and music-stands at the unprotected heads of erring musicians. At one time he almost pierced out the eye of a first violinist with the end of his baton because the maestro had, in a moment of rage, called him a rather indelicate name. But all this despotism is only because Toscanini is an artist at heart and in soul and, consequently, an imperfection wounds him more deeply than any possible pain.

But the members of his orchestra have noticed that during the past two years, his terrible tyranny has been tremendously diminished. He has become infinitely more patient and gentle. He is now kind and docile. He will explain, even a hundred times, how a certain passage should be played and then, when the performer makes a mistake, he will explain once again. His patience is almost superhuman. I myself have heard him rehearse the flute solo in Pizzetti's *Concerto dell 'Estate* thirty-six times! Nor will he stop until he has attained perfection. He speaks quietly, explains clearly and tersely, and seldom loses his temper.

Of course, there are still times when his temper explodes and when it does—every once in a while—his musicians feel the real force of the famous Toscanini fury! During a rehearsal of a modern work by Respighi, the orchestra failed to comprehend a certain interpretation, and Toscanini worked faithfully and patiently over it for more than an hour. At last, seeing that all his work was in vain and that the orchestra still did not understand, he emitted a heart-breaking cry of pain and such a furious volley of imprecations and Italian oaths that the very walls quivered. The effect of that outburst was electric, and when his heat cooled somewhat and he explained once again his interpretation, the orchestra played as it had never played before.

One other time I saw Toscanini in anger. It was in discussing with Arbos, the celebrated Spanish conductor, a certain passage in the *Ninth Symphony* of Beethoven. Arbos, venturing that Toscanini had missed a certain effect, sang to him the passage as he thought it should sound. Toscanini volubly and heatedly told Arbos what he thought—in not very gentle language.

At rehearsals, Toscanini works minutely over each passage, each phrase, each note. He sings continually, both while explaining his interpretations and while the orchestra is playing—in a nervous and high-pitched voice. In explaining his interpretations he also dances and postures and pantomimes. For a vulgar sound he will tell his men to play like this—he will inflate his cheeks and kick out his right leg—for a delicate sound he will quiver his fingers nervously in the air.

Toscanini has a most miraculous ear for sounds. Each different tone has a definite meaning for him and that meaning he tries to convey to his orchestra. The cornet should play like a sigh, the ... should try to laugh and the violins ... be angry (and Toscanini shakes h... in mid-air). And so sensitive is h... that the entire orchestra may pla... *tissimo* and yet he will know if th... net has played the sigh or if the ob... laughed correctly.

Toscanini is a happy man if th... chestra plays well; he has no othe... piness in life. At the end of the reh... he will nod with approval to his ... applaud their efforts and then leav... stage joyfully. But if they play ... then the man becomes a different p... He scowls at everyone, he will not ... to the right or to the left but will ... ously leave the stage; he will not ... into contact with anyone for that ... For example, during the intermissi... one of the Philharmonic concerts ... year—when one of the cornetists m... mistake—Toscanini rushed furiously ... his platform, silently walked toward ... private room and there punched ... into a thin walnut cabinet until i... came mere splinters. But such day... rare, after all—for as Toscanini hi... says (and who should know better ... he?) the Philharmonic is one of the g... est orchestras in the world.

SOMETHING more ... mate about this man: He is married ... has two daughters—one of whom ac... his advisor, councillor and dearest fr... During one of his tempestuous tem... they will avoid him fastidiously—... Mrs. Toscanini walks into his pr... study, soothes him and finally annou... that "the war is over." He earns, from ... Philharmonic Symphony Society, $2... for every public appearance; rehear... however, are free. He also does not ... paid for assuming the leadership of ... Bayreuth Festival.

He has very marked penchants ... prejudices, nor does he ever attemp... conceal them. Sometimes he is bru... frank. He is a dear friend to Wi... Mengelberg, the conductor, yet when ... heard Mengelberg conduct the *Fifth S...phony* of Beethoven he openly called ... a "pig". He hates Tschaikovsky viole... and any mention of the Russian's n... causes him to fly up in anger; he de... jazz—and once at a party of a rich ... ciety woman he refused to shake the h... of George Gershwin; he dislikes all m... ern music, too—and yet his programs ... cluttered with "first-performances" ... because he feels it his duty to perf... them. He worships Beethoven wit... schoolboy awe and reverence. A... Beethoven comes Wagner.

He detests publicity, applause, ovatio... he never caters to the will of his a... ences; he never reads the criticisms ... his concerts; he sticks, with scrupul... fidelity, to every desire of the compo... he conducts. And he loves music w... the simple passion of a young romanc... lover.

ECRETS of TIN PAN ALLEY

Radio Digest

March

25 CENTS

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WANTED TO BROADCAST AND DID

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* * *

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Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

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March, 1931

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HELEN SADA . . . Just a typical member of Roxy's Chorus . . . not a disciple of Ziegfield, as you would think upon noting her beauty. Born in Scranton, had her first professional engagement at Roxy's, and has operatic ambitions.



MILDRED JOHNSON is just a newcomer to Columbia, but she's wormed her way into three programs a week already, and gained the reputation of always being underfoot at 485 Madison. Such a vocal and charming contralto.



AMY GOLDSMIT . . . That navi isn't feigned, for she's t youngest soprano NBC. . . just 19. A livi disproof of the theo that young prodigies f by the wayside, for at s enteen she won the N ional Radio Conte



RUTH LEE BRI is the real life na of Sally Perkins, belle of KMBC's Hap Hollow. That hair i looks so dark is a real burn and—just imag —she's less than five f tall, but big enough to actress and pianist.

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Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

CHEER up—there's no need to worry about your favorite entertainment. All along the line broadcasting has been doing well financially as well as artistically. The fact that the two leading chains reported a gross income for the year of $26,667,391 and the local stations received from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000 makes it possible for them to hire better talent and perform better service technically. These figures do not take into consideration the money paid to artists by outside sponsors. They represent a 42 per cent increase over the 1929 revenues.

* * *

Will Senator Fess be able to force through his bill demanding 15 per cent of the broadcasting facilities of the United States for educational purposes? Perhaps you will know the answer by the time you read this. The National Association of Broadcasters is opposed to the bill.

* * *

ANITA LOOS, who is known to every listener in America as the author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* is being interviewed by Miss Genn for her views on the question *Is the American Woman Happy?* Miss Loos holds a pessimistic view and does not hesitate to declare that the American woman is not happy. Why? Well, she is going to tell us why and you will read what she has to say in our April RADIO DIGEST. There would be two sides to the question, of course. Cosmo Hamilton, the famous novelist, maintains that the American woman is happy. In fact, he has given the subject a great deal of serious thought and in a succeeding issue of RADIO DIGEST Miss Genn has planned to give you his reasons, as expressly stated for your benefit, why he thinks that American women are indeed happy. Are they happy and don't know it? Cosmo will answer in full.



* * *

Bears! Harold McCracken, the Big Grizzly Bear Man from the Rockies, will tell us about some of his exciting adventures in hunting grizzlies in our April number. He's discovered a new way of hunting under better sporting conditions with bigger thrills and no bloodshed.

* * *

It appears from where we sit that our Peggy Hull is due to arrive as a real national celebrity of the air. She has just had her first broadcast as a representative of RADIO DIGEST at WMCA, New York. Letters from listeners along the Atlantic seaboard state they were "thrilled" and want to hear her again. Miss Hull has been through nine wars and her advent to the air was highly recommended to RADIO DIGEST by Floyd Gibbons, who praised her as the only officially accredited woman war correspondent in the World War. He later devoted his own program to a story of her adventures in Siberia and China.

A FAIR listener from Norfolk, Virginia, writes to ask we won't print something more about Ray Perki "He has the funniest line of chatter I ever heard from Radio," she writes. That's just what thought when we printed one of sketches a while back, and then an terview about his life in his own wor So we asked Mr. Perkins to drop in a see us and bring along his portfol Next month you will see what he j written for readers of RADIO DIGE He doesn't know which of these th titles to give it: *How to Live on 5.(Watts a Day. Thru Etheria on a K cycle,* or *Broadcastoroil.* * *



Mr. Mike, the genial interlocutor between the Ra and the sound picture, is bringing the stars of the scre and the stars of the air closer together. We know t Paramount represents a substantial part of the CBS and t RKO is a significant factor of NBC. What has happer since Radio has become so "high hat" that a screen notal can't pop on or off just for a bit of publicity merely by a ing for it? You'd be surprised. Don't miss the story our next issue, *That Hollywood Voice.*

* * *

Nick Kenny, Radio editor of the New York *Mirror,* wr this epitaph for the Late Lobo I.; whose woof was kno to Radio listeners from coast to coast:

"But if there's a dog's heaven
Up there in the skies,
We know that Old Lobo is there."

We're going to give you a story about this famous d in our April RADIO DIGEST—and if you're a dog lover y can't afford to miss it.

* * *

AT 5 o'clock E. S. T. on any Sunday afternoon you h over the NBC network the voice of Harry Emers Fosdick. It is a safe bet you would hear him better home over the Radio than you wo hear him by trying to get into church on Riverside Drive, New Yo The auditorium seats 3,000 and packed to the doors every time he announced for the pulpit. He's rugged, wholesome man with a genu love for his fellow beings. His Ra congregation probably is the largest America. We are going to give yo character study of Dr. Fosdick in next issue of RADIO DIGEST. * *



It is hard to understand why some of the good statio seem to get all the bad breaks. Good old KYW of Westi house, Chicago, one of the first broadcasting stations in t world, sister of KDKA, was kicked out of the fine chan it originally had, then pushed around a couple of times, a as we go to press WWJ of Detroit is demanding the chan KYW now uses for the entire time.

Next Month Decides

STATE CHAMPIONS

Be Sure To Nominate your Favorite Stations Now—
Remember April Will Be The VOTING Month

RADIO DIGEST'S station popularity contest for the State Championship will soon draw to a close. Midnight, April 20th, winds up the contest. Have you a favorite station? Is there any station you want to see at the of the heap in this contest? If there is, don't delay any r, but nominate the station you consider the most popular our state now and clip Ballot No. 6 below.

housands of listeners are registering selections in this contest. From e to California, and from the Cana- border to the Rio Grande enthusi- listeners are voicing their selections. y vote counts, so prepare your ballots and get ready to shoot next month you get the last coupon ballot.

e Radio stations themselves are d up about this contest. They want in. But they can't win unless you them by nominating your selections voting for them.

is a small thing to ask, but it means eat deal to the Radio station. Just our mind wander back over the many y hours of entertainment made pos- by the men and women in the broad- ng studios. Think of all the plan- : all the downright hard work; all the aches; and all the enthusiasm and mination that have gone into the ng of these programs. Consider h things, then register your appreciation by voting.

e letters we receive indicate the enthusiasm of listeners. is one from a young lady in Louisville, Kentucky. Her e is Helen Otterpohl, and she writes: "I nominate WHAS ouisville, Kentucky, because I think it is the most wonderful on on the air.

There is nothing in the whole wide world that I enjoy as much ar Jack Turner. After a hard day at school, I go home and n to his wonderful melodies. And our announcer is great. I like the New York stations too. Because when I hear them over the Radio, I can imagine myself in that mammoth city. I have never been there and it is my heart's desire."



You can't go wrong by climbing on the bandwagon! If any station has provided the pleasure for you that WHAS has brought into the life of this young lady the least you can do is to register your vote in favor of that station. Whether you like the work of only one artist, or just tune in because the announcer is a favorite. remember the station is in back of the program. They want to give you better programs—the kind you like. This contest will encourage those who are working toward this end and stimulate them to even greater endeavors.

And if you don't believe the staff helps make the program just listen to what Miss Clara Kienzle, of Philadelphia, Pa., has to say about it: "Like many others I too think the announcers have a lot to do with the popularity of a station. Therefore, my first preference is WPEN because of its wonderful staff. WPEN has a fine variety of entertainment and there is something for everyone. Of course, we have that famous Mystery Announcer and gang, and there is not another program that can equal this one. My other choices are WELK, WIP, WFAN. My reasons for choosing these is because of a few programs that I like."

Send in your nominations, after reading the rules on page 102, All stations, both large and small, have a chance to win. And even if the station you select does not come out first in your state, at least give your favorite the satisfaction of making a good showing in the contest. The medallion in the center of the page, suitably engraved, will go to the winners together with a scroll of honor. GIVE YOUR STATION A BREAK! Send your nominations now.

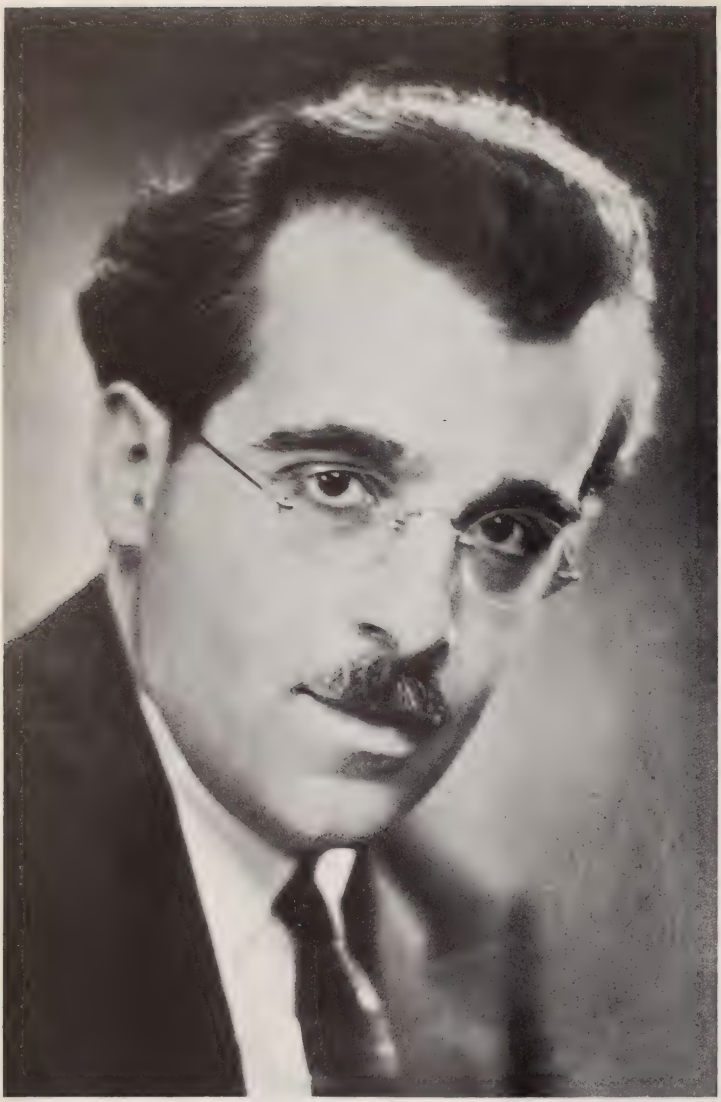
NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

ONTEST EDITOR, *Radio Digest,*
) Lexington Ave., *New York City.*
I nominate for the most popular stations in (state) .....
st (call letters) ..... City .....
ond (call letters) ..... City .....
ird (call letters) ..... City .....
urth (call letters) ..... City .....
Signed .....
Address .....
ty ..... State .....

Number **6**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.
Please credit this ballot to:
First (call letters) ..... City .....
Second (call letters) ..... City .....
Third (call letters) ..... City .....
Fourth (call letters) ..... City .....
Signed .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....



Erno Rapee

A SLIGHT man, but at close range one se
the sharp-edged cheek bones that speak of detern
nation and will-power. They make credible the ma
velous versatility of the man who conducts intrica
classical scores without rehearsal, who plays the pian
with genius and fire, and who has composed suc
popular song hits as "Charmaine" and "Angela Mia

Little Man with the Big Stick

Erno Rapee

Roxy Maestro is Unique Among Orchestra Leaders —Commands World's Largest Symphony Organization but can Switch to Jazz Instantaneously

By DAVID EWEN

EVERY Sunday afternoon, the Radio brings to every listener two superb symphonic concerts. One of them is that of the Philharmonic ony Society; the other is that of the Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Rapee. Strange as it may sound it Roxy Symphony Orchestra, and not ilharmonic, which is today recogis the largest symphonic ensemble world. Almost two hundred men rected by Erno Rapee's baton—two hundred men, constituting . in many respects, the most unique ra in the world.

Rapee's tremendous orchestra is not only because it is the largest in the world, nor even because so t plays so superbly. It is unique, thing, because of its unbelievable ity: on Sundays, for the broadcasts, play Bach or Beethoven or Wagt an hour later, on the stage of the heatre it may be required to play s, jazz-medleys, popular tunes. It ue, also, because it plays so perdespite the paucity of its rehearsals. Sunday broadcast, something like n hour of preparation is required the orchestra can play such intrid rare masterpieces as, for example, l Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben* or a er Symphony.

when we realize that the average nic orchestra rehearses ten hours h of its concerts, we begin to realize ggering is the achievement of this le. Finally, this orchestra is unique it can take almost any standard ony and play it well from sight; atter of fact, it has done this very ore than once before the micro-

No wonder, then, that Toye, the own English music-critic, said—earing Rapee's band—that no orchestra throughout entire Europe could be placed upon an equal footing with the Roxy Symphony Orchestra!

It was Gustav Mahler, the composer, who once wisely remarked: "There is no such classification as good orchestras or bad orchestras; there are only good conductors and bad ones." Who, therefore, is this man who is responsible for the overwhelming artistic success of the Roxy Orchestra?

He is Erno Rapee, who has been its leader ever since its inception in 1926, except for that brief vacation he took in Hollywood when his orchestra fell into the hands of a capable substitute, Joseph Littau. Rapee was born in Budapest—and from his very birth it seemed apparent that he had been born for music. As a mite of a child, he would sing to himself interminably little snatches of melodies, as he played with his toys or as he lulled himself to sleep. When he grew a little older, he began to toy with the yellow keys of the long-neglected piano in his house—first making up little pieces of melodies with his little forefinger and then, with the utmost patience, attempting to find for these melodies a suitable harmonic garb. His life from the very start was absorbed with and devoted to music.

It was inevitable for the parents to notice that a musician had been born into their midst, and Erno's father—an intelligent bourgeois—decided to develop this manifest musical talent of his son. A neighboring music-teacher was hired to teach the boy the piano and rudiments of composition. The boy took to music as a duck takes to water. No exercises seemed to be difficult for those indefatigable fingers; no study too dull or ponderous for that receptive mind. He learned his music with a facility and ease which staggered his teacher. It was not long before Erno outstripped every effort of his guide; before he had completely outgrown him. There was nothing left to do but to enter the boy into the National Academy—perhaps one of the foremost musical conservatories in Europe. Here, it was felt by both teacher and parent, that Erno's musical talents would reach full maturity.

They did. Under the guidance of such great teachers as Emil Sauer, the boy's musical gifts grew ripe—and soon blossomed. He became a pianist of great talent; in his composition he revealed a rich inventiveness; in his conducting he showed that he could bring new freshness to every symphony he touched. He graduated from the Academy with the highest of honors. All of his famous teachers prophesied a great musical career for him.

From that time on he constantly acquired a greater and greater importance and authority in the musical world. First, he officiated as the assistant conductor to Ernest von Schuch of the Dresden Orchestra—but soon because his duties were few and far between, he resigned in order to devote himself to greater activity. For the entire year he toured as piano-virtuoso—appearing with the Vienna, Berlin and Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra, making a very marked impression upon critics and audience. But, somehow, piano virtuosity interested him but little; he was far more eager to



(*Continued on page* 99)

Flashes from the HIGHWAY

Noted Explorer Pictures His Greatest Moments



"The Evil Spirit must leave your hands."

WHAT was my greatest thrill? You mean my *greatest* thrill? Let me see—um—er—the time I was nearly drowned in a coal mine? No, I think the time I was trapped in a hotel fire was a bit more of a squeak. Cracky gee, I don't know, what you would call the greatest thrill. Is it more of a thrill to look into the face of Death and get away than to have merely an exhilarating experience of discovery or witness a seeming miracle?

I have certainly had my share but I think the time I was a passenger in a plane with the fearless Nungesser, famous French ace, and the engine went dead while we were about a mile high—and we fell, and fell, and fell— Oh, man, that was a time my nerves squirmed and twisted with suspense and racking horror.

Want to hear about that?

It happened just a month before Nungesser returned to France to make ready for that last long ride that ended in another fall of which the world will never know. A brave man was this French war bird. He had a head and a heart that never failed him while he lived. And I considered myself indeed a lucky man to be zooming skyward as his flying companion. Up and up we went. The fields spread out below in checkered squares. Long white lines stretched across the panorama showing the concrete highways. We were climbing at a very sharp angle. The craft was small and keenly respo to the hand of the pilot. The pow engine radiated a quiver of life into fiber of the structure. There was a in the whirr of the propeller that ga a feeling of confidence and security. we were skimming through azure blu drifting cloudlets. Suddenly the s rhythm turned to a jerky palpit Instantly the plane ceased its ascen leveled off. I could see Nungesser ing the controls and peeking beneat cowl. The sputtering grew worse. —pop-pop—and the engine was still

I heard Nungesser mumbling some in French as he jerked away at some beyond the range of my vision.

"Trouble, we have trouble, Mr. C

ADVENTURE by Gilbert Gable

THRILLS

Miracle of the Painted Desert

Sky Tumbling with Nungesser

Trailing The Thunder Bird



THRILLS? No end to 'em. A mule kicked Gilbert Gable head first off a Grand Canyon trail—and was he scared when he saw the bottom down the wall of that cliff—but he didn't let go . . . An Indian showed him a big rock where "the Thunder Bird" had walked—dinosaurs! Two skeletons and no end of tracks where the animals had tramped around. He discovered a deserted Indian village a thousand years old . . . He flew with Nungesser and tumbled four thousand feet—still he lives.

SO WE picked on Mr. Gable for another thrill story. And here it is as he told it to a representative of RADIO DIGEST.

engine, she is dead!" lashed a quick glance rd me. I said noth- My tongue was in throat. My stomach rising up to meet it, use at that instant we keeling over and I the hard old earth up at us at a terrific straight over the nose plane. The wind screeched hideously. realized then we were plunging head- to the earth—a few seconds more its rocky knuckles would blot us out istence and probably of all semblance uman beings. Good-bye, good-bye! futile and uncertain everything had always been anyway. And now this was to be the end—nothing uncertain about the end! Not now—yet—I could see Nungesser still struggling with something below the rim of my cowl. His brain was functioning one hundred per cent—perhaps—but—what chance—we'd smash in half a minute. He gave a mighty tug. The plane shifted a bit, yes it was veering out a trifle—another pull—

Bang-crash! There was a grinding splintering sound. The air had stopped roaring past my ears. We were on the ground. We were alive. We could stand up. The plane was smashed but we had escaped practically unhurt. I think the realization of this fact was the greatest thrill I have ever known.

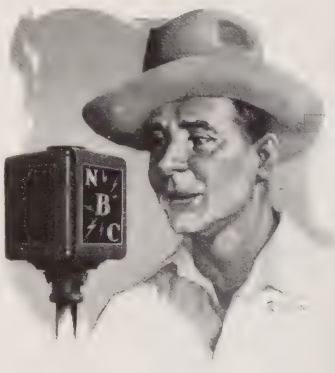
Poor Nungesser—how many times since then have I pictured him in my mind in that last long flight. I know this—that he fought through to the last minute, the very last second!

To feel that Death has reached out his

long fleshless arm to nab you and you have managed to escape is an experience that gives you one kind of a thrill. Then to behold a miracle through savage superstition is another.

Want to hear about the miracle of the Painted Desert?

I have only recently returned from that desolate country as you may know. The Painted Desert is located in the very bad, bad lands of Arizona. My camp was at the edge of this wilderness. The nearest railroad was 110 miles distant. Navajo Indians were my only neighbors and I think the nearest one was about 75 miles away. The Navajos have a primitive sort of civilization of their own. They are satisfied with what they have and are not interested much in our schools and other forms of culture. They have much to command the respect of some of us who consider ourselves of a better breed. We live according to our light.



Gilbert Gable at the mike.

Since the white man does not care to live in the discomfort and frugality of the desert the Navajos confine themselves to that part of the country. Although they are widely scattered they manage to keep in contact with each other. They live in crude huts which they call *"hogans"*. I too lived in one of these peculiar huts, and I came to be especially friendly with the Navajo chief, Seginetso, truly a splendid survival of the noble red man.

One day to my great surprise Indians came galloping down to my camp from the four points of the compass. There were 300 of them. They represented various divisions of the Navajos. At their head rode Chief Seginetso. Obviously it was a concerted movement and their mission was one of importance. However, my familiarity with the Navajo conception of good manners caused me to restrain any evidence of curiosity until they were ready to tell me why they had come of their own volition. We chatted of various commonplace things and of the extremely dry weather, and bad crops, the chief employing an interpreter to speak for him. We were sitting before the open fireplace. The group included a number of his leading counselors. Several moments passed in silence while the chief puffed at his pipe. Suddenly he lifted his hand and asked solemnly a question that was interpreted to me.

"Are you a friend of the Navajos?"

"Yes. I am a friend of all Indians," I nodded with equal solemnity.

"As a friend of the Navajos would you be willing to help our people who find themselves in great difficulty?"

"I should be pleased to do anything in my power to prove that I am a true friend of the Navajos."

Moments of puffing the pipe in silence. These Indians are very proud. To ask help of the white men is only a matter of last resort.

"It has been a very bad year. The grain has failed. Our people will suffer from cold and hunger."

And then he reluctantly asked me if I could lend them some grain, some sheep and some wool or any other commodities I could spare until they could repay me from another season of harvest. It was a very ponderous and weighty question. To respond quickly and graciously would be extremely discourteous no matter how willingly and gladly I might feel to give them all that I had. So I listened gravely and silently and reserved my answer for due and worthy deliberation. I told them I would have to think many things and would give them my answer in a little while. This was to their satisfaction.

For considerable time I sat looking into the fire and pretending to be in deep cogitation. At last I arrived at my decision. I turned to the interpreter:

"It will be very, very difficult, but I shall try to do for you whatever I can."

This pleased the chief mightily. He arose with every expression of gratitude and left my hut. The others followed after him. They were pleased not merely that I had promised to help them but had done so with real Indian grace and proper consideration of the gravity of their request. In the morning I made good on my promise and they rode away.

THE friendship thus engendered repaid my advances many fold. First came the miracle of the Painted Desert. All precedents were broken when I was invited to witness one of their healing ceremonials—for no white man, they said, had ever before been permitted to see this most sacred of their ancient rites.

The girl, who was to be healed by the ceremonial, was afflicted with an infected hand. Her left hand was swollen enormously, and her fingers were stiff and paralytic—sticking out of that swollen hand like clothes-pins out of dough. All about her were grouped thirty-five Indians —and in front of her was the w doctor. The witch-doctor, before ceremonial began, took a black pie tallow and drew a line below the str girl's lips, and under the lips of ever in the tent. This was to signify tha one should say anything evil against poor, sick girl. A crimson tallow used to draw a line, in the same fas under the eyes; and a green tallo draw a line under the forehead of e one in the tent—to signify in the manner that no one should see or t anything evil about the girl. With done, the ceremonial began.

THE witch-doctor b dancing, making the weirdest antics i inable—a grotesque dance, it was!— intoning an equally weird chant in hi tive Navajo language. This chant h truly remarkable psychological effect only upon the sick girl but also upo of us. First the witch-doctor intone a deep haunting voice:

There is nothing wrong with your foo
No! there is nothing wrong with foot!
We are sure that there is nothing w with your foot!

All of the Indians repeated this after passionately and with accompanying tesque gestures, the same lines for ab twenty minutes — repeating the clearly, slowly, effectively, until they w fully and deeply impressed upon the m of the sick girl. Then when they that the sick girl was fully convinced t there was nothing at all wrong with foot, they began in the very same w to tell her that there was nothing wr with her stomach, either, or with her cl or face. Finally—the entire proced took several hours—they began to sp about her afflicted hand. The witch-d tor intoned:

But an evil spirit has settled in your ha
The evil spirit has stayed too long in y hand!
It is time for the evil spirit to leave y hand!

The Indians repeated this tirelessly for other twenty minutes—once again passi ately, accompanying it with a wild, barba dance. One could see that they really lieved that their passion—both in th singing and in their dancing—would dr out the evil spirit from the sick girl's ar

After this—not doubting for a mom but that their ceremonial would be m efficacious—the Indians began a monst celebration in honor of the departure the evil-spirit of the infected hand of t sick-girl. A tremendous bon-fire was bui and it almost seemed that the flam licked the heavens. Around this bon-fi —led by the witch-doctor—a weird dan took place in which the entire tribe to part, accompanied by haunting, shrieki

Illustrated by Gaspano Ricca



"A few seconds more and the earth's rocky knuckles would blot us out of existence."

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of my life.
Identally, shortly after this cere-
l—and, I suppose as a token of
ude for what I had done for them—
avajo Indians gave me a little gift—
of, so they said on presenting it to
f their undying friendship to me. It
doe-skin hide with an inscription
n upon it with the blood of the en-
ribe. This doe-skin automatically
me a brother of the Western Navajo
—a rare distinction for no other
man before me or since my initia-
as been honored thus by the Nav-

This doe-skin hangs on the wall in Mr. 's hotel-room illuminated by a cu- dark-gray pigment. It bears the fol- inscription: "To Clini Nazuni e Horse'—friend of the Navajo: Seginetso, Chieftain of the Western Navajo Tribe in the Painted Desert, and through him all his People, this token is given to one who, by his friendship and love, has become, himself, a brother of the Tribe.—Seginetso." This is one of Mr. Gable's priceless possessions, and one which accompanies him wherever he goes. —Editor.)

THE third of my great thrills was the discovery of the dinosaur tracks—tracks which revealed the fact that those prehistoric creatures had populated Arizona ten million years ago, perhaps more.

It happened that during the building of a trading-post in Arizona, on the outskirts of the Painted Desert, the traders brought a huge rock, on which I discovered, much to my surprise, strange foot-imprints. An Indian who was with me at the time—his name is Gold-Tooth—told me that those strange imprints had been made by the Thunder-Bird, the same bird whose flash of the eyes caused lightning. He asked me if I would care to visit a certain remote place, in the very heart of the desert, where he could show me hundreds of such footprints. He warned me that the trip was an arduous one; that, as a matter of fact, he did not believe any other white man had made it before. I told him, however, that I would most certainly go with him —irrespective of the discomforts and dangers.

IT was an arduous journey. First it was the stretches of desert —bleak and depressing — terrible in its aspect. Then we came to a sand-wash which extended for ten miles and which was so soft that, at times, we were afraid that the automobile we were in would sink into the very bowels of the wash. However, we came to the end of our journey without any mishap—only to find that our troubles had only just begun. There, in front of us, was an impassable wall—terrifying in its height. This we set about to scale, and a difficult task it was! Finally, we reached the top. We saw that we were on the edge of an 800 foot cliff. This was the opening of a bowl, with strangely colored layers. The sight of this bowl almost took my breath away—but it was nothing in comparison with what I was to see in a few minutes. Gold-Tooth led me a few feet away. "There," he said to me triumphantly, pointing in front of him, "there are the footsteps of the Thunder Bird." I looked in front of me, and my heart stood still. For I realized for the first time that I had, unconsciously, come upon the footsteps of the dinosaurs—that, unwittingly, I had probably stumbled upon one of the major archeological discoveries of our time, a true revelation of the Lost World.

(*Continued on page 107*)

I Thought I'd DIE!

By Alma Sioux Scarberry



Helen Morgan was like a fish out of water when Ted Husing sat her on the piano and gave her a hankie to twist. Then she could open up and

IT'S AN ill wind that blows nobody a good laugh!

And, a broadcasting studio is a good place to giggle away your blues. Once upon a time some of these little Radio funnies seemed tragedies. But, the funniest thing the writer has ever seen around a studio was born a laugh and will die a laugh.

It was one night when Eddie Cantor was appearing in a Radio revue. The thousand-dollar-a-minute comedian stood near the mike ready to go on. He looked a little confused and as though he had something on his mind. Nervous, thought the spectators.

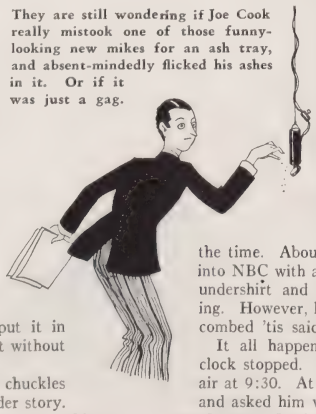
Then Eddie looked around the studio as though he had lost something. The walls were decorated with bridges representing the bridges surrounding New York. Directly in front of the mike was the Queensborough bridge. Suddenly Eddie stepped over to the wall, took his gum out of his mouth and stuck it on a girder of the bridge.

A light of relief dawned in his eye. A ripple of amusement swept through the studio. Mr. Cantor, without turning a hair went through his act. He was given special permission to leave before the performance was over in order to get back to the theatre.

Just before the door was opened for him he stopped, whirled around and walking back to the wall rescued the parked chewing gum, put it in his mouth, and went out without cracking a smile.

One of the heartiest chuckles might have been a murder story. For obvious reasons the name of this very celebrated foreign prima donna cannot be given. You can imagine, perhaps.

They are still wondering if Joe Cook really mistook one of those funny-looking new mikes for an ash tray, and absent-mindedly flicked his ashes in it. Or if it was just a gag.



The young lady, a gorgeous blonde, is married to a romantic and hot-headed Italian. During her performance she simply would not stand close to the mike. The harrassed announcer finally had to take matters in his own hands.

Not only is the lady gorgeous but she is no featherweight. It was no easy task when the announcer decided to take her by the plump shoulders and propel her nearer to the mike. She did not quite catch on and it was necessary for him to keep a hold on her.

The Italian husband at first sat on the edge of his chair and looked surprised. Then as it began to look more and more as though the announcer was having difficulty in keeping away from the lovely shoulders his face became flushed and he gritted his teeth. Finally he could stand it no longer and he turned to the nearest studio employee and hissed murderously:

"Who is that fool making love to my wife? I'll break his neck!"

It took several minutes in the control room later to convince the husband that what looked like a love scene was merely a matter of business.

There is the funny yarn on Doc Rockwell that wasn't so funny at the time. About the time he dashed into NBC with a raincoat on over his undershirt and his suspenders trailing. However, his hair was perfectly combed 'tis said. That's something.

It all happened like this. Doc's clock stopped. He was to go on the air at 9:30. At 9:25 a hostess called and asked him where in the name of sense he was. He laughingly told her not to get excited that it was only 9 o'clock. Then he learned his clock had stopped!

He had been lying on the bed rea comfortably. With a yell he jumped grabbed his raincoat and rushed dow the elevator waving a ten-dollar bill. still wonders what became of that old lady he grabbed out of a cab, waving the bill which was all given to driver for a five-minute ride. Joh Young stalled the program until Doc there.

Willie Howard panics the st crowd, especially those responsible the broadcast, when he steps over f Broadway to the mike. When the calls for crawling on the floor W MUST crawl. He forgets that the n can't follow.

One night in an imitation of Jolson got down on his hands and knees to his "Mammy" how he missed her. almost socked the announcer in the when he tried to lift him up bodily so t the fans could hear him. And once w he was doing Eddie Cantor they coul keep him from rushing around the stu ten feet away from the mike, clapping hands, a la Eddie.

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumm once musical comedy favorites, marr for years and still very much in love, for that they are not on the stage when t broadcast. If the number is a love s they lock arms or kiss and insist u taking all the old steps and going thro all the motions. They forget, too, t there is a mike.

Ben Alley crouches like an old m For some reason—he can't figure it out he can't sing unless the mike is about foot shorter than he is, so that he c stoop over it. He always looks as thou he's freezing to death.

Freddie Rich can't direct unless stamps his feet. It is absolutely necessa

Secret Vices and Awful Mistakes of Stars —they Park their Gum, Make Love, Broadcast in Pajamas and Strangle The Old Mike

n to carry a little pad around
him to put on the platform so
is broadcast won't sound like
dance.
l Heywood Broun, columnist
ellow newspaper man who
imes loses elections!
ou ever happen to drop in when he
he air don't think he is getting ready
e a bath. But, he does sort of look
. Broun removes his coat, vest, tie
lls his shirt tail out.
shirt tail, he explains, is pulled out
e the junk in his back pants pockets.
en sentences he must have refresh-
. A little nip of this and that. He is
s one of the most natural human
this old world has been blessed with.
our famous lady of the horoscopes,
eline Adams, has developed a new
vice. She has taken to chewing
Before she goes on she parks it
the table, later rescuing it like our
Cantor. It is said Ted Husing is to
. He tipped her off that it was good
e voice. (P. S. Maybe this will get
good chewing gum hour job.)
se Broadway stars all seem to have
little studio idiosyncrasies, more or
Helen Morgan was like a fish out of
until Husing sat her on the piano one
g and handed her a hankie to twist.
then it has never been any trouble
r to tell the little air waves that she
. Help Lovin' That Man."
night not so long ago Fanny Brice
l off her shoes right in the middle of
. Then it was noticed the mike was
gh for her. Afterward an announcer
d up and beamed:
iss Brice that was very clever of you
k off those high French heels so that
be in exact position. Refreshing!"
ny grinned as only Fanny can grin
roke into her dialect:
nks! But it ain't brains does it.
. Bonions!"
ger Rogers, girl comedian, has her

little superstitions. At first the people around the studio thought she was taking leave of her senses when she started running around the mike. Later she explained:

"Oh, I always run around after each number. It's good luck."

Josef Hoffman, pianist, was strangely missing after a number one evening. The studio was in a panic when it became time for him to go on again. John S. Young was delegated to dash forth and bring the celebrity back to his public. Josef was found entirely oblivious to the fact that he was holding up a broadcast, sitting in the studio with Floyd Gibbons trying to count how fast he really could talk. He was counting on his fingers and looked very much as though he were talking a sign language.

THEY are still wondering if Joe Cook really mistook one of those funny looking new mikes for an ash tray one day and absent-mindedly flicked his ashes in it. Or if it was one of the Cook gags.

It is a safe bet that Bill Munday, Atlanta football announcer, won't close any doors the next time he comes to town. Poor Bill!

The first time he was here he locked himself in the bath of his room at the St. Regis Hotel and it was two hours before a maid came to the rescue and let him out. Bill was too shy to yell out the window. Later he grinned:

"Unaccustomed as I am to public bathing—what can you expect?!"

It might be just as well to withhold the name of the theatre where he locked himself out the last time he was here. Because they passed him into the forty-eleventh balcony where he couldn't see a thing.

"I'll leave," says Bill. And he stepped out on a fire escape, banged the door angrily and started down. On the last landing he discovered looking up at him menacingly, two cops with drawn guns. They thought he was a burglar.

However, they didn't shoot. Bill dashed back up the fire escape—then decided to explain before he got shot. He waved and shouted and they let him down without plugging him full of bullets. When he explained who he was and told how he had gotten shut out one of the cops recognized him and chaperoned him from the alley. But, Bill can't see the joke.

John S. Young—now it can be told because it happened three years ago, announced the "Cheerio" program one morning in his pajamas and bedroom slippers with an overcoat wrapped tightly around his nervous form. His alarm failed to go off and he awakened five minutes before the zero hour.

Fortunately, he was living at the Allerton a block from the National Broadcasting Building. He dashed into a cab, then into the freight elevator and up the back way. But he says he will never be quite so young and gay again.

The big laugh on Eddie Thorgersen is rich. He, as you no doubt know, is the favorite announcer of a big cigarette program since the passing of the late John B. Daniel. A short while after Eddie was selected for the cigarette program, he was announcing the arrival of a celebrity at a pier. It was necessary for him to run down to another pier and up three flights of stairs in



ght have been a mur-
Announcer wrapped
around prima don-
houlders to push her
to mike, with jeal-
husband gnashing
s teeth in rage.

record time to another mike. Eddie arrived, breathless and all of a doo-dah and told his listeners:

"Whoops, I'm all out of breath! I'll just have to give up cigarettes!"

Fortunately, his bosses were not listening in!

One temperamental prima donna sent word to the studio that all corridors must be cleared of smokers before she arrived and that no one should be allowed in the studio because a cigarette whiff would ruin her. The queen must be obeyed. So her orders were carried out. The announcer arrived a moment after she did and found her pacing the floor puffing madly on a smoke.

ROSA PONSELLE passes through the corridors between smoking musicians with a scarf tightly wrapped around her mouth to keep the cigarette smoke from annoying her.

Amos 'n' Andy are getting to the studio an hour early these days. Some time ago they arrived about ten minutes before time at their Chicago studios and found all the elevators out of order. They had to walk fifteen flights. Never again!

Chaliapin, like Broun, always makes himself comfortable when he sings. He removes coat, tie and collar button. Once the collar button got lost and the studio floor was covered with crawling musicians, announcers, etc. It was Chaliapin himself who, finally, joining the hunt for the elusive button, gleefully crawled under the piano and found it.

They have a terrible time trying to break Rudy Vallee of strangling the mike. He will grab hold of it and bring it to him, rather than move to it. And moving a carbon mike shakes the carbon into small particles and causes it to become insensitive and noisy. They have solved the problem by seeing that Rudy gets one of the new condenser mikes. At first they threatened to tie his hands.

They call Vincent Lopez the "absent minded professor". Vincent will forget almost anything. His continuity is delivered to him at the mike. Otherwise he will lay it down somewhere and no one ever finds it again.

Pete and Aline Dixon are still shivering a little and finding it hard to laugh about that time a few weeks ago when their continuity hung on the ringing of a telephone and they were on the air when Pete remembered that they had forgotten about it. He says he lived a thousand years and thought of a thousand things in about half a minute.

Then, he spied a contraption that had served them as a door bell. Blithely ringing it he sang out:

"Joan was that the doorbell or the telephone?"

And the ever helpful Mrs. Dixon piped back:

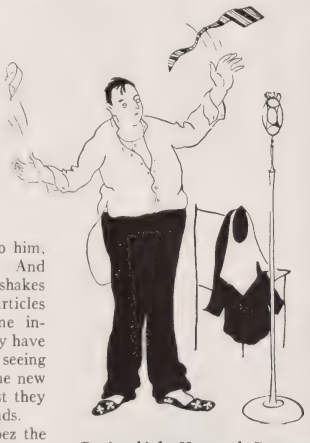
"Why, darling, I'm sure it was the telephone!"

Thus the day was saved. Alexander Woollcott, writer, draws pictures as he broadcasts. As nonchalantly as though he weren't the slightest bit interested in the fact that hundreds of thousands are listening to him. He also dresses especially for the occasion. Blue shirt always, and a low collar to give his Adam's apple freedom.

One of the funniest sights of the studios is watching Howard Barlow conductor, as he handles his symphony crowd. He sings, unconsciously all the words under his breath, and imitates all the instruments. His mouth goes constantly. He is as funny as David Ross who, when reading his flowery poetry, makes flowery gestures, quite in keeping with his sugary words. Frank Knight makes grimaces.

And of all things. Weber and Fields can't broadcast standing up. Whether school keeps or not they must sit and rest or they can't work.

The saxophonist of the Interwoven Orchestra never throws out his old hats. He has such a superfluity of wind that the ordinary mute, which looks like a cork, won't serve—he sticks a battered felt hat on the end of his sax to help hold down his volume.



Don't think Heywood Broun is getting ready to take a bath. He likes comfort!

One of the most devastating studio accidents is the dropped music rack. Since violinists and actors range in height from five feet to six feet six, there must be a screw to raise and lower said rack. Sometimes screws don't hold, sometimes musicians are too lazy to turn them tight — then, suddenly, at a crucial moment, down will go music to waist level. Musician or actor cranes his neck, beckons wildly to page boys for aid. Boy rushes in to the rescue, raises rack, and everyone breathes a sigh of relief. But all the time the broadcast must go on!

Then there was the lady caller who insisted that Columbia play *Baby's Birthday Party* at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to celebrate her little girl's birthday. "I'm sorry," said hostess, "but at 3 o'clock Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra are on the air." "W
said the mother, "can't Toscanini
Baby's Birthday Party?"

And there is the color blind engi
who can't tell the buttons that signify
red or the blue network and when so
thing goes awry runs circles around
self trying to find out which light is
He would lose his job if some of
Powers-that-be didn't have a sense
humor and the other boys around
shop didn't protect him.

Twice in one studio the drummer
waxed too ambitious and knocked
cymbal clattering across the floor,
spoiling an effect and breaking his di
tor's heart. These things can hardly
appreciated unless you are there to
the frozen, panicky look that crosses
faces of the ones responsible for kee
out all unnecessary noises.

For a minute during a broadcast wh
was being announced by the late John
Daniel the WEAF fans got a prog
they hadn't bargained for. Daniel p
when he thought of it to the day he d
It wasn't a laugh to the earnest yo
announcer.

He was announcing Lucky Strike wh
instead of pressing the button to pipe i
WEAF, he pressed the WJZ button
the program went blithely on. E
Thorgersen was standing by with a p
gram for WJZ when he heard Lu
Strike coming over.

He said a naughty word under
breath when he saw the "calamity" of
green light and with rare presence of m
switched the programs. B. A. Rolfe
to start his program all over again.

SOME of the fan mail
ceived in the studios hands everyone
laugh from telephone operator to p
gram director. In old Chicago at W
they're still laughing at this one, recei
by Lawrence Salerno. It read, "G
Lawrence Salerno more time on the
It's the only time that my wife keeps s
and gives me peace."

Another one which panicked them
WGN was that note received by Ted
and Ben from a woman who said
would quit listening unless they quit sin
ing horrid, cruel songs, like *Never Sa
a Fly* and *Little Bugs Going To Get Y*

And if you could only cast your eyes
the orchestra conductors. Anything w
do for a baton, except the stick it
Paul Whiteman, as might be expect
uses an almost-sledge-hammer, Guy Lo
bardo waves a hand-carved engraved ca
Freddie Rich believes fingers were ma
before batons, and uses his. Howard Ba
low uses what the musicians in the re
who have difficulty in seeing it call
toothpick, Claude MacArther a founta
pen and Mark Warnow a yellow pencil.

You fans miss out on a lot of t
comedy that takes place behind the scen
Perhaps if you listen closely after this y
may catch a little of the suspense behir
the mike.

Beauty Is As eauty Thinks

Bernadine Hayes deftly steps in and out of Film Personalities as She Imagines Herself for the Photographer



No, this is not Greta Garbo. It's just Bernadine thinking Garbo-wise.

Anne B. Lazar

RY this yourself the next time you have your photograph taken. After each lock of hair has ucked in its place and rect shade of complexion en applied, shut your d mentally picture your motion picture actress. when the photographer is head beneath the drapery behind the cam- is ready to click the d thing-a-majig so that ce may be forever per- in the family album, our eyes gracefully and will be amazed at the You will find that you



, here is the lovely Bernadine with her own individual beauty



And this is not Nancy Carroll. You see the picture Bernadine visualized as she sat in front of the camera

yourself had really done all the photographing — howbeit mentally — and that the camera man had merely made the outward gesture. Of course, you will see the picture of your own face—but the entire expression will be a borrowed one —the reflected image of the favorite star you had in mind.

This is exactly what Bernadine Hayes did when she wanted suitable pictures to submit to those ogres of motion picture producers.

Bernadine, hailed Queen of the Radio Show last autumn in New York, was sipping her hot coffee and milk and chatting away in her quiet, mellow voice just the day before she took the train to Hollywood.

Her perky little brown beret set off her beautiful milk-white skin and her mass of flowing bronze hair.

"NO, thank you, I'll not have anything but a baked apple and a cup of half-coffee and half-milk. I mustn't go beyond my calories," she smiled.

"Oh, I'm perfectly thrilled about going to Hollywood. Of course, I have no contract as yet, but they are paying all of my expenses.

"The directors up at First National liked these pictures very much and thought I had dramatic possibilities. And these pictures helped put me over.

"And let me tell you how I took these photos. You know, I believe a great deal in one's state of mind and I applied this theory when I went to the photographer.

"Now, look at this picture here," pointed the consumer of calories to the Garbo likeness. "I just visualized Greta Garbo when I looked into the camera—and—well, don't you see the similarity yourself?"

Surely enough there was an unmistakable resemblance. If dear Greta, the Woman of Mystery, can't find the whereabouts of her wistful expression which she attaches to her lips, let her reward Bernadine for the return of it—for the slightly-darker-than-Titian maiden has certainly captured it and the languorous

(*Continued on page 96*)

Personal Recollections of Early Days by The World's Greatest Golfer

BOBBY "Putts



Enthusiasts are following Bobby down aerial fairways just as they dogged his footsteps on the greens.

THE scene is a studio of the National Broadcasting Company, the time 8 o'clock, Wednesday evening, the period of the Lambert Pharmacal Company. A stocky young man, registered on his Atlanta driving license as Robert Tyre Jones, but known to the world of golfers as "Bobby", begins to talk:—

GOLF is a very ancient game, as those things go. It has evolved from a simple Scottish pastime into an international pursuit. Formerly played by comparatively few people on comparatively rough courses in the British Isles, it has steadily grown until now the best estimates indicate that there are upwards of four million playing golf today in the United States alone. And even far-away Japan is rapidly yielding to its charms.

In more or less its present form, golf originated in Scotland, so long ago that there is no record of its actual beginnings. It is known that the playing of golf at St. Andrews was forbidden by royal edict during the latter half of the fifteenth century because it was said to contravene public morals and to interfere with the practice of archery and other manly exercises. But it is not known when it first was played. Golf, then, has a background of at least four hundred years—how much more no one knows—and except for improvements in turf, putting greens, implements and the ball, it is still the same old game.

And it is a fascinating game, too, that everyone can play and enjoy. The people interested in golf are interested in it from the intimate standpoint of players of the game and not merely as spectators at another fellow's show. You know, as well as I, the thrill that comes when a drive sails far down the middle of the fairway; when a long iron stops near the flag; or when a long putt drops into the hole. You do not have to draw upon your imaginations to supply an understanding of these things.

But, after all, there are two kinds of golf; the ordinary garden variety and tournament golf—and they are in a sense as different as can be. Plain ordinary golf you know, but tournament golf, with its thrills and troubles, is enjoyed by only a very small group which goes on year year, each year adding a new memb two but in the main remaining abou same. I am thinking that it will be more interesting to you if I will de most of my time to describing interes matches which I have seen and which haps you have not, and in trying to you a little clearer insight into what tournament golfer thinks and worries a during a match.

In talking of these things I am ne sarily confined in great part to the ma in which I have myself taken part, unless someone like Johnny Goodma Andrew Jamieson has come along in early round to offer me an unwilling tirement, I have been too much occu with my own troubles to have eyes or for anything that might be happening e where on the course.

I REALIZE that this cedure is likely to put me in the clas the nineteenth hole post mortem pest loves to describe his every stroke to unwilling but helpless audience. I k several of these who would like noth better than to have the opportunity wh I have now.

But in order to reassure you, that I not ramble on too far afield, I may as tell you that I thoroughly appreciate Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen meant when advised those who might think broadca ing easy to lock themselves in a pad cell and try to tell a funny story t thing which looked like an electric These new-fangled microphones do

ONES Program

Describes First Round at Age of Five on Full-sized Course



Robert Tyre Jones as broadcaster.

ble an electric fan, but I have found to be equally responsive.

story for the sake of continuity, hing else, should start in the begin- This is particularly true in my case. se I started from exactly scratch o experience and very little of any- else, and the building up process was a long affair. And sometimes I that those early matches, coming at e when I didn't think much myself lidn't give my opponent credit for ng much either, are among the most sting.

e earliest part of my competitive ex- ice was gained in those kid matches d the East Lake golf course, begin- omewhere close to my sixth birthday. Adair was my opponent and play- from the time when our parents ed us to go on the Big Course, as we it then. Perry was four years my , but at that time he was not a great arger nor stronger than I was, so our nters resulted more or less evenly. matches are cherished memories

like to think of them and the times d, but I am not going to bore you any sort of an account of them. We think much in those days. We had heard of the straight left arm or g from the inside out. We merely d up to the ball and socked it, set out it as hard as we could go, and upon ng up with it we socked it again. rally, at that age we did considerably socking than walking.

t the time came later when Perry and re to have our chances to play one er in tournaments. True, they were invitation affairs, and one state cham- hip, but they were just as important then as national championships later ne. In those days—1913, '14, and I think that Southern golf was con- ably less a part of the national game it is today. There were many fewer rs and even those who played, except Nelson Whitney and a few others from Orleans, aspired to little in the way tional championships. For these rea- sons, the invitation tournaments assumed quite an important position in the golf of the section.

So Perry and I, because of indulging parents, managed to attend most of these tournaments held in Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama and in 1915 and '16 we collided in match play four times, and on two occasions we produced a really interesting match.

DURING 1914 the difference in our ages began to tell and Perry began to take his place in the top rank of Southern golf, leaving me, then twelve years old, to continue puttering around with the kids and to marvel at his accomplishments. In 1914 he had reached the final of the Southern amateur, where he lost to Nelson Whitney; but he had beaten in the semi-final of that tournament, George Rotan of Texas, afterwards a member of the Walker Cup team. This was quite a nice beginning for a sixteen-year-old boy.



First golfing picture of Bobby Jones five years old, on the East Lake Golf Course.

Naturally, this pace was a bit too fast for me. But when 1915 rolled around I, too, began to put on a little weight and to add a few much needed yards to my drive. My first meeting with Perry occurred in this year in the invitation tournament over the Roebuck course in Birmingham, and although it resulted in a win for me, it by no means marked the time when I regarded myself as the equal of Perry. I was lucky to win, Perry was off his game and I had enough brains to know it. Anyway the golf was ragged over a sun-baked course, so that match does not merit description.

But in 1916 Perry and I met three times —once in the semi-final of the Montgomery invitation, once in the final of the East Lake invitation, and lastly in the final of the Georgia State championship at Brookhaven in Atlanta. Two of these, the first and last, were as interesting as any golf matches I have ever played.

The Montgomery Invitation has long been a popular fixture. It is played in late May or early June and so starts the tournament season. If I remember correctly 1916 was a pretty lean year for Montgomery in a golfing way, for the field was made up almost entirely of Atlanta, Birmingham, and Montgomery players. There were three Atlantans in the last four—Perry and I in the upper bracket, and Perry's father George in the lower. Perry beat me and his father beat him in the afternoon round to win the tournament.

As we started off that morning, I remember feeling that I was in all likeli-

(*Continued on page 103*)

I Wanted *to* Broadcast *and* Did



Mrs. Velma West Sykes, Radio artist and playwright, who tells her studio experiences here.

From "Home-Body" to Radio Artist Was An Easy Jump For Her—Rehearsed into Silver Tea Pot To Gain Mike Practice

By Velma West Syke

"WHAT makes a Radio Celebrity? How can I break into the studios?" All over the country musical and dramatic artists and talented people are knocking on the sound-proof doors of stations and demanding admittance. This personal experience story, by a woman who was lucky enough to be drafted into service, reveals tricks of the trade which novices must learn. Mrs. Velma West Sykes, after one try in a studio, became an addict. She spent two years with KMBC in Kansas City, and her plays are now presented over WLW, KOMO, KGU and elsewhere.

I FELL into Radio work quite by accident. It had never been one of my ambitions to broadcast. In fact, the idea had never entered my head. When offered the homemaker's half hour on a local station, I knew nothing—or practically nothing—about Radio. I was not even a regular listener, though we had a crystal set in the house. But the idea rather appealed to me. While women constitute the big majority of listeners during daytime hours, I had heard the criticism that about all one could get was a recipe or two that might much more easily be looked up in a good cook book than copied down while being read over the Radio.

That was one place where I fell down and still do. I simply detested giving recipes over the Radio and always did it too fast for them to be copied. Reasoning that the modern woman spends less time in the kitchen than she now does in other activities—and that perhaps a schedule might be worked out that would include some of the other things in which she invests her time, I accepted the job. I almost said "the challenge", for Radio is so very new that all of us connected with it are more or less adventurers and experimenters.

IT WORRIED me a bit because I had had no microphone experience and my voice is rather low. But this, it seemed, was an advantage. In the early days of Radio, the high, shrill woman's voice had almost kept women out of the studios altogether. Better broadcasting facilities and the discovery that there were women's voices adapted to the microphone opened up this new field to women. Now practically every station has at least one woman on its staff, outside of the musicians.

It might amuse you to know how I tried myself out the day before I was to have my real "try-out" at the studio. My method was to sit down and calmly read my manuscript into an old silver tea handed down in the family. May I r ommend this to anyone having to mak first performance? The microphone ne held any terrors for me, but it might i had tried to talk without a prepared m uscript in front of me.

PERHAPS one reason broadcasters like to have a manuscript front of us is that we nearly always spe before three audiences—something th demands more alert attention and conce tration than before one. There is the a dience out front staring in thru the b plate glass window; the audience in t studio, composed of musicians and oth members of the staff who often try make life miserable for the one in fro of the microphone by playing pranks a "cutting up" out of the range of the a dience out front, and then there is th "vast unseen audience".

The last is the real critical audienc You have nothing but your voice wit which to interest it, and that voice mu not slip and stumble and you must n cough into the microphone. In speakin before a regular audience, a speaker ma pause to mop his brow or take a drink o water and lose no contact. If he stumble a little, a gesture will tide him over suc a rough spot. But he has none of thes things to help him out in front of the mi crophone.

Radio artists are usually recruited fron

fields; music, drama and journalism. uity writers have usually had news- experience, experience writing for ines, or perhaps dramatic experience. ncers may come from any of the fields, if the voice registers well. ll must learn over again because alents must be made to conform to requirements. They must adapt elves to this new field, which is un- ything else.

people know that in the best stu- ll programs, even to the announcer's are written out before they are put his does not mean, of course, that announcers do not improvise also, at they depend altogether on what tten down, especially on informal ms. But it does mean that the m has been arranged so that it will ust so many minutes, that there will hemming and hawing by the an- r while musicians search for a mu- number. The orchestra also has a of the program and knows the con- of the musical numbers.

best Radio speakers usually have talks written out and timed. As e frequently told guest speakers to appear on my programs, "You elf will be better pleased your talk if you have it n out. If not, you are to be like the movie s who told her girl friend f she had her life to live again, she would marry me men but in different If you do not have your written out, you may say things that you intended o I doubt it—but you ot say them in the proper nce."

ny people object to the r grade of so many Ra- rograms. Granting that true, the same may be f our literature, our mu- d of most arts in general. programs must neces- be of a varied type in to please the majority of rs. The fan mail on pro- that are really worth and up to a high level ot begin to be so big as which comes in on old iddling contests and reci- r caramel nut pies. So e the program director is ly between the devil and ep sea. If the advertiser rdon us, we shall let him for the devil, and the ail will stand for the deep

THE program di- —and the advertisers to he sells time—feel that ation is popular if the man staggers into the studio every morning. Newspapers and magazines have circulation figures—based on their subscription lists and their news stand sales. Radio stations have circulation figures based on fan mail receipts. So we can hardly blame the director if he feels he must please the advertiser and the writers of fan mail—then his station will pay dividends.

THERE are people on the staff of every station who would like to strive for "real art", no doubt. But alas, in Radio, as in the recognized arts, one must learn to cater to the masses. And one cannot do that with violin solos by a real artist who has studied for years and is the complete master of his instrument. It can be done only by an old-time fiddler who never took a lesson in his life but who pats his foot to keep time while he plays *Turkey in The Straw*. I really believe that if John McCormick and The Woodchopper were singing on the same station, The Woodchopper would pull twice the fan mail that the famous tenor would. Why?

In the first place, McCormick's program would necessarily be formal. Formal programs do not bring a staggering mail man into the studio next morning. In the second place, people who appreciate John McCormick are not in the habit of writing to Radio stations. In the third place, they would find little to say to him. Oh, occasionally, perhaps—but not like The Woodchopper's admirers. They feel that he is "folks" like them—people stand in awe of artists like McCormick.

It was one of the biggest surprises in the world to me to see the kind of letters that people write in to Radio artists—or would you prefer that I said "performers?" Having conducted a magazine department for women for a number of years before taking up broadcasting, I was familiar with the type of woman who bares her soul and her quarrels with her husband to someone she has never met but who has gained her confidence in a way no personal friend can. But I was utterly unprepared for the lack of discretion and even modesty exhibited by my own sex in writing to Radio stations. And it seems to be the woman Radio Fan who writes—and writes—and writes.

I am not referring now to legitimate Radio correspondence, which is the life of every station, in a way, for the letters are courteous and sensible letters of appreciation, the only kind of applause possible to a Radio program. I am thinking of the proposals of marriage which come in to announcers — and other proposals. I am thinking of the silly, flirtatious and kittenish letters which come in and are handed around the studio with a laugh and a few sly winks. You may think I am exaggerating when I say proposals of marriage, but I assure you I have seen many come in to the men of the station, with names signed and addresses given. One woman wrote, "I just tremble all over when I hear your voice. I know it's becawz I luve you. I think it would be so 'romantick' if we would meet and get married." As the artist who received this was already married, the writer was doomed to disappointment in her dream of matrimony.



Picture shows audience's conception of characters in a Radio drama—Don Bernard, Lucille Husting and Theodore Doucet of the Empire Builders. Actually, studio actors seldom dress in character except for special occasions.

Men do not write into Radio stations in this vein, as a rule. I am not sure why this is, except perhaps breach of promise suits have taught the more cautious sex never to write anything that will not read well in court. Then, men like a more physical appeal than the voice. Women may fall in love with an announcer without even seeing his picture—although these are sent out upon request to admiring fans—but a man wants to see what the owner of a voice looks like before committing himself on paper. An amusing instance of this kind happened in our studios once.

Oh, yes, the phone plays its part in putting fans in touch with Radio artists whom they admire. I have answered the phone at the studio when a girls' sorority, holding a meeting, called upon and invited a male harmony team out to sing—offering to pay them with kisses. And to show you how commercialized Radio artists can become, the boys asked for their regular fee instead, although magnanimously adding that the fee offered would be a most welcome addition.

IT WAS amusing to have one listener write in and ask me what I did with my own children while I was at the studio. Now this was a perfectly natural question and there was no reason why I should resent it at all. Almost any busy mother might wonder how another mother finds time to do something outside the home when she, herself, keeps busy all the time in the home. So I explained on the air that this letter had come in and that I appreciated the logic of it. Then I told them how my own children were all in school and that I drove them to their schools each morning on my way to the studio. Only a few hours were spent at the station so they found me at home in the evening when they returned. I am sure this simple and truthful statement gave my audience more confidence than if I had resented the question as being impertinent.

Women have often been said to have no sense of humor but the difficulty really lies in the fact that they have less chance than men to cultivate it, I believe. It is very noticeable that speakers who are witty and even jocular in a group of men will suddenly turn serious when facing an audience of women. Morning Radio programs for women are usually pretty serious affairs, dealing with their physical household tasks and well loaded with advice—much of it not disinterested, for there may be a brand of flour or baking-powder to impress upon their minds. Fortunately, the only advertising we were expected to do at our station was the courtesy type, which means brief announcements after a program that has contained no mention of any particular firm or brand of anything.

SO WHEN I introduced *The Gabbies*, I knew I was making a strike in the dark. But sometimes we hit better than we aim, for they become my most popular feature. *The Gabbies* were an ordinary couple typical of all married couples, and for about eight or ten minutes, argued about every subject (one at a time, however) that husbands and wives do argue about. KGU, a Honolulu station, was one of the stations that used them later, so it is evident that even in Hawaii they know something about domestic squabbles. Fortunately, we had an ideal couple cast in the parts and they literally made the characters live, so that people wrote in, laughing and protesting that someone had been listening in on their domestic squabbles.

I know of at least one divorce that was postponed by this Radio couple. A woman wrote in and said, "I want to thank you for saving my home. I was going around morbidly cooking my last meal for my husband when I tuned in on *The Gabbies*. Their argument was so similar to the one we had had, and it sounded so absurd to take it seriously in the end, that I had a good laugh and got all about leaving my husband. doesn't even know I had planned it

A Radio play has nothing but the with which to work and any action takes place must be told by the co sation, since it is bad technique fo announcer to keep breaking in wit planations. Consequently, all plays must be written especially fo Radio or adapted to it, either of wh not an easy task.

We discovered women liked plays dealt with problems much like the they were trying to solve themselves of the best we ever gave, it seems t now, was written by a professor of li ture at Missouri University, and called *The Kettle Singing*. It was story of a woman who was ready to into a new house, the house she dreamed of for twenty years, but somehow did not thrill her now that it all ready for occupancy. Her husb grandmother, a spry old lady with a s tongue, pries the poor woman's secret of her. She was not happy about new house because she had brought termites and put them under the house so that her husband would not off building the new house again had done for so long. (Termites, by way, are a kind of ant that eats the bers out of houses so that they bec unsafe.) Then her conscience began ing her, but it all ended happily, in of the fact that she confesses to her band, tho the grandmother, who buried three husbands, says, "Let a kick him—don't ever tell a man anythi

While we had an excellent cast of teur players, all of them had not had matic experience. Naturally, this lim some of them, for they were incapabl taking emoti parts. But on other hand, developed a n ralness that we sidered prefer to the affecta so many gradu of dramatic sch feel called u to use. This is ticularly obn ious over the dio to the ave listener. The s accent and voic not always best for the crophone. Oxford accent be a very deli ful one, as is Harvard acc but in the mi west, they do go over so well the typical R audience. Th sound affected, (*Cont. on p. 1*



If you could only see them:— "And now folks, you are listening to a half hour for dinner music by the Three Husketeers, Dr. Veeral's Health Biscuit Trio."

Body and Soul Girl

LIBBY HOLMAN

sil Surgeon's fe Slipped—And e Her Famous anin' Voice

Success Comes at Last—Wins M. A. at Columbia Aims for Sorbonne Ph.D.



By HAYNES A. GILBERT

BY HOLMAN'S recent success in revue, night-club, on phonograph-records and over the Radio—you have heard guest-artist to Alexander ott, Walter Winchell and also e Fleischmann Hour—is paved many years of failure. She o New York from her home- Cincinnati, eight years ago, ed with a B.A. degree from the sity of Cincinnati and a yearn- ire to appear on the stage as Her finances were low, so she d at the Y. W. C. A. at 610 ton Avenue, ate her meals at feteria downstairs and walked from one producer's office to r. And wherever she went she ven the same verdict: "You're t—but your voice is awful!" everance, however, soon won small part as a streetwalker in *ool*, but the play was a flop. there she went to *The Sapphire* and that, too, was a flop. Her wo shows were the highly suc- *Garrick Gaieties* and the *wich Village Follies*—but now it ibby's turn to flop. She was the rôle of a comedienne be- her producers thought that her was simply terrible. For a it seemed that she attained success Ziegfeld signed her for the second ny of *Show Boat*. But the second ny of *Show Boat* never materialized there followed more disappoint- . Cast in the leading part in *Rain-* the show was a failure from the She was encouraged to enter vau- but she got no further than a trial F. Keith's Fordham because the er discovered that Libby simply 't sing.

was in the *Merry-Go-Round* that she made something of a hit. A singing was suddenly and unexpectedly left t during rehearsal time, and Libby n, who was one of the chorines, for the chance. Herndon listened r sing, frowned gloomily, said that her voice was abominable—but, shrugging his shoulders, confessed that he had no alternative since the opening night was but a few days away. "Perhaps the critics won't notice how awful you are," he told Libby encouragingly. She was given two songs to sing, *What Do You Say?* and *Hogan's Alley*—and the criticisms the next morning had praise only for Libby Holman. So effectively did she sing *Hogan's Alley* that she was soon afterwards tendered a very doubtful compliment. The producer of *Rang Tang*—an all-Negro show—offered Libby a leading part in his next all-Negro show an offer which Libby Holman refused in her politest language!

From the *Merry-Go-Round*, Libby went to the first *Little Show* where she made a decided hit with her singing of *Moanin' Low*. From there she went to *Three's A Crowd*, where she is now stopping the show every night with her *Body and Soul* number. And the rest spells success.

In attempting to explain the peculiar and poignant quality of Libby Holman's mellow voice, her private physician, Dr. Colby, thinks he has at last hit upon the true explanation. It seems that in her childhood, a physician in clipping off her tonsils likewise clipped off a part of her soft palate—and what, at the time, evoked imprecations and oaths from poor Libby now inspires her to profuse genuflections of gratitude. But this was only one of the series of accidents which made her a star. She was given a part in the *Garrick Gaieties* because she had beautiful legs and despite the fact that she had a "terrible voice." And just when, after her innumerable flops, Libby decided to devote herself to studies instead of to the theatre (going as far as to get her M.A. degree at Columbia University for French Literature), there came her success as moaner.

YOU will find Libby Holman every day from 12 to 1 at the Russian Cavalry School at Ninety-first Street, indulging in her favorite sport: horseback riding. From there she goes to any nearby restaurant to partake of her favorite dish: sometimes it is frankfurters, more often it is hamburger steak. Her afternoons are spent quietly either in reading, recording or studying. Twice a week she takes lessons in harmony, and once a week a course in dramatic technique. The evenings, of course, find her at *Three's A Crowd* where she is one of the mainstays, and during the night she entertains the guests at the Lido Night Club. Once in a while she sandwiches in a broadcast among all these activities. She goes to sleep at four in the morning

(*Continued on page 104*)

Right—dramatic scene in the Los Angeles trial-by-air-jury of Vivienne Ware. The cabaret dancer, Dolores DeVine (played by Barbara Weeks) being sworn in by the clerk of court. George Fawcett, on the bench as judge. Below, and on opposite page—leading characters of the New York version. George Gordon Battle, lawyer for the defense, and Blythe Daley as Dolores DeVine





Guilty—Not

Trial of Vivienne Ware and Its Sequels Are Broadcast under Conditions of Real Murder Case—Listeners Serve as Jury

By Doty Hobart

"HEAR YE! Hear ye! Hear ye!"——The voice of the court bailiff, booming over the loudspeakers in the homes of several millions of listeners, fired the opening gun of a Radio dramatic program which is now considered to be the most outstanding feature presented on the air in the year of our Lord, 1930.

When this gun discharged its fusillade of "Hear ye's" the imagination of the self-appointed jury was fired with a sense of obligation new to the minds of those individuals, who by the grace of modern genius are known collectively as "that vast Radio audience." For the first time in the history of Radio a legitimate reason had been found for requesting the individual listener to use his or her head!

Oddly enough, the listeners had to be hauled, figuratively speaking, into court to accomplish this. For years General and Mrs. Public have been content to tune in on a program; sit back and listen; read a book and half listen; or play bridge and not listen at all. As far as using the Radio for compelling a listener to actually think—well, no one ever thought of that until Vivienne Ware was brought to trial for the killing of Damon Fenwick. At that, Fenwick was never actually killed. He never really existed, except as a corpus delicti in the mind of a feature writer on the staff of the New York American.

"The Trial of Vivienne Ware" was just another Radio drama until things began happening to it, to the members of the cast and, most important of all, to the listeners. The inside story of all the various happenings which took place before, during and after the "trial" is in itself one of the most dramatic chapters of Radio history. And now it can be told.

AS frequently is the case, when a radical venture is attempted in any established business, the gentleman, in whose mind the idea germinated and who became the prime mover in promoting the original production, was and still is, in no way connected or familiar with Radio broadcasting. Other than having visited a broadcasting studio on one or two occasions his knowledge of broadcasting is that of any average listener. But his work as a newspaperman made it possible for him to sense what the pu might like. The gentleman's nam Edmund D. Coblentz. He is the ed of the New York American.

Last October, on one of those it quent days in the life of a newsp editor when a few leisure moments sent themselves to the chief of staf which to relax, Mr. Coblentz picked a newspaper and settled back in his c to enjoy the privilege of reading pleasure. If you don't think that is editor's idea of luxury, ask the man is one. For once he was not scann copy and make-up with a critical e To speak freely, very freely in f



Let the People Decide

Guilty or Not Guilty?

Put the verdict in the hands of the people of the county—not merely a dozen hit-or-miss voters. Give the man whose life is at stake a true verdict by the people.

Such an evolution of American jurisprudence has been illustrated as a future possibility through the aid of Radio. The demonstration took place in the NBC broadcasts of the mock trial of Vivienne Ware. Real lawyers, real judges and ethically correct court procedure put the case up to the listeners—and the listeners mailed their verdict.



—or—

Guilty?

blentz had pocketed his official
nd with that trained organ mo-
y at rest he passed up the feature
vith their blazoning headlines and
he mental stimulus offered in the
ems of the day's news.

OF THE thousands of
ories which pour into a daily
er office via wire and wireless
limited number reach the press-
Lack of space prevents many an
ng little item from living in type.
e must have had a hand in pre-
a cabled dispatch from Copen-
hagen, Denmark, stating that a murder trial had been broadcast in that city. The published news item which caught and held the attention of Editor Coblentz was brief in the extreme. Just a sentence or two. That was all. Apparently the rewrite man to whom the dispatch had been turned over had been unable to enthuse at any great length over the unusual event. The item was used as a space filler.

Out of this space filler grew *The Trial of Vivienne Ware*. Mr. Coblentz does not remember whether the item specifically mentioned the fact that the Copenhagen trial was a real or a fictitious one. But he does remember that the item interrupted his unofficial reading. What had started out to be a few moments of relaxation suddenly took on the aspect of official business.

A conference of departmental heads was called and Mr. Coblentz outlined his idea, suggested by the news item, for the sponsoring of a fictional murder trial on the air by the New York American. The idea met with unanimous approval. It was decided to broadcast the trial as a serial, of six half-hour daily episodes.

KENNETH M. ELLIS, New York American feature writer, was given the job of creating the plot and putting it in dramatic form for possible microphone consumption. It is interesting to note that the man elected to prepare the Radio continuity for the trial wrote and staged the largest outdoor spectacle produced in the United States, the *Pageant of the Apostle Island*, at Bayfield, Wisconsin, in 1924. The pageant, which outlined three hundred years of history, had a cast of 2500 Ojibwe Indians and 500 whites.

While the script was being written Editor Coblentz went to M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, and outlined the plans he already had in mind for the presentation providing appropriate air time on WJZ could be obtained.

The fact that the editor proposed to use the best possible legal talent available to enact three of the principal rôles in the serial drama was a much greater factor in enthusing Mr. Aylesworth with the probable success of the broadcast than did

his prospective client's announcement that the circulation department of his paper would give money prizes for the best verdicts submitted by readers at the conclusion of the trial. Please note this, for the manager of the circulation department comes into this story a little later.

Now WJZ is the key station for one network of NBC and its use for the broadcasting of a purely local evening program, such as the one proposed by the New York American, depended entirely on such time on the air as had not been sold to a national advertiser. Mr. Aylesworth promised to see what he could do for the editor in finding a suitable half hour which would not conflict with the programs of other clients. At the same time he requested that a copy of the script be sent him.

WHEN he had read the submitted manuscript of the trial I have only to quote Mr. Aylesworth to let you realize the ever increasing enthusiasm of the man for this new venture: "The manuscript establishes, I believe, a new standard in the creation of Radio plays. The simplicity and fidelity of the theme, together with the colorful word and character pictures, stand out in this new field of adaptive writing."

The assignment of local air time on WJZ was made and the facilities of the NBC program department were offered the new sponsor.

Before availing himself of the offer Mr. Coblentz approached the internationally famous lawyer, George Gordon Battle, and suggested to this eminent attorney that he read a copy of the script of the Radio trial and check up on the court procedure and legal terms used in order that the broadcast be correct in its courtroom technique. At the same time Mr. Battle was requested to read the part of the defense attorney, it being quite possible that he might be asked to become a Radio actor!

He read the script. He liked the idea. He agreed to play the part! And he said:

"I am frank to say that the perfection of the legal structure of the trial was no small factor in leading me to accept the 'case'. The details of court procedure, of legal phraseology, of the tactics employed in the practice of law, both from the prosecution and the defense angles, are without flaw.

"Very often these things are sacrificed to make a good story. And sometimes a gripping climax is sacrificed to make a dramatic production 'realistic'. But in this case the author has produced a work which does not lack for thrills and mystery—without sacrificing legal forms to achieve it.

"If it was not constructed so as to leave a very open question indeed as to whether the defendant in this case is or is not guilty, I don't believe it would have interested me. But I shall feel, in going on the air in this 'case', that it has some educational value in presenting a unique picture of circumstantial evidence."

Then, something epochal happened in Radioland. A United States Senator, Robert F. Wagner, read the script, was asked to act as the presiding justice in the fictional trial, and accepted the position! He, too, had something to say:

"I am deeply interested in the experiment from a judicial viewpoint. For many months there has been a feeling that the *broadcasting of actual tr courtrooms of the country* might excellent effect upon the course o the conduct of important trials conservation of public time.

"I have never seen a more constructed fictional trial, in w probl evide a m i cross- tion a proce made from essen ture, drama teres Georg don who ha to undertake the defense, has pointed out, the legalistic structur trial is perfect.



Thomas D. Nash, defense-attorney in Chicago

"But the thing which is interes to the extent that I am willing to is the public value of the broadcast

For the third member of the legal rôles necessary to the trial, Coblentz sought the services of a Assistant District Attorney, of Ne Ferdinand Pecora. After readi script Mr. Pecora was as enthusi the other legal minds already reta his willingness to become a Radio

"It's a great case," he said. "of circumstantial evidence, which of the most important function district attorney, is well thought ou one of the neatest problems of pros to make legitimate use of such evi

"The author has presented a attorney hampered by lack of prim evidence, confronted with the prob safeguarding the welfare of the St exhausting every possible shred of c stance which, in a very reasonable bility, would establish the guilt defendant. The district attorney confronted with the necessity of ov ing the natural sentiment which an would feel for a beautiful young d ant.

"IT WILL be a stim experience, to try earnestly to se conviction in the minds of the jury ever to try a case. As the St expect to demand and secure a con in the trial of Vivienne Ware."

By now, with the assurance of g legal talent taking part in the Radi trial, the enthusiasm of those con in presenting the venture shot to a well over par. Mr. Aylesworth agr permit the broadcast to take place NBC theatre, on the stage behind the glass curtain. This theatre, locat Times Square, Broadway, was once a garden where the famous Midnight F held forth.

For the trial the stage was to be



Principals in the New York trial. Left to right, George Gordon Battle, Senator Robert Wagner, and Rosamond Pinchot, daughter of ex-Governor Pinchot

courtroom and realistic action of the adcast play was to be tried out with use of seven microphones. In this a visible audience was privileged to ess natural movements about the stage the performers while the listeners to broadcast, without realizing why, were ted to perfectly timed ses during these move- nts; the latter also being great advantage to the ors.

t takes something unus- to arouse the interest of lio listeners in New York beyond the point of a ier apathetic acceptance any and all programs. with the initial broad- of this unique serial, fully staged by John den, the famous theat- l producer, and William S. Rainey, C production manager, the city's lio listeners for once lost their apathy. trial was discussed on trains, in clubs on the streets—everywhere, by people ll walks of life. Those who did not n to the first episode heard about it n friends and before the week was up *Trial of Vivienne Ware* was the chief c of conversation wherever people ered.



Bobbe Dean of NBC, on stand in San Francisco

he broadcast was well done. Rosa- d Pinchot, daughter of governor-elect ord Pinchot of Pennsylvania, and her- a leading lady from the Broadway e, played the role of the defendant. the Daly, another noted Broadway ess and daughter of the late Arnold y, created the part of Delores DeVine. ll known actors who portrayed other racters in the piece were Joseph by, T. Daniel Frawley, Dallas Wel- l, Jack Kearney, John C. Connolly, n MacBryde and Robert Burton. or female roles were played by Kate Comb and Mattie Keene.

BUT it was not the fine ng of this beautifully balanced cast ch gripped the listeners. Two details the production were responsible for using interest. First of all, the people e hearing a dramatic vehicle which had the earmarks of being a genuine trial. Secondly, each and every listener was ed to take part in the trial—to become nember of the jury in whose hands ed the fate of the defendant. It was up to every listener to do his or her t in analyzing the evidence submitted l, at the conclusion of the trial, when presiding judge had made his charge, take a definite stand either for or inst acquittal. This was indeed some- g new in Radio. And the listener, in- d of trying to get excused from jury y as he is apt to do, began framing ex- es which would keep him, or her, near udspeaker during the run of the trial. Let's leave the listener for a moment l take a look backstage, during broad- casting of the third episode. An occasion presented itself at this time for some rather pointed remarks from one attorney to the other as to the ability of his opponent. The author had done rather well in the script in making these reflections caustic, but they were not, it seems, caustic enough for Pecora and Battle and these two gentlemen, now thoroughly imbued with the realism of their task took the opportunity to add several individual reflections which were not in the script! In the language of the theatre, they started to "ad lib". The result was, that while these perfectly natural bursts of sarcasm added materially to the realism of trial they made the episode, previously timed in rehearsal, run over the allotted thirty minutes.

Director Rainey warned the lawyers that they must watch out in the future. This they promised to do but then it developed that they were not satisfied with the summations as written by Ellis in the script. This was no reflection on his work. But each man, prosecutor and defense attorney, felt that the summations lacked his own individual characteristics. So, and this is probably the only time such a thing has ever happened in a Radio drama, these two lawyer-actors threw away the summations already in the script and wrote their own!

Then Lawyer-actor Pecora asked permission to throw away his own script and deliver his speech to the jury just as he would do it in a regular court. This the director refused to permit. He didn't trust this energetic, masterful orator quite that far. It would have been a grand speech, no question as to that, but in a Radio broadcast, whether it be a trial or a symphony, a half hour is still thirty minutes. Therefore, Mr. Pecora read script as does any Radio actor, and did a splendid job.

Here's another funny twist. The enthusiasm of the lawyers, who felt that their reputations were vitally at stake in this fictitious trial, spread to the bench. Senator Wagner threw away that part of the script which contained the judge's charge to the jury and proceeded to write his own.

This charge to the jury by the judge completed the trial, and as far as those concerned in producing the drama, it completed the broadcast. It was now up to the Radio jurymen and jurywomen to submit their verdicts, each verdict to be accompanied by a two hundred word explanation of the reason for such finding.

In came the verdicts by the thousands. DX listeners in Virginia, in Canada, on ships at sea sent in verdicts. And with nearly every verdict came a letter congratulating the sponsors of the program because of its uniqueness, its entertainment qualities and its educational value. And practically every letter demanded that, if Vivienne Ware be found innocent, Delores DeVine, against whom damaging evidence had been introduced in the trial, be brought before the bar of justice in another trial!

The final verdict by poll was some fourteen thousand for acquittal with about two hundred listeners sending in a "guilty" ballot.

Now here, as it was promised he would do, is where the manager of the circulation department of the New York American

(*Continued on page 101*)



Donealda Currie of WJR, the "Vivienne Ware" in Detroit



Lillian G. Genn, writer and well-known interviewer

Mrs. Franklin D. "My Home

Governor's Wife, Business Woman, Teacher—But She Always Puts Family Foremost

IS THE home, once glorified and eulogized in song and in story, and cherished by mankind, in danger of disappearing?

There are many who have their finger on the pulse of the times who claim that because the home is no longer the center of activity and much of life is lived outside of it, its foundation is being undermined. That since woman, who has a natural responsibility to it, has deserted it for a job in the business world, it can hardly continue to exist. Certain it is that the home as a place of quiet, refuge and spiritual growth has always filled a vital human need and has done much to influence the morality and character of its members. If, therefore, the power and the spiritual function of the home and family life were indeed declining, it is inevitable that it would have a profound effect on future generations and on the fabric of the nation.

This thought was expressed to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the Governor of New York, for the purpose of ascertaining her views on the subject. She is unusually equipped to speak for the modern woman because she herself is an ideal modern wife and homemaker. She is the mother of five children, teacher and vice principal in a New York school, and a grandmother. She is not only hostess at the Executive Mansion in Albany, but also manages the Roosevelt country place at Hyde Park and their house in New York. She takes an active part in political and communal work and is keenly alive to the trends of the day.

In addition, Mrs. Roosevelt is the head of a furniture making enterprise called the Val-Kill Shops. She founded this, with two other associates, in order to create an opportunity for men and boys of the countryside to develop self-supporting handicraft skill.

Despite these numerous interests, Mrs. Roosevelt has always given her home and children her first consideration. She has never allowed anything to interfere with the performance of her duties in that respect.

It was just after the Inaugural ceremonies at Albany, marking the beginning of the Governor's second term, and Mrs. Roosevelt had returned to town to be at her schoolroom. One can hardly believe that she is a grandmother, so youthful and vivacious did she appear. She is a slim, well poised woman, very tall, with a friendly engaging smile that reminds one of the illustrious Colonel, Theodore Roosevelt, the governor's uncle.

The drawing room in which she greeted the interviewer is a rather austere place filled with paintings and old prints of sea scenes, engravings of famous vessels of the navy, and several ship models, all bespeaking her husband's interest in the sea. One recalls, too, that he and two other members of her family held positions as Assistant Secretaries of the Navy.

However, Mrs. Roosevelt seems able to make one forget surroundings, for one very quickly responds to her charming, unassuming manner.

"THERE is no doubt," she said, "that even to the unobservant eye, there are changes taking place in the home. But to my mind, they do not point to its decline. They are, on the contrary, changes that are made necessary in order to meet the new conditions. Our life has become so complex and there have been so many changes in our world, both economic and social, that the home must be adjusted to meet those conditions. Any progressive minded person must view these changes as vital and productive of good.

"When most of the work and tasks of life were performed in the home, and every member had to help in the chores, it is easy to see that family life had to be knit closely together, if only for economic reasons. Recreation was also provided by the family in the home and the members themselves participated.

"But today, with canneries, bakeries, laundries, factories and innumerable labor saving devices, the work has been taken outside of the home. In other words, individualistic production has given way to mass production. There are, as a consequence, no essential tasks for the fami to perform in the house. As for recre tion, since that is now well provided f by outside sources, there is no need f the family to remain at home to creat their own amusement.

"Because, therefore, people no long find it necessary to spend much time i the home, it does not mean that they a less home loving. As a matter of fac outside of a small strata of society in th large cities, you find that in the vast m jority of American homes, parents an children are almost as much together a they used to be. They may not actuall be around the hearthplace, but in th motor car. That makes little differenc

"For home," she continued earnestly "is not a place, but an atmosphere. It i where the thoughts and fondest impulse are. The actual four walls don't coun That is why one cannot tell whether home is successful or not, merely by th amount of time that the family spends i it."

"Then the fact," she was asked, "tha women have entered the business world o are spending more time in outside pur suits, is in no way undermining th home?"

"NOT at all," she laughed "If anything, their work is aiding them t make the home a more interesting an attractive place. Whether a woman en gages in political, welfare or busines work, these outside contacts keep he mind stimulated and help to develop he personality. Life now moves so quickl and so much more is demanded of me and women, that they must constantly b on the *qui vive* if they are to hold thei places. This has particularly meant tha the wife has to prepare herself to play a bigger role; that she must be able t share her husband's interests and pursuits Indeed, the success of marriage depend more than ever before upon this persona

ROOSEVELT *says*

"First"

Another Personality Interview by

LILLIAN G. GENN



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the Governor of New York State

ationship between husband and wife. 'For that reason the woman who keeps mind and her interests alive, is a bet- companion to her husband, and a more elligent mother to her children. Nat- lly, she can create a more beautiful ting for the family life.

'To my mind, it is indeed fortunate t the modern woman is able to find an let for her energies and thought in out- e activities. The small apartments, ich have replaced the large, old-fash- ed houses require only a minimum of time and if she were compelled to stay home, she would soon become a dull l discontented person.

"OF COURSE, when a man has small children, I believe that should remain at home with them, n if she can afford a nurse or gov- ess. For it is she alone who can give m the solicitude and spiritual values ich are so essential for them. It is she o can better supervise the habits which ke for good character.

'Character building begins practically the cradle. A child can be given bad bits before it is eighteen months old l a little later on a child will acquire re from example and atmosphere at me than school or long lectures can ch. For that reason, it is a mother's mary duty to concern herself with the bringing of her child and any other rk that she may be doing must be rele- ed to a secondary place.

'If, for the time being, she has to cur- l her activities entirely, she at least is shut off from contacts with the out- e world as her mother and grandmother re. The Radio brings the whole world o her home and helps her to keep reast with the times.

'Thus it should not be such a hardship her to give up her work to devote rself to her children. However, she ould not let herself become dependent upon their interests, for when they have grown up she will only find herself a drag on them. She must plan and utilize her time so that she can do something creative and interesting. Only in that way can she continue to enrich her own and her family life, even when her children have ceased to need her."

Mrs. Roosevelt emphasized the point, though, that while she thought a mother should devote herself to her children during the early, formative years, yet she must be careful not to smother them with too much attention and love. As she brought out in her recent talk over the Radio, and reiterated to the interviewer, a child that is brought up as a hot house plant will be too frail in courage and stamina to meet the vicissitudes of life when he must step out in the world and stand on his own feet. He expects others to pamper him as his parents have done and when he does not get it, he feels thwarted and defeated.

"We must therefore encourage our children to meet their own difficulties," she said. "We must let them find their own solutions to the problems and gain experience for themselves. We must not always strive to make their path easy for them and to throw opportunities into their laps.

"It may seem hard to do this, but it is for the ultimate advantage of the child. When he knows he can do things for himself, he no longer views the world as a fearsome place. He feels sure of his ability to meet any difficulties that arise.

"I also think that no mother should feel sorry that she cannot fulfill every wish her child expresses. His zest in life and that strange character-building process will go on much better when he is always envisaging new fields of endeavor. Nothing is more pathetic than a bored child, and you become bored if you have nothing new to interest you. The mother should open up all the avenues she can for her children, but she should leave them to follow them up for themselves.

"Yes, we have lost a few things but we have also gained many new advantages today."



Irving Berlin—One-time Singing Waiter of the East Side who grew up into the first Tin-Pan Alleyite to make the song-writer more important than the old song-plugger.

The Mulligan Guard. Below—A rare old copy of that 1873 classic—reproduced from the original in the National Broadcasting Company music library, which is a storehouse of treasures often unobtainable elsewhere.



Echoes from the Old

Tin Pan Alley

By Old Timer

TIN-PAN ALLEY winds its way through the very heart of the American scene. True, the hand of change has already erased it completely from the map and true that that street which was once Tin-Pan Alley is today home for wholesale dress dealers —yet, notwithstanding such facts, Tin-Pan Alley remains an inevitable part of the American scene. For Tin-Pan Alley, in its own abrupt fashion, tells us more about America past and present—especially past, when it was at its zenith—than huge tomes can, and tells it to us picturesquely and vividly. It is a name heavy with glamour and tradition. And if Tin-Pan Alley, as a street in New York City which quivered to the awkward strains of industrious tin-pan pianos, is a thing of the past; then its traditions, at any rate, and its graphic name have deservedly lingered on through the years and are still palpitantly and vibrantly alive.

Early in 1898, Broder and Schlam—a world-famous music-publishing house which had been manufacturing a nation's song-hits for the past decade — moved their baggage from San Francisco to New York and opened up a huge office on Twenty-Eighth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. That was the beginning of a grand *hegira* for music-publishers. In all the corners of the city, they shut the doo of their establishments and, followi immediately in the footsteps of the formidable rival, straggled straight Twenty-Eighth Street. Where Brod and Schlam were, there would they b for where Broder and Schlam were the would be, most assuredly, all the famou actors and musicians of the country see ing their songs; there would become co centrated the nation's song industr Within a few months, Twenty-Eigh Street began to quiver and to dance the volcanic strains of popular music; mountain of execrable tunes and of mor or-less pretty tunes were being produce there each hour of the day. Next doo to Broder and Schlam there was now lo cated the offices of Charles K. Harr whose prolific pen was indefatigable an who had already endeared himself to th hearts of all Americans because of pretty ballad *After the Ball* which an entire country was at that time singing. few doors away—at 51 West—were to b found Witmark and Sons, who for year had been known to produce a mass of in gratiating tunes. And somewhere else o the self-same street could one see thr huge and coruscant banners of Harry vo Tilzer advertising his sensational *M Old New Hampshire Home,* of Joseph Stern & Co. who rode to fame and suc cess upon the back of *Sweet Rosie O Grady,* of Leo Feist, the novice in thi company of veterans, and of other now prominent music concerns. And, in th midst of all these celebrities, there wer sprinkled all over the street the smaller and obscurer firms who for years ha been struggling down at Fourteent Street and who now hoped that Uptow Twenty-Eighth Street would become thei

crets . . . Past, Present and Future . . . of the Street of Song . . . with delights on the Gay Old Ditties

ial salvation and ultimate success. e year 1898, therefore, was when this became, for some mysterious rea- the street of song. All day, the s banged and the trumpets wheezed atest numbers; all day actors and ians would walk here mechanically they were in search of new songs. because this place had become so alized, this street which cut between and Sixth Avenues and which lay en 27th and 29th Streets acquired v and strange name. The innocent Yorker might still have known it as ty-Eighth Street but to the world ge it was henceforth to be immortal- as—Tin-Pan Alley.

BUT Tin-Pan Alley had led its first barbaric yawps long be- Broder and Schlam migrated to ty-Eighth Street. Already had it existing for many years down at the gas-lit Fourteenth Street which hed from Union Square to Second ue. And there, in this Mecca of bur- e theatres, of bawdy-houses and of dance-halls, were the first of Amer- popular songs created, written and ted. Remick's had been there long e 1890; Ted Snyder, too, and Wit- and Sons—and around them clus- the myriads of competitors who constantly struggling with one er in the mad scramble to create the tional song of the hour.

d inspiration, down at Fourteenth , did not create the sensational song e hour—no more than it did down in an Alley. Mass-production, com- on, high-powered salesmanship, di- n of labor, song-plugging did the

And these were rapidly introduced the song-writing business, by the eenth Street Minnesingers, until it, became a leading industry. In this m of noises that constituted the eenth Street song-factory—the in- nt braying of bands, the rhythmical ls of tap-dancing, songsters and in- mentalists trying out new parts for eville work—songs were manufac- with speed, precision and efficiency. were formulas for every type of in existence; there were dozens of each specialized in a definite type of busily scratching away at paper to hundreds of songs in their own alized fields—and as, one by one, songs flew from their pens with the te regularity of clockwork they were ht at once to the song-plugger whose



Laugh, if you must, at maudlin old song-titles, but compare *She May Have Seen Better Days* (1894 vintage) with *Go Home And Tell Your Mother* (1930)!

One Touch of Nature written for famous Cissie Loftus

Take Back The Ring, a pathetic Scotch Ballad of 1888, is an example of the tearful art work on covers of "songs they used to sing" in the old days.

Another 1888'er—*With All Her Faults, I Love Her Still* (She left him, but no other love, his soul can thrill).

All songs on this and opposite page reproduced from rare copies in NBC music library, Courtesy of Nicholas De Vore, manager, and William J. Glassmacher, of the staff.





Two of the most famous figures of Old Tin-Pan Alley whose songs will live on through ages to come—Charles K. Harris, who wrote *After The Ball,* and Harry Von Tilzer, composer of *My Old New Hampshire Home.*

duty it was to market them successfully.

For between each song and its success stood the song-plugger. Down at Fourteenth Street, and later in Tin-Pan Alley, the song-plugger was, by far, the most important influence in the music-publishing field. To the publisher the composer was nothing more than a piece-worker who could create at any given moment a certain type of song. The performer was but a day-laborer; hundreds of them were floating around each day from one publishing house to another seeking employment. But the song-plugger was the artist of the trade. Upon his personality, his charm, his popularity, his gift at salesmanship depended entirely whether a certain song could become a success or a total flop. A great song-plugger could actually make any song a success, irrespective of its own merits. But, after all, how many great song-pluggers were there on the street?

ONLY the most meagre handful. There was Pat Howley, a free-lance song-plugger, the cynosure for all publishers' eyes; there was Meyer Cohen whose distinction was that he made of *My Mother Was a Lady* a national success; and there was Izzy Bailin—later to be known as Irving Berlin. Every evening, after the music shops had closed their doors for the day and after the gas-lighter had passed along the dark streets lighting all the gas lamps, those three song-pluggers, together with the song-pluggers of the various publishers, would assemble at Tony Pastor's Theatre. Tony Pastor was always very tolerant to song-pluggers and he would permit one of them to station himself in a box, another in the balcony, a third behind the scenes—and then when the respective song of each song-plugger was sung on the stage, the song-plugger was given the limelight and full liberty to plug his song to his heart's content. And then, after the show was over, the song-pluggers would congregate together with the vaudeville actors and singers at nearby beer-gardens. Cigars would be distributed freely; treats for beer and whiskey would be frequent events and during all this burst of generosity the song-plugger was deftly plying his trade: spreading propaganda to the actors and singers for a new song. The end of a busy and expensive night might have found many sad faces among the song-pluggers—but there was invariably a smile of triumph upon the faces of Meyer Cohen or Pat Howley. For hardly an evening would pass when they would not get some actor to interest himself in their latest number. And that, as every song-plugger and publisher and composer down at Fourteenth Street knew, was the first important step in the making of a successful song.

The song-writing game had become an industry; that musical *entrepreneur*—the song-plugger—had been introduced into the field. Fourteenth Street had now definitely paved the way for Tin-Pan Alley. Tin-Pan Alley thus had its tradition; it was fully prepared now to create its own history.

But little did the song-pluggers and song-composers realize that not the songs themselves but the song-lyrics were to immortalize Fourteenth Street of 1890. Who can forget those bombastic, sentimental, elaborately emotional lyrics which, at that time, clutched at and played havoc with the heart-strings? But which today are remembered and cherished as precious bits of Americana? There were such colossal tragedies as *She's More to be Pitied than Censured*—a tearful ballad about a girl who strayed from the strai and narrow path of virtue. There w such heart-breaking dramas as *After Ball*—that song-success of Charles Harris—wherein (so the elaborate st goes) a young man, walking away fr his sweetheart at a ball to bring he drink, comes back only to find her talk amorously to a stranger; wherein he ra and fumes and refuses to listen to explanations and, then and there, bre the engagements and wherein, years la when he is old and gray he learns that sweetheart had died of a broken heart that the stranger had been none o than—her brother!

There were more cheerful bits, such *The Lost Child*—song-plugged into overwhelming sensation by Pat Howley coming from the pens and presses of St and Marks—in which a lost child come a policeman, in trouble and tears, only learn that the policeman is none other t his father, who had been separated fr his mother because of a petty quar and in which the child brings about a rec ciliation, tender and pathetic, betw husband and wife! Or, to take that so sensation of the age, *My Mother Wa Lady*—the handiwork of Stern and Marl composition and the song-plugging Meyer Cohen:

TWO drummers sat at dinner in grand hotel, one day.
While dining they were chatting in a jo sort of way,
And when a pretty waitress brought th a tray of food,
They spoke to her familiarly in manı rather rude.
At first she did not notice them or ma the least reply,
But one remark was passed that brou the tear-drop to her eye,
And facing her tormentor, with che now burning red,
She looked a perfect picture as appealin she said:

"My mother was a lady like yours will allow,
And you may have a sister who ne protection now!
I've come to this great city to find brother dear,
And you wouldn't dare insult me, sir. Jack were only here!"

Of course, nothing will prevent the bs of Fourteenth Street from fashioning pretty ending and so we learn, as the so progresses to its second stanza, that abusive young fellow is none other th Jack's best friend and that he invites waitress to come with him to Jack so t he might introduce her to Jack—as bride!

When Fourteenth Street moved upto to Twenty-eighth Street it left behind sentimental song-lyric but brought alc its efficacious system of manufactur popular songs. And there on Twen

Street did this system reach its point of efficiency. Tin-Pan ctually went far beyond anything nth Street could conceive of in ed with which successes could be ed, produced and marketed. It ome a huge machine which incessantly, pouring songs out of mouth in innumerable quantities. song-factory of Tin-Pan Alley smoothly operating organization. gracefully subdivided into the vari- egories of song-writing—the hu- vaudeville ditty, the love-song, ular-song (and later, when Tin- ey was to grow out of its adoles- he mammy and the blues-song)— h department boasted of a dozen ers, at least four amanuenses to the blind gropings of illiterate , and a head, the supposed au- in the branch of musical composi- supervise, correct and bellow out Over these various branches of lishing-house, ruled the head of es-department to assign all the and the blame. It was the head sales-department who constantly s finger upon the pulse of a pub- ims and who, when he felt that on for the humorous ditty should oaching, gave a rushing order to norous-ditty department and as- the cream of his song-pluggers. n the market was flooded.

TIN-PAN Alley was, there- very delicate mechanism which the styles and produced the suc- o satisfy the style in a nation's music. And of this very delicate ism the most important cog was song-plugger—who was still flour- despite the change of scene. To g-plugger, were given the greatest es, the highest esteem and the salary. The head of the sales-de- t, the composers, the amanuenses, formers were all shackled to their from nine o'clock in the morning in the evening. But the song- , artist that he was, was the free His work occupied only a few hours day, primarily during lunch-hour, office was the street directly in f the publisher who employed him. as easily recognizable—standing front of his own publishing-house, cigar in his mouth, a derby on his idling lazily, so it seemed to the onlooker, but in truth keeping a eye over all the people who through the street. A song-plug- to know every actor and singer t, at least; the best song-pluggers hem by the first name. And should tor or singer pass innocently Tin-Pan Alley, the song-plugger a tempting cigar in his hand to e fish withal—would attempt to the actor to walk with him into his He would utilize the magnetism personality, the persuasive power of a good cigar or theatre tickets or, even, an excellent dinner, and if these were powerless he would—like the very famous "puller-in" of the Canal Street clothes-shop—attempt to make his actions speak louder than words.

Once the song-plugger had induced the actor to enter the office, the rest became mere routine—a routine in which Tin-Pan Alley was so very efficient. Performers would play for him the latest numbers, tap-dancers would rap out their rhythm, the head of the sales-department would swear religiously that they were embryonic successes. Then the actor, after having tried out the number for himself and after having been pleased, would invariably promise to use it in his next act. The rest was left to the capricious whims of Chance—and to the histrionic abilities of the song-plugger.

That was the method of pushing a song in those halcyon days. For it was the day before the Radio, before the innumerable jazz-bands began to serenade every nook and corner of the country, before those millions of movie-houses sprang up, like so many mushrooms, far and wide—and, consequently, song-plugging was yet the simple task, consisting of nothing more elaborate than securing the interest of the actor in the music. But even without the help of the Radio, jazz-bands and movie houses, the song-plugger, it seems, was not altogether helpless. His own genuine ability in pushing a song to the attention and affection of a whole country seemed to accomplish more wonders than all of our modern wholesale advertising. For with his very simple resources, the song-pluggers accomplished so very much. that in spite of ourselves and our inmost desires, such faded tunes of the Golden Nineties as *Sweet Adeline, Silver Threads Among the Gold, The Bowery, Anybody Here Seen Kelly?* and *Sweet Rosie O'Grady* are still indelibly, eternally I fear, impressed upon our memories.

TIN-Pan Alley had never been kind to the composer who was outside looking in. Since merit played no part at all in the making of a song-success, what need did Tin-Pan Alley have for outside talent? It had, to be sure, its own staffs of composers who could produce music more quickly and more efficiently than any foreigner could. And speed and efficiency was what Tin-Pan Alley required most in its business of making songs. Therefore when, in 1905, Irving Berlin went from door to door along Twenty-Eighth Street to peddle his first song *Marie from Sunny Italy*, success did not run to meet him with open embrace. The larger firms simply turned a deaf ear; the smaller firms were more affable, if not more generous. However, Berlin did not lose heart. True, his part in the creation of *Marie from Sunny Italy* was a small one (only the lyric was his), but he loved it with the affection of a father for his first born. And so he was determined to see it published. Patiently, he continued disturbing the peace of publishers until, one unexpected day, he reaped his reward. A smaller firm, Ted Snyder, accepted the manuscript—and published it soon afterwards.

The royalties were thirty-seven cents

(*Continued on page 106*)



A window on Tin-Pan Alley—Meyer Cohen, song-plugger of the old school, at his desk in the office of Charles K. Harris, an organization which is still publishing hits.

She needs only one name to be remembered—serious, winsome, gay Armida.



By MURIEL ALLEN

That *So Romantic Senorita*

You Hear H and You Pict Gay Caballe Romantically Serenad

Armida of the Ai

DYNAMIC, spontaneous, the Lilliputian embodiment of Spanish temperament and youthful enthusiasm—that is Armida of the Footlights.

Appealing, tender, the elfin spirit of Romance and Dreams—that is Armida of the Air!

"And which do you like best?"

Armida laughed—a happy, rippling laugh.

"Sh!" she whispered, "you mus' not make me geev myself away—too motch!

"You see—my audience—yes, I lov' them a ver' great deal. I laugh with them—I sing to them—I dance for them—so—" And she whirled away, a very avalanche of motion, castanets clicking, eyes flashing, tiny feet twirling her lithe, slender little body about like a bit of thistledown.

"I look into their faces and smile—and they smile back at me!

"But when I sing over WMCA, the leetle round 'mike' (that ees hees name?) that is all I see. No smiling eyes—no happy faces—and so—I eemagine. I say to myself, 'Armida, those people out there—you cannot see them—they cannot see you—so you mus' make them *feel* you—you mus' talk to their hearts—you mus' say to them, over all those miles and miles of space, "Listen—I lov' you—everybody!"—and then that will make them happy so that they will lov' you and like to listen to you—lov' for lov'.

"It seems—somehow—because I cannot see the ones I speak to out there in space, that we are even closer than when there is only a strip of footlights between us. You Americans—you have a beeg word for that—para—paradox! Yes, that ees eet!

"And there is something else too—a something that is just for me. You see, sometimes when I get ver' much excite' or enthuse' in my stage work—*maybe* I make one leetle mistake—maybe take a wrong step or draw a long breath—this way—when I sing—and no one knows. It ees all right!

"But on the air it is ver', ver' different. Every leetle sound—she go out everywhere! If my breath get mixed up and I say 'mhhm' (like that)—thousands of audience hear me—and that ees not so good!

"OR MAYBE I get some—(how do you say—'mike fright'?) and sing one wrong note. Caramba! maybe they cut me off—like thees!" The slender little fingers snapped sharply in mock disgust, like the click of the wee castanets.

"So that ees for me. Why? Becoz' I want to improve—always—every minute—to make my work better and BETTER.

"On the air I mus' not make one leetle blunder—and so it make me always r perfect. You see? And that is wh lov' Radio!"

Armida's background is as full of mance as her young and colorful sp

Her father, a Spaniard from Barcel was an outstanding figure in the Spa theatre when he met and married mother, a beauty of Mexican and Ita descent.

ARMIDA herself was b in the stormy republic below the Grande, and was brought to this cou for her education.

But the love of the stage was in blood. An older sister was perforn in the little town out in California wh the family lived, and Armida beggec be allowed to go with her one evenin

Her request was reluctantly granted, she was still only a baby. The tiny pirant for fame followed her sister's with an interpretive song à la Rac Meller. The number literally "stop the show", and Baby Armida becam regular member of the company.

"And that was the beginning"—sm this diminutive bit of femininity—"w I was seven—years and years ago!" (must be all of nineteen!)

Later on, when she was quite gr up—sixteen or so—she was discove

(*Continued on page 105*)

ARMIDA



EASTERN listeners are
v twanging guitars and war-
ig under the balcony of the
utiful Armida. They found
California listeners already
re. Donald Flamm borrowed
from "Nina Rosa" and
oduced her to his WMCA-
s. Saccharino Senorita!

Hirlan Photo



owell Thomas

FIRELIGHT memories
. Western camp stir a
isand pictures of war
adventure in the mind
owell Thomas, famous
or, journalist and war
espondent who is heard
tly over the transcon-
ental chain systems

Hal Phyle Photo.



hel Merman

ETHEL is the Girl in
show, Girl Crazy, and
so long ago you heard
n the Nestlé Chocala-
program over WJZ
ork. She has air per-
lity. She began as a
er in a Russian restau-
in Brooklyn where she
discovered and
unched on a career



Vernon Dalhart and Adelyn Hood

"GOOD Night Ladies—" we got the real Barber Shop Blues with Barbasol Ben, Cutie-cle Barbara and the Barber Shop Quartet. You hear them over the Columbia System



Snoop and Peep

HIST! It looks like an ash tray Charles "Snoop" Finan and Paul "Peep" V kopp appear to have made a startling covery. On WEAF—NBC 8:15 hook-u

Charle Magnant

ACCORDIO Charles, all set for th Lumberjack progra over the National Ne also appears in 29 oth broadcast programs the course of the we



Yodeling Cowboys

BILL SIMMONS and his cow-hands are back on KROW ranch from Los Angeles where they made Victor records. Bill composed "Rocky Mountain Sweetheart"





Guty Cardenas

THREE times Senor Cardenas was voted Mexico's most popular composer. He sang for Mexico before President and Mrs. Hoover. Now he's heard at KHJ, Los Angeles

ywirephonic

COWBOY ballads
Old West tunes are
ed by the Haywire
stra of San Antonio
A. From left: Bob
Mrs. Bob, Swede
, Kid Thompson,
Joe Luther





Carol Deis

SOMEBODY got a job as a secretary in a lawyer's office in Dayton, O., when this young lady resigned last December to accept the Atwater Kent $5,000 prize and began her studies Miss Deis is twenty-five, and hopes to become an opera star



Gertrude Dooley

NEVER mind, one of these days Miss Dooley will be showing this pretty smile televisionally. Just now she is putting it over with her voice as one of the featured dramatic staff at Station WLW, Cincinnati

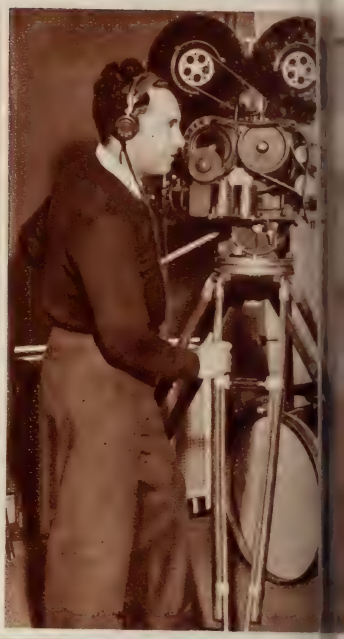
Youngest Announcer

MYRON ARTHUR WOTEN, six years old, is claimed as the youngest regular announcer in the world. He is shown with his sister Gladys, at WNAX, Yankton, S. D.



Uncle Mack

UNCLE MACK quit the road as an old time trouper to be uncle for a lot of little Radio boys and girls who listen in at WSM, the popular Nashville station



Bobby Dukes





So popular as the Children's Hour at WCAU, Philadelphia, become the Paramount Pictures are making a talkie of Bobby Dukes, four

Uncle Zim and Bamby Boy

THESE two may be one of the reasons why Northern people go South to Miama during the winter months. They want to hear these two over WIOD. Bamby Boy is just five



Velma Stowe

ANOTHER "youngest" Radio entertainer (below) is little four-months-old Velma, daughter of Arthur W. "Tiny" Stowe, M. C. on the late shows of KSTP, St. Paul; and Velma Dean Stowe of the Dodo Frolic. Mother and Dad cooperate of course





Harriet Lee

YOU have seen Miss Lee's face on the Radio Digest cover and this picture is merely to remind you that she is getting better looking every day and is still one of the Columbia stars. You remember her on the Weed Chain program, perhaps



WITH twin talents along musical lines it was inevitable that Miss Fields should become a Radio personality. She plays the violin as concert soloist and she also sings as soprano soloist. She won a Juillard scholarship for both. Columbia found her first

Catherine Fields



Lovina Gilbert

OTHERWISE known as Mrs. Russell Gilbert who sings during the Cheerio Hour over the NBC network. She is also heard on other chain programs during the week

Prevention or *Cure?*

"Don't Use 'Aspirin' Type of Welfare Work—Attack Cause of Social Ills," says Daughter of England's Premier

By Ishbel MacDonald



Ishbel MacDonald at her desk at No. 10 Downing Street, headquarters and home of the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

AT CHRISTMASTIME everyone feels generous, kindly and brotherly. Large sums of money are spent in making people happy. rties are given and beaming hosts and stesses shake hands warmly with their s fortunate brethren and speak kindly them. The next week they swoop past m in a purring car which is upholstered e a dream cloud and graceful in every e. That Christmas party leads to noth- . It is a few hours of warmth, satisfac- n and laughter, a few hours when the t and hostess can demonstrate their eriority in a happy, patronizing way in- ad of in the less pleasant way of draw- cloaks aside while passing a less for- ate brother.

Each guest returns to exactly his old ition with happy dreams of sparkling ification but nothing with more uplift- and nothing more tangible than per- s an orange or a bag of candies.

Some so-called social work is like that ristmas party. It leads to nothing. A at deal of energy is put into it, a great l of paid and voluntary labor, and the ult is not worth the labor.

know of an effort organized to raise ds for a certain class of maimed breth- where, out of the 146,000 pounds raised y about 8,000 pounds went to the un- tunate brethren, and the rest went to er expenses.

This is not what I call social service. ial service should have two functions, function of curing and the function of venting social disorders. A third func- n which creeps in, of necessity, is the ction of appeasing. When a human ng suffers from headaches, often he es aspirin when he feels the pain un- rable and thinks nothing more about it. t a wise person goes to the trouble of ding out the cause—eye-strain, indiges- tion or something else if the head aches and then sets to work to do away with that cause and prevent it from arising again. The cure may be so long that the patient still finds the temporary help of aspirin from time to time necessary while the cure is in progress.

A community should regard its social pains and ills in the same way. Many bands of social workers administer aspirin in the form of treats and parties for their less fortunate brethren, and when the happy effects of the treats are over their brethren are in as much pain as before.

I am not opposed to social work of the appeasing type so long as it is a branch of some constructive social work and does not distract the social workers from the main road and the object of their work. So much for aspirin.

HOW about the cure? One should not try to cure without diagnosing the disease. A good instance of how we try to cure without diagnosis is that we send criminals to prison to cure them of their various crimes. How can prison cure crime? We have been breeding crime by choking and stunting the development of the bodies, mind and spirit of some sections of the community, and the cure we offer them is a change to equally unwholesome surroundings, but with better security, where they may be sent officially as bad specimens of human beings who should know better than to have grown up gnarled and twisted. This is only one example of the kind of cure that is sometimes administered by social workers and others who are in charge of the well being of the community. But more understanding is being brought into the treatment of criminals.

Where is the criminal to go when he is reformed? The danger is that he will return to his old surroundings and in them slip back to his old habits. Curative work is not enough. Preventative social work is the most important social work of all. While individuals are being cured, while individuals are being cheered with treats, the work of prevention must go on. Bad houses and the many evil influences must be rooted out and replaced by surroundings which are healthy and wholesome for bodies, minds and souls, and by enlightenment and good education.

Millions of dollars are spent on the upkeep of various kinds of institutions which are filled by patients who need treatment because so few dollars are spent in keeping them in good health. The aim of a good social worker should be to divert the stream of sympathy, energy and dollars which flows to cure people crushed by our social diseases, to help those people before they are crushed—by attacking the social diseases which crush them.

ISHBEL MACDONALD is worthy of a place in the catalogue of famous women not only through reflected glory, but also in her own right. A prominent welfare worker in London, her recent address to two nations, heard through the Columbia System in this country, has caused much comment. It is reproduced here.—EDITOR.

(*Continued from page 45*)

No distinct line can be drawn between curative, preventative and appeasing social services. They are connected and they overlap. But emphasis should be put on the preventative side of social service.

To return to our aspirin, some people laugh when you suggest trying to cure their addiction to headaches. "My dear," they say, "I have been bothered with headaches all my life. It wouldn't do me any good. It wouldn't be me if I hadn't any headaches. I find aspirin eases the pain."

What lack of faith these people have! But as communities, aren't we apt to suffer through lack of faith?

"It is human nature to be criminal. It is human nature to go in for warfare. It is inevitable that we have great wealth at one end of the social scale and crushed humanity at the other end. It is inevitable that we have unemployment. Poor beggars, let us do our best to give them a jolly Christmas." Isn't that how we speak?

But our most appalling lack of faith is in our treatment of the insane. Until very recently we have treated insanity as a sin, something that gives us the creeps and fills us with dread, something that brings shame with it.

I welcome the new light of faith and hope that is held up to us by those of the medical profession and social workers who are fighting against the lack of faith the community possesses. One can practice mental hygiene as well as physical and spiritual hygiene. Insanity, like other human and social diseases, can be prevented if we have the faith and will to do so.

It is the business of electors to vote wisely, for it is the vote of those citizen-electors which affects the welfare of the other citizens of the community. And it is the business of the elected body to legislate or administer for the good of the community.

To my mind, the most constructive social service can be rendered through legislative and administrative bodies. That is why I have chosen administrative work on the London County Council as my career. But when we know the direction of our road and have good surveyors, we can have more than one gang and more than one type of worker upon the route tackling the outstanding obstacles that have to be overcome.

INDEPENDENT societies exist and have existed for generations doing splendid work. They, too, are working for the good of humanity. A very large number of people in all stations of life feel that responsibility towards the community. What I have been unable to decide, after my two short stays in America, is whether you on your side of the Atlantic feel that responsibility more than we do on ours.

It is always difficult here to recruit a new social worker because every public-spirited man or woman seems to slip into some kind of social service of his own accord without being recruited. I have hardly ever found anyone looking for social work to take up. Every one worth while seems to be fully employed in some social work.

Another decision I am unable to m is whether you in America waste your t on useless social work more than we here or if you are more constructive your methods. I think you are m scientific but it does not follow that are more constructive. I have not m faith in statistics and figures.

We both have a mixture of trained untrained social workers. One branch social work after the other is being han through the trained professional so worker and the standard of training is ing and rising. But the voluntary work still find plenty to do. They are pioneers, and more pioneer work is b done by them and being proved by t to be worthy of official recogni Through history we see voluntary eff of individuals in social service, even the water supply and drainage of tow being recognized and taken over by p licly elected bodies or officials. Social s ice in this century alone has brought ab great improvements which we cannot o look.

Partly, I do not say wholly, through cial service has the health of the under and his standard of living been impro but enlightenment brings more and m hopes for satisfaction and more and m demands upon social service. There always be work for the voluntary pion and the entrance of the professional cial worker is in my opinion not killing fine spirit of social service.

Our problems are not the same, they can be tackled with the same sp of faith and determination.



Peggy Hull, from recent photograph in uniform she was authorized to wear as only woman war correspondent in the World War.

Only Woman War Correspondent

Peggy Hull

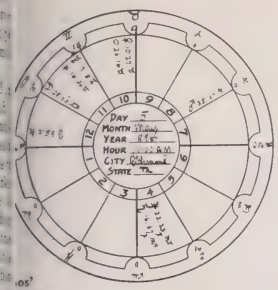
PEGGY HULL who has been presenting horoscopes of the Radio notal s in RADIO DIGEST during the past few months is no idle ethereal drear t just because for the time being she is interested in the movements of e heavenly bodies, as she sincerely believes they influence the destinies f mankind. She was the only accredited woman correspondent in the World W She has seen men die in battle. She has camped in frozen Siberia. She s literally waded in blood at Chinese massacres.

Recently she has been appearing with Mr. Charles R. Tighe, associate edi t of RADIO DIGEST, in broadcasts at WMCA, New York. Listeners have he some of her hair-raising adventures from her own lips. In spite of her mascu e courage she is decidedly feminine. Her voice is low and gentle, as Radio teners have learned.

When Peggy takes on a whim she goes into it thoroughly. That is the rea for her present interest in astrology. She says her own life has worked precisely according to her horoscope—and because her life has been so unus she believes it must have been something more than coincidence. She is no professional astrologer herself but she knows the rules and the ethics intimately. Her horoscopes prepared by a woman friend who is an astrologer of considerable note. Through the assistance this friend Miss Hull has arranged for genuine horoscopes of readers of RADIO DIGEST according to announcement that appears on page 86 of this issue.

It is interesting to remember that Peggy Hull is the only woman who was formally accredited the War Department as newspaper correspondent in the World War. Other correspondents paid the highest tributes. Her war stories were syndicated in more than 100 newspapers.

"*Horrorscope*" *by* Peggy Hull *Reveals*

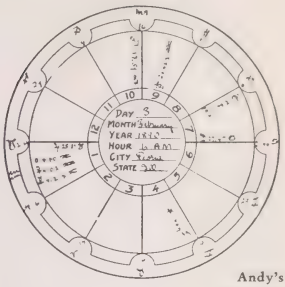


...os'
...roscope

WOMAN

Threatens Partnership of

AMOS *and* ANDY



Andy's
Horoscope

THERE was nothing in the stranger's aspect to inspire either implicit confidence or a warm welcome.

...n a long, thin body, clothed in a great, ...y cloak, hung hands and feet that ...ped like the wings of a bat. Out of a ...esquely elongated face, stared a pair ...enetrating eyes, and the corners of a ...e mouth drooped with dire portent.

"Who are you?" I asked, too startled ... frightened to be gracious.

"Shsh," the creature whispered, raising ...pectral forefinger to a nose as long as ...opatra's needle. "I'm Mercury!"

I recognized him then, this Messenger ...he Planets, and the planet of reason in ... own right. But what brought him to ... study at this unusual hour, his breath ...t, his gaunt frame drooping with fa...e, his garments heavy with the dust ... long journey?

He dropped into a chair, and fanned ... self with a palm-leaf hand. After a ...nent, his breath came more easily.

"I am not too late?" he contrived to ask.

"For what?"

"To warn them!"

...n spite of his air of mystery—the fur...ness of his entrance, his cryptic ...ch, the evident importance of this ...sion, which he had had to execute in ... haste—I was not greatly engaged ... my visitor from the realm of the ...s.

AMONG all the Great ...ncil of Nine—that planetary hierarchy ...h rules the affairs of men—I liked ... least. The fiery Mars, the inimical ...rn, the graceful, soft-spoken Moon—...e, and all the other rulers of the ...stial Domain, I had found it possible to admire, for their virtues principally, of course, but sometimes for their vices.

But Mercury lacked in his nature enough metal to hold the imprint of either virtue or viciousness: he reminded me of a moldy, old bag of meal, which one could punch into the temporary semblance of individuality, but which would improve the first opportunity to relapse into an indifferent shapelessness.

YET Mercury was not a fool, nor altogether a rogue. Shaken out of his natural lethargy, the sharp sword of his reason had drunk impartially of good and bad men's blood. And tonight, it would seem, he had gathered his cadaverous carcass together and unsheathed his blade in a noble cause.

I looked at him with a little less disfavor.

"When you've completely recovered your breath," I said, "perhaps you will explain who you wish to warn—and of what."

"I have it now—my breath, I mean." And to prove it he dragged himself out of the depths of his chair, with a great swaying and bending of his appendages, and a creaking of his bones. "You must forgive the infirmities of an old man," he went on in a querulous tone, "I've been running errands for that damned Council for centuries—I, whose clear intelligence has fertilized the genius of Uranus, whose sane counsel has held even that infamous, old dastard, Mars, in check; whose cold judgment has led many a child of Venus out of a brothel to sit on the left hand of a King."

"No doubt you have suffered greatly," I remarked. "But what did you come to see me about? What is your warning? Who must be told?"

His baggy garments disgorged a black bordered handkerchief, and he blew his nose. In some miraculous manner, the gesture seemed to steady him.

"You are writing an article for the RADIO DIGEST," he asserted.

I admitted that it was true.

"The article concerns the fate of Amos and Andy."

This I also acknowledged.

"Then—" he leaned far forward to heighten the dramatic effect—"you must warn them! At this very moment, they stand in fearful peril!"

His black, consuming eyes; the pallor of his cheeks; the unearthly way in which his figure was knit together under the voluminous folds of his cloak; the attitude in which he poised himself as if for flight from the edge of his chair, made me think of him suddenly as a great, gray evangel of Death.

I jumped to my feet, glanced at the clock, and ran to the Radio. It was after 7, and over the air came Andy's deep voice and Amos', higher pitched, in one of their endless discussions.

"They're all right!" I said, with the asperity of one whose concern has been unnecessarily aroused.

BUT I failed to disturb the venerable apparition in his rôle of a prophet of doom. He transfixed me with an outstretched arm.

"Tonight—yes; but what of tomorrow night, and the night after that?"

"What do you mean?" I cried.

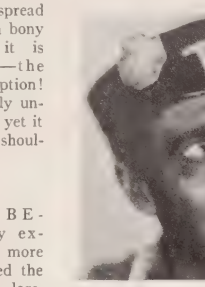
"Dissension, disruption, dissolution!"

I laughed. "Nonsense! They are the best of friends. I thought you intended to

tell me a racketeer planned to take them for a ride."

But no light of levity answered me in my caller's gloomy face. He arose, took the chair before my desk, glanced at the two horoscopes which I had left beside my typewriter.

"Sometimes there are things worse than death," he intoned. Upon the outspread sheets, he laid a bony finger. "See, it is written there—the danger of disruption! They are entirely unaware of it, and yet it stands at their shoulders."



Amos (Freeman F. Gosden) is always first up and first to get to work.

HE BECAME vastly excited and grew more so, as he studied the symbols of his lore. "You must warn them. Tell them a trap is open at their feet. Tell them they must not fall into it. They have climbed the high places together. They have won fame side by side, and through each other. If they separate, neither will ever be so successful nor so happy again. Tell them so! Tell them everything I have said! Tell them, for Heaven's sake, to beware!"

"But how is all this to come about?" I demanded. "Through whom? And in what way?" Then the suspicion that the scene was too theatric to be real—that I was being made the victim of a hoax—came to me with disconcerting suddenness, and I took refuge in derision.

YOU are as alarming as a gangster's pineapple, and as mysterious as hash. Do you think Amos and Andy are going to start pulling each other away from the mike just to make MacFadden jealous? Somebody will have to slip the poison in the soup. Make public the name of the villain!"

Mercury arose and wrapped himself in his mortician's dignity.

"I had hoped to avoid this issue," he said, in a tone that had the hollow echo of a sepulchre.

"Well, you won't," I assured him. "Come across!"

His enormous feet were flapping in the direction of the door; but he paused, and stood for a moment, as motionless, and as ridiculous as a scarecrow in the corn.

Then his mournful lips contorted themselves in laughter; his cavernous eyes danced with diabolic glee.

"Man's enemy is woman," said the old crapehanger. And disappeared.

I rushed to my charts in a fever of excitement, scanned the spot where my celestial caller's finger had lain. And there it was—the mysterious menace in step-ins.

I have no wish to invade the affairs of either Amos or Andy; and I could not, even if I would, venture to guess her age, her identity, or what part she may play in their joint career. But Amos and Andy, in their relations with each other, will do well to discourage the interference of all women; for their separation—and their downfall, if it comes—will be the handiwork of a daughter of Eve.

Although I can say no more of Amos' and Andy's peril, due to the possible machinations of a member of my sex, the stars give me authority to describe other interesting phases of their life, which they little suspect one in my remote position can know.

It is seven a.m. of any morning since Amos and Andy first met. Amos, (Freeman F. Gosden) is awake and wide-eyed. He is anxious to get to work.

"Come on Andy," he calls as he springs out of bed, "get up. We've lots to do on that sequence today."

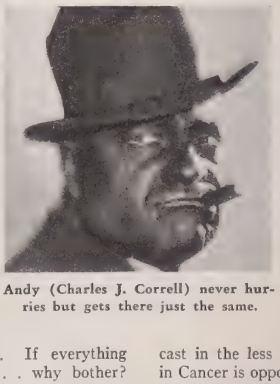
"Uh huh." Andy, (Charles J. Correll) grunts and turns over for another nap.

Amos goes about the business of getting dressed with the natural grace of the Taurian born. He sends an anxious glance toward the sleeping Andy and a little wrinkle appears between his eyes. He doesn't want to nag but he knows perfectly well, that if he doesn't keep after Andy, he'll never get up.

"Andy, it's almost eight o'clock." But Andy doesn't care whether it's ten o'clock. He groans and goes on sleeping. After several more attempts on Amos' part, Andy finally extricates himself from the bed clothing and starts getting up. But he doesn't hurry. Andy hates to hurry. And it seems so foolish when there's tomorrow. If everything can't be done today . . . why bother? There is always tomorrow.

Andy's middle name should have been Procrastination, and if Madame Queen ever gets him to the altar she should receive nothing less than the Congressional Medal.

It would appear to the casual and unpenetrating observer that the combination of Amos and Andy is a trifle lopsided, with Amos doing all the work. But before you jump to conclusions . . . re



Andy (Charles J. Correll) never hurries but gets there just the same.

Amos, who was born May 15th, l Sun in the industrious, practical, mined, earthy sign Taurus. He l abundance of vitality to start wit a strong will. When he starts out anything he won't give up until it complished. To further strengthe tendency in his character, he h lordly sign of Leo on the ascend splendid combination under which t a public career, and this rising sig helps to bring out Andy's Leo, wl the sign of the theater.

On the other hand, Andy was bor ruary 3rd with his Sun in the airy Aquarius. He has a highly develop agination and is a confirmed drea dreams. He has remarkable ideas, originality and a keen sense of humi without Amos it is doubtful that he ever get his flights of fancy do paper. It is Amos who brings h earth and makes his dreams come

THEY should never rel and never permit a third party t between them. For they are both born and once they separated, there never be a reconciliation. They bot exceptionally amiable dispositions any difficulty ever arises between t will be through the subtle efforts other.

Their horoscopes show their struggles. Each has had to make h way and rise to a position of em through his own efforts. There w silver or gold teaspoons in the Gos Correll families when these you came into the world, but they bo something far desirable . . . t eficent Jupiter ing for them. ited fortunes b happiness whe stars are set a person and Amos and And had many up downs, they h so had the parable satis which comes personal achiev

IN A chart we fi reason for his cast in the less popular rôle. His in Cancer is opposed to Jupiter and to Uranus. This aspect always re the native appearing unfavorably the public. A pretty young actr example, is cast as an old and o woman. A man, with all the instincts of a hero, must take the part. It is an aspect you can away from.

The Neptunian influence in their ha

(*Continued on page 98*)

True Story of Kippy and Robar's

Punctured ROMANCE

While She Coyly Twittered at KOA He Crooned to Her About Roses and Moonlight at KLZ

By Florence Partello Stuart



Florence Partello Stuart, Author who Fell Victim to the Charms of The Hero

HIS amusing incident is from the pen of he wife of Colonel G. W. Stuart, Chief of of the 103rd Division, U. S. Army. Mrs. rt, whose triple personalities embrace ty matron, writer and Radio entertainer, hes for its truth to RADIO DIGEST *readers.*

I STUMBLED into KOA, Denver's NBC Station, purely by accident and stumbled into the most alluring romance just-like-that. Now I have niably reached the Carpet-Slipper age, romance and adventure should be yed in retrospect, but who is ever enough to eschew Romance when it is handed to one with a bunch of roses?



Hero—Robar of Station KLZ, Denver—"Mrs. Rosenfield's Husband, Lawrence"

I acquired a "red hot" programme, *The Morning Revellers* and was told to carry on. Mrs. Berlin Boyd, creator and manager of this hour, was off for a much needed rest. Said Mrs. Boyd to me:

"Kippy, can you handle *The Morning Revellers* for me?" Like the young lady who was asked to play the piano I replied:

"I've never tried, but I'll do the best I can."

When I first faced the microphone I suddenly lost contact with my stomach. It had fallen through to the basement, and there was I, totally devoid of tummy, facing that invention of the Devil, the microphone. I prattled weakly about the values at the Oregon City Woolen Mills; I lisped inanely of the sparkle of Bluhill coffee. Frantically I made gestures, I raved around that Studio waving arms, stomping feet to emphasize my point, and, I was a total flop. Mrs. Boyd suddenly took on the proportions of a giant, she soared above my head like an eagle. Clarence Moore, my synthetic "Brother Bill" gave what comfort he could, but it was pale, weak comfort. Self consciousness had destroyed my poise and I sounded like a child of twelve.

Enter Hero. On KLZ, the Denver Columbia Station, the wit of Radio holds forth under the name of ROBAR. His is a rollicking program, free and easy. Robar is the most inconsequential person on the air. There is no rhyme or reason to his role, it is pure foolishness, a riot of fun. Anything that pops into his head comes forth and witticisms are bandied back and forth between Robar, Art and Verne. All the West knows the Robar hour, and there is ever a laugh coming when least expected.

I have always been a great Robar fan, admiring Robar for his spontaneous humor, and, as I was pretty sunk after my dismal failure of the morning, I turned on the Radio. If I was to become a broadcaster, I might as well take a few lessons. What was my amazement to hear this Robar person chatting with Verne about "Kippy", the new KOA Radio personality.

"That Kippy must be a swell kid, Verne."

"She sounded pretty scared this morning, Robar."

"Yes, but she is a beautiful girl, Verne."

"How do you know?"

"Why, can't you just feel her beauty, her youth? I bet Kippy is a tall slender blonde. . . . one of those delicious blondes . . . one of those world beaters . . ."

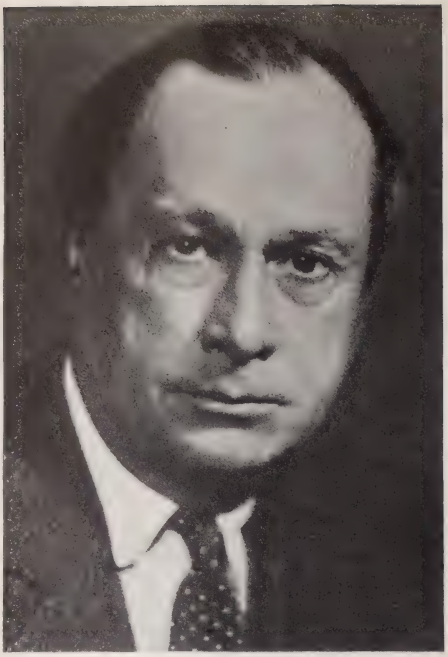
BINGO! Did I sit up and take notice! I flew to my typewriter and before I knew it my next morning's programme was accomplished, and the thing was alive! It breathed . . . it lured. Clarence Moore was amazed when I launched forth. Gone was the selfconsciousness . . . gone the inferiority complex. No longer was I a neophyte. I had ARRIVED. Fear had been banished by the excitement of adventure, for slyly, between each advertisement was a message to Robar, he of the Golden Voice. I had completely forgotten that I was on a job, for this was high adventure.

Since I wrote the program, I could easily put the words into Clarence Moore's mouth. Right then and there, I became

(*Continued on page 102*)

By
AUGUSTIN DUNCAN

Director of Radio Plays
Radio Home-Makers' Club



Augustin Duncan, whose sightless eyes still have the power to command. Brother of the late Isadora, he is as gifted in his field of drama, as she was in the dance.

Behind The Scenes of

The STAGE INVISIBLE

Blind Radio Drama Director Finds Handicap An Asset In Producing Unseen Plays

NOT only as an actor, but as a stage director, Augustin Duncan, brother of the famous Isadora, has played many parts and produced many plays—some of the most artistic the American Theatre has known. Recently, Duncan lost his sight. But there has been no diminishing of his professional ambition. Instead, with splendid courage and fine enthusiasm, Duncan has turned his talents to helping the Radio audience "see" plays performed for the microphone—without aid of television. As actor-director for The Radio Home-Makers' Club, Duncan is producing and playing in a remarkable series of Radio dramas broadcast regularly over Columbia's network. He prophesies a brilliant future for the Theatre-of-the-Air.

FAMILIAR as we have become with the marvels of Radio, I fancy that very few of us even begin to appreciate the graphic possibilities of the spoken word.

As a veteran actor-producer, who has devoted many pleasant years to the problems of the stage, I must confess that I was skeptical over the early efforts of the Theatre-of-the-Air. Then, when a curtain descended on my vision of the footlights, it seemed as though my affliction had given me new foresight in imagining the future scope of Radio dramatics.

Why shouldn't the drama succeed on the air? As I asked myself that question, I recalled that the earliest plays which history records, relied almost entirely on the actors' lines. Of course these plays had pantomime, and the actors appeared in person; but the scenic effects were *imaginative*, and a simple sign announced the fact that the background was supposed to be a castle or whatever locale the playwright had in mind. Later, the drama was translated from the open amphitheatre to the inside of the playhouse.

After years of experience in producing the most lavish and glamorous stage productions, I am not certain that the drama will not be better served when stripped of its settings and trappings. Then the success of a play will depend on the author's lines and the actors' skill, instead of gorgeous scenic effects which often divert attention from a mediocre cast and a trashy manuscript.

SO, IN the dusk of retrospection, I realized that in Radio, it is more true than ever that "the play's the thing". And it suddenly occurred to me that my own faded vision should be a splendid asset in applying my long experience to "staging" more realistic plays for the microphone. For, since television is not yet at our command, isn't it true that the millions who tune-in on Radio programs are *blind* in the sense that only their ears receive such entertainment? That being the case, it seemed to me that I was ideally fitted to visualize dramatic acts in the minds of this [illegible] audience, by creating vivi[illegible] tures in their memories.

In a very real sense, I [illegible] ize what I have not seen [illegible] producing a Radio-play, ea[illegible] sired effect must be made [illegible] to the listener's ear. S[illegible] lines and "property" sounds [illegible] carefully set the stage—gi[illegible] spirit and the environmen[illegible] manded by the drama. Di[illegible] must not only voice the [illegible] thoughts and speeches, bu[illegible] impart to the audience [illegible] *thing* that each character [illegible] —and the *manner* in whic[illegible] done. That is why Radio [illegible] is even more fascinating [illegible] playwright and the actor [illegible] the stage or screen. Its [illegible] difficulties add to its allur[illegible] subtleties are infinite, and [illegible] is no reason why the writ[illegible] plays for Radio cannot p[illegible] great dramas which will [illegible] their hearers as vividly, [illegible] forcefully, as those visibl[illegible] formances we see.

I KNOW it i[illegible] that until now, but few [illegible] writers and artists of the [illegible] mate stage have taken pa[illegible] study the requirements of [illegible] ically different method o[illegible] trionic expression. Ho[illegible] the work of those pioneer[illegible] are giving their hearts an[illegible] to it, is basically imp[illegible] They are laying the foundations o[illegible] gantic theatre whose influence w[illegible] greater than any ever dreamed of [illegible] foremost actors of previous gener[illegible] And the artists of that theatre *no*[illegible] to a larger audience than the fo[illegible] stars of yesterday appeared befor[illegible] lifetime. They do it in one evenin[illegible] carry the message of their play to p[illegible] forty million pairs of listening ear[illegible] is it any wonder that I find Radio [illegible] ing?

As has been the case with the e[illegible] Radio's greatest performers will pr[illegible] win their laurels in the broadcast [illegible] One day, no doubt, their *voices* w[illegible] more familiar to the listening publi[illegible]

(*Continued on page 105*)

RADIO MAYOR

right-from-the-
lder Tips on
ics As Seen By
Minded Executive





By
HARRY D.
MACKEY
Mayor of
Philadelphia

As Told To
CHARLES D. MACKEY
Radio Editor of the Philadelphia *Record*

WHAT'S that? Am I a Radio mayor? You bet I am. My record proves that.
ie next mayor of Phila- or of any large city be a Radio mayor. He'll of step if he isn't.
e has been no enterprise administration, now in its and final year, that I not taken right into the of the people over the

ave deemed this both a ge and a necessity, for asting has become an in- sable means of publicity lic life. Every important older should go on the air ntly in order to maintain ntact with the people.
olitical campaigns Radio candidates truthful and consistent. the days of broadcasting an aspir- public office could make varying promises in different communities. can't get away with it now, be- all of his constituents are listening contradictory statements will be d up and used against him.
io fascinated me in its early days still does, both as a listener and a caster, but I cannot say that my ppearance before the microphone great success. I'll never forget it. in 1922 I was invited to address a et to a newly appointed Philadel- fficial and was told that my speech be broadcast.
rilled at the thought and when I ome that evening I informed my another great Radio fan—that her to be educated had come at last. e needed to do, I told her, was to n easy chair up before the Radio isten in—to me. I did my best night because I imagined the great audience of millions, as well as ife, would be listening in. When I me I found that no one outside the banquet hall had heard a word I said. There had been an SOS.

Since then I have faced the microphone hundreds of times and the memory of my first "broadcast" often has been with me.

Shortly after my SOS experience I began an extended series of talks on current events and book reviews over WIP (Gimbel Brothers Store, Philadelphia). Later I was a weekly speaker on current topics over WCAU (Universal Broadcasting Company, Philadelphia).

In 1926 I made an extensive Radio tour on behalf of Philadelphia's Sesquicentennial celebration of American Independence. Traveling across Canada to Vancouver, down the Pacific Coast to San Diego and into the middle of the United States, I spoke from all of the important broadcasting centers, inviting the people of this vast area to attend the exposition.

I WAS a Radio speaker for Coolidge and for Hoover and one winter I took a trip through the South with the Philadelphia City Business Club, broadcasting the city's achievements and advantages.

As manager of William S. Vare's Senatorial campaign in 1926 I made Radio speeches from local stations in every part of Pennsylvania. I said then and I still believe that Radio was the greatest single factor in Vare's victory at the polls.

Last fall when Gifford Pinchot, now Republican governor of Pennsylvania, was opposed for election by John M. Hemphill, Demoncrat-Liberal standard bearer, the public mind was very much confused. Cross-currents were in evidence in every direction. The newspapers as well as individuals and groups were adding to the general confusion. I do not believe there has been a time in Pennsylvania politics when greater confusion existed as to issues.

Republicans were for Democrats and Democrats were for Republicans. Newspapers in Philadelphia, founded by Republicans and with Republican traditions of many years behind them, for some reason had torn loose from the old moorings. They presented the astonishing situation of supporting a Democrat for Governor of rock-ribbed Republican Pennsylvania.

Here was Radio's great opportunity. All this misrepresentation had been brought about by deliberate poisoning of the minds of the people. The press was

(*Continued on page 103*)



Latest photo (Model 1925) of original Nit Wit gang. Starting left; Chief Nit Wit ford Browne); Lizzie Twitch (Yolande Langworthy); Professor R. U. Musclebound Swan); Aphrodite Godiva (Georgia Backus); Eczema Succotash (Minnie Blauman); Bumpstead (Margaret Young); Algernon Ashcart (Chester Miller); Mocha de Polka Black). Deserters from the gang, gone but not forgotten, are Yolande and Chester member is Gabriel Horn (Ernest Naftzger).

Quips *from the* Nit Wits

ON THE 32nd of January a letter reached the editorial offices of RADIO DIGEST special delivery air mail with the stamps licked twice and marked "Postmaster please rush." "Dear Editor," it said, "I have been listening to the lovely little Nit Wits on the dear old Columbia chain and I think they are a scream, yes I really do. But my husband and I can't agree. He thought last week's program was the funniest yet and I think this week's was. You know, it made me giggle and shake all over, it really did. I put it up to you. Will you settle the difference of opinion and tell us which was the funniest Brad Browne—Nit Wit program? Hurry up, quick, in the enclosed special delivery air mail envelope."—Signed—Lizzie Plushbutton.

That was an important matter. So the editorial board solemnly convened to settle it. Pandemonium, chaos and confusion resulted. We finally decided to call on the Nit Wits at the studios in a body and ask Mr. Brad Browne, the Supreme Nit Wit of them all and the boss, to settle the controversy and bring harmony to Lizzie Plushbutton and her hubsand. He picked the one which begins with the gas-collector, and Mrs. Plupp. We print it here for Mrs. Plushbutton, her husband and other interested (or disinterested) readers.

BROWNE: Our college professors are continually breaking out into print to tell us that our conversation is becoming trite, banal, stale, and dozens of other syno — snymo — cinnomons. In other words, the conversation of the American people isn't so hot. Well, there's a way out of that condition. Let's make our conversation mean something. Here is the way the dear little Nit Wits would do it. The gas man calls on Mrs. Plupp and the following conversation ensues.

MUSCLEBOUND: Mrs. Plupp.

MRS. P.: Yes. Oh 'tis you. Don't tell me you're back again. No. No. Anything but that.

MUSCLEBOUND: But my dear M Plupp, you know that orders are d I come not to add to your misery, add to the income of the gas com

MRS. P.: The income of the ga pany! Humph. You know n good man, that the shadow of t haunts me in my dreams. In my hours, and in my in betweens. Y a skulking sinowy thing it swoops upon me in my happier moments, ing nothing but misery and disa ment in its wake.

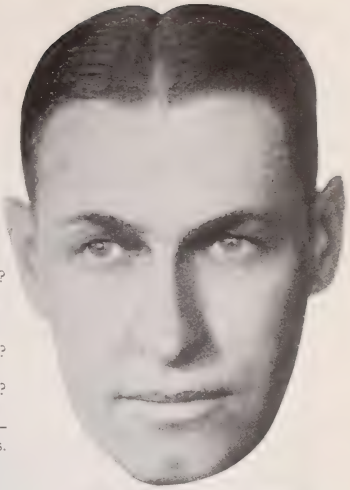
MUSCLEBOUND: Whose wake. mention the fact that we hoped yo and have a wake. No, no. This caused you to become slightly Mrs. Plupp. We never want any customers to kick off. Never. N

MRS. P.: Never.

MUSCLEBOUND: Well, hardly Come; Mrs. Plupp. All I ask, all is eighty-five cents to balance yo count with the gas company.

MRS. P.: Ah, you treat this

THIS is Serious—Laugh if You Dare! Nit Wits Present Great American Drama of The Ages—"And The Villain Still Pursued Her!"



Chief Nit Wit Brad Browne as he really looks.

…tly. Know you not that you are ask- … for something which I do not possess.

…Well, that goes on a while and whether … really means something or not is a …estion. But then the Nit Wits start a …erent type of conversation, chock-full … real meaning. In fact every word in … has fourteen lines of definition in the …tionary. This time it's Mocha de …lka and Gabriel Horn on deck.

MOCHA: Ah my dear Mr. Beehive, I'm simultaneous to see you.
GABE: And I'm so euphonious to see … too Mrs. Mop.
MOCHA: My, my, and how is your pan-…nonium?
GABE: Very stenographic, Mrs. Mop. …y stenographic.
MOCHA: Oh, I'm so simultaneous.
GABE: And how is your hypocritical …oleum?
MOCHA: Oh, impalpable. Oh, yes in-…d.
GABE: Well, your scrupulosity is O K, … t it?
MOCHA: Impalpable.
GABE: Good bye, Mrs. Mop.
MOCHA: Simultaneous, Mr. Beehive.

…Well, such a conversation really doesn't … an much, but it does get us out of the … into which our American conversation … fallen. Now for another type of con-…sation. There are in this country nu-…rous folks who are very busy and …ile they'd like to carry on a conversa-…n with some dear friend or sweetheart. …e will not permit of much talk. So …ad Browne recommends the monosyl-…ic type of conversation and appoints …ndy MacTavish and charming Patience …mpstead to do the honors.

SANDY: Hy—
PATIENCE: 'Lo.
SANDY: Queen...
PATIENCE: King...
SANDY: Lone?
PATIENCE: Sure.
SANDY: Rose?
PATIENCE: Thanks
SANDY: Age?
PATIENCE: Ten.
SANDY: And?
PATIENCE: Six.
SANDY: Oh!
PATIENCE: You?
SANDY: Young.
PATIENCE: Much?
SANDY: Quite.
PATIENCE: Thanks
SANDY: Walk?
PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Talk?
PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Dance?
PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Eat?
PATIENCE: Yes.
SANDY: Now?
PATIENCE: Thanks
SANDY: Walk?
PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Run?
PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Cab?
PATIENCE: Please.
SANDY: Right.
(*Beckons cab*)
CABBY: Where?
SANDY: Food.
CABBY: Oke.
SANDY: Name?
PATIENCE: May.
SANDY: Thanks.
PATIENCE: Yours?
SANDY: Mike.
PATIENCE: Thanks
SANDY: Cold?
PATIENCE: Some.
SANDY: Squeeze?
PATIENCE: Well...
SANDY: One?
PATIENCE: Yes.
SANDY: There.
PATIENCE: Ohhh.
SANDY: Kiss?
PATIENCE: Well...
SANDY: Wait—
PATIENCE: Why?
SANDY: Cause-boy.
CABBY: Yes?
SANDY: Slow.
CABBY: Right.
SANDY: Now?
PATIENCE: Now.
SANDY: Yes—
(*Smack*)
SANDY: There.
CABBY: Out.
SANDY: Fare?
CABBY: Buck.
SANDY: There.
CABBY: Thanks.
SANDY: Tip.
CABBY: Thanks.
WAITRESS: Yes?
PATIENCE: Oh.
WAITRESS: Soup?
PATIENCE: Yes.
WAITRESS: Fish?
PATIENCE: No.
WAITRESS: Meat?
PATIENCE: Yes.
WAITRESS: Which?
PATIENCE: Pork.
WAITRESS: And—
PATIENCE: Beans.
WAITRESS: Yes.
PATIENCE: Peas.
WAITRESS: Yes.
PATIENCE: Bread.
WAITRESS: Yes.
PATIENCE: Tea.
WAITRESS: Right.
You?
SANDY: Me?
WAITRESS: Yes.
SANDY: Nope.
WAITRESS: Why?
SANDY: Fast.
WAITRESS: Why?
SANDY: Fat.
WAITRESS: Oh.
PATIENCE: Grand.
SANDY: What.
PATIENCE: Chow.
SANDY: Eat.
PATIENCE: Right.
WAITRESS: Check.
SANDY: Oh—
PATIENCE: Sick?
SANDY: Yes.
PATIENCE: How?
SANDY: Pain.
PATIENCE: Where?
SANDY: Heart.
PATIENCE: Gee—
WAITRESS: Well?
SANDY: Ohhhh—
WAITRESS: Pay!
SANDY: Can't!
WAITRESS: Why?
SANDY: Broke.
WAITRESS: Broke.
SANDY: Sure.
WAITRESS: Cop.
SANDY: No—
WAITRESS: Yes!
PATIENCE: Ohhhh
WAITRESS: Cop—
COP: What?
WAITRESS: Him.
COP: Well?
WAITRESS: Pinch.
COP: Why?
WAITRESS: Broke.
COP: So?
SANDY: Yup.
COP: Come!
SANDY: Where?
COP: Jail.
SANDY: When?
COP: Now!
SANDY: Gosh.
PATIENCE: Mi-ike.
SANDY: Ma-ay.



Chester Miller, Formerly Algernon Ashcart, who deserted the Nit Wits for Chicago.

This could go on indefinitely but what's the use. That would really be a great way to carry on conversations—all in monosyllables—think how easy it would be on the tonsils.

And now comes the grrrand climax, with the great Nitwit parody of Hank Simmons' Showboat. This is a classic which will be preserved in the dead letter files of the nation. It is really authentic, for it's all in the family—Harry Browne, Showboat director, is Brad's brother.

BROWNE: And now ladies and gentlemen, the dear little Nit Wits too have been listening in on the Radio and they are going to give you their version of Rank Persimmons' Slowboat—the Sleighbell. Here we go. Rank Persimmons Slowboat the Sleighbell lies hooked up to the Levy—

NIT WITS: (*Softly*) That's levee.

BROWNE: Oh yes. Lies hooked up to the Washington Monument tonight. She

is gaily decked out in green, blue, pink, red, yellow, orange, violet and flesh colored bunting. The stage hands are making their last minute preparations for the performance while outside Rank Persimmons' concert band is giving the unusual evening concert before the big show starts.

Music and Conversation.

BROWNE: This way, folks to the Rank Persimmons' Comedy Company presenting for the first time on a row boat at unpopular prices that great American drama—*The Villain Still Pursued Her.* This way folks. This way. Unpopular prices of ten dollars, twenty dollars, and thirty dollars.

MUSCLEBOUND: Are you Rank Persimmons?

BROWNE: That's me, gosh durn it. Who be you?

MUSCLEBOUND: I'm the sheriff and you're wanted.

BROWNE: What fer?

MUSCLEBOUND: Fer parking your Slowboat the Sleighbell without no tail light.

BROWNE: No tail light? Why Sheriff, you was lookin' at the wrong end.

MUSCLEBOUND: So I was. My mistake. So long.

BROWNE: Be ye goin' to stay fer the show? Won't cost you nothin'.

MUSCLEBOUND: I'll stay, but I'll pay.

BROWNE: You don't need to.

MUSCLEBOUND: Nobody can say that Sheriff Glucose didn't pay fer his seat.

BROWNE: Suit yerself. Right inside everybody. Right inside.

Music—Orchestra tuning up.

BROWNE: Everybody scrappy?

VOICE: Sure, why not? Ha, ha, ha.

BROWNE: Well, it's just great to see so many of you all tonight, gosh durn it, and I want you all to make the slowboat your home while we're in your city. Tonight, folks, we're goin' to give you, whether you like it or not, that great drama called—it's called—what's the name of that show Musclebound?

MUSCLEBOUND: The *Villain Still Pursued Her.*

BROWNE: Yeah, the Villain still pursued her. Now we ain't got time to tell you who's who in the cast of characters but if you keep your peepers open you'll spot us as we come on the stage. Well, I got to get back stage now and comb the sawdust out of my whiskers so I'll leave you and ring up the curtain on the first act. Oh yes, the first act is laid in the iron foundry of a man named Sterling. This is the mill where they put iron in raisins. Well, you'll see two villains, Blake and Flint hanging around as the curtain goes up. All right, clear the stage.

Blake discovered with his hand in Flint's pocket.)

FLINT: (*Musclebound*) Ha ha ha. See all the pig iron. I wish I had it.

BLAKE: (*Browne*) Don't be a hog Flint. I'll squeal on you if you're not careful.

FLINT: Ha ha ha. Always gagging. So Sterling fired you.

BLAKE: Yes, he fired me. I found out his secret process for taking the squeak out of his pig iron and he fired me. But I had time to engrave a plate for making counterfeit money and here it is.

FLINT: Ha ha ha. You're a good villain Blake, and I like you. Now all we got to do is get the men to strike and then I'll make you the third asisstant pig-pen keeper.

BLAKE: What's that?

FLINT: I mean pig-iron superintendent.



Before and after—just little Georgia Backus with and without her Aphrodite Godiva Make-up.

Now I want you to plant this counterfeit plate in Sterling's mill.

BLAKE: That's easy. I'll plant the plate in the place. But hark—somebody is approaching.

IRISHMAN: (*Musclebound, who takes two parts*): Where does Mr. Sterling live?

BLAKE: Ah, an Italian! Three blocks to the right, three blocks to the left, then three blocks to the right.

BLAKE AND FLINT: AND THEN THREE BLOCKS TO THE LEFT.

IRISHMAN: Thanks.

FLINT: Maybe this Italian here would plant the plate in Sterling's place.

BLAKE: Good. My good man would you plant the plate in Sterling's place?

IRISHMAN: Plant the plate in Sterling's place. Do you mean place the plate in Sterling's plant?

BLAKE: Wait 'till I consult my comrade here. Flint, shall he place the plate in Sterling's plant or plant the plate in Sterling's place?

FLINT: Yes by all means.

BLAKE: Yes by all means.

IRISHMAN: That's what I thought. (*Aside*) Ah, they're gone! I'm really Reggie Riggs disguised with a long b... but in love with Louise, Sterling's o... daughter. And he hates me.

(*Someone approaches.*)

REGGIE RIGGS: My, my, you're v... ing loud, fair Louise.

LOUISE (*Patience*): Who's this ... with long whiskers? Hey come out ... behind the bushes and tell me who ... are. He won't answer me. Say, ... whiskers are trailing in the dirt. C... loan you a hair net?

(*Fire engine sounds.*)

BROWNE: Hey, wait a minute, ... fire engine doesn't come until the se... act. Get out. Please. Go on with ... show.

REGGY: Say listen, Louise, don't ... anybody. But I'm Reggie and I'm in ... with you and I've got false whiskers ... but don't tell anybody.

LOUISE: I won't. G... bye Reggie.

REGGY: Good-... Louise. Here comes t... two villains again. H... villains.

BLAKE: Hush, d... give us away just ... Wait till the last ... Now I know that old ... Sterling doesn't like ... If you'd like revenge ... leave this package in ... mill.

REGGY: Oh, this is ... plate you want me ... plant in the place.

BLAKE: That's ri... Here's the key to the d... and everything.

REGGY: Gosh you ... lains sure know eve... thing don't you.

BLAKE: This will ... Sterling. Curse him. Ha, ha, ha.

FLINT: Go long now, my boy, and ... the planting of the plate, etc. Lis... Blake. Now get the men to strike.

BLAKE: Strike what?

FLINT: Anything, just so long as t... strike. They'll find the counterfeit pl... in Sterling's place and the detective ... arrest him and we'll get the mill and ... fire to it and . . . and . . .

BLAKE: Yeah, ain't we got fun. ... look out, here's Sue Sterling the young ... daughter of the old man. Let's go ... the mill office.

SUE: (*Aphrodite*) Hy, Flint with ... flat feet. Where ye goin'?

FLINT: Into the office.

SUE: No ye ain't. Only over me de... body.

(*Applause*)

SUE: Thanks, whoever done dat. ... you see this hammer? Well, I'm ach... to test it out on your dome. Oh, her... me boy friend Steve. Hy Steve!

STEVE: (*Sandy*) Hoot mon, me o... Susie.

SUSIE: What's you got Steve?

STEVE: A stave.

(*Continued on page 104*)

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Over in England they have two-hour oadcasts without benefit of station nouncements or any of the other lit- distractions we have here, like ather reports and election returns.

Not so long ago they presented a rlesque on our method of broad-sting and one old lady died of the ock. In the middle of an opera, an-uncer burst in with, "Rioters are llecting in front of the Savoy Hotel." ie old lady's heart began to palpitate. When fifteen minutes later he again .errupted with "They are burning e Savoy Hotel," the poor woman llapsed. American broadcasting was o much for her!

But just suppose our government con-lled the broadcasting stations as the iglish government does! New York uld play Jimmy Walker's song Will u Love Me In December As You Do May all day long, Grauman's Chinese ieatre in Hollywood would be the oadcast centre for the West Coast. eviews would predominate, with stars iking shy (?) speeches into mike.

Boston would dole out recipes for ked beans and codfish cakes . . . nicago would provide the humor with ayor Big Bill Thompson as chief per-mer. Me for the Amurican way.

TROY THIS ON YOUR PIANO!

aitress: Hawaii, gentlemen! You must be Hungary.

ıstomer: Yes, Siam. And we can't Rumania long, either. Venice lunch ready?

aitress: I'll Russia to a table. Will you Havana?

ıstomer: Nome. You can wait on us.

aitress: Good! Japan the menu yet?

ıstomer: Anything at all. But can't Jamaica a little speed?

aitress: I don't know, but Alaska.

ıstomer: Never mind asking! Just put a Cuba sugar in our Java.

aitress: Sweden it yourself! I'm only here to Servia.

ıstomer: Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Ken-ya. I don't Bolivia know who I am.

aitress: No! and I don't Caribbean. Youse guys sure Armenia. Samoa your wisecracks, is it? Don't Geno-a customer is always right? What's got India? Do you think this arguing Alps business?

Customer: Canada racket! Spain in the neck.—*Francis Loomey, 66½ Atwater Street, New Haven, Conn.*

JUST A RIB OFF THE OLD ADAM

Radio Scandals, WHN:

Nick Kenny: Do you think Eve is important because she was the first woman?

Arthur Paul: No, she was merely a side issue.—*Jacob S. Polofsky, 426 Broadway, New York, N. Y.*

Recited by Charley Hamp:
Mary had a little dog,
She called him by the name of Tony
One day he went to cross the street
Honk! Honk! Boloney!

—*Charles L. Burwell, Magnolia, Ohio.*

DOCTOR, DOCTOR, GIVE 'EM THE ETHER

Owner of Radio Station: Well, what did the Radio Commission do about our application for a new license?

His manager (joyfully): Oh, they gave us the air—*Adrian Anderson, 1903 14th Ave., N., Birmingham, Ala.*

HE HAD SPRINGFIELD FEVER

Here's a whisper Indi heard.

It seems Michael Bataeff, of the Russian Cathedral Quartet was taking part in *Microphobia*, NBC's vaudeville burlesque of studio life.

The production went on tour, winding up at Springfield, Mass., but Bataeff sent a substitute for the Friday night performance, as he was busy in New York. Substitute left Springfield Friday, Bataeff was to appear for the Saturday night performance. By curtain time he wasn't there. Frantic phone calls to New York brought the response that Bataeff had left for Springfield. But he didn't arrive, and the Russian Quartet had to sing as the "Russian Trio".

Back in New York next day the director, Nicholas Vasilieff received a telegram asking, "Where in blazes is your show?" The wire was from Springfield, Ohio.

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

THE FARMYARD RADIO

Old Farmer Mike, adown the pike,
Gets all the help he needs
To plant his hops and reap his crops
And decimate his weeds.
He has a Radio in his barn,
To fill his cows with pep;
He has loudspeakers on each plow
To keep the teams in step.

They fox-trot up and down the fields—
They bolted one day, though,
When that loudspeaker started with:
"A-hunting we will go!"
He put one in the henhouse, too.
The rooster near went crazy;
But since that day, you cannot say
One biddy has been lazy.

His steers come home from where they roam,
To hear the news each day.
And horses, cattle, pigs and hens
To bed all gladly go
When they hear the bedtime story
On the farmyard Radio.

—*Alfred I. Tooke, 200 Dewey Avenue, Honolulu, Hawaii.*



WOODEN IT GET YOUR GOAT?

Radio star to announcer:

"Say, I saw the awfullest thing happen the other day! Mr. Stone and Mr. Wood were standing on the corner, talking, when a cute-looking girl passed by, and what do you think happened?

"Stone turned to Wood, Wood turned to Stone, they both turned to rubber, and the girl turned into a drug store!"—*Mrs. O. M. Sergeant, R. R. 5, Rosedale, Kans.*

HERE'S A GOOD GAG

"Some burglars got into my store yesterday, tied me to a chair, and then gagged me."

"Then what did you do?"

"Why I sat around all night and chewed the rag!"—*Mollie Zacharias, 3106 Park Ave., Kansas City, Mo.*

The next one is reminiscent of the oft-reported mike slip, "The next one will be the song Never Swat A Fly On A Phonograph Record"—it might crack!

Dutch Masters:

"Do you think the Radio will ever replace the newspaper as an advertising medium?"

"No! You can't swat a fly with a Radio—*Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindewold, N. J.*

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

One on Believe-it-or-not (Robert L.) Ripley. A Brooklyn fan wrote asking permission to see him broadcast, and ended the letter this way, "My wife and myself have always been interested in unusual things. We haven't missed a circus in the last thirty years. We have a peculiar fascination for curiosities, freaks, etc., and how we should like to see you, Mr. Ripley!"

SINCE SYLVIA SANG!

O'er Radio station "C-O-D",
There came a vespering voice to me,
Hymning of love, in tones of bliss;
Emphasizing a lover's kiss;
Describing a sylvan trysting-place;
Accentuating love's fond embrace . . .
Lonely and "blue", I brooded there,
As Sylvia's singing cleft the air.

Then in a throbbing, tragic tone,
She sang a song of a lover flown;
How she'd won—but to cruelly lose;
Left alone with the low-down blues;
Heart bereft—ah, the ache; the pain!—
Sylvia sobbed the sad refrain
Over the ether-waves to me—
Radio station "C-O-D".

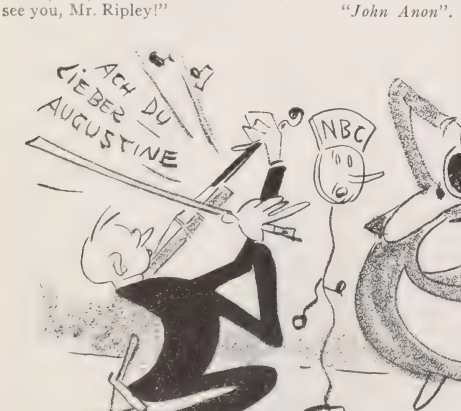
Sadly her notes ceased to intone
Over the magic microphone;
"If you're troubled", she cooed, "with ills;
Bilious and blue—take Piker's Pills" . . .
Swift I sped to the drug-store close,
Bought a bottle, and downed a dose.
The low-down blues have deserted me—
Since Sylvia sang o'er "C-O-D."
—*James Edward Hungerford 631 So. Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles, California.*

CUTTING REMARKS

Something For Everyone (CBS): A girl met an old flame and decided to high-hat him.

"Sorry," she murmured, when the hostess introduced him to her, "I DIDN'T GET YOUR NAME."

"I know you didn't," he replied, but that isn't your fault. YOU TRIED HARD ENOUGH!"—*Reported by "John Anon".*



HOW ABOUT THE SOCKS?

Charlie Hamp:—"Shoes are usu... thrown at bridal parties, but they h... to furnish their own spats."—*Fra... Cherry, 605 Logan St., Wayne, Neb.*

BATTLIN' JACK THE KNAVE

Weiner Minstrels, WENR:—

Gene: Buddy, is your wife lister... in to-night?

Buddy: Naw, she's out with a bu... of prizefighters.

Gene: Prizefighters?

Buddy: Yea, she went to a bri... party.—*Sue Dickerson, 329 Clifton A... Lexington, Ky.*



She: There's quite a difference betw... a janitor and a superintendent, is... there?

He: Yes—about $75 room rent!—*Fr... the Mirthquakers, NBC—reported ... illustrated by Frank J. Slama, Box 8... Havre, Mont.*

A FITTING TRIBUTE

WMMN, Morgantown Announ... "Mrs. Brown wants to hear the so... *I Can Get Along Without Work, ... I Do.* She requests that this numbe... dedicated to her husband.—*Lena Jo... 1325 Arkansas Ave., Dormont, Pa.*

MONKEY BUSINESS

Weiner Minstrel Show, WENR:—

Bill: Have you still got that ... monkey?

Gene: No, he got electrocuted l... night.

Bill: No! How?

Gene: He sat on some fruit cake ... the current went up his tail.—*J... Zaic, 2403 St. Louis, Hibbing, Min...*

ACH, DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE

Lou Raderman, violinist, nea... ruined Frank Crumit recently dur... an NBC Fleischman Hour broadc... Raderman was to play the *Torea... Song* from *Carmen* as a background ... *The Gay Caballero.*

Readerman was sitting down with ... music before him when the engin... informed him, through a page boy, t... for reasons of volume he would h... to stand.

He stood—but didn't have time ... raise his music rack too.

He played the only thing he co... think of—*Ach Du Lieber Augusti...* That Crumit could go through w... *The Gay Caballero* after that withou... laugh, was certainly a miracle!

GOSSIP SHOP

Here's one Martha Atwood, NBC soprano, tells on herself. I was just eleven years old when she made her first public appearance in her home town of Wellfleet.

Wellfleet," says Martha, "is a small town on Cape Cod, and town strawberry festival in June was one big event. I was the program for a song called "*Who'll Buy My Strawberries?*" and carried a box of strawberries orated with fancy crepe paper and ribbons.

When the time came for me to sing I suddenly ame panic-stricken. It seemed so silly. Me, a (?) girl, holding a box of strawberries and prepar- to sing a song about them! I became so self- scious that I decided not to sing at all and ted to run away. But mother had different ideas.

She caught me by the arm and gave me a severe nking while everybody looked on. I was then sted up on the platform and made to sing. But I r the effort wasn't so good, for I sobbed "*Who'll y My Strawberries?*" instead of singing it. I didn't ke a very convincing salesman!"

That cured Martha of all kinds of audience-fright, luding mikitis. Even at her very first try at the e she thought of "Mamma spank" and suc- ded.



VASS IS DAS?

Here is a bona fide letter, received RADIO DIGEST:—

O WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

Am a steady listener on the Lit- rary Digest every evening at 6.45 .M. Heard your announcer say hat anyone writing in to the Liter- ry Digest would receive a RADIO NNOUNCER.

Trusting to hear from you, and hanking you very kindly, I am,— *Mrs. F., New York.*"

Oh lady, lady, you must have us ked up with a matrimonial agency. yway, take our word for it—Radio nouncers don't make good husbands.



"Listen, Brother Brokenshire, I've a unterfeit quarter and I can't get rid it."

Brokenshire: "Don't you ever go to urch?"—*From the Mirthquakers, NBC—reported and illustrated (sight unseen) Frank J. Slama, Havre, Mont.*

2 x 4 = ATE

The Interwoven Pair:—

nie: Do you know they call the new baby in our house 2 by 4?

ll: Why?

nie: Well, she feeds him at 2 and by 4 he's hungry—*Frances Cherry, 605 Logan St., Wayne, Neb.*

RAISING THE ANTE

From KNX, Hollywood:

She: "I'll bet I'll marry you."

He: "I'll bet you five dollars you don't!"

She: "I'll raise you ten!"

(*They were married and she raised him ten!*)—*J. Kline, Box 495, Shelby, Mont.*

O. K., KERNEL!

Something For Everyone (CBS):

"I know where you can get a good chicken dinner for only fifteen cents."

"Where?"

"At the feed store."—*R. McCarthy, 12 Pinehurst Ave., New York.*

* * *

To be very frank, I certainly think that

'Twas mean of Bugs Baer
To squeal o'er the air:

"She Sleeps in the Valley—by request!"—*I. Waitt, 19 Pleasant St., Reading, Mass.*

MARITAL OR MARTIAL STRIFE?

WENR Minstrels:

Gene: What city has done more than any other to keep peace in the world?

Al: Reno, Nev.—*Rose Bailey, 129 Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.*

SING, FAR, FAR AWAY

KHJ Merrymakers:

Mac: "Don't you like my singing? Why, I have a fine voice."

Kenny: "Yeah, you oughta have a fine voice. Every time you sing you strain it."

And on the same subject, from KPD:

Sally: "Oh dear, every time I open my mouth, I put my foot in it."

Cecil: "Wear bigger shoes, and try whistling."—*Dorothy Graham, Box 226, Morgan Hill, Cal.*

SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

A HOWLING SUCCESS—

Said Captain Dobbs of the Shell Ship of Joy on KGW: And now we hear Mark howl. The singer's name was Mark Howell!—*Gladys Eberly Bicol, 146 Molalla Ave., Oregon City, Ore.*

WAS HER NOSE RUNNING?—

WTAR announcer; in a news broadcast, "Clara Bow at the trial alternately wept, laughed, wrung her nose and powdered her hands."—*W. C. Powell, Box 11, Lynnhaven, Va.*

THIS KID HAS SOME CHEEK—

Announcer, on Missing Persons broadcast, "The missing lad is fifteen years old, has a small spot on his cheek weighing about 120 pounds—"—*Lyman E. Denver, Milford, Kan.*

CLOTHES CALL FOR THE ADVERTISER—

Local firm at KFH was advertising a fur coat sale. Announcer concluded with suggestion that a fur coat would make an ideal present for wife. Then the quartette immediately sang, "*My Baby Don't Care For Clothes!*"—*Constance Randall, 225 No. Estelle Ave., Wichita, Kan.*

HERE'S A HOT ONE—(Not a mike slip, but a printed error in NBC daily program) Program sponsor is Hell Hugger, Inc. (Heel Hugger Harmonies).

ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE;

Radio program in Pittsburgh Paper, "Station WCAE—8 P.M.—Dudy Vallee's Orchestra." Some Dudé! But even that is better than being Rudé! —*Arthur Gramire, 917 East End Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.*



John P. Medbury, columnist and newest Radio wittyboy, uses his typewriter as a weapon against sadness.

With MEDBURY
It's Just An

Old Panish Custom

"Master Without Ceremonies" Roas
'Em Alive, Puns, makes Gags, bu
Says "Its All In Fun"

By Robert Taplinger

"GRANDMA laughed when I was born, and so did the company in the parlor. They snickered when I addressed them in Scandinavian. As I had never played an instrument before in my life the nurses were amazed when I picked up the stethoscope. I rendered *My Heart Stood Still*, and because the beat was inaudible it was enjoyed by all—that is, until I showed a spark of life. My conflagrant personality caused my guests to burn up."

The speaker is John J. Medbury, who recently affixed his X to a contract that calls for his officiating as "Master Without Ceremonies" for the California Melodies. This program is broadcast over the nation-wide Columbia network from Station KHJ, Los Angeles, every Friday night.

This nifty play-by-play description of his advent into the world at Utica, New York, in 1894 is typical of Medbury, who refuses to take life seriously. He is the only chiropractor in the country who works exclusively on funny bones. He cures all his patients' ills without their suffering chills upon receipt of his bills.

Medbury's early training all began in California or, as he terms it, "Out Where the Jest Begrins". This phase of his career preceded that much-heeded cry, "California, Here I Come", by approximately eight summers. In addition to writing for syndicates and magazines, he has written acts for such vaudeville headliners as Willie and Eugene Howard, Savoy and Brennan (now Brennan and Rogers), Yorke and King, Phil Baker and countless others. He has contributed the comedy dialogue, black-outs and skits for many Broadway revues, including the Greenwich Village Follies and George White's Scandals.

HE FABRICATED the comedy dialogue for a number of pictures, the most recent of which are *Reducing*, starring the team of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, and *Parlor, Bedroom and Bath*, with Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood.

John P. Medbury writes and Radi- everything from the midget who ha face lifted to read Dr. Eliot's Five- Book Shelf, to the absent-minded who forgot to shoot her husband. he is addicted to puns. He admits are the lowest form of humor, but n theless "a form of humor". He'll i duce the California Melodies progra a most irrelevant manner. Like sample:—

"Good evening, ladies and gentler says Medbury, "I just blew in from cago. There will be a slight pause while they purify the air.

"It's quite breezy tonight, and wearing these ear-muffs to keep the from whistling through the wide spaces.

"I hope you'll excuse me if I sou little upset this evening, but my wife I had a quarrel—and just as I was ing the house, she hit me over the with a 'Bless Our Happy Home' sign.

"You'll notice that my leg is all ch up, but don't pay any attention to was giving a farewell dinner to the at my door.

"And now, folks, for some music— Bradford is going to sing, *To Ma Long Story Short*.

"Bob is one of the most influe men in California—He was a dollar a man during the war—and is now the government for fifty cents over-

"While singing this song he wil

panied by Ray Paige's Orchestra
hirty-six pieces—it's really forty
. but we always knock off ten per
for our friends."
r years, John P. tells us, he has been
contract to several seats of learning
write man. He edits the wisecracks
ollege boys' Fords (Henry should
ciate plug), and supplies most of the
r for their slickers which sometimes
rs all wet. He's the fellow who
laughing gas in his automobile. He
s this puts the speed cops in a
ar mood.
dbury's only enemy is sadness. This
ttles day in and night out, using his
writer for a weapon. The best 'type'
fense to use, he says. He writes by
quart and gets fifty smiles to the
n. Through his Herculean efforts a
many people have come to realize
ealth value of a laugh. He tells his
ers that a frown is but a grin that
raveled in the wrong direction, and
that "we have our professional
chers, but even a pessimist likes to
n on his day off."
keeps the studio noise machines
ing overtime producing noises like,
"the barking of seals". And then
ys:
'll have to apologize again, folks, for
hese unnecessary noices, but there's
nimal trainer up here tonight—He's
ing some Christmas seals for the Red
s.
Vell. well, here comes Vici Kid—the
fighter—He seems very proud of that
eye—I don't blame him—it's all
work.
hey tell me there's one fighter who
ys carries a piece of cheese in his
ng glove, so that his opponent can
cauliflower ears, au-gratin.
was talking to Vici Kid's wife this
noon—Do you know that she never
to her husband's fights?—She says
eaks her heart to see somebody else
ing him up.
wish you could see Vici up here
ght—He's turning that 'shiner' of
nto a social event—he's going around
verybody in the studio—inviting them
e opening of his eye."
Four or five notes from piccolo
er.)
That noise you hear, ladies and gentle-
, is coming from one of the musicians
e orchestra.
About three weeks ago, the piccolo
er borrowed fifty dollars from me
hasn't been able to return it—so to-
t I made a deal with him—and he's
ng me off in piccolo notes."
Four or five more notes from piccolo
er.)
BANG! BANG! BANG!)
I just cancelled his notes."
hatter-proof glass has been installed
he KHJ studio from which California
odies emanates, they say. There used
e one or two casualties each night
n the sharp-edged missiles of wit Med-
y lets loose every so often. But the members of the ensemble have grown tough, rhino hides from bouncing off shafts like this:

"That was a song from the Three Cheers. folks—One of the finest trios in the country—the boys were on the verge of splitting up this week and turning it into a duet—they figured they could cut down their overhead by eliminating the middle-man."

(*Meow!—Meow!—Meow!*)

"I'm awfully sorry—That duck of mine follows me everywhere.

"It's not really a duck—it's a homing pigeon—but we move so often it doesn't know where it lives."

(*Meow!—Meow!—Meow!*)

"I'm wrong folks—that's not a pigeon —it's a cat—it's my mistake—I'm color blind.

"My eyes are getting very bad lately— I guess I'll have to see an optimist.

"The reason I brought the cat up here tonight is that I wanted to use the PAWS for station announcements." He pauses.

His existence is a maze of wisecracks, gags, and laughs. He heaps tribute after tribute at the altar of Mirth. And he finds no difficulty in luring Hollywood's famous screen folk to the microphone as guest artists with California Melodies. They enjoy participating in the same program with him, and attempts to suppress their laughter in the studio usually proves futile. Here's what happened when he introduced June Collyer, the Paramount Picture star. Said John P.:

"June's mother and father are listening tonight back East and I'd have her broadcast them a kiss, but after her fans in the Middle West got through tuning in on it, there wouldn't be much left by the time it reached New York.

"Would you step up to the microphone, Miss Collyer?—You don't mind my calling you Miss Collyer. do you, June?"

Whereupon this dialogue ensued:

(*Continued on page 107*)



"Isn't it the custom," asks Miss June Collyer, Paramount star, of J. P. Medbury, "for the critic to interview the star?"

Broadcasting from

Mr. Orton Takes a Dig

NOW we know what is the matter with broadcasting in this country. We are lowbrow. We are thirteen-year olds. Our Radio heritage has been sold for a mess of pottage. The only thing left for us to do is turn the whole works over to the politicians in Washington and let them start us off again on the right foot. We should operate as the British do on the Tight Little Isle.

At least so we are informed by Mr. William Orton in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Orton knows whereof he speaks because he comes from England where he gets the kind of programs he likes. He has just about given us all up as impossible. In fact he almost gets mad in the course of his denunciation as it appears in our venerable and respected contemporary.

Anyway Mr. Orton, being scholarly minded, chanced across a careless phrase published under the sanction of the Federal Bureau of Education. The phrase appeared on an instruction page and said: "Write out your exact wording. Begin with one or more striking statements. Present your specialty on the level of thirteen-year-olds. Do not overrate the intelligence of your listeners." This was enough for Mr. Orton. He couldn't get a piece of writing paper quickly enough. He chose the subject, *The Level of Thirteen-Year-Olds*. And the next thing that happened, bingo, it was in the *Atlantic Monthly*, America's old aristocrat of the periodicals!

And now we are getting the hard bitter facts. Enlarging on his subject Mr. Orton says: "The conception of the public that necessarily arises from the commercialization of broadcasting is that of the mass; and this conception, so long as it is dominant, is utterly fatal to cultural advance."

In plain words Mr. Orton insists that the majority always is wrong. Broadcasting, therefore, should be considered primarily for the lesser number rather than the greater number of listeners. There can be no mistake about that view because he says a little further on "the redemption of the mass cannot come except from the minorities." That may be an axiom from Mr. Orton's point of view but it could scarcely be reconciled with the rock bottom principles of this republican form of government where the majority rules. And this condition applies not only to government but to all our social organizations from political parties to bridge clubs.

But the principles involved are not all that distract Mr. Orton. The faster he writes the hotter he gets and we come across this sentiment: "It is not that programmes are bad . . . The trouble arises on grounds much more fundamental than that; it springs directly from the commercialization of broadcasting itself, and the consequences which flow there

"The wholesale exploitation of sound in the various p sions of money getting is a far worse thing than the desec of the countryside by billboards. It is at once more int and degrading. The unctuous bleating of the high prie salesmanship would be ethically less intolerable were it own wares they were crying. The fact that their voices their machinery, are for hire renders it a form of prosti essentially akin to its older prototype."

And so far, far into the night mumbles Mr. Orton, stopping to think that perhaps after all it may be no mo a sin to sell the product of one's larynx than the steam exploding brain cell in a column of type for a magazine o able at the corner news stand for forty cents.

The whole upshot of Mr. Orton's blast seems to be de from the fact that a group of educators rather tactlessly dled into a situation at Washington where, instead of a rece committee waiting with open arms to hand them 15 per c all broadcasting time, they found a rather stern and headed group of business men who were ready to play ba insisted on playing according to rules of the game as app by the crowds in the bleachers and the grand stand. N two years ago RADIO DIGEST printed a statement by a repr tative of the National Broadcasting Company to the effect education was the greatest thing about Radio at that time. that time, and before, some of the best minds in the U States have been engaged on the problem of how to education" to the listener. The conclusion has been that "s manship" was necessary. The group of educators who to Washington to see what could be done about it res suggestions from those who had been making Radio a bus and a profession in a big way for years. They partic deplored a statement by one of the vice presidents of the who was quoted as saying, "Every person entrusted with ing by Radio should be required to pass an examination o ability as a showman. When education joins hands Radio it enters the show business." And Mr. Orton

"Here, at any rate, is one of the reasons for the sorry of Radio education in America, as revealed in recent repor a committee appointed (ten years too late) by the Secr of the Interior and an investigation by the American Ass tion for Adult Education. The kind of education that ca made to conform with the conceptions of Messrs. Sarnoff Ellwood is not the sort of thing in which the best minds o country can be deeply interested." There seems little likeli just now that an Educational Bureau of Broadcasting wi created in Washington to function along precise acad classroom lines. Nor is it at all probable that Mr. Orton see the time when the United States will go into the broad ing business for set owners at $2 per year per set. We like the idea of competition for program interest—even are only on the level of thirteen-year-olds.

he Editor's Chair

r the dio Pulpit

E ARE asked by the pastor of a Methodist church in a Texas city to make suggestions for a half-hour religious service on the air. What a marvelous opunity to do a great deal of good! To do the right thing in right way is the problem that confronts our friend—and a problem. Perhaps RADIO DIGEST readers would like to e suggestions and let us pass them on to him.

spite of the widespread cynicism which the sophisticate ows to display, we are, deep-down, a religious people. Our ntry was founded by spiritually minded men and women lived and worked in close touch with an Omnipotent g conceived and believed to be the very essence of perfec-

The blood and carnage of wars have not obliterated that ciousness. Misguided and sometimes astray, we have, in main, kept the faith of the fathers.

eligious services on the air are well received. They are to the comfort of many of the aged and invalid who other- are unable to attend regular religious services at the ches. In some rural communities daily morning devos are directed from broadcasting stations and are largely owed.

Our pastor friend asks for ideas to be incorporated in his on that will make his half-hour "different and effective" not "flat, as some religious broadcasts seem to be." What means, but did not say, is "how can I exercise what broaders call 'showmanship' without being undignified? I must ire and hold my Radio audience, but must I resort to ices that are cheap or unworthy?"

incerity is the greatest asset of any preacher or moral leader. have no patience for tricks or tawdriness in such matters. listener must feel the beating heart back of the voice—the nistakable tone of honest feeling. The pastor who would eed with a Radio audience must first have a clear concep- of his message and then present it with the very utmost ing of sincerity.

A generation or two ago our fathers, or grandparents, were l convinced that the Devil was a real personality. Nowas we don't hear much about him. But the same old sins in disguises are still here. They beset us at every turn. Some them have been disarmed of their deadliness but others are as bad. The pastor who would lead a 1931 Radio flock uld do well to spot these modern wolves and shout a note warning. The sheep's clothing today may be a magistrate's e or a policeman's uniform or it may be just a metaphorical ering like a shady business deal, condoning of a vice, a king at the polls.

There should be singing in this half-hour on God's air. Singing is an expression of the spirit within us whether the music be secular or popular. Prayer we would not recommend to a general Radio audience, unless it is a pause for a moment of silent prayer by the individual listener. Pulpit prayers, even under the most favorable circumstances, too often sound stagey. Prayer is for one's own communion in the secret of his chamber or under great emotional stress.

The message, we believe, should constitute the main part of this religious program. The success of the message, of course, would depend primarily on the conception and ability of the person who presented it. A real ringing message will cause the whole world to listen.

Broadcasters on Their Guard

YOUR Radio entertainment is in the hands of your broadcasters. What affects them affects you. Therefore both the broadcaster and the listener have common interests. In order to maintain a high order of service leading broadcasters have united into an organization called the National Association of Broadcasters. The activities of the association seem to be growing. The headquarters have been moved from New York to Washington, where a watchful eye is kept on proposed legislation.

Someone in one of the Southern states read that in some countries set owners paid a tax on their receivers. What a grand scheme to procure a little extra revenue! Automobiles are taxed three or four times through state, county, city and gasoline; why not tax Radio receivers? The broadcasters complained that their business would be affected by such a tax. It was found that a broadcaster's business is interstate. Just all the legal technicalities that were involved we do not pretend to know, but in a general way we understand that the courts decided it would be unfair discrimination to tax the citizens of one state for the identical service that was distributed tax-free in the surrounding states. So the scheme failed.

As we write, the association is concerned with legislation in Washington affecting a form of copyright racketeering. Are hotels to be "lawed" out of giving Radio service to their guests in their rooms? Some fine points are under discussion. Is a Radio program literally a "public entertainment"? Is it analogous to entertainment provided from a phonograph record, and therefore governed by the same laws? Every broadcaster should belong to the association for the good of all concerned.

RADIOGRAPH

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

IDEA! Crack the whip, Don Clark. Get an idea!

It is the planning room of Columbia's continuity department. Around the table sit Don Clark's staff of nine. From the commercial department has come the word that a big motor company wants to go on the air, wants a program submitted.

They get their heads together, do Don Clark's staff. Here an idea, and there an idea, until finally one is evolved that is suitable. Don Clark, as head of the department, then assigns it to be written up by the one who is most apt for the particular kind of program wanted. For his is a staff of specialists. One is good at atmospheric stuff. One is a master of the wisecrack. One has a musical background and can do symphonic continuity. And so on.

When the script is completed, an audition is given for the company, perhaps several auditions. An audition, in lay terms, is simply a broadcast which does not go outside the studio. Yet the listeners hear it exactly as it will go on the air.



Don Clark

"It is dangerous to let scripts be read," said Mr. Clark as we sat talking in his little office high up in the Columbia Building. "Things written for the ear should be presented to the ear. Can you imagine a magazine editor accepting a story from hearing it read? No, he wants to see it, wants it presented to his eye, as it will be to his readers. The most excellent of Radio scripts might have no appeal if it were read instead of heard."

"That is a thing many people forget in writing for the Radio, too, that there is only the ear. Action cannot be explained by business as on the stage. So different is the technique that once acquired it gets to be a habit. Right now I am working on a play, and find that I put in too much talking, leave too little for stage business."

I noticed the stack of manuscripts upon his desk.

"Do many people send in Radio scripts by mail?" I asked.

"Quite a few, but not one in hundreds is acceptable. Although once I did receive a script that was so good that it eventually led to my taking the author of it on my staff."

Mr. Clark has a finger in all of Columbia's Radio pies, for he edits or writes all of the CBS continuity. Some of the programs for which he is personally responsible are the Robert Burns Panatella, the Story in Song, Majestic's Old Curiosity Shop, Night Club Romances, and the Necco Candy Party.

He has a good background for the kind of work he is doing, a background of newspaper reporting, Radio editing, acting on the air. He refuses to take his job seriously. He says he works better when he doesn't.

"I used to worry about it," he said, "and gave myself a nervous breakdown. That was back in the days when I was an announcer, and announcers were supposed to do a lot of other things than just announce—act, write programs, see that the performers got there on time, substitute wherever they were needed at all t

"I remember once I had to fill a tw five minute gap in a program. The gr was covered with three feet of snow the performers had decided to sta



Mary Hopple

I always kept a ukulele handy and pl that till I thought my listeners had enough. Then I told them to stanc for a minute, dashed out to our lib collected a couple of speeches, and da back. When I started to read them I I had one on how to raise children. another on spring gardening. I d mind talking about raising children. children aren't seasonal, but I did foolish talking about spring flowers the snow on the ground."

Despite the fact that Don Clark he doesn't take his work seriously known around the studio that he put if not prevented, about seventeen h of work a day. And he also has the h faculty of making others want to wor

He is tall, slim, and good-looking, is known as the "Ronald Colman" of air. They say he is just as fascinatin a villain as in the rôle of a hero.



Marie Gerard

Mary Hopple

ENTLEMEN prefer blondes," and
T that makes you think, of course,
hat other wisecrack, "But they marry
ettes."
onder if that's the reason Mary
ple gets furious if you call her a
de. For Mary Hopple, featured artist
he Armstrong-Quaker program, and
of NBC's most popular contraltos,
ves in matrimony. She thinks no life
plete without a husband, home, and
lren.
And some day," said Mary, "I'm go-
o have them all. Although just now
ven't time for anything but singing."
e isn't a blonde. It's because her
are such a dark velvety brown that
hair seems light by contrast.
Will you give up your career when
marry?" I asked.
ndeed not. I'll swing them both. Any
can with a little organization. I'll
for my supper, not cook it. I mean
sing to pay a cook to cook it. Al-
gh I love to cook. I have the world's
st kitchen."
A kitchen," I said enviously, "you
n a whole kitchen, not one of these
York arrangements, a kitch-o-bath,
re you stand in the tub to fry the
?"
A real kitchen," she laughed, "and I
e all sorts of gadgets in it, a special
cie cutter, and a mayonnaise mixer,
an orange squeezer. I'm always buy-
knicknacks at the ten cent stores.
it's in green. I have green linoleum
the floor—Armstrong-Quaker, for I
to be loyal—and I have green oil
on the shelves, and green pots and
ls. And I'll tell you something else
ve in my apartment. I have thirty
."
Thirty dogs!" I gasped.
Oh, they're china ones. Someday I'm going to have some real ones, but just now I'm collecting the kind that doesn't take up so much room. At home—that's Lebanon, Pennsylvania—I have a great big Collie. He likes me to sing to him and I do."

Others besides the Collie think Mary's voice is swell. For three years she has been with NBC and has sung on more programs than she can remember. Right now she is with the Armstrong-Quaker hour, and has been featured in Enna Jettick Melodies, on the Chase and Sanborn hour, in the Victor Herbert Opera series, and in Philco Theatre Memories.

There is a belief current that pull is necessary to get before a microphone. Mary Hopple has proved this isn't so, for she was utterly unknown when she walked into NBC and asked for an audition. She sang and they liked her. It was as simple as that. A few days later she was in a program.

She has been singing ever since she was a child. It happened once that Schumann-Heink came to Lebanon. Mary's friends wanted the great contralto to hear their own little song bird. After Schumann-Heink's concert Mary went back stage to sing for her.

"My child," said Madame Schumann-Heink, "you have a good voice. Study hard. Some day you will sing for everybody."

And it so happened that a few months ago when Schumann-Heink was appearing as a guest artist on a program, Mary Hopple was there as one of the supporting voices. Madame Schumann-Heink recognized her and said, "Ah, my child, I see that you have been studying hard."

Marie Gerard

WHAT a lucky break. Because Marie Gerard, Columbia's well-loved soprano, has a flair for antiques. And when I was invited up to her beautiful Seventy-fifth Street apartment, didn't I walk right up to her prize possession, an old open sideboard, called an *étagère* and admire it, and didn't I notice the Wedgwood pitcher, and sit down reverently in the Windsor chairs. For I don't always notice furnishings, but Miss Gerard's were so lovely.

Miss Gerard, or Mrs. Charles Touchette. Four months married and ecstatically so. Husband was there, and he is one of the Ebony Twins, you know, that two piano team at Columbia, of which Adolphe Opfinger, Miss Gerard's brother, is the other—Gerard being her Radio name . . . That sentence is getting involved. Let's begin again. As I said, husband was there, wearing a gorgeous gold-colored lounging robe over his suit, a present from wife. Wife, wearing a cute little apron over her henna colored satin dress, went into the kitchen to make some of the most scrumptious caviar sandwiches I ever put in my mouth. (I ate eleven.)

While she was fixing them, husband told me what a wonderful cook she was. "You just ought to eat her fried chicken," he said. And when she came in bringing the tea she told me what a wonderful carpenter he was. "Come see the shelves he built," she said.

And so I must see the living room closet and note how cleverly the shelves were built to hold their stacks and stacks of music. Since both are musicians they need a great deal of space.

(*Continued on page 108*)



Peter Dixon, David (*Raising Junior*) Dixon and Aline Berry Dixon

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

WMCA is certainly coming into its own, but of course, if you knew those behind the micro-scene, it would be easy to understand. There is Donald Flamm the owner, with his very able feature writer, Muriel Allen. Patricia H. of North Arlington writes: "Have been tuning in on WPCH (WMCA's sister station) to hear the haunting lyric soprano, Marie Kelley. Does she look as beautiful as her voice sounds?" Judge for yourself, Patsy.

She is but twenty-three but has crowded in a big bunch of experiences during those years. At twenty she sang for an entire season at the Club Lido in Paris, and before that she worked in stock companies. And should anyone ask, Marie has over 300 songs in her repertory, one for each day of the year, leaving out Sundays.

* * *



Marie Kelley

RADIO DIGEST has broadcasting "artists" on its very own editorial staff, my dears, in the person of Mr. Brown, our Managing Editor, who writes coming and going, here and there, and variously herein, sometimes using the nom de plume of—no, guess he doesn't want me to tell you; and our Radio columnist Mr. Tighe, Associate Editor. Perhaps you heard Mr. Brown talk on the Five Arts program conducted by Ida Bailey Allen over CBS, Thursday morning, January 15th. If you did, you got some startling glimpses into Radio's future. Our M. E. pointed out that although we have long heard that "television is just around the corner," television has actually turned many, many corners since it first dawned in the minds of men. It may interest you, my dears, that Mr. Brown spoiled a very wonderful plan I had to get his picture for this page.



Ernest Naftzger

Our other "artist," Mr. Tighe, promises to out-popularize Floyd Gibbons, judging from the abundance of fan mail which is brought in every day by an extra staff of ushers. There is even a slight resemblance, if you will look closely. Yes, I know the patch isn't there, but even Floyd Gibbons' twin brother, if he has such a reminder of himself, would not necessarily have to affect the patch. The guest artist on Mr. Tighe's program which is broadcast, by the way, every Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 over WMCA, New York, was Frank Hornaday, well-known tenor. Peggy Hull, famous writer on astrology and war now appears regularly on the R. D. programs. As every one knows, Peggy has the honor of being the only girl war correspondent. And you may have heard the beautiful things Floyd Gibbons broadcast about Peggy. Mr. Tighe presents a gossipy line of chatter about Radio notables each week.



Frank Hornaday



Charles R. Tighe

* * *

E. E. D. and Alice M., of Goodlettsville, Tenn., have requested pictures of Ernest Naftzger—a name not lending itself very easily to pronunciation, as you can see, my dears. To begin with Mr. Naftzger is





Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hall

the man you hear almost every morni
his *Something for Everyone*—he has
ated and directs three other features, *M*
ing Moods, Morning Devotion and *M*
Parade.. When a young boy, Mr. N
ger was prevailed upon by his fath
accept the singing engagement offere
by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, noted
gelist. There was the desire for a c
education that kept tugging at the y
heartstrings, but like an obedient so
went with Dr. Chapman. The tour l
over eight years. Every English-spe
country in the world has caught
strains of his fine voice, and out in
fast, some Ulster maiden made go
eyes at him—she's now Mrs. Naftzg

* * *

EVERY month your Marcella rec
numerous requests for information a
the private lives of Gene and Glen
WTAM, Cleve
She wrote to
Metzger for
low down. Ha
plied to the effe
"Nothing doi
the boys mai
their private li
private and t
that." But ha
known genial G
Rowell these n
moons, she wro
him direct, an
course Glenn never hesitated. I give
the letter: "Dear Marcella: Here's
'works'; Gene *did* marry the curly ha
brown-eyed girl who lived next door,
her name is Mary. She has been on
stage, being a member of the act kn
as the Stewart Sisters, and later kn
in the Radio act, Polly and Anna.
may have heard them at WLW.
have three kiddies—
three, six and nine
—Theresa, Gene, Jr.,
and Mary. Glenn's
wife's name is Velma. They have two children, Glenn Jr., twelve, and Patsy, two. And, incidentally, may we take this opportunity to thank you for the many nice things



Violette Clarkson



Campbell Arno



e F. Beck, Jr.

you have said about us in your RADIO DIGEST articles." It was signed by both Gene and Glenn. And now, Babs of Darragh, Pa.; Micky of Niles, O.; Jean of Dunbar, Pa.; Inquisitive Kate; Mrs. Millie S., Sandwich, Ill.; M. N. D., Herndon, Pa.; Mrs. . C., Cleveland; Mrs. A. F. F., land; and all you others who wrote e. I hope you are satisfied. And, mackerel, boys, it sure relieves me lot of worry because I dote on giv- ny correspondents "the works" in here Marcella department.

* * *

RS. BREWSTER of Arkansas City s for information about the "Sun- r Girl." I think means "The nshine Girl." 't you see her with the gold- unshine melting her hair? The shine Girl, vn as Violet kson in the edi- l department of Kansas Farmer, w broadcasting WIBW. To- . Kans. When microphone isn't ning her sweet *y-doop* voice, Sunshine Girl es for the Kan- Farmer, a news- r owned by the per Farm Publi- ns. Uncle Sol endowed this g lady of 110 rdupois with so h cheer and merriment that the ram automatically took the name of Sunshine Hour. She is just three es above five, and her bright smile ust as much a part of her as her vn eyes and light brown hair. And rmise, just guessing, you know, that Sunshine Girl is the same who was nerly known as the "Sunshine Girl" WBAP.



Bettye Lee Taylor



Fred L. Jeske



ul W. Morency

* * *

IT'S not everyone that can carry a letter around in his pocket as the one received by Bob Hall from Mr. Patrick J. Kelly, chief of announcers up at the N. Y. NBC. "Sorry I am unable to persuade you to reconsider your decision to leave our organization," writes Mr. Kelley, and goes on to say that Mr. Hall has done some splendid work as announcer at the NBC, has an outstanding personality and a fine spirit of cooperation. Mr. and Mrs. Hall—listeners will remember Mrs. Hall as Aunt Sammy who gave recipes and talked over KOIL, Council Bluffs—are



Harold Sparks



Monte Meyers

Radio veterans, so to speak. Between the two of them they can practically serve as an entire studio staff for any ordinary broadcasting station, for their capacities are unlimited. Mr. Hall is an announcer, singer, reader and character delineator, and Mrs. Hall is an organist, pianist, composer and reader. Wanted—a station in need of these combined assets. Mrs. Hall has wearied of New York idleness and there was no spot for their teamwork on the NBC schedule.

Paragraphs follow the sequence of photos as they appear from page 64. —Editor.

MRS. CORA BENNETT of Carlisle, Ark., and Paul Simms have both been waiting patiently for a little something about Campbell Arnoux, general manager and chief announcer of KTHS, Hot Springs, Ark. Mr. Arnoux was born in New York—well, I'm sorry I haven't his birth date—but he was born in New York—and that's saying something because most New Yorkers were born somewhere else. He's an old timer in Radio —been in it since 1922 when WEAF first opened a station. Had not settled long in Hot Springs before he married Natalie Brigham who played the first selection broadcast over KTHS, according to



Leo Bates and William Rockwell

Constance Peters, secretary of that station. They have two children, Suzanne of four mild summers and Patrick of three blowy autumns.

INTRODUCING George F. Beck, Jr., of WRVA, Richmond, to the whole population of Richmond and especially to Mrs. Hazelwood S., who writes, "I think it's about time we got something nice about artists and announcers from our local station WRVA. Won't you do this for me, Marcella?" Let's begin with Mr. Beck who I should say is a very vital part of the station. Just listen—he is announcer, saxophonist, director of a large dance orchetra, vocalist and, still going strong, he proceeds with a juvenile lead in various dramatic features. WGR, Buffalo, claims his first broadcast—it was when that station was still in its swaddling clothes—from there to WIOD in the city, where summer makes its refuge when winter enters on the Northern scene — Miami Beach. The full photograph which Marcella received showed Mr. Beck, Jr., with a cigarette in his hand most likely rolled with Edgeworth Tobacco for the makers of this glorified weed are the owners of WRVA.



L. J. Barnes



Dr. Thatcher Clark



Geo. D. Hay

* * *

HERE, Lloyd Robbin of Burlington, Vt., is your Betty Lee Taylor herself of WGY, otherwise known as the *Queen of Harmony*. "Where is her crown?" And what, pray, are those proud wavy tresses but the W. K. "crown of glory!"

Lois H. B. of Dale, Wis. wants pictures of all WTMJ announcers. So let us start with Fred L. Jeske, known as the "baritone with the lovin' voice." Wish you could see him with his guitar—it adds so much to the romantic-ness. The strummin' baritone has very dark brown hair and brown or gray eyes depending on the dominating color, I presume, of his cravat. He's been in Radio now for eight years and has entertained over the most popular stations in Chicago and thereabouts. Besides (*Cont. on page* 100)



Pat Binford

Tuneful Topic

"Know Your Songs"



Peanut Vendor

Now on Nation Wide Tour With His Orchestra, Rudy Sends His Selection of Ten Song "Hits" of the Month Post Haste to RADIO DIGEST, *And Comments on Unholy Uses of Grapefruit*

NOT since the *Stein Song* has there been so much comment or so much playing over the air of a song as there has since Cuba sent us *El Manisero,* or *The Peanut Vendor.* Although it is new to the U. S., especially to the Northern New England states where it is enjoying its greatest vogue, it is old stuff to Havana, Cuba, where it has been played continuously for the past two years.

Emil Coleman, whose orchestra is a most unusual combination of instruments, has always been identified with the Montmartre, one of New York's most swanky supper clubs, and is usually found at smart society affairs, such as a brilliant function in the home of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, and in fact any elite gathering of Manhattan's society; this same Coleman has been playing the *Peanut Vendor* for years. He and his brother have been alternating between Havana and the United States for years, playing there for certain seasons, and in New York the rest of the year. Naturally the "rumba," the "danson," all dances, or "tipicas," that the Cubans love and know, have been well-grounded into his repertoire.

Few orchestras play the Argentine Tango as well as Coleman; these tangos he also learned from Cuba. Yet, strangely enough, it was not Emil Coleman who introduced the *Peanut Vendor* to the world at large. Possibly he may have been the cause of its initial start, but it was really Major Bowes, in his Capitol Hour, with Yascha Bunchuk directing the orchestra, who was responsible for the outburst of the *Peanut Vendor* which sent it on its way to undying fame.

The "Orquesta Tipica" of Havana, Cuba, with Don Aspiazu directing, through their Victor record, probably also did a great deal towards introducing the composition. Their record is second to our own record of *You're Driving Me Crazy* in Victor sales. This same orchestra has been featured in Keith vaudeville houses all around New York. It was my pleasure at one affair to witness the rendition of *The Peanut Vendor.*

It is another one of those compositions that must be heard in order to be appreciated. No kind of verbal description can give you an idea of it, except that it is basically a rhythmic composition with all the instruments in the rhythm section contributing nothing but rhythm—the same rhythm over and over again.

By this time you have heard over the air the odd Cuban Instruments which produce an effect not unlike that of the rattles that babies are given to play with. In fact, the shakers that the drummer uses look very much like babies' rattles, and it is seed inside them that causes the sound. Any other member of the orchestra may do nothing but sit and scrape a metal file-like instrument over the rough grooves of a long gourd which gives a sound, much louder than, but akin to, the grating of nutmeg. Still another member of the orchestra may do nothing but hit two pieces of a heavy type of wood, a piece of wood that looks like black mahogany, which gives forth a single note sound, one that seems to blend with all others. All of these typical instruments go at full blast, monotonously pounding out the rumba rhythm, while either the trumpet or voice, or maybe the trumpet, voice and violin synchronize in the melody of the song itself. The Victor record will give a very good idea of the song itself.

The singer on the record has one of the most charming voices I have ever heard; in fact, I was very much flattered to find him billed as the "Rudy Vallee of Cuba", although he sings without a megaphone.

The song tells the story of the old peanut vendor who seeks to sell at least a few handfuls of the peanuts to the housewife before she closes her house today.

It so happened that for a time I was unable to give the position due consideration b presenting it. Finally, hov after securing the orchestr and rehearsing it with the or tra, I felt that we would be fied in playing it over the a was then puzzled as to whet sing it in English or in Spanish. T had the desire to sing the Spanish due to the fact that I majored in Sp at Yale, with the intention of goi South America to seek my fortune. ish is taught at Yale more efficiently, haps, than any other course, and a deal of care and time is given to it b department; after taking the un amount of hours in Spanish that during the four years I majored in still find that it serves me in very stead. I decided that my first renc of it should be in Spanish. Days la was very pleased to receive a letter the Consulate's office in Cuba co menting us on our rendition of it, and ing me, furthermore, that the av American band was presenting it i rectly. I had been told that most A ican bands began the composition the sound of the little whistle whic Americans have come to associate our peanut stands. In fact, severa my American Radio fans had criti my rendition of it as lacking the pe whistle. My Cuban informant gave graphic description of the peanut ve and pointed out that our rendition the truest picture of him, inasmuch had no whistle, but simply has a charcoal fire in the bottom of his por peanut stand which he carries with and which keeps his peanuts roasted. also informed us that our rendition the most delightful he has listened to.

This gave me a great deal of plea and I was even more pleased when Saturday evening at the Villa I was to pay tribute to Major Bowes and Ya Bunchuk as we played the composi both of them being at the Villa as guests; and then later to introduce M Bowes, who took the microphone spoke for a few minutes. Saturday ni our Villa program reaches Cuba o

By RUDY VALLEE

wave, and I am told that through broadcast we have built up a host of is there.

e letter from the Consulate at Cuba lissipated all fears I had before our presentation of this intricate com- on.

is published by Edward Marks, and uld be played at a medium tempo.

When You Fall In Love Fall In Love With Me

IIS is a composition that delighted e upon my first hearing of it. Writ- by two famous song-writers and a g new-comer, it is a refreshing num- melodically and lyrically speaking. nt Rose is mainly responsible for its dy. He is the little Italian who gave *inger Awhile, Avalon* and *When I k of You,* and he seems to have a ng streak again after many years quietness. One of the Tobiases, les, to be exact, handled the lyric osition extremely well along with e Russell, whose *Song Without a e* was one of the most beautiful ositions it has ever been my pleas- o introduce and feature.

e song is one that everyone likes on rst hearing, which is most unusual. have recorded it, and it is a record will be most pleasant to listen to. thought of the song is quite simple; erely cautions the young lady to flirt uch as she likes, and to keep everyone sing, but to save her love for the boy sings the song.

must be done slowly. We play it at y-eight measures per minute. It is shed by DeSylva, Brown and Hen- n.

Yours and Mine

HAT tiny firm of Villa Moret de- erves a special consideration as we ss *Yours and Mine.* Charlie Daniels e Villa Moret, both in name and in y. Villa Moret is one of those one- , one-office organizations, although at us times it has had a New York . Villa Moret has always had its quarters in San Francisco, Cal., and has, from time to time, picked one song as its feature song and worked on that alone. It can boast of a list of hits that many a big firm could be justly envious of. Songs such as *Chloe, She's Funny That Way,* and their latest success which has held first place in the list of popular songs for such a long time, *When It's Springtime in the Rockies.*

Several months ago Mr. Daniels sent me two songs for my approval and perusal. He assured me in his letter that *Yours and Mine* was another one of those songs that the masses would take to its bosom as they did *Springtime in the Rockies.* He cautioned me to be sure and record it for Victor, as it would make a great seller for me on Victor records. I know now that he spoke sincerely, not only sincerely, but wisely!

I gave the song a careful looking-over, and failed to see anything really outstanding or worth while about it. In fact, it seemed to me quite "doggy", as a professional calls a song that seems to be, perhaps, too simple. It was not until I heard Little Jack Little render it on a Saturday night broadcast just before mine that I realized the song was there, and that it was destined for popularity.

Now I am a sadder but wiser singer of songs. Still it is not too late for me to sing the song over the air, which I do with pleasure. It was written by Steve Nelson and Johnny Burke. I have not had the pleasure of meeting either of them. We do it slowly, at about forty measures a minute.



Rudy dons Southern attire in Florida.

If I Say I Don't Love You I'd Be Lying

IN MY selection of songs I have come to one conclusion; that is that it is a pretty good rule for me to let my conscience, my free liking, be my guide. I have found it generally true that it is not worth while to push any song that I forced myself to like, either because of its composers, publishers, or because I wished to help somebody, or because someone talked me into believing it was a good song. I have in most cases found that such a song never really did impress me, and usually did not turn out to be a great song. Anything that I figuratively prick up my ears on hearing, a tune that strikes me instantly as being a good song, or one that haunts me, has generally justified my reaction to it, and later on become a great song.

I'm Just a Vagabond Lover, which I heard in its unfinished state, and subsequently helped to write, *Sweetheart of All My Dreams,* and even *The Stein Song,* are the best examples of what I mean. These were songs that wandered around for years, either in an unfinished state or unknown to the public at large. *I'd Be Lying* is one that I feel will be liked, though perhaps not sensationally.

It is an unhappy thought, a song that causes one to think, that arouses the attention and makes the listener become quite serious as the thought unfolds. Such songs rarely become big hits, but I believe that *I'd Be Lying* should at least become a fair-sized hit.

For years there has been a most unusual character known to Broadway night clubs and to New York society as Tommy Lyman perhaps one of the most unusual singers of songs that New York and other parts of the world have ever known. A unique and almost mysterious type of personality, singing a song about a Shanghai Poppy Girl, going from table to table at brilliant society functions, singing to those who had known him through other affairs and other night clubs, Lyman has always been a great favorite with the upper strata of New York society.

I number among my friends a young lady who has moved in the elite circles for years, and who on one occasion asked me if I knew a song called *I'd Be Lying.*

(*Continued on page 97*)

KJR *Artists Cash In On*

"Largest Station Payroll *in* Northwes









IF STATION KJR had complete control of the situation, there'd be no unemployment situation in Seattle, for the popular broadcaster, key member of the Northwestern Broadcasting System, claims to support a larger staff of entertainers than any other station in its vicinity.

That's a far cry from the situation in 1929, just two years ago, when the American Broadcasting System, previous owner of KJR, KEX, Portland, and KGA, Spokane, went into bankruptcy. There wasn't even enough money in the coffers to pay for records, and friends were asked to contribute from their record libraries. Today KJR broadcasts every day for seventeen full hours, without a single recorded program.

Besides the entertainers whose pictures are shown, there are many others who are equally popular with listeners. There's William Pinkerton (Pinkie) Day, newest addition to the staff baritones, and Thomas Freebairn Smith, chief announcer, who is a descendant of the Thomas Freebairn who was chaplain to the Scottish king Robert the Bruce—and Robert Monsen, KJR's double-chinned Paul Whiteman, who wields a baton like his double. Chet Cathers, another baritone who joined NBS after apprenticeship in vaudeville and pictures, is familiar to all northwestern listeners—and behind the scenes are Thomas F. Smart, secretary, and the able staff of engineers who push buttons and manage the technical end from the brand new control room equipment.









Left, reading downward. Glen Eaton seems never to have learned the "mustn't point" precept at his mother's knee. He's a popular tenor. Elmore Vincent, the Texas Troubadour with the four-quart Stetson, is only twenty, but learned to sing when he was knee high to a grasshopper down in Texas. He's only six feet tall! Henri Damski, KJR musical director, is one of the big reasons for the station's growth to popularity. Pretty Billie Landers, blues singer, is the Northwest Broadcast System's own Fanny Brice—she's there with the voice and the comic touch.

Right, reading downward. Stephanie Lewis, pensive and demure, is soprano solist for the NBS. Ivan Ditmars has his fingers in many KJR pies—he's studio director, organist and pianist. A product of Olympia (not on high but in the state of Washington), he is twenty-five, a grad of the U of Washington, and is very Nordic, with blond hair and blue eyes. John Pearson, announcer and director of dramatics, comes from Southwest Texas to KJR via road companies of *Lightnin'* and other plays. Eulala Dean is another of KJR's prize blue singers.

Below, left to right. Ken Stuart is one of the best know sports announcers in the Pacific Northwest, covering baseball, wrestling, boxing and crew. A. E. Pierce is the genial general manager of the Northwest Broadcast System and one of the prime factors in its success. Grant Merrill, pianist, Radio actor and continuity writer, has been over the royal road of romance. He swam the Bosphorus, teaed with Queen Marie of Rumania, slept on an Egyptian pyramid—has been college professor, and is considered the handsomest man at the N. B. S. studio.















WMCA Answers

Beauty Challenge



WHAT station in the United States has the fairest staff of feminine entertainers? Station KROW out in Oakland, Cal., certainly raised a tempest in a tea pot when Manager Bill Gleeson claimed his pretty girl singers and radactresses couldn't be beat, collectively, anywhere in the United States.

That challenge brought the flush of battle to Manager Donald Flamm of WMCA, in New York, who claims otherwise. Mr. Flamm is choosing his entertainers not only on the basis of their air personality, but he aspires to enter five or six young ladies in the Radio Queen contest this fall. From the tiny photos shown here (which, by the way, aren't so attractive as the subjects themselves) it isn't hard to predict.

In the meantime you Radio listeners and readers are appointed a nation-wide jury to send in your votes on this question of pulchritude. Are WMCA damsels fairer? Or did KROW's bevy of beauties meet with more approval (you'll see their pictures in February Radio Digest.)

Every one of the members of this album is a real staff entertainer—no outside help has been called in to lend support. And there's variety in the ranks—dreamy blondes, peppy brunettes, and real titian-haired girls. There are jazz singers, a singer of classical songs who knows six languages, a program director who proves that beauty can have brains—and two pairs of sweetly harmonizing sisters.

Next month we'll have another answer to the Beauty Challenge—but give us your vote on the contest thus far. If you've been a-visiting any of the stations and have seen their fair entertainers in person, and liked their looks—enter that station's staff in this tournament of pulchritude.









Top—left to right. Sylvia Miller, who has been singing ever since she was four years old. Winner of first prize for best soprano in a New York Music League Contest—a real polyglot, since she sings in six different languages. Center, Marie Kelley, whose blonde beauty is no less pleasing than her lilting lyric soprano. Has sung in Paris at the Club Lido—a far cry from Springfield, Mass., where she grew up. Right, Vivian Marlowe, "musical comedy" girl who keeps the phones buzzing with requests for songs in her reportoire.

ve, reading downward. Nalda Nardi, Program Director for ICA and possessor of a deep contralto voice. The blue of Lake o is in her eyes and her hair, worn as only one gifted with aty could wear it, is a rich warm brown. The Calvert Sisters harmony personified—one dark as a gypsy and one with hair spun gold. Jeanne Carrol lives up to her name, for she has a utiful singing voice—acts, too, in WMCA's Radio playlets—has my gray eyes and soft, chesnut brown hair. Melba Lee, singer, lied with Anna Fitziu of the Metropolitan Opera and got her first e job when she accompanied a friend to apply for a musical role. ba got the job instead! Has auburn hair and grey green eyes. Above, reading downward. Bee Singer, a very tiny brunette with expressive brown eyes, who isn't old enough yet to vote—has a rich crooning contralto—has to climb on a stool to reach the carbon mike. Mary and Billie Lee—Billie, the blonde one, was "scared pink" when Mary married and Billie had to face the mike alone—so Mary came back and now "They're Friends Again." Hilda Harrison is WMCA's whispering soprano—the girl with perfect Radio technique—her hair is very dark brown and curly, and her eyes sky blue. Sylvia Froos—Who is Sylvia? She's WMCA's baby songbird. Only seventeen years old—hair, light brown—eyes, real hazel, and just tall enough to reach up to the top button of a man's vest.






The people in the story—here they are—from left—Professor Edward Staadt, winner of KSTP Radio drama prize. Ida Blackson, charming WLW soprano whose concert work brought her to notice of astute Crosley station directors. Leonard E. L. Cox, brilliant director of WQAM, Miami. Dora Shaw Iauch, winsome WJAX (Jacksonville) soprano, who made Radio debut a year ago.

Listening In on Som

BY RIGHTS. Edward Staadt doesn't belong here, for he's a Westerner, but he's news because he won the $500 prize offered by the Great Northern Empire Builders program arbiters for Radio dramas. He's head of the Department of Dramatics at the University of Minnesota. Have you heard his play from KSTP in St. Paul—*Against A Copper Sky?*

* * *

IT'S not so long since Henry and Percy had their names in electric letters goodness knows how many feet high, over a Birmingham vaudeville theatre. All because their WAPI tri-weekly skit is so popular. Henry C. Vance is also short story writer, author of movie scenario *Diamond Handcuffs,* and newspaper columnist. And Percy Rosenberger is also literary and ex-newspaper but has always found time to sandwich in dramatic and entertainment work. Henry was born in Orland, Fla., Percy in Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

WHO ever heard of bringing music from an old vinegar jug? It's done this way —the player blows into it and the jug acts as a sounding board, for the expert "blower" of the Ballard Chefs. They are the eight black lads who entertain Monday nights at WHAS in Louisville. Four of the boys form a quartette, and the other a novel orchestra . . . they landed in Radio through their popularity as war-time entertainers at doughboy camps.

* * *

COWPUNCHER, rancher, miner, traveling salesman, aviator—and his latest is director of Station WQAM at Miami, Fla. That's Leonard E. L. Cox, who came to Miami last year after successful production of dramas of the air at WABC, WJZ and WOR in New York. Two of his most popular features at the Florida station are *Tonight at the Opry House,* a series of blood and thunder old-time melodramas, and *Junction City,* portrayal of life in a small town as seen from the general store vantage point. Born in Central Africa of English parents, and a world-roamer himself, Mr. Cox seems to have anchored himself firmly at WQAM . . . to whose new studios, by the way, all Florida visitors are invited.

* * *



RADIO curiosity—a few minutes Helen Corbin Heinl, whose pi appears here, had played as soloist the U. S. Marine band, she heard he lection replayed over long distance phone from New York via a record had been made there from a telep transmission of the broadcast. Heinl is one of the few pianists to with the Navy—she has also appeare Hugo Mariani's concert series, *Work Great Composers.*

* * *

HERE'S a brother team that is one—Jimmy and Leo Mazzei of WAAM in Newark. brother Jimmy and little bro

Left—The long and short of it none other than Henry and Percy, ular comic team of WAPI, Birming Alabama.

The vinegar jug below is the one makes the music on the Ballard hour at WHAS, in Louisville.








One after another, these headliners are: Helen Corbin Heinl, whose piano solo brought more congrats to Marine Band than any other soloist. Irving Sewitt, young WMCA orchestra leader destined to go far. The "Neilson" pair—Marguerita Nuttal, soprano, and Wishart Campbell, Baritone, who go on the air on a Canadian network from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Eastern Wave Lengths

Sgeant (U. S. veteran) Leonard portrays fifteen different characters in their popular comic skits. They are 37 and 38 years old, respectively, like spaghetti, as are of Italian parentage although they can take off Irishmen, Scotchmen or Dutch.

* * *

AN ORCHESTRA leader who plays the drums with his own jazz band—that's Irving Sewitt, WMCA'er and featured at the Argonaut Club in New York with famous Tex Guinan. Other claims to distinction of this unusual young man are his youth (he is not yet twenty-five) and his unusual orchestral arrangements. He's heard on New York *Graphic* and Brooks Jewelry programs with his band.

* * *

WITH the migrating songsters and Radioists generally . . . Nils Falkman, Swedish tenor, Elizabeth Stidman Bilson, soprano and Charles Cohen, cellist are recent additions to WBAL, Baltimore, staff . . . Jerry Akers is new general manager at WCKY in Covington, Ky. A case of promotion on merit from post of studio director. KFEL, Denver and WGKS, Gary have been under his management in the past . . . Lee Goldsmith, the "Little Colonel", moves from WCKY, to WKRC, Cincinnati as production manager, and Tremlette Tully, formerly women's program director of the Kentucky station moves with him to Ohio . . . Belle Bart, President of the American Academy of Astrology, is another of the star-gazers who becomes Radio minded with her tri-weekly broadcasts from WGBS in New York.

* * *

ONE of the many lives saved by Radio was that of Edgar Chapman, sixteen-year-old orphan of Chattanooga, Tenn. He needed a blood transfusion, but his "type" of blood—type 4—is rare. An appeal was broadcast over Station WDOD and hundreds of generous people responded. Twenty-year-old E. D. Milligan was the right type and within a few hours after the Radio appeal Edgar was on the road to recovery.

* * *

Should she be called Mister, Mrs. or Miss Dillon? That's the puzzle about Jane Dillon, versatile impersonator of WTIC, Hartford. She depicts a motley assemblage of characters, varying from the squeaky-voiced village choir belle to the slick, oily-tongued big city rounder. Years of vaudeville trouping have made her a quick-change artist.

A descendant of stern Quaker folks from Iowa, she had a hard time getting permission to go stagewards, but after graduating from Northwestern University in Evanston and Chautauqua-ing for a while she went vaudeville. On a tour in England she made her Radio debut, repeated in South Africa, and finally landed at WTAM in Cleveland. She's happy at WTIC, her present location.

ght—"You can't ketch me" sez Jane Dillon, (WTIC, Hartford) as herself, to herself as a slick city feller, one of her many impersonations. Below—Leonard and Jamie Mazzei, (WAAM, Newark), a couple of Italians, caught putting on a mike-skit about an Irishman and a Jew.





Midwest

By BETTY McGE



No, it's not a toothache Clarence McCormack has. It's a harmonica—the one he uses for his solos in *Turkey in The Straw* and the other old-time tunes so ably rendered by the WLW McCormack Fiddlers. That's Ma beside him.

Real Mountaineers Play Old-Time Tunes Mornings at WLW

THREE years ago "Harmonica Mac" and Ma McCormack were listening to some mountain music through their Radio receiver. "Ma," he said, "we can do better than that. We can give them the real stuff, not a bad imitation." You see, McCormack was born and reared in the Blue Ridge Mountains. His real name is Clarence McCormack, and he directs the ensemble that bears his name. The other members, besides Ma, are Frank Miller, fiddler, Omer Castleman, banjoist and Robert Schule, guitarist. They play widely known mountain tunes on the Top o' the Morning hour and other popular programs at WLW in Cincinnati.

When you hear program announcements at WLW in German, you know Fraulein Ruth Kessler is going on the air. Her parents in Leipzig listen in via short wave. The young lady mailed her request for an audition to WLW from her home in Germany, and today her voice, accompanied by her own lute, is often heard from the Cincinnati station.

* * *

ANOTHER Radio wedding! When Lenore Herbst, then a demure school teacher at Ada, Minnesota, came to WDAY at Fargo, North Dakota, for a Radio try-out Dave Henley, WDAY's program director, was impressed with her abilities. When her school closed in June Miss Herbst was added to WDAY's staff. (Mr. Henley was still impressed, it seems). Not long ago they were married—they are heard frequently together—as the Two Octaves, piano duo, as the Night Timers, vocal duo; and in addition Mrs. Henley conducts WDAY's popular children's hour.

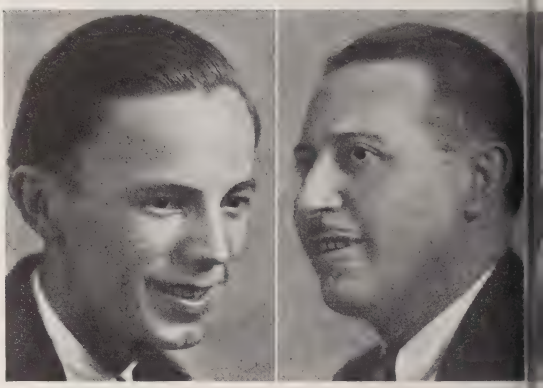
A few months ago North Dakotans blessed Radio. When two sleet storms swept down telegraph and telephone poles and cut half of the state off from communication with the rest of the world, WDAY and KFYR in Bismarck hopped into the breach. Railroad trains were dispatched via Radio, business messages, death announcements, everything that was urgent was broadcast.

* * *

HE'S one of the world's youngest professional announcers — eighteen-year-old Reynold McKeown, whose picture appears among the group of four you see here. Reynold is a baritone and accomplished pianist as well as announcer, and continues at the Wisconsin station under Hal Lansing, present Commercial Director.

Another member of the quartet pictured here is Myrtle Spangenberg, the featured soloist of the WTMJ Kilowatt Hour. Besides possessing a lovely lyric soprano voice, the lady is a ravishing blonde with sky-blue eyes and a peaches and cream complexion.

Then there are Royal Gordon, WIBA tenor and Dorothy Jahr, his accompanist. If fan mail is any indication, they are two of the most popular artists at the Madison, Wisconsin, station.



Homar's the one with and Harold's the one without—the moustache, of the Two Little Crows, early bird harmony team at WOWO, Fort Wayne.



Eric Sagerquist, handsome conductor of the WIBO Studio Orchestra, still plays violin with the boys occasionally.

DETROIT'S newest Radio station WJBK, has passed through the swadding clothes age. Now in operation seven months, many of its entertainers have gained favor in the automobile city and the surrounding country. Carl Rupp, musical director and Clarence Knight, chief announcer and specialist in play-by-play sports broadcasts are headliners. The Blue Bird trio (Betty Beta, Mildred Van and Inez Greeman) jumped from WJR to the new station and are drawing new fan friends; Vee

Chatter

Chicago Correspondent



7,000 pounds of soap in this seven-foot-high model of Sta-Station WFAA in Dallas. Carved by 15-year-old Mike Owen, Jr.



—Royal Gordon and Dorothy Jahr of A, Madison. Bottom—Myrtle Spanerg, WTMJ soprano and Reynold McKeown, WHBY announcer.

rd, one time WJBK favorite, Fred ar and Betty Schmult all are filling bill with the listeners.

* * *

HOUSANDS of Midwest Radio liseners will be interested in a new book book that grew out of Raymond Warentertaining series of Lincoln plays h have been presented under the title *he Prairie President* from WLS. Warathered enough dramatic material for eries of sixty plays by doing an immense amount of research in old books and papers of the years 1809 and 1861. With such a background, it would have been well-nigh impossible for Warren to do anything else but succumb to the temptation of becoming an author.

* * *

BECAUSE we liked the music on the "First Nighter" program, an NBC feature, so much, we determined to find out more about Eric Sagerquist who conducts the orchestra for the program and is leader of the WIBO Studio Orchestra. (His picture appears here.) Eric began his career some few years ago when he made his first public appearance at the age of twelve in a little movie theatre down in Houston, Texas. Since that time he has been doing a number of things—was leader of the orchestra that played for both the Prince of Wales and Queen Marie on their American tours; was with the Victor Recording Laboratory Orchestra for two years; played in the Benson all star orchestra; and in the old days was with Frank Westphal when he played at the Rainbow Gardens.

Don't let anyone tell you that everyone has gone "nutty" or "cuckoo" over at WBBM. They are probably just talking about the "Nutty Club" which has been revived by Paul Whiteman. Bobby Brown who succeeded Garland is again mike master of ceremonies and chief nut cracker of the new order.



Not every Tom, Dick and Harry can be as handsome as WGN's popular trio. Their driving licenses reveal them as Marlin Hurt and Bud and Gordon Vandover, Chicago.

Tom, Dick and Harry of Station WGN Write Popular Song Hit

TOM, Dick and Harry, that widely known vocal trio heard regularly from the Chicago studios of the NBC and over WGN, are putting on rather grown-up airs these days—but why shouldn't they, with their new song composition just out. It is entitled *The Cradle Song* and we are willing to wager our new spring bonnet that everyone will be swinging to its melody in a few months.

Their real names are Marlin Hurt and Bud and Gordon Vandover. The Vandovers hail from Los Angeles and it was Bud who first pulled away from home—with a buddy who played in an orchestra. Bud sang. The two pushed on and on, until they arrived at Kansas City. Here his partner deserted and Bud took to the highway again, hoofing it, and carrying a tuxedo wrapped in a newspaper under his arm. He headed for St. Louis where he happened on a job at one of the St. Louis Radio stations. This supplied bread and butter, and a job as cigar clerk at the Statler Hotel furnished his clothes.

Just about this time Gordon blew into town and he became relief clerk behind the cigar counter. During off hours Bud strummed his uke and one day someone bet him they didn't have nerve to go into the dining room and sing with the orchestra. They had the nerve but it cost them the job behind the cigar counter, as employees were not allowed in the dining room. They took to the highway, with Chicago as their goal, where they clicked with Marlin Hart.



It's a $26,000 listen when Nathan Abas plays his rare Guarnerius violin at KPO.



A dramatic moment in the adventures of Jack and (Ted Mawell and Bernice Berwin) in their trek on *to Hollywood,*—see their concentration at KPO



Harvey Orr, one-time Canadian ace and member of the "Devils of the Air" is now a baritone of the air at KPO, San Francisco

Here you see the fingers that pluck a harp, caressing a canine pet—Zhay Clark, of both KFI and KECA in Los Angeles.



West Coast Currents

By DR. RALPH L. POWER

STATION KQW of San Jose turns the whole scheme of Radio broadcast upside down. Instead of presenting a program as a unit from one of its studios, it originates features from two or even three studios operating simultaneously. The announcer, let us say, is in the main studio in San Jose, the orchestra may be in the San Francisco Blue Diamond Studio, and the chief speaker of the evening at the mike in Sacramento, or on the University of California campus studio in Berkeley.

The Blue Diamond Studio was presented to KQW by the world-famous figure, Captain Robert Dollar of the Dollar Steamship Lines because of his interest in the entertainment and valuable agricultural features offered by the operators, the Pacific Agricultural Foundation. The managing genius of the station has been Fred J. Hart, who has watched it grow from a little one-celled organism to an important and elaborate network.

* * *

Aviator "Ace" Now Singer at KPO, San Francisco

CAPTAIN VERNON CASTLE used to like to hear Harvey Orr sing, when the KPO baritone was a member of the Canadian "Devils of the Air." Only the night before the Captain's tragic death, Orr sang to him, but after that singing was forgotten until several years after the close of the war, when he toured with Keith Orpheum, ending up in California as a broadcaster. His work with the California Crooners, the KPO Smile the Clarions has made him well kn KPO dialers. Orr sang his first s five years of age with a boy choru at twenty-two he won the gold me the Earl Gray singing contest.

Harvey was football player, ar boxer and swimmer before he show prowess as ace of the air. Now l longs to Floyd Bennet Aviation Pos 333, American Legion and his nin old son, Harvey, Jr., seems destin follow his pace—he's "crazy" about tion.

* * *

BORIS KARMARENKO direct balalaika orchestra while they away to their hearts content once a over the new United chain on the coast. Boris was born in Manchuri in his early twenties, came to Cali and Hollywood five years ago an ganized his group, including some were formerly in a Siberian orchestr him.

* * *

JOHN PAGE, one of KGER's tenors, hopes eventually to ge the talkies through the medium of He sings the heart throb type of His parents interrupted his schoolin enough to take a year off and tou country by automobile. Then he back to Los Angeles and was grad from high school where he took the lead in the senior class operetta. I Francisco for a visit, he did two K programs as a sort of semi-audition. he joined the KGER staff for a mc program. This makes three tenor KGER . . . the others being Eddie M and Penry Selby. When the nu reaches six the staff is considerin



left to right—*Hale*—and not Hearty, but *Derry*, pular team of harmony boys who accompany themselves on the guitar at KHJ in Los Angeles.



Ann Grey is "pianoed" here, Don Wather and his orchestra at her left, and Buster Dees at right.

lity of declaring open season on . shooting them all at sunrise, and tarting all over again with a clean

* * *

VALENTINE'S DAY brought other birthday to Lewis Meehan, n tenor, as he sung over KFWB, KFI or some of the other Los s stations from whence his lyric is gently wafted every so often. Still early thirties, the Irish-ancestored was born in Albuquerque, New o, on Valentine's day. Unmarried tremendous addict of health foods; r smokes nor drinks; somewhat of a opher, some six feet high, 150 s, with brownish hair and blue eyes.

* * *

ARLIE HAMP, fresh from mid- rest triumphs, gets back to the home n the Pacific. He goes back to one first Radio loves, the toothpaste tes, and does a thrice-a-week eve- program over KHJ and Don Lee's chain, as well as two or three morn- nes. In odd moments, Charlie . . . ife and young daughter . . . are scanning maps and blueprints and ay model of a castle. Charlie, re- to be one of the country's highest one-man program features, has t a sightly lot in the Outpost , just off the hills beyond Holly- and plans to erect an imposing sh castle type of house . . . includ- oldfish ponds, dog kennels and a in the form of a room simulating lern Radio studio.

* * *

STER DEES, KFWB's blonde oung tenor (whose picture appears hails from Dallas, Texas, from e he was packed bag and baggage ispatched to Los Angeles by a fond ich uncle. Destination . . . the university in that city. But young r craved a sackful of spending money. So he took his Southern drawl and ambled over to KFWB and its studios for auditions.

The very next day he went on a night-time program. Then M-G-M gave him a short term contract to work in talkie shorts. 'Twas then that the young Texan marched out of ye halls of learning and embarked on a musical career in earnest. He continued to study voice, did KFWB programs often, was in *Hell's Angels* prologue for five months at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. Ambition . . . To become a light opera star.

* * *

WHEN GEORGIA MILLER, female lead with the cast of KOA Players, was married to Lieut. Frank E. Fries, of Fort Logan, Utah, earlier in the year. The plans called for an altar under an arch made by the crossed sabers of Lieutenant Fries' fellow officers. Mrs. Fries, has been in stage life since she first appeared as a child in the Elitch Gardens of Denver. Later she did some bits in the movies, a Pacific coast tour in stock, and finally the radio activity wherein she starred in many serials and short dramas at KOA.

* * *

CAPTAIN EDWARD A. SALISBURY has come back to Radio for awhile. In KHJ's early days he staged a Radio barbecue to which more than 30,000 fans made a caravan and firmly barricaded approaches to Los Angeles by roadway for several hours. To feed them he bought bread by the cart load, beans by the shipload, and barbecued beef by the ton. Locale . . . out in the San Fernando valley.

Now he appears at KFOX for a series of daily travel talks in reminiscent vein. While his brothers stay in Los Angeles in prosaic duties as automobile outing club executive and engineer, "E. A." travels—and how! Specialty . . . savage tribes and their customs, primitive peoples of the world. The captain speaks some forty languages and dialects.



Pretty co-ed Sylvia Jones is slated for two more years on KWSC (Washington State College) as soprano, as she's now a "soph".

The peppy boys are Ken Gillum and Duke Atterbury, one time KNX and KFWB luminaries, now heard on recorded programs.





Mrs Scott and her three healthy, normal children. The eldest daughter was recently graduated from Vassar with very high honors.

By

MIRIAM FINN SCOTT

Well-Known Authority on Children's Problems asks an All-Absorbing Question

Do You Know Your Child?

"MY CHILD is disobedient!" "How shall I teach my child to obey me?" Thus have begun hundreds of requests for help from earnest parents made to me by letter or in person. This disobedience seemingly takes as many different forms as there are different children.

I quote from typical letters: "My child is defiant to desperation," writes one mother. "She deliberately refuses to do the smallest thing I ask her to do. How am I to teach her obedience?" And another parent writes: "Please tell me how to control my little son's most objectionable trait, *contrariness*,—he is very bright but terrifically wilful, and persistent to the point of exhaustion." "My little girl of three," writes another mother, "is usually manageable at home where she always keeps busy, but she is most unmanageable, most stubborn, outside the house. Spanking and putting her to bed early have no effect on her." And still another mother writes of a boy of four, who is energetic, spirited, keenly intelligent, but who will never take her requests or her commands seriously. Thus the complaints run on.

Just as I asked you last time to realize that before we can handle the outbursts of temper in a child successfully, we must first of all try to understand the ingredients, the forces, behind temper, just so must we first of all understand the powers, the qualities, which cause a child to disobey—we must search for what is behind the behavior which irritates, bewilders us, and renders us desperate. And while we are searching we must search ourselves with utmost candor for our motive in desiring that our child be obedient. Is it primarily for the child's betterment, or is it for our own relief, our own convenience or even to satisfy our own false pride?

BEHIND the child's disobedience we often find a very sensitive nature, imagination, originality, and ruthless determination to express his creative impulses. These fine qualities should not be crushed by arbitrary, autocratic discipline. Such handling is certain to stimulate in the child rebellion, defiance, the most stubborn kind of disobedience, and not infrequently we can trace acute digestive disturbances, frequent vomiting, nervous disturbances, such as stammering and twitching, to the thoughtless handling of a child of this type.

The story of six-year-old Charles will concretely illustrate my point. When he first came to the Children's Garden with his parents for an examination, he looked like a haunted wild animal. His thin, pale face was tragically twisted with fear and distrust. He would not enter or touch a thing in the room although I tried to make clear to Charles that everything in the Children's Garden was for him to play with. His eyes were fixed on his parents and it was evident that Charles dreaded criticism, admonition, punishment at every move. I realized that nothin could *say* would convince Charles he was free to do as he pleased in Children's Garden. I said no more from one of the shelves I took dow Russian wooden egg containing eight concentric eggs of different colors. I down at the green table and began to o up the egg, arranging the half-eggs i circle, the red, the blue, the green, yellow, the purple—and more eggs coming—growing smaller and smal The parents were fascinated and children expressed their delight. By time I had opened the ninth or tenth Charles was at my side and with a look his eyes which said, "May I try it?" W out a word, I handed the egg over to h

To my delight and to the parents' s prise, Charles played with that egg one full hour, opening the eggs, clos them, arranging the halves in intric patterns; handling the parts with most exquisite care, showing an appre tion of the fine texture of the wood, of polished colorful surface. After th Charles discovered other toys and ma rial of interest in the room, all of wh he handled with skill and with an unus observance of details. By the end the examination, I knew that Charles w a gifted boy, responsive to all reasona requests, eager to cooperate; that th was *nothing wrong with Charles*. Af talking with the parents and studying th home environment, I was convinced t the boy's defiance, his disobedience,

Guide Creative Energy

Problems with children are common in most homes but they can all be adjusted if approached properly. These errors of self-will, stubbornness, and temper may be traced to misdirected creative energies which are latent in the child and which will respond only to the sympathetic touch.

This broadcast by Mrs. Scott is published here through the courtesy of the NBC over which network Mrs. Scott broadcasts regularly.

If you are disturbed over the behavior of your children, Mrs. Scott will be pleased to help you solve your problem. Address your request to Mrs. Miriam Finn Scott, in care of Radio Digest, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.—Editor.

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The small boy
constantly interfered with, *his* play,
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lack of consideration for a
's rights can only generate in-
ence, rebellion, and disobedience.
general, my advice in Charles'
will fit most children of his type.
: The child who is gifted with
qualities must have special con-
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tlet for his imagination, original-
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or two to hold his toys and ma-
ls. Third: We must respect the
at play. We must not thought-
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ct they may seem to us. We
realize that these are the child's
efforts; that the child's castle
f his building blocks, or his train
acks going to a world of his own
nation are as important to him
ur efforts are to us. Children
are handled with respect, with
ideration and with sympathy,
quickly respond to reasonable
just requests of them.
e can hardly conceive of the ex-
to which disobedience is fostered
our failure to appreciate the
s the child attaches to his act
is desire. Often in our endeavor strictly to carry out an established rule, we leave out of account the imagination or emotions of the child. A little girl of six, who was just learning to write, conceived the tremendous idea of writing a letter to her father, who was returning home late that evening, which letter she was going to place on his pillow, to be discovered and read by him when he went to bed. The mother, not appreciating what this meant to the child, put off the child's writing of the letter until it suited her own convenience. Her convenience did not arrive until twenty minutes after six—ten minutes before the child's bedtime. With painstaking fingers the child began to write the letter. Her hand grew tired, she grew sleepy, but with unfaltering will she kept on—for before her was the dream of the pleased surprise of her father when he found her letter. At six-thirty o'clock the mother ordered the child to bed; the child pleaded for time to complete her letter. This the mother flatly refused and in turn the child flatly refused to obey. Then came the clash. The mother forcibly picked the child up and carried her off, the girl resisting and fighting her mother in a passion of wildest violence. By superior strength the child was put to bed. *Obedience* had been enforced, but the little girl lay sobbing in the dark, wild with grief over the tragedy of her broken dream—her spirit newly sown with the seed of disobedience!



Mrs. Scott, Author of *Meeting Your Child's Problems* and other books

* * *

During Mrs. Scott's visit to Russia (U.S.S.R.) she lectured on the subject of child training at the Universities of Moscow, Leningrad and other educational centers. One of her books, *How to Know Your Child* was translated into Russian during her visit. While there she made a study of the homeless children who have been such a problem to Russia and who are the subject of much spirited discussion here in our own country. Mrs. Scott had an opportunity to study them at first hand as the various institutions where they are cared for and educated were thrown open to her.

Mrs. Scott has also lectured in some of this country's principal centers on the question so close to her heart. The Superintendent of Schools of the City of New York has this to say of the series of lectures she delivered here, "I consider the lectures given by Mrs. Scott epoch-making. They were the best ever delivered in the schools of New York."



The mischievous twinkle in Mr. Guest's eyes betray the boy that's still in him

A Fireside Poet At Home

By MRS. EDGAR GUEST

"A Good Somebody to Have around although He Leaves His Clothes All over and Snores in His Sleep"

Mrs. Edgar Guest, wife of America's well-known poet, delivered the following talk over the National Broadcasting Company on what it means to be a poet's wife.—EDITOR.

WHEN I was asked to speak on how it seems to be the wife of a prominent man, I wanted to decline the invitation, because for the twenty-four years that I have been his wife he has done *all* the talking. Now, that in itself should be a unique experience for *any* wife, to have to listen to her husband talk in public places for twenty-four years and not be able to make any reply at all. Tonight I have him in the same place. Whatever I have to say he cannot reply to. Of course, I will have to be careful what I say, because he is listening to me and the night is long.

Really, I don't know *what* to tell you. You know he is just like other men judging by what other men's wives tell me. He has a good appetite, sleeps well, snores and leaves his clothes all over the house. He likes to be petted. He very often picks out the wrong necktie. He is the kind of a husband that likes to go to bed at night and read. Besides the bed he likes to have a plate of apples and hard candy. And when I try to go to sleep he munches this in my ears.

Somebody asked me one time what his favorite food was—I have seen him take the most elaborate menu card with apparently everything in the world on it, and after considerable study of it would wind up by ordering calves' liver and bacon and rice pudding. Oh, I know he does all the things that all other men do. He is just a normal person and incidentally, I have found him a mighty nice somebody to have around the house and to be with. He loves to play bridge, and I have been patient with him, even though he is the worst card-holder in the world. Do we argue at the bridge-table—well, we are married!

Of course, his pet game is golf. He loves it, and I have listened to score after score and have even gone to Pinehurst with him and heard nothing else but golf.

I think one of the funniest things he ever did occurred at Pinehurst. We have a friend who is a very prominent citizen in Detroit, and who goes to Pinehurst every year with a group of his friends. He is very much interested in his game, although he is a great enough sportsman not to take it too seriously. However, on this particular day, they had arranged what they thought was a very important foursome and so my husband decided that this would be a good time for him to act as a caddy for this gentleman.

YOU know all the caddies at Pinehurst are colored boys, so Edgar proceeded to blacken himself up and get on some old clothes and go in with the rest of the caddies. When this particular Detroiter came along, the caddy-master, who of course, was in on the joke, called Edgar out and he took the bag of clubs and proceeded to the first tee. Well, from there on he did everything in the world that a caddy—shouldn't do—he would talk just as his friend was about to shoot, he dropped the clubs, he walked into the bunkers. In short, he did everything he shouldn't have done. This continued until they reached the twelfth hole and here the friend shot a ball in the bunker and Edgar went in and stepped on it. this was about the finish, but when got to the green—you know the g at Pinehurst are sand—he waited unt friend was about to putt and then dr the clubs right across in front of the That was the end. He was discharge sent back to the clubhouse—then ren his wig and the laugh was on. The as I have said before, was a good s man, so he laughed the heartiest o of them.

I suppose that the wife of a man i public eye has to contend with many that many wives do not meet. A these are the stories that come t ears about how unhappy we really and this and that and the other that go to make up gossip. I have

(*Continued on page 106*)



Mrs. Guest enjoying her husband's pet game, g

Chain Calendar Features

The heavy response from readers to our questionnaire indicates a need for Chain Calendar Features. As program changes occur frequently after press date, this department was dropped for a few months, but is now resumed because of our readers' preference for the list, despite slight inaccuracies. In regard to the headings of Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific Time, readers are doubtless familiar with the division of time used by favorite stations. For location of station, see index to network kilocycles on page 85

Central Mountain Pacific

oughout Week

BILL AND JANE—(daily except day)

6:45 5:45 4:45
WBZ WBZA WHAM
WJR WLW

AND GLENN—Quaker Early

7:00 6:00 5:00
WJAR WEEI WTAG
WFI WRC WGY
WTAM WJ WSAI
WPTF CKGW WJAX
WFLA WSUN CFCF

SSIN PLAYBOYS—Brad and on., Tues., Wed.)

7:15 6:15 5:15
W2XE WFBL WKBW
WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJAS WMAL WADC
WKRC WSPD WOWO
KFJF

NG DEVOTIONS—(daily ex.

m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
W2XE WHEC WKBW
WCAU W3XAU WHP
WMAL WDBJ WADC
WBT WBCM WSPD
WLAC WOWO WBBM
KMOX KLRA KOIL
KFJF

IO—

m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEEI WCKY WRC
WJ WHO WOC
WAPI KPRC WFI
WSM WJAX WPTF
WOAI WBEN WRVA
WIOD WHAS WFLA
WTAM WJAR
WOW WCAE WGN

ERMONT LUMBER JACKS— Whitcomb. (daily ex. Sunday)

m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WBZ WBZA WBAL
M KDKA WJR

D DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed.,

m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
C W2XE WFBL WKBW
N WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WSM WJAX WTAR
C WHK WKRC WBT
I WXYZ WSPD WREC
C WHRC WJAC WISN
O WMAQ WCCO KMOX
C KOIL KFH KFJF
O KTSA KLZ KDYL

CHING FOR EVERYONE— ex. Sun.)

m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
C W2XE WHEC WKBW
G WPG WHP WJAS
I WADC WWJ WHT
M WDOD WLAC WSM
X WOWO KSCJ WMT
X KLRA KOIL KFH
O KTRH KLZ KDYL

S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted nthony Wons. (daily 8 a. m. 10)

a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
C W2XE WLIZ WEAN
C WHP WJAS WCAU
G WDOD WREC WLAC
M WOWO KSCJ WMT
X KMBC KOIL WIBW
KFJF KDYL

AILEY ALLEN—Radio Home ers. (daily except Sat and Sun.)

a. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
C W2XE WHEC WKBW
N WDRC WORC WCAU
AT WHP WJAS WLBW
AL WCAO WDBJ WADC
NC WBCM WSPD WDOD
C WJDX WBBM KSCJ
BC KLRA KOIL KFJF

HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE— pt Sunday and Friday)

a. m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
AF WJAR WTAG WCSH
T WRC WCAE WWJ
AM KSD WTMJ KSTP
M WEAF WGY WMC
ON WSAI KYW WOC
CFCF CKGW

DA BAKERS—(Mon., Thurs.)

a. m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
C W2XE WFBL WKBW
N WDRC WNAC WCAU
CAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
AR WDBJ WADC WKRC
NC WBT WGST WXYZ
'D WDOD WREC WLAC
SC WDSU WOWO WBBM
SO KMOX KMBC KOIL
I KFJF KRLD KTSA
'Y KDYL KVI KOL
'Y KOIN HJ KFRC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
COLUMBIA REVIEW — (daily except Sat and Sun.)

12:30 p. m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WLBZ WDRC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WADC WBT
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WISN WOWO
WBBM KSCJ WMT KMBC
KLRA WDAY KOIL WIBW
KFJF WGR

MUSICAL AVIATORS ORCHESTRA—Tom Truesdale, Director. (daily).

1:00 p. m. 12:00 11:00 10:00
WABC W2XE WGR WLBZ
WDRC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WADC WHK
WBRC WFBG WCAU WOWO
WBBM KSCJ WMT KMBC
KLRA WDAY KOIL WIBW
KFJF WGR

AMBASSADOR HOTEL ORCHESTRA —(Mon. and Thurs.)

1:30 p. m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WGR
WDRC WPG WFAN WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WKRC WWNC
WBT WBCM WSPD WDOD
WLAC WBRC WOWO KLRA

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL— (daily ex. Sun.)

2:00 p. m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WDRC WEAN WJAS WFBG
WFAN WHP WJAS WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WHK
WKRC WBRC WWNC WIT
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC WISN WOWO WBBM
WCCO KSCJ WMT KLRA
WDAY KFJF KTRH KLZ
KOL

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR— (daily except. Sat.)

2:30 p. m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WKRC WBRC WWNC WIT
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WISN WFBM WGL
WCCO KSCJ WMT WDSU
KMBC KLRA WDAY KOIL
WIBW KFH KFJF KRLD
KTRH KTSA KLZ KVI
KOL KFPY KHJ

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER — (Wed. Thurs. and Friday)

2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WLIT WRC WCAE WWJ
WSAI KSD WOC WHO
WOW KVOO WBAP KPRC
WOAI WKY WTIC WTAG
WREN WTAM KYW CKGW
CFCF

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA— Emery Deutsch, Director. (Mon., Tues., and Wed.)

3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WGR WJAS
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WHP WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WKRC WWNC
WKBN WWNC WIT WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WISN WFBM WGL WBBM
WCCO KSCJ WMT KLRA
KOIL KFJF KRLD KTRH
KLZ KVI KOL KFPY

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (daily except Sunday)

6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WBAL KDKA WRVA WPTF
WJAX WIOD WLW WFLA
WSUN

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—(Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.)

6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WFI WRC WTAG WSAI
WEBC WCAE WGY WTAG
WTAM WWJ WSAI KSD
WOC WHO WOW WDAF
WSB WSMB WJDX WENR
WHAS WBEN CKGW WMC

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—Amos 'n' Andy (daily except Sunday)

7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WJZ WHAM KDKA WBZ
WBZA WRC CKGW WRVA
WPTF WJAX WIOD WCKY
WFLA WSUN WLW WJR
WGAR CFCF

TASTYEAST JESTERS—(Mon. Thurs. Sat.)

7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WJZ WCKY WHAM WBZ
WBZA WREN KDKA WRC
WGAR WRVA WPTF WJAX
WIOD

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man. (daily except Sat and Sun.)

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WOAI
KPRC WJDX KTHS WPTF
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WSMB WHAM KDKA WREN
KWK WTMJ WEBC KOA
KSL WRC WGAR CFCF

EVANGELINE ADAMS—Astrologer. (Mon., Wed., and Fri.)

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WWNC
WAIU WWNC WBT WGST
WXYZ WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WISN WFBM
WFBM WGL WBBM WCCO
KMOX KMBC KLRA KOIL
KFJF WRR KTRH CFRB

MORTON DOWNEY—With Freddie Rich and his Orchestra. (Daily ex. cept Sun. and Mon.)

7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WDRC WNAC WORC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WTAR WDBJ WHK
WKRC WKBN WWNC WBCM
WDOD WBRC WGL KSCJ
KLRA WDAY KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF KRLD KTRH
KVI KOL KFPY KFRC

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (daily:

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WFBL WGR WADC WHK
WGST WXYZ WSPD WREC
WBRC WDSU WFBM WGL
WMAQ WCCO KMOX WNBC
KOIL KEJF WRR KTSA

BARBASOL PROGRAM—(Mon. and Thurs.)

8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WWNC WXYZ
WSPD WISN WFBM WMAQ
WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL

RADIOTRON VARIETIES—(Wed. and Sat.)

8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WRC WLIT
WEBC WTAM WSAI WHO
WWJ KSD WOC WHO
WOW WDAF WIOD WFLA
WSUN WSM WSB WSMB
WJDX WFAA WOAI KOA
KSL KGO KECA KGW
KHQ KOMO KTAR KFSD
WJBT KPRC

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WNAC WORC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WFBM WCCO
KMOX KMBC KOIL

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues. Thurs. Sat.)

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WCAE
WWJ WSAI KSD WOC
WHO WTMJ WOW WDAF
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WSMB WJDX WOAI KOA
KGO WKY KECA KGW
KHQ KOMO KTAR KFSD
WJBT WDAY WTAM WAPI
WBEN WOW

CLARA, LU AND EM—(daily except Sun and Mon.)

10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WJR WLW KWK WREN
WGAR WBZ WBZA WGN

Sunday

MORNING MUSICALE—Emery Deutsch Conducting.

9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WORC WPG WCAU
WXAU WHP WCAO WTAR
WWNC WBT WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WISN WFBM
WHT KMBC KWK WIBW
KFH KFJF KRLD KTRH
KDYL

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—

10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WORC WPG WJAS WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WKBN WWNC
WBT WBCM WDOD WREC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WLAC WBBM KSCJ WMT
KMOX KMBC WIBW KFJF
KDYL

ROXY CONCERT—

11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WJZ WRC WTAM
WWJ WOC WHD WPTE
WBAL KGD WGAR

SPECIAL SYMPHONY CONCERT—

11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WJZ WBAL KGO
WGAR WRC WTAM WWJ
WOC WHO WPTF WJW
WJAR WGN WDAF WTMJ
WMC WKY KWK WREN
KOA KECA KGW KOMO
KFSD

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—

12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WDRC WORC WPG
WHP WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WWNC
WBT WBCM WSPD WDOD
WISN WOWO WREC KSCJ
WMT KMBC KLRA WDAY
KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY

March 8 — Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, M. P.: "The Freedom of the Seas." March 15—Sir Samuel Hoare, M. P.: "The Freedom of the Air"! March 22—(From Leds)— Lord Moynihan; President of the Royal College of Surgeons: "The Future of Surgery." March 29—Hugh Walpole: "Books of Spring".

CATHEDRAL HOUR—

2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU W2XAU
WFI WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WKRC WKBN WWNC
WBT WBCM WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WFBM WGL
WBBM KSCJ WMT KMBC
KLRA WDAY KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF KRLD KTRH
KTSA KLZ KVI KFPY

MOONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—

2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WEAF WTAG WJAR WRC
WGY WBAL KGO WSAI
WWJ WDAF WEEI WLIT
WCAE KOA

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—

3:15 p.m. 2:15 1:15 12:15
WABC W2XE WNAC WORC
WKBW WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WCAU WHP WJAS WMAL
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WKRC WKBN WWNC
WBT WBCM WREC WHEC
WLAC WBRC WOWO WFBM
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC WIBW KOIL KFH
WJBW KFH KFJF KRLD
KTRH KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY KHJ

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—

4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WTAG KOA WOW WKY
WOAI WSAI WJAX WHAS
WJDX KVOO KPRC WEBC
WDAF WWJ WFLA WSUN
KHQ WHO WOC KGO
KOMO WTAE WFJC WRC
KGW WPTF WMC WGY
WSM KTHS WRAP WSB
WAPI WDSU WRVA WIOD
WGN KPO KHQ

CHASE AND SANBORN

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJAR WTAG WCSH WRC
WGY WCAE WWJ WSAI
KSD WOW WIOD WHO
KSTP WHO WOC WHAS
WEBC WTAC WSB WSMB
WKY KTHS KPRC WOAI
WTMJ WTAM WJDX WFLA
WSUN WJW WTIC KVOO
WBEN WLIT

SERMON BY REV. DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE—

5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WJAS
WMAL WADC WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WMAQ KOIL
WCAU W3XAU KRLD WRR

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

DAVEY HOUR—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WEI	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WTAM	KSD	WSAI	WFBR
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
CKGW	WREN	WEEI	WWJ

THE FRENCH TRIO—

5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WJBRC
WNAC	WORC	WFAN	WHF
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WEAR	WDRC	WJAR	WHK
WKRC	WWNC	WBCM	WSPD
WJDO	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WOWO	WFAM	WBBM	WSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	KRLD
KLZ	KDYL	KVI	KFPY

IODENT CLUB—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WLS	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WEBC	WTMJ
WREN	WFI	WDAF	

HARBOR LIGHTS—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
	WJZ	KDKA	WREN
WCKY	KOA	WGAR	WGN
KWK	WRVA	KGO	KPO
KOMO	KFSD		

THE GOLDEN HOUR OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

7:00 p.m.			
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WCAU	WSXAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WKRC	WNAC	WBCM
WDOD	WMAQ	WCCO	WMT
KMOX			

WILLIAMS OILOMATICS—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	WLW	WREN	KDKA
WGN	WJR		

RCA VICTOR PROGRAM—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WWJ	KPRC	WREN	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
KYW	WRVA	WIOD	WFLA
WSCN	WHAS	KSD	WDAF
WTMJ	WEBC	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KFI	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD	KGW	KOMO	WFAA
WWJ	KPRC		

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WSNB	KSTP	WIOD
WSB	WJDX	WJAR	WCAE
WRC	WGY	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WFLA	WSUN	WOW
WHO	WTAM	WOC	

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	KYW	WKY	WJR
WREN	WLAA	KPRC	WOAI
WHAS	WSMB	WMJ	KSTP
KDKA	WMC	KOA	WENR
WIOD	KTHS	WSMB	KOMO
KFI	KGW	KSL	KHQ
WEW	WCKY	WSB	WPTF
WRVA	WFLA	WSUN	KEAB
KFSD	KTAR	WDAY	KPO
KVOO	KHQ	WGAR	WEBC
CFCF			

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WEAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

COLLIERS RADIO HOUR—

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	KYW
KWK	WREN	KAO	KSL
KHQ	KOMO	WFI	KGW
KPO			

THE GAUCHOS—Vincent Sorey Conducting with Tito Guizzar, Tenor.

8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WLBZ
WDRC	WRDW	WNAC	WORC
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKBN
WAWC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD
WJDO	WREC	WFSG	WFBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WNAX	KOIL
WIBW	KFJF	KTSH	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFPY

ARABESQUE Desert Play

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WEEI
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WJDO	WREC	WIAC
WBRC	WFSG	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFPY

ATWATER KENT HOUR—

9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WEAF	WJAR	WRC	WEI
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOW	WSM
WLAC	KOA	WSMB	WSNB
KTI	KGW	KOMO	KPO
KHQ	KPRC	WKY	WHAS
WGN	WSB	WOC	WHO
WJR	WDAF	KSL	CKGW
WAPI	WBEN	KSTP	

Blue Ribbon Cha

Sunday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—Roxy Concert. A special symphony concert from the stage of the magnificent Roxy Theatre with various eminent guest artists.

12:00 a.m.—WABC—International Broadcast. One of the most cultural features in broadcasting circles. Always good no matter what the weather—straight from London.

3:00 p.m.—WABC—New York Philharmonic Symphony. One of New York's lodestones. Program offers opportunity to cultivate keener appreciation of good music.

6:00 p.m.—WJZ—Raising Junior (every day ex. Mon.) Dramatic record of young couple's experiences with first born. Series by Peter Dixon and his wife, Aline Berry, who take parts of Pa and Ma in act.

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Harbor Lights. Dramatic tales of old sea captain with Edwin Whitney in role of Capt. Norton. One of the oldest and most popular dramatic programs.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Maurice Chevalier. Bon jour Monsieur! Bad Boy of France has been signed up by Chase and Sanborn as guest artist. Orchestra directed by Dave Rubinoff.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—World Adventures with Floyd Gibbons. Floyd Gibbons' brilliant, vivid word pictures carry you with him as he relates thrilling events.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Graham-Paige Hour, Detroit Symphony Orchestra furnishes feast of music. Edgar A. Guest, America's popular poet, guest artist.

Monday

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas (every day ex. Sun.) Noted explorer, adventurer and author briefly summarizes news of day.

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy (every day ex. Sun.) Fictional blackface taxi drivers have enjoyed the sustained audience interest probably longer than any other program in history of Radio.

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook (every day ex. Sun.) Phil Cook is Radio's wonder man. Has done as many as thirteen distinct characters in one show.

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Evangeline Adams. Noted astrologer tells you what the stars tell her. All you need do is sit comfortably back in easy chair and wait for her prophecies to come true. Sponsored by Forhan's.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Real Folks. It is s the typical American town is disap But the rural characters have be fully preserved in this program. Frame Brown is author and leading

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Robert Burns tela. Slow tempo put Guy Lombar chestra where it is. Carmer's voice too.

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Slumber Hour night ex. Sun.) Ludwig Laurier p and appropriate touch to evening o Radio entertainment.

Tuesday

5:15 p.m.—WABC—Adventures in Join Dr. Vizetelly, noted lexicograp editor of Funk and Wagnall's Di in one of his delightful excursio wordland.

7:45 p.m. — WABC — Daddy and Sketches by J. P. McEvoy, noted h portrayed by Nick Dawson and 11-y Donald Hughes. Series fathered gress Cigar Company.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Blackstone Pla Featuring Julia Sanderson and Crumit. Incidental music by Jack and Alwyn Bach announces.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ Paul Whiteman's In which King of Jazz and his ma ether for canvas—sure do paint s teresting song pictures.

10:00 a.m.—WJZ—The Westinghouse A unique program paying tribute to standing American industries and cities. In the case of a city a dramati is presented recalling high spots of tory. If an industry is the subject, in that industry addresses you.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Paramount Radio Playhouse. An opportunity good music, listen to your favorite star tell a good story, and get the lo from "Jerry Closeup", the cinema's

Wednesday

6:15 p.m.—WJZ—Conti Gondoliers, ing atmosphere and romance of S Italy. James Haupt, tenor, is Giacon troubadour—batoneered by Billy Art

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

GRAHAM PAIGE HOUR—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WDSU	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC		

"WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS"—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	WREN
KYW	WCKY	WGAR	

ROYAL'S POET OF THE ORGAN—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WGST
WXYZ	WS D	WLAC	WOWO
WBBM	WMAQ	KMBC	KOIL
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

PENNZOIL PETE—

10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WJR	KWK	WLW	WREN
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WAPI
WSB	WMC	WHAS	WFLA
WSUN	WSMB	WDAF	WOAI
WKY	WHAM	WGAR	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	KYW	

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WKBN
WBT			

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WHAM	WJR	WLW	KWK
WREN	WENR		

BE SQUARE MOTOR CLUB—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WXYZ	WISN	WOWO	WSPD
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	WIBW	KRLD	

Eastern Central Mountain

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKE

10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	
WEAF	WEEI	WCHS	
WGY	WOW	WDAF	
KSTP	WCAE	WTAM	
KYW	WHO	WEBC	
WIOD	WHAS	WSNI	
KPRC	WKY	KOA	
KGW	WSB	KTAR	
WRVA	WBEN	WFI	
WFLA	WSUN	KECA	

Monday

THE MADISON SINGERS—
Program by Mixed Quartet.

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	
WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC	
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	
WBRC	WISN	WOWO	
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	
KTSA			

eatures

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Rion. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

8:00 p.m.—WABC—Toscha Seidel and Concert Orchestra. A fine violin recital and an outstanding Radio program. No strings attached to it but those on Toscha's Strad.

8:45 p.m.—WJZ—Natural Bridge Dancing Class, with Arthur Murray, noted dance master, leading the way.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—The Dutch Masters. Good Music, good songs and Lillian Taiz, Nelson Eddy and Jack Smart would make any program worth while.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Interwoven Pair. Billie Jones and Ernie Hare with their socks, socks, socks dispense comedy and sentimental songs flavored with raspberry or sarsaparilla or what-have-you humor.

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air, throws spotlight on film, vaudeville and Radio stars. Orchestra directed by Milton Schwartzwald.

Saturday

7:00 p.m.—WABC—Morton Downey, with Freddie Rich's Orchestra—There's a timbre to Morton's voice that reminds one of the roadside cottage and Irish stew.

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Rise of the Goldbergs. Story of New York Jewish family in its progress from the East Side of New York to Park Avenue.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Webster Program, featuring the beloved old-timers, Weber and Fields.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Early Bookworm. Alexander Woollcott gives you interesting reviews of day's books. Reviews will please you even though you don't like the books.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Hour. Symphony orchestra under direction of Walter Damrosch, and ten-minute talk on science by Floyd Gibbons.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Hank Simmons' Show Boat. Program captures charm of old-fashioned river boat and excitement produced by shows held on board.

.m.—WABC—Gold Medal Fast t. Good all-around program includ- ganist, jokes, quartet.

p.m.—WEAF—Radiotron Varieties. ed over by Arthur "Bugs" Baer, mas- ceremonies. Also, Welcome Lewis, Van Emburgh and an orchestra with m Merrigan Daly.

p.m.—WJZ—Camel Pleasure Hour. eature ranks high among the outstand- ograms of the concert type. Featur- einald Werrenrath.

p.m.—WABC—Columbia Experimen- boratory. Georgia Backus devises a echnique for Radio dramatics. In everyone speaks to himself and thinks meone else.

p.m.—WEAF—Coca Cola Program. nced by Graham McNamee of course. rantland Rice's interview with some celebrity always lends a little kick

Thursday

n.—WABC—Five Arts Program. Ar- l by Ida Bailey Allen of National Makers Club. Has never failed to keenly interesting note, especially to ne listeners.

.m.—WEAF—Fleischmann Hour. means Rudy Vallee and his Connecti- ankees. Rudy is still on tour but pro- are broadcast by remote control.

p.m.—WABC—Old Gold Character ngs. After you hear Lorna Fantin you nvinced your name should be Ivan ikovovitch instead of John Smith—it's phony of name that counts but num- f letters—come on, seven eleven.

.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble. sting of Frank Parker, tenor; Helen nd, contralto; Arthur Schutt, pianist; a quartet and Don Voorhees' orchestra.

Friday

a.m.—WABC—Sanderson and Crumit. care to get sentimental in the morn- isten to Frank and Julia bring back ries of musical comedies.

p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert, Jessica Dragonette of the golden voice; iers male quartet, and orchestra di- l by Rosario Bourdon.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
RADIO HOME MAKERS.

11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WMO
WBBM	KSCJ	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA			

THE FOUR CLUBMEN—

2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WPG	WEAN	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKBC	WKBN
WWNC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMBT	KLRA	WDAY	KFJF
KTRH	KLZ	KVI	KOL
KFPY			

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—

2:45 p.m.	1:45	12:45	11:45
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WREN
KWK	KFAB	KGW	KOA
WGAR	WGN	WMC	WSB
CFCF	WTMJ		

MUSIC IN THE AIR—

3:00 p.m	2:00	1:00	12:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJW	WJR	WGAR
WRC	WREN	KFAB	WKY
KOA	CKGW	WEBC	WRVA
WFBL	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX			

PANCHO AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WGL
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	KFJF
KTRH	KLZ	KVI	KFPY

POND'S—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WRC	KSD	WTAG
WWJ	WBEN	WCSH	WEEI
WAPI	WTIC	WJAR	WSAI
WOC	WTAM	KYW	WHO
WOW	WDAF	CKGW	WSB
WCAE	WSM		

RINSO TALKIE—

5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WEAF	WJ	WSAI	WEEI
WTIC	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	KYW	KSD	WOC
WHO	WTMJ	KSTP	WLBC

ADVENTURES IN WORDS—Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly.

5:15 p.m.	4:15	3:15	2:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WEAN	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WKBN
WWNC	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ		

NATURAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES —

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WDRC
WHP	WLBW	WTAR	WDBJ
WWNC	WBT	WBCM	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WGL
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WTAR	WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WGL	KSCJ
WMT	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KLZ	KVI	KFPY	KFRC

DADDY AND ROLLO—

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	WRNY
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WNXZ
WSPD	WREC	WISN	WOWO
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

THE INTERNATIONAL SINGERS

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	WJAS	WLBW
WADC	WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WLAC
WBRC	WMT	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WNAX	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KDYL	KVI	KFPY	

THE INTERNATIONAL SINGERS—Male Quartet.

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WWNC	WBT	

Central Mountain Pacific
NAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

p.m. 11:30	10:30	9:30
WHAM	WJR	KSTP
WHAS	WREN	WFAA
WIOD	WAPI	WOW
WSB	WGAR	KVOO
WOAI	WRC	WHO
WDJX	WBAL	WSMB
KOA	WBZ	WBZA
KTHS	WFLA	WSUN
KFAB	KPRC	KDKA
KFKX	WPTF	WSM

ACES ORCHESTRA—

p.m. 3:00	2:00	1:00
WBAL	KSTP	KOA
WHAM	WSM	WSB
WMC	WGAR	KYW

LISTENING TEST—

p.m. 3:00	2:00	1:00
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WCAO	WADC
WAIU	WXYZ	WSPD
WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
KMOX	KMBC	WDAY
KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY	KOIN	KHJ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
U. S. ARMY BAND—

4:15 p.m.	3:15	2:15	1:15
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WWNC	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WISN	WGL
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY	KHJ		

MALTINE STORY PROGRAM—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:0
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WLW	KYW
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WJR
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KOMO	KFSD		

VIRGINIA ARNOLD, Pianist—

5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:40
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WDRC
WPG	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WTAR	WKBN	WWNC
WBCM	WIOD	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WGL	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL		

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	KWY
WREN	KSTP	WEBC	KTHS
WKY	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KGW	KSO
KOMO	KVOO	WLW	WFAA
KPRC	WGAR		

EMPIRE BUILDERS—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	KYW
KWK	WREN	WTMJ	WOAI
KSTP	WEBC	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD	WKY	WBAP
KPRC	WGAR	KGW	

Tuesday

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY	KWK	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WKY	WTMJ	WFTF	WJDX
WJAX	WIBO	WREN	KSTP
WEBC	WRVA	WIOD	KTHS
KVOO	WBAP	KPRC	WOAI
WHAS	WJR	WFLA	WSUN

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WTMJ WIR WLW
KYW KWK WREN WRVA
WJAX KOW KOMO KHQ
KFSD KTAR WGAR WOAI
KOA WBAP WIOD WHAS
WSM WMC WSB WDAF
WSMB WOAI KFAB KGO

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WFI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WEI WJAC WBAL
KSD WOC WGY WREN
WCAE WTAM WMJ WSAI
WHO WDAF WOW

OLD GOLD CHARACTER READINGS—
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WABC WZXE WADC WNAC
WKBW WJRC WHK WXYZ
WOWO KDKA WHEC WHW
WCAU WJAX WJAS WEAN
KMOX WFBL WSPD WJJD
WJAM WDBO WJDX WCAE
KHJ KOIN KFRC KOL
KFRC KVI WFG WJNC
WGST WLBZ WBCM WRRC
WBT WAIU WDOD KRLD
WRR KLZ WDAY WHP
KTRH WFBM KPRC WOKO
WISN WREC WTAR WIAC
WDSU KFJF WHEC WDBJ
KSCJ KFSA WOAI WBIW
CFRB WMT KFH WORC
WKBN WNAX WTAQ WACO

FLORSHEIM FROLIC—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WTAG WFI WRC
WJAR WCAE WJAR WSAI
WGN KSD WDAF WEBC
WRVA KVOO WJAX WIOD
WSAI WEAN WSM WMC
WSB WSMB WJDX KPRC
WOAI WKY KOA KSL
KTHS KSL WBAP WFSH
WBAP WBEN KSTP WOW

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE —
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WTAG WEAF WEEI WJAR
WBEN WCSH WFI WRC
WOC WTAM WSAI WGAR
WJAX WTMJ WEBC WRVA
WSM WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WMC WSB WMBB
KOA KPRC WOAI WKY
KTAR KSL KGO KECA
KHQ KFSD KGW KOMO
KVOO WWJ KYW WHAS

HENRY GEORGE—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC WZXE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJAR WFI WJAS WMAL
WOAI WADC WHK WKRC
WNAC WSPD WISN WOWO
WJJD WBBM WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFH

HAPPY WONDER BAKERS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WTIC WCAE WGAR WBAP
KSTP WEBC WTMJ WRVA
WTAM WWJ WSAI WIBO
KSD WOC WHO WOW
WDAF WKY KOA KSL
KGO KECA KGW KOMO
KHQ

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC WZXE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WNAC WCAU
WJXAU WHP WJAS WMAL
WJAR WFI WJAC WHK
WKRC WAIU WKBN WBT
WGST WXYZ WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WDBJ WRVA
WFBM WMAQ WCCO WMT
KMOX KMBC KLRA WDAY
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBAL WGY WHEN
KWK WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WENR

GRAYBAR Mr. and Mrs.
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC WZXE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WJAS WNAC WCAU
WJAR WFAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WHK WKRC WSPD WJSV
WGST WXYZ WSPD WHEC
WREC WLAC WDBJ WISN
WOWO WJBK WBBM WCCO
KMOX KMBC KLRA KOIL
KPH KFJF KRLD KTRH
KFSA KLZ KDYL KOMA
KFPY KOIN KHJ KFRC

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
KDKA KYW KWK KPRC
WLIB WJAS WHAS WSM
WMC WSMB KGW KOA
KOL KGO KHQ WTMJ
KOMO WTIC WOAI WSB
WSB WOD WFLA WSUN
KLRA KSD KTAR KFSD
WJR WAPI WGAR WFAA
WHAM WCKY

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX RADIO PLAYHOUSE—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC WZXE WJBL WHEC
WKBW WJAS KSTP WJJD
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WPG WCAU WJXAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WDEL WTAR WDBJ WJAX
WADC WHK WKRC WCAH
WKBN WJXC WBT WGST
WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WKYZ WSPD WSPD WLAP
WFIW WDOD WREC WLAC
WBBM WISN WISN WMBD
WFBM WBBM WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC KLRA
WDAY KOIL KFH KLZ
KPH KFJF KRLD WRR
KTRH KTSA KLZ KDYL
KVI KOIL KPPY KOIN
CHJ KFRC KNX CFRB

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WEAF WFI KOA WRC
KSTP WCO WHO WOW
WJDX KSD WTAM WDAF
WBEN

Wednesday

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD.
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBAL WIBO KDKA
KWK WREN WJDX WSMB
KCAB WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WBZ WBZA WLW
WGAR WHAM

THE PATCHWORKER.—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WFI
WTIC WRC WOAI WSH
WRC WGY WWJ WSAI
WCAE WTAM WBEN KFKX
WOC WHO WJAX WDAF
WRVA WPTF WJAX WIOD
WSM WMC WSB WAPI
KVOO WBAP

BEN AND HELEN—
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC WZXE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WOKO WFI WJAS WCAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WKBN WWNC
WBCM WISN WOWO WREC
WLAC WISN WOWO WBBM
KSCJ KMBC KLRA KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTSA KDYL
KVI KFPY

EASTMAN SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WJZ WHAM WJR WHEN
KDKA WFI CKGW KSTP
WJAX WSM KOA KGO
KECA KTAR WGAR

EDDIE CONNORS—
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC WZXE WGR WDRC
WPG WHP WJAS WLBW
WCAO WTAR WKBN WWNC
WHP WCAU WDOD WFBC
WLAC WGL WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMBC KLRA WDAY
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD
KTSA KKZ KDYL

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC WZXE WDRC WEAN
WHP WLBZ WMAL WJAS
WDBJ WADC WWNC WBT
WKBN WDOD WREC WLAC
WBBM WCCO KSCJ WMT
KLRA WDAY KFJF KRLD
KTSA KLZ KDYL KVI
KOL KFPY

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"—William Hard.
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WEAF WRC KOA KECA
KGO WCAE WHEN KOMO
KFSD WSAI WIBO KSD
WOC WHO WOW WDAF
WEEI WJAR WFLA WSUN
KSTP

LISTERINE PROGRAM — Bobby Jones, golf chats.
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WFI WRC WTIC WFI
WBEN WTAM WWJ WSAI
WIBO KSD WOC WHO
WOW WJAX WFLA WDAF
WSUN WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WJDX WFAA WOAI
KOA KSL KECA KGW
KGW KOMO KHQ KTAR
KFSD WGY KPRC

TOSCHA SEIDEL AND CONCERT ORCHESTRA—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC WZXE WGR WLBZ
WDRC WORC WPG WJAS
WLBW WMAL WDBJ WKRC
WWNC WBT WBCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WISN
WOWO WMAQ KSCJ WMT
KMOX KMBC KLRA WDAY
WNAX KOIL KFH KFJF
KTHS KTSA KLZ KFPY
KDYL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
MOBILOIL CONCERT—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WLIT WRC WSAI
KSD WOW WTAM KOA
KVOO WFAA WOAI WKY
WTIC KPRC KSL WGY
KGW WEBC WDAF WCAE
WHO WOC WWJ WBEN
KSTP

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJXAU WHP WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WKRC WCAH WXYZ WSPD
WLAC WBRC WJAX WISN
WOWO WFBM WMAQ WCCO
KSCJ KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFH KFJF KRLD KLZ
KDYL KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC KMJ KFBK

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WCAE CKGW WRVA WJAX
KOA KSL KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ KSD WSAI
WOC WHO WOW WWJ
WSMB KVOO KPRC WOAI
KSTP WTMJ WEBC WHAS
WSM WMC WSB KFH
WBEN WTAM

PALMOLIVE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
KSD WOC WOW WSMB
WTMJ KOMO KSTP WHAS
WSM WMC WDAF WHO
WSB WOAI KOA KSL
KGO KHQ KOMO KHQ
WEAA KPRC WWJ WTAM
WBEN KFI (KVOO off 10:00)

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA KGW KYW WJR
WSAI WRVA WJR KWK
WIOD WJAX WFLA WSUN
WOAI

COCA COLA PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WCAE WSAI WOC WEBC
WSM WSB KSD KRVA
KSTP WJAX WIOD WSM
WSMB KTHS KPRC WOAI
KOA KFI KGO KGW
KHQ KOMO KFSD WJDX
WDAF WHAS WTAM WHO
WOW WMC WWJ KWJJ
WAPI WBEN KFI WGY

VINCENT LOPEZ—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WRC WCAE KSD
WGY WLIT WOC WHO
WWJ WFLA WSUN

COLUMBIA CONCERTS CORPORATION PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WCAU WJXAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WKBN
WWNC WHP WCAU WDOD
WFBC WLAC WBRC WBCM
WISN WOWO WFBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KLRA WDAY WNAX WIBW
KFJF KTRH KTSA KLZ
KDYL KOL KFPY

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WCAU WJXAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WKBN
WWNC WHP WCAU WDOD
WFBC WLAC WBRC WISN
WOWO WFBM WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMBC KLRA WDAY
WNAX KOIL KFH KFJF
KTRH KLZ KDYL KOL
KFPY

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WCAU WJXAU WLBW
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WKRC
WKBN WWNC WBT WBCM
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WISN WOWO WFBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
WDAY WNAX KOIL KFH
KFJF KTRH KLZ KDYL
KFPY

Thursday

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WJBW WMAL WCAO WDBJ
WADC WWNC WBCM WSPD
KSCJ KMOX KMBC KLRA
KFJF KRLD KTSA

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
FIVE ARTS—Radio Home M.
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00
WABC WZXE WHEC
WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WPG WCAU W3XAU
WLBW WCAO WTAR
WKBN WWNC WBCM
WDOD WREC WLAC
WOWO KSCJ WMT
KLRA KOIL KFJF

THIRTY MINUTE MEN—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WGR
WEAN WHP WJAS
WCAO WTAR WKRC
WWNC WBCM WSPD
WREC WLAC WDBJ
WGL WCCO KSCJ
KMOX KMBC KLRA
KOIL KFJF KRLD
KTRH KTSA KLZ

MID-WEEK FEDERATION SING—,
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00
WEAF WMC WIBO
WHAS WOC WHO
WBEN WCAE WTMJ

HOWARD LANIN'S ST. ORCHESTRA—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WHEC
WKBW WJAS WNAC
WJAS WLBW WCAO
WKBN WWNC WBT
WREC WLAC WBRC
WGL WMAQ KSCJ
KMOX KMBC KLRA
KOIL KFJF KTRH
KVI KFPY

FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTE
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45
WABC WZXE WHEC
KWK KFAB WHAS
WMC WSB WAPI
WJDX WRVA WDAF
WIOD WFLA WSUN
KECA KOMO KHQ
KFSD WBAL KSKA
KOA KSL WGAR

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WTAG
WJAR WCSH WFI
WRC WGY WHO
WDAF WWJ WHAS
WTAM WSAI WSB
WEBC KOA WRVA
KOMO WOAI WSM
WAPI KGO KFI
KSD CKGW WTAM
KSTP WGN KPRC
CFCF WFLA WSUN
(WTMJ KTHS WIOD
WKY, off 8:30)

THE HAMILTON WATCHMA
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45
WABC W2XE WFBL
WEAN WNAC WCAU
WJAS WJBW WHK
WADC WHK WKRC
WSPD WOWO WJJD
KMBC KOIL

THE FORTY-NINERS—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WHEC
WLBZ WDRC WORC
WEAN WJAS WCAO
WMAL WCAO WDBJ
WHK WKBN WWNC
WBCM WSPD WJDX
WBRC WISN WFBM
KSCJ WMT KMOX
KLRA WDAY WNAX
KFJF KFH KRLD
KLZ KDYL KOL
KHJ

OLD GOLD CHARACTER REA
—Lorna Fantin
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WADC
WNAC WKBW WBBM
WHK WXYZ WOWO
WLBW WCAU WJAS
WJAS WEAN KMOX
WSPD WQAM WDBO
WDAE WHP KOIN
KOL KFPY KVI
WWNC WGST WLBZ
WBRC WCAU WJAX
KELD WRR KLZ
WFIW KTRH WFBM
WCCO WMBD WREC
WLAC WDSU KFJF
WDHJ KSCJ KTSA
WIBW WCFL WMT
WORC WKBN WNAX
WACO

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR
WCSH WFI CKGW
WGY WSB WSM
WJAX WRVA WSAI
WKY WBAP KYW
KSD WDAF KVW
WEBC WOAI WSMB
WOC WMC WHO
KECA KOMO KHQ
WAPI WTAM WBEN
WSUN KTAR KFSD

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOM
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30
WEAF WJAR WWJ
WCSH WFI WRC
WSAI WTAM WIBO
WBEN

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMB
9:30 p.m. 8:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA
WLW WKY WTMJ
WHAS WSM WJAX
KOA WRVA WSB
KYW KWK WREN
WJR WSMB WOAI
KGW KOMO KHQ
WMC WHAM KDKA
KGO WJDX WSUN
KTAR KFSD

tern Central Mountain Pacific
BY, McNEILL AND LIBBY PRO-
RAM —
0:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
VJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
CHIO WGW KDKA WSB
WK WREN WHAS WSM
MC WAPI WJDX WSMB
JR WGAR

ESOTA PROGRAM —
0:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
EAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
EI WRC WGY WCAE
WJ WSAI WTIC WRVA
TAM WBEN WOC WHO
FKN

A, ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY
TRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—
0:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
EAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
CSH WFI WRC WGY
CAE WWJ WSAI WBEN
SD WOW WKY WOAI
OA KSL WTMJ WIOD
HAS WSM WMC WSMB
FAA WDAF KTOO WMAZ
JAX KPRC WEBC WRVA
ELA WSUN WSB WFAA
FSD WBAP WTAM DKGO
GW WOC WHO KFI

DIO ROUNDUP—
0:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
ABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
LBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
ORC WCAU W3XAU WHP
JAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
TAR WDBJ WADC WHK
KRC WKBN WWNC WBT
BCM WSPD WDOD WREC
LAC WBRC WISN WOWO
SCJ WMT WMBC KLRA
VDAY WNAX KOIL WIBW
CKF KRLD KTRH KTSA
WJBY KFYL

N BERNIE AND HIS ORCHES-
RA —
1:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
ABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
LBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
ORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
HP WLBW WMAL WCAO
TAR WDBJ WBAL WWNC
BT WBCM WSPD WDOD
REC WLAC WBRC WISN
COWO WFBM WMBC KLRA
LRA WDAY WNAX KOIL
IBW KFH KFJF KTRH
TSA KLZ KOL KFPY

RNIE CUMMINS AND HIS OR-
HESTRA FROM ST. PAUL—
1:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
ABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
LBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
ORC WPG WHP WLBW
MAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
HK WKRC WBT WWNC
BT WBCM WDOD WREC
LAC WBRC WISN WFBM
COWO WMBC KLRA WDAY
DAY WNAX KOIL WIBW
BH KFJF KTRH KTSA
LZ KOL KFPY

Friday

BY, McNEIL AND LIBBY PRO-
RAM—
0:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
VJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
VLW KWK WREN KFAB
RVA WPTF WJAX WIOD
FLA WSUN WHAS WSH
JDX WSMB KVOO WBAP
PRC WOAI KOA WDZ
PTA WSB WJR KDKA

ND BREAD PROGRAM—
0:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
ABC W2XE WBIL WHEC
KBW WEAN WDRC WNAC
ORC WCAU W3XAU WMAL
CAO WTAR WADC WHK
AUU WXYZ WSPD WDSU
FBM KYOX KMBC KOIL
FH KFJF

SEPHINE B. GIBSON—
0:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
VJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
HAM KDKA WCKY WIBO
WK WREN WTMJ WSM
STP WEBC WRVA WJAX
IOD WHAS WMC WAPI
SMB WJDX KVOO WBAP
PRC WOAI WKY WJDX
PTA WSB WJR KDKA

C MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—
Walter Damrosch.
1:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
VJZ WEAF WBZ WOAI
BZA WHAS KFAB WEEI
JR WGAR WWJ WLW
WK WREN KFAB WEEI
WJAR WJAS WSAI WLIT
RC WGY WBEN WCAE
TAM WSAI KSD WOC
HIO WOW WJR CKGW
TMJ KSTP WDAF WRVA
PTF WJAX WEBC WFLA
SUN WHAS WIOD WMC
SB WAPI WSM WJDX
VOO KPRC WSMB WKY
OA KSL KGO WCFL
WFAA KYWon 11:30) (WIBO off
1:45) (WBAP off 11:30)

NIFRED CARTER—Cooking Trav-
logues.
1:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
ABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
KBW WEAN WDRC WNAC
CAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
MAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
ADC WKRC WAIU WWNC
BT WGST WTOC WQAM
DBO WDAE WXYZ WSPD
DOD WREC WISN WFBM

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WDSU WISN WOWO WBBM
CCKN KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTRH KTSA
CFRB

EMILY POST—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WJAR
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WKRC WXYZ WSPD
WBBM WCKY WIBO KMOX
KMBC KOIL CFRB

ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC OR-
CHESTRA —
3:15 p.m. 2:15 1:15 12:15
WJZ WHAL KDKA WLW
WIBO KWK WREN CKGW
KSTP WJR WPTF WFLA
WSUN WSM KOA WJDX
WRVA

RADIO GUILD—
4:00 p.m. .00 2:00 1:00
WJZ WBAL WHAM KGO
CKGW WPTF WJAS KTAR
KFI KOMO KFSD WSM
KFAB KSTP WEBC WBZA
WDAF WTAM WBZ WJR
KSL KOA KYW KWK
WGAR WLW WTMJ WSB
WSMB KVOO WOAI WKY
KPRC WRVA WBC

CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WGR WLBZ
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WPG WCAU W3XAU WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WKRC WWNC WBT WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WISN WOWO WMBC
KLRA WDAY WNAX KOIL
KRLD KTRH KTSA KLZ
KOMA WFAA KOIL KFJF
KDYL KVI KOL KFPY
KHJ

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CKGO	960	????	1450
KDKA	980	WFLA	620
WJAR	1440	WGAR	1450
KFAB	770	WGN	720
KFI	640	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KPXX	1020	WHAS	820
KTAR	620	WHO	1000
KGW	620	WIBO	560
KHQ	590	WJAR	890
KOA	830	WJAX	900
KOMO	920	WJDX	1270
KPO	680	WJR	750
KPRC	920	WJZ	760
KSD	550	WKY	900
KSL	1130	WLIT	560
KSTP	1460	WLS	870
KTAR	620	WLW	700
KTHS	1040	WMC	780
KVOO	1140	WOAI	1190
KWK	1350	WOC	1000
WKY	1020	WOW	590
WAPI	1140	WPTF	680
WBAL	1060	WRC	950
WBAP	800	WREN	1220
WBEN	900	WRVA	1110
WBZ	990	WSAI	1330
WBZA	990	WSB	740
WCAE	1220	WSM	650
WCFL	970	WSMB	650
WCKY	1480	WSMB	1320
WCHS	940	WSUN	620
WDAF	610	WTAG	580
WEAF	660	WTAM	1070
WEBC	1290	WTIC	1060
WEII	590	WTMJ	620
WENR	870	WWJ	920
WFAA	800		
WFI	560		

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WEAN	780
CXAC	730	WFAN	610
KDYL	1290	WFBL	1360
KFH	1300	WFBM	1230
KFJF	1480	WFIW	940
KFPY	1340	WGR	550
KFRC	610	WGST	890
KHJ	900	WHEC	1440
KLRA	1390	WHK	1390
KLZ	560	WHP	1430
KMBC	950	WIBW	580
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOIL	1260	WJAS	1290
KOIN	940	WJJD	1130
KOL	1270	WKBN	570
KRLD	1040	WKBW	1480
KSCJ	1330	WKRC	550
KTRH	1120	WLAC	1470
KTSA	1200	WLBW	1500
KVI	760	WLBZ	620
WABC	860	WMAK	900
WACO	1240	WMAL	630
WADC	1320	WMAQ	670
WAIU	600	WMT	600
WBBM	770	WNAC	1230
WBCM	1410	WNAX	570
WBRC	930	WOWO	1160
WBT	1080	WPG	1100
WCAH	1420	WSAM	1360
WCAO	600	WREC	600
WCAU	1170	WRR	1280
WCCO	810	WSPD	1340
WDAE	1220	WTAQ	1330
WDAF	940	WTAR	780
WDBJ	930	WTOC	1260
WDBO	1120	WWNC	570
WDOD	1280	WXYZ	1240
WDRC	1330	Q2XE	6120
WDSU	1250	W3XAU	9590

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WDRC WHP WLBW WMAL
WCAU WTAR WKRC WKBN
WWNC WBT WBCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WISN WGL WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC KLRA
WDAY KFH KFJF KRLD
KTRH KTSA KLZ KDYL

BENJAMIN MOORE TRIANGLE—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WLIT WRC WGY WREN
WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI
WIBO KSD WDAF WTMJ
KSTP WEBC WRVA WPTF
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
KVOO KPRC WOAI WKY

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC WXE WGR WDRC
WFAN WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WKBN WWNC WBT
WBCM WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WISN WFBM WGL
WMBD WCCO KSCJ WMT
KMBC KLRA KOIL KFJF
KRLD KTRH KTSA KLZ
KOMA KDYL KVI KOL KFPY
KHJ

NATURAL BRIDGE DANCING CLASS
—with Arthur Murray.
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WJZ WHAM KDKA KWK
WREN WIOD WTMJ WIBO
WBZ WBZA WFLA WSUN
WRVA WJR WGAR WCKY

INTERWOVEN PAIR—
9:06 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WHAM WMC KDKA
WJAX WKY WREN KPRC
KWK WBZ WBZA KGW
WSMB WOD WEAA WJR
WTMJ KSTP WHAS KYW
WEBC WCKY WSAI WRVA
WSB WAPI WOAI KOA
KSL KGO KVOO KDMO
KHQ KFSD KTAR WGAR
KFI

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WOW WCAE WSAI WIBO
WWJ WCAU KDAF WOC
WHO WGY WBEN

TRUE STORY HOUR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WNAC WKBW
WEAN WDRC WMAL WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WXYZ WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WSPD
WOWO WMAQ KMOX KMBC
KOIL WFBL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE—
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WEAF WSAI WIBO WOC
WWJ WDAF KSTP WHAS
WHO WSM WAPI WSMB
KTHS WKY KOA KGO
WJAR WCSH WBEN

BROWNBILT FOOTLITES—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WREN
KPRC WFAA WMC KWK
KFAB WTMJ WEBC WRVA
WPTF WJAX WDAF WFLA
WSUN WHAS WSM WAPI
WSMB WJDX WOAI WIBO
KOA KSL KDKA WSB
WLW KSTP WGAR

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT OR-
CHESTRA—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WLIT
WRC WCAE WJAR WCSH
WOW KYW KSD WDAF
KSTP WTMJ WKY WOC
WEBC KOA WOAI KOMO
KGO KGW KHQ WTAG
KSL CKGW KECA WHO
WSAI WTAM WBEN WWJ

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WIBO KWK WREN KFAB
WJR WLW KDKA WGAR

THE DUTCH MASTERS—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WADC WCAO WNAC WGR
WBBM WKRC WHK WXYZ
WOWO WDRC KMBC WABC
W2XE KOIL WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL
WSPD WMAL WCCO

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CKGO	960	????	1450
KDKA	980	WFLA	620
WJAR	1440	WGAR	1450
KFAB	770	WGN	720
KFI	640	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KPXX	1020	WHAS	820
KTAR	620	WHO	1000
KGW	620	WIBO	560
KHQ	590	WJAR	890
KOA	830	WJAX	900
KOMO	920	WJDX	1270
KPO	680	WJR	750
KPRC	920	WJZ	760
KSD	550	WKY	900
KSL	1130	WLIT	560
KSTP	1460	WLS	870
KTAR	620	WLW	700
KTHS	1040	WMC	780
KVOO	1140	WOAI	1190
KWK	1350	WOC	1000
WKY	1020	WOW	590
WAPI	1140	WPTF	680
WBAL	1060	WRC	950
WBAP	800	WREN	1220
WBEN	900	WRVA	1110
WBZ	990	WSAI	1330
WBZA	990	WSB	740
WCAE	1220	WSM	650
WCFL	970	WSMB	650
WCKY	1480	WSMB	1320
WCHS	940	WSUN	620
WDAF	610	WTAG	580
WEAF	660	WTAM	1070
WEBC	1290	WTIC	1060
WEII	590	WTMJ	620
WENR	870	WWJ	920
WFAA	800		
WFI	560		

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WEAN	780
CXAC	730	WFAN	610
KDYL	1290	WFBL	1360
KFH	1300	WFBM	1230
KFJF	1480	WFIW	940
KFPY	1340	WGR	550
KFRC	610	WGST	890
KHJ	900	WHEC	1440
KLRA	1390	WHK	1390
KLZ	560	WHP	1430
KMBC	950	WIBW	580
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOIL	1260	WJAS	1290
KOIN	940	WJJD	1130
KOL	1270	WKBN	570
KRLD	1040	WKBW	1480
KSCJ	1330	WKRC	550
KTRH	1120	WLAC	1470
KTSA	1200	WLBW	1500
KVI	760	WLBZ	620
WABC	860	WMAK	900
WACO	1240	WMAL	630
WADC	1320	WMAQ	670
WAIU	600	WMT	600
WBBM	770	WNAC	1230
WBCM	1410	WNAX	570
WBRC	930	WOWO	1160
WBT	1080	WPG	1100
WCAH	1420	WSAM	1360
WCAO	600	WREC	600
WCAU	1170	WRR	1280
WCCO	810	WSPD	1340
WDAE	1220	WTAQ	1330
WDAF	940	WTAR	780
WDBJ	930	WTOC	1260
WDBO	1120	WWNC	570
WDOD	1280	WXYZ	1240
WDRC	1330	Q2XE	6120
WDSU	1250	W3XAU	9590

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
ARMOUR PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WJR
KYW WREN KSTP WEBC
WRVA WMC WSB WOAI
KOA KSL KGO WKY
WHAS KGW KHQ KOMO
KDKA WJAX WJDX WIOD
WAPI WFAA WHAM KWK
WSAI WLW WSMB KFI
WGAR

ENNA JETTICK SONGBIRD—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WTAG
WCSH WRC WLIT WGY
WBEN WCAE WWJ WSAI
WENR KSD WDAF WIBO
WOW WJDX CKGW WTAM
CFCF

TWO TROUPERS—Marcella Shields
and Helene Handin.
9:45 p.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WRC WLIT WGY
WBEN WSAI KSD WOC
WHO WDAF

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
KYW KWK WHAM KPRC
WJR WREN WEBC WHAS
WSM WSB WOAI KOA
WSMB KSL KGW KOMO
KHQ WOC WSMB KFI
WCKY KTHS KSTP KVOO
WKY WREN KGO

NIT WIT HOUR—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WKRC WKBN WWNC WBT
WBCM WSPD WDOD WLAC
WBRC WISN WOWO KSCJ
KMOX KMBC KLRA KFJF
WDAY WNAX KOIL WIBW
KTRH KTSA KDYL

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WLIT WGY WCAE WWJ
WSAI KSD WDAF WIOD
WRVA WJAX WIOD WMC
WSB WSMB WJDX KGO
KTHS WOAI WKY WRC
WCSH KOA KFAB KFI
KHQ KOMO KTAR KFSD
WBAP WOW WTAM KSL
WFLA WSUN WBEN WTIC
WOC

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WCAU W3XAU WLBW
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WHK
WKBN WWNC WBT WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WISN WOWO WCCO
WMT KMOX KMBC KLRA
WDAY WNAX KOIL WIBW
KFH KTRH KDYL KFPY
KHJ

ROMANELLI AND HIS KING
EDWARD ORCHESTRA—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WDRC WORC WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WKRC WKBN WWNC
WBT WBCM WSPD WDOD
WBRC WISN WOWO WCCO
WMT KMOX KMBC KLRA
WDAY WNAX KOIL WIBW
KFH KTRH KDYL KFPY
KOL

Saturday

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYM-
PHONY SOCIETY CHILDR. N'S
CONCERT—Ernest Schelling.
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WHK WKRC
WKBN WWNC WBT WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WISN
WOWO WFBM WMBD WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
KFJF KRLD KTSA KDYL
KVI KOL KFPY KHJ

KEYS TO HAPPINESS—
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WLIT WRC WBEN
WCAE WTAM WWJ WOAI
KFKX KSTP CKGW WRVA
WIOD WFLA WSUN WSM
WSMB WJDX KVOO KOA
WKY WEBC WHAS

SPANISH SERENADE—
4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
WABC W2XE WGR WLBZ
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WKRC WWNC WBT
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WISN WMAQ
WCCO KSCJ KMOX KMBC
KLRA WDAY KOIL WIBW
KFJF KRLD KTRH KTSA
KLZ KDYL KVI KOL
KFPY

FREE

Your Horoscope

by

PEGGY HULL

who—

in each issue of RADIO DIGEST tells how the STARS influence the lives of popular Radio Artists.

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Eastern Central Mountain P
RISE OF THE GOLDBERGS—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:
WJZ WHAM KWK KR
WIBO WSB WDX WS

SNOOP AND PEEP—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:
WEAF WJAR WTAG WB
WSAI WOC WHO WO
WTMJ KSTP WEBC WI
WFLA WSUN KGO CF

"THE HIGHROAD OF ADVENTU
Gilbert E. Gable—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:
WEAF WTAG WBEN WC
WTAM WWJ WSAI WO
WHO KSTP WEBC KG
KGW KFSD KTAR

WEBSTER PROGRAM — feat
Weber and Fields—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:
WEAF WEEI WJAR WT
WCSH WFI WRC WG
WBEN WCAE WTAM WW
WSAI WIBO KSD WO
WHO WOW WDAF WT
KSTP KOA KSL

RADIOTRON VARIETIES—
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:
WEAF WEEI WJAR WT
WCSH WRC WGY WB
WCAE WTAM WWJ WS
WIBO KSD WOC WH
WOW WDAF WTMJ WR
WJAX WIOD WFLA WS
WSM WMC WSB WS
WJDX KPRC WOAI KY
KOA KSL KGO KG
KOMO KHQ KTAR KFS
WBAP KECA WFI

FULLER MAN—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:
WJZ WBZ WBZA WB
WHAM KDKA WJR WL
KWK WREN KOA CK
WBAS KPRC KGO KE
KGW KOMO KFAB KH
WIBO WKY WTMJ WM
WEBC WSB WAPI WS
WJDX KSTP WBAP

EARLY BOOKWORM — Alexa
Wollcott
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:
WABC W2XE WEAN WD
WNAC WORC WPG WJ
WLBW WMAL WCAO WT
WDBJ WADC WKRC WW
WBT WBCM WDOD WR
WLAC WBRC WISN WO
WMAQ KSCJ WMT KM
KLRA WDAY WNAX KO
WIBW KFH KFJF KR
KTSA KLZ KFPY KH
KFRC

THE SILVER FLUTE—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:
WEAF WCSH WGY WC
WSAI KSD WDAF WI
WJAR WBEN WOC WH

FLETCHER HENDERSON AND
ORCHESTRA—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:
WABC W2XE WKBW WL
WEAN WDRC WNAC WO
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WL
WMAL WCAO WTAR WD
WADC WKRC WKBN WW
WBT WBCM WSPD WD
WREC WLAC WBRC WI
WGWG WMAQ KSCJ WM
KMOX KMBC KLRA WD
WNAX KOIL WIBW KF
KFJF KRLD KTRH KT
KLZ KDYL KFPY KH

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:
WEAF WEEI WJAR WT
WCSH WFI WRC WG
WBEN WCAE WTAM WW
WSAI WIBO KSD WO
WOW WDAF WTMJ WK
KSTP WEBC WRVA WJ
WHAS WMC WSB WA
WSMB WBAP KPRC WO
KOA KSL KGO KF
KGW KOMO KHQ KF
KTAR WHO

CARBORUNDUM HOUR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:
WABC W2XE WKBW WN
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WH
WXYZ WMAQ KMOX

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:
WABC W2XE WHEC WK
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WN
WORC WPG WFAN WH
WJAS WLBW WMAL WC
WTAR WDBJ WADC WK
WKBN WWNC WBT WB
WSPD WIOD WLAC WB
WISN WFBM WGL WM
WCCO KSCJ WMT KM
KMBC KLRA WDAY WN
KOIL WIBW KFH KF
KRLD KTRH KTSA KL
KDYL KOL KFPY KH

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY ST
DANCE ORCHESTRA—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:
WEAF WEEI WJAR WT
WCSH WFI WRC WG
WBEN WCAE WTAM WW
WSAI WGN KSD WO
WHO WOW WDAF WT
KSTP WEBC WRVA WJ
WIOD WFLA WSUN WH
WMC WSB WSMB WJ
KVOO WFAA KPRC WO
WKY KOA KSL KG
KFI KGW KOMO KH
KTAR KFSD

The Pipes *of* Pan

Broadcasters, Forget Moss-Covered Joke Books and Hire Some Smart Gag Artists—Ambitious Public, Shun the Pseudo Air-Training Schools

By GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

WE ARE ready to offer a handsome reward to the individual who will help stamp out a menace that is one of dio's ace "goat-grabbers."

We refer to the practice of some anncers who call into play the rhetoric t was Mark Anthony's when they give the title of the next selection to be yed. With intonations that are maic and in tonal cadences that a United tes Senator would hesitate to employ, y inform you that "you will now hear LL you *always* love ME?'"

The word "will" is said pleadingly; en the announcer gets to "always" he become highly wrought; "love" is ut- d fervently and by the time he gets 'me" the announcer has worked himself to a high pitch of dramatic frenzy. distinct musical notes are employed in simple statement, and one shudders contemplate what the zealous lad would e done with *"When you Were the ssom of Buttercup Lane, and I was ur Little boy Blue."*

Can't we have a little more simplicity announcements? Be yourself, boys.

* * *

TUDENTS of Radio, and "fans" as well, have more often than once exssed themselves as displeased with the sical chimes that some stations use ing call-letter announcements.

There is no contradicting the fact that mes, in small doses, are beautiful, but y can become a decided annoyance en they are inflicted every fifteen mins for an entire evening.

One Radio chain has solved the problem substituting graceful musical interludes ring station announcements.

It certainly makes a difference.

* * *

THE pseudo-pedants affiliated with Ra- dio schools of voice-culture ought to investigated.

Of course, there are a few legitimate intutions where oral expression and the clamatory art are authentically taught. t when they guarantee that they will get idents positions as announcers or Radio ators they speak through their Stetsons.

For every on-the-level voice school ere are a score, and more, that are honies". The gullible are ever with and so the "voice-professors" in many ots through the country are reaping harvests, in return for questionable instruction and gaudy diplomas.

Beware of the school or instructor that "guarantees" anything. The world's foremost universities don't do it, so how can you expect definite assurance of employment from concerns far less reputable?

* * *

A PRIMARY requisite for acts and presentations in show business is that their routines employ the change-of-pace principle.

The average theatre offering starts slowly, gains momentum as it proceeds, builds up to a climax and closes with a bang.

On the Radio, however, it's different. The art of "timing" here is a negligible factor. An orchestra will offer three fast numbers in rapid succession, then will come a tango or novelty, then, perhaps a slow waltz, four more fast numbers and, more often than not, the program ends with a waltz. There's never a let-down and hardly ever is it apparent that the musical continuity has been intelligently built up.

An orchestra director who is identified with possibly the most important commercial hour on the air said to us the other day:

"I plan my shows on the air as though they were to be presented before a visible audience. I am not handicapped because I work with musical instruments, instead of thespians. I plan my program as Belasco might conceive a stage play. There is the opening, the introduction of characters, the unfolding of the plot, the comedy relief, the love interest—the denouement.

"The saxophones are the comedians. Romance is brought with the violins, and all the string instruments give me my love interest. The trombones, tuba and bass are the 'menace,' or 'heavies.'

"My fortissimo numbers are reserved for the close of the program. We begin with waltzes, increasing our tempo gradually until we have achieved a grand and glorious finale."

Nothing fantastic about all this, dear readers. The leader we quote simply builds his programs on elementary showbusiness principles. He must be right, for he's one of the three foremost men in the field of orchestral broadcasting, earns more than any of his contemporaries and recently signed a new three-year contract with the firm that employs his talents.

* * *

FOLLOWERS of this pillar of prattle may recall that, in our preamble to this department, we said some time ago that we own an automatic applause-making machine, which we shall not permit to grow rusty while we are using our automatic hisser.

So turn on the current, Hawkins, and let the apparatus clap loud and long for the Camel Hour, in our opinion the most showmanlike and intelligent period on the air.

* * *

WITH the many "comedy" hours now on the air, something should be done by a public-spirited committee to collect all the old Joe Miller joke books extant, and throw them in a huge bonfire, for which we shall be glad to contribute the matches and plenty of excelsior.

Radio needs some "gag-men"—the sort of funny lads that the movie moguls employ to create original humor. Continuity writers employed by the broadcasting companies find it too easy to refer to old files of the humorous magazines, and to "gag" books from which vaudeville hams have lifted material since time immemorial.

If a stage comic pulls an old joke he's usually rewarded with silence,—the greatest of all punishments. Whereupon the "gag" is cast from his repertoire pronto.

You can't observe audience reactions on the air, however. Which is possibly the reason why jokes with long grey beards are so frequently offered.

* * *

SPEAKING of continuity writers, quite often they attain the heights and really create some distinctive material.

As a spur to better results, why aren't the names of continuity writers mentioned on the air? They should certainly get a "credit line", like the movie scenarioists do.

Especially should this be so when it is considered that announcers are permitted to mention their names at least once during every broadcast. Surely the writer of the announcer's material deserves as much consideration.

Classical Music Simplified

A Monthly Feature By

William Braid White

Doctor of Music



Dr. William Braid White

Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of the Editor, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

IN THE modern Italian operas, like Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* or the more skilfully worked *Tosca, Madame Butterfly* and *La Boheme* of Puccini, the audience seems to care little or nothing about the story. The pathetic little tragedy of the tiny Japanese girl in *Butterfly* is sad enough to wring tears from the hardest heart, but few operagoers seem to know the story correctly. On the other hand, when you take away the soft musical Italian tongue and substitute for it our rough English, the words often sound merely ridiculous, as in *Butterfly* when Pinkerton sings to Sharpless "Another high-ball?" and Sharpless answers, also in song, "Yes, mix me another!" very prosaic and quite simple.



Toscha Seidel, Columbia violinist, who is presenting a series of "Historical Concerts"

On the other hand, to put the matter in a nutshell, Wagnerian opera requires that one know its story, whereas in Italian opera only the pretty tunes seem to matter. Now, it happens that Wagner had one of the most highly organized musical brains that ever have existed. His music is so utterly eloquent that it actually is capable of telling its own story, making words unnecessary. For this very reason, if Toscanini or another conductor announces an all-Wagner program, he knows that the title given to each of the excerpts will explain all that is needed.

In a recent concert, which I hope you all heard, the first piece was the *Prelude to Lohengrin.* This ethereal music is Wagner's thought about the story of the Holy Grail, the very cup out of which, it is said, our Saviour drank and gave to his disciples. No one could listen to this music without realizing that its composer was dealing with the intangible and the unseen, with heavenly visions not vouchsafed to those who are gross of appetite and dull of sight.

The last items in Toscanini's program were from what, to me, is one of the jolliest and finest of all operas, Wagner's glorious *Mastersingers of Nuremberg.* This marvellous combination of fun, irony, satire and musical genius is not only the most perfectly Germanic of all operas but, to my thinking, the finest piece of work that has ever been done in the entire field of opera. In the first place it is a good story, a story that is intelligible and not particularly improbable. In the second place, the action is homely, natural, largely domestic and altogether on the common level, dealing as it does with ordinary men and women and their ordinary ways. In the third place the plot is built around a musical story and so the application of music to the acting seems perfectly natural. And lastly, Wagner is here, to my mind, more his own natural self than ever he was when he had to deal those pretentious and often some over-solemn ideas which he present his mythological operas like those of *Ring,* or in the legends of *Lohen Tannhauser* and *Parsifal.* There is a lightful atmosphere of beer and saus about *Meistersinger.* Any one who ever had the felicity to sit in a bierk in *Alt Nurnberg* itself and to medi within the shadow of the very walls w once resounded to the songs of H Sachs, will know what I mean.

Wagner's Der Meistersinger

The story is simple enough. Du the middle ages some of the Ger towns had among their commercial industrial guilds (the mediæval cour parts of our modern trade unions combinations of capital) companies master singers, who alone had the p lege of conducting musical festivals, of furnishing song for the great high days which the towns used to celeb Wagner has taken the history of the famous of these guilds, that of Nu burg, and built up a charming love s around the person of the daughter Pogner, master of the guild and banker, with Walther von Stolzing young knight who has worked out a and radical method of composing mu Pogner proposes a contest and offers hand of his daughter as a prize. Wal and Eva have already met and falle love. Beckmesser, town clerk and retary of the guild, also desires the Eva. The story deals with the con between the two men, handsome yo knight and crabbed elderly bachelor, with the benevolent intervention, on right side, of Hans Sachs, cobbler, p musician and the real hero. The works out delightfully, without a jerk a gap. The music is jolly, intelligible resistible. Yet it often ascends to hei

ty as any ever scaled by the wizard
vreuth in his most serious moments.
is not a dull moment in the play or
music.

ope that every reader will take the
t opportunity to become acquainted
this music. The Prelude or Over-
f which we have been speaking is
played by symphony orchestras.
for it, and listen to it. Hear the
us march of the grave conservative
of the master singers, the ravishing
of Walther's melody which he
ses for the contest, the delicious
nusic. Above all, in the latter half,
he extraordinary exhibition of tech-
skill in which Wagner, as if to re-
he charge often brought against him
days of struggle that he could not
polyphonically (that is, keep two or
tunes going simultaneously and sep-
y) actually inserts a fugal passage
o less than five melodies, all parts of
pera, going at once. All of them
a good conductor wields the baton
sily audible.

ave rambled along here about Wag-
nd about operas generally, although
ly confess that to me most operas
readful bores. I would indeed go
a mile to hear Mozart's merry and
Marriage of Figaro, Wagner's
tersinger or Puccini's *Butterfly*. As
e Gilbert and Sullivan masterpieces
rell they are in a class of their own.
day we'll talk about them.

e history of the growth and develop-
of opera is intensely fascinating.
day I shall inflict upon you a dose
k about this.

Seidel and his Strad

you know the work of that excellent
Toscha Seidel? He is one of our
violinists. He has not only a thor-
mastery of the intensely difficult
technique, but also genuine musical
ption and a temperament which en-
him to discipline his emotions and
nt the patterns of the music he in-
ets so that they become plain, clear
ntelligible. He neither spills all over
sentimentality (miscalled "feeling"),
asks us to be satisfied with mere
ical display. He has both feeling
echnique; and he knows how to bend
to his will.

ave been listening with genuine pleas-
o Mr. Seidel's historical violin pro-
s, in the course of which he is giving
usic ranging from the sincere and
cut art of the seventeenth century
e sophisticated and complex music of
y. To me, the violin music of the
century, which Mr. Seidel illustrated
g a recent concert, is the loveliest of
iolin literature. This is largely, I
, because the composers of that age
o write music which could be played
ly on instruments and by players still
innocent of modern technical
vement.

was not until the development of the Cremona school of violin making, which came to its climax under Stradivari about the year 1715, that the modern art of violin playing was born; nor did that art become what we know to-day until the epoch of Paganini a hundred years later. The dazzling technical fireworks which now we take as a matter of course, were then unheard of. Violin music therefore was based mainly upon a refined sense of tonal beauty, and upon simple, clear, well-designed musical patterns which, in a day of formality, politeness and clear thinking, were at once appropriate and inevitable.

I hope you all heard Mr. Seidel and I hope that you will watch for the later concerts in his historical series. He is a fine artist and I confess to a great fancy for his playing. His fiddle, by the way, is one of the finest works by that great master of all fiddle makers, Antonio Stradivari, whose little house and workshop still stand in Cremona.

Papa Haydn

Recently the Philharmonic Society orchestra under Toscanini played one of the loveliest and most easily followed of all works in the symphony form, the beautiful little symphony in the key of G major by old Papa Haydn. Haydn died as late as 1809, nearly twenty years after Mozart had passed behind the veil at the very height of his powers. *Der alte papa* was old and tired, but his good humor and his charm of manner remained with him to the end. He had begun to make his own music twenty years before Beethoven was born and his teacher was old Porpora, some of whose music Toscha Seidel played in the course of the program to which I have been alluding.

Haydn set the form of the symphony. That form remains to this day. Many have tried to break it down, but in vain. It was good enough for Haydn, for Mozart, for Beethoven, for Mendelssohn, for Schubert, for Schumann, for Brahms. Naturally, in Haydn's hands it was always, as befits something new, simple and clear. You can follow without the least difficulty the introduction, the two main themes, their development and the close of the first movement. You can recognize the languid beauty of the song-like second movement, the simple joyousness of the Scherzo, which is so obviously founded on the dance step known as Minuet. Then the closing Rondo in all its jolly merriment is so characteristically Haydn.

Musical Definitions for your Scrapbook

Here are two more musical definitions to add to your collection.

Minuet: a graceful dance in ¾ (waltz) time, but slower than the waltz and not danced in groups. It was a celebrated dance form through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Italian name is Minuetto and the French Minuette. In German and in English it is commonly called Minuet. The Scherzo (Italian word meaning jest—I have already described it as a musical form) which Beethoven invented for the third movement of his symphonies, grew out of the graceful beauty of Haydn's minuet music.

Rondo: This is an Italian word. It carries the same meaning as the French "rondeau" or the English "rondel" or "roundel." In music it is a sort of circular movement, distinguished by the fact that one tune reappears at definite and regular intervals throughout its course. A similar form is used in poetry, under the same name. Here is a charming specimen, which will indicate what I mean:

"Love comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old old love that we knew of yore!
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad and his bosom swelling,
He makes as though in our arms repelling
He fain would lie as he lay before;—
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling
The old old love that we knew of yore.
Ah, who shall help us from overspelling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore?
E'en as we doubt, in our hearts once more
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling
The old, old love that we knew of yore."

Austin Dobson.

Here the two lines beginning "The old old love" correspond to the recurring theme of a musical rondo. The closing movements of early symphonies (Haydn's, Mozart's, Beethoven's first two) are in Rondo form.



Ossip Gabrilowitsch, conductor of the Detroit Symphony, frequently heard on Radio.

Voice of t

GENE AND GLENN HELP THE NEEDY

THIS is our first message to the V.O.L. and we hope we make ourselves heard.

In the past months there has been much interest in endurance contests, with due recognition for the contestants. How about a little applause for Gene and Glenn of WTAM, who gave programs to collect funds for the needy of Cleveland and vicinity? They stayed at the mike until the station was forced to close down for recharging. Their first program lasted three hours, the second four, and the third five, with no time out, as they made time and station announcements themselves.

With charity for all and malice toward none—Vallee, Osborne, Sanders, Lombardo and Bernie. Let us live and let live.—Jean MacNicol, Uniontown, Pa.

* * *

POEM TO CHEERIO
(Curiosity Killed the Cat!)

Only a voice that comes through the air
With its message of cheer and its sympathy rare.
Only a voice—and we wonder in vain
If the person who owns it is handsome or plain.
Is he tall—is he short—is he bald—has he hair?
Is he fat—is he thin—is he dark—is he fair?

Perhaps, when we come to the blest Pearly Gate,
With the *Lost Chord,* we'll find him. So I guess we must wait
Until the glad summons comes to us here below
To come up to Heaven and meet Cheerio.
—Etta F. Gilbert, 414 Fulton St., Sandusky, Ohio.

* * *

DX CLUBS PLEASE ANSWER

I AM eager to know just what these DXer's are and how to join them. From what I have read I assume that they tune in stations and get confirmation to that effect. If this is their object, I guess I would have a pretty good start, as I have bagged 136 stations on 87 wave lengths, with my new set, in two months, but have no verifications.—Malcolm Rackow, Eastport, L. I., N. Y.

* * *

YOUR January issue has a letter from H. Meta Tafel of Philadelphia, who offers a record of 64 stations. Of course that was a remarkable feat at that time of the year. Last Saturday I tuned in 127 stations ranging from WEAF, New York, to KNX, California, including XFX, Mexico, and CMX, Havana, Cuba.

Listened to KTAT, Fort Worth, Texas, and think they performed something never done before. All phone calls which were received were broadcast through the mike. I phoned from Yonkers, N. Y., and my own son heard my voice on our Radio.—J. Rankin, 483 Van Cortland Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

* * *

I AM a DX fan and to date have three hundred stations picked out of the ether—from San Juan, Porto Rico, Cuba, Mexico, and about fifteen from Canada. I'd like to hear from other DX fans.

It's just 12:15 and I'm listening to an old-time Revival meeting from WBAP, Fort Worth, Tex. Why don't we hear more of them on the Radio—I think everyone would be interested in them once in a while.—Jack Owens, 1363 So. Cherry St., Galesburg, Ill.

* * *

THE best that money can buy for a Radio fan is RADIO DIGEST. I received 235 U. S. stations, 12 Canada, 2 Cuba, 2 Mexico and 1 Nova Scotia.—"A Radio Bug," Stephen Malik, Johnstown, N. Y.

HIS HYMN OF HATE

THERE are absolutely no articles in RADIO DIGEST which appeal to the technical man. If I had wanted a picture book I would have gone down to some Toy Department and gotten an A-B-C picture book to begin with. So far as I am concerned your magazine is a FLOP and you will do me a great favor to stop mailing it to me. As it is, every time I see one it makes me boil.—A. M. Reager, A. I. R. E., 60 N. Bolton Ave., Indianapolis, Ind

* * *

HER SONG OF PRAISE

I FEEL so happy over my discovery this week of a readable Radio magazine—in other words, yours. I never knew any but technical literature was published. I want to find out exactly when your magazine can be purchased here. (Copies are usually on sale at news stands on the 25th of month preceding date of issue.—Editor.)

Ever since the addition of a Radio to our home, I have devoured the brief notices and columns in our newspapers, and now picture my joy! But your magazine does not need any fiction, just Radio news and items.—Mrs. D. H. Reed, 319 Wester St., N. W., Washington, D C.

* * *

KEEP YOUR EARS CLEAN—PHIL ALWAYS SAYS "PRINT TO FIT"

LAST night Phil Cook was singing his usual "news" song and this is the way he sang it: "I see by the papers, all the news that's 'print to fit'." This is the second time I've heard him sing it that way and I'd like to know if he intends to do it turned about that way or whether it is a slip.—Rene Doutt, 337 N. Woods, Fullerton, Cal.

* * *

BROADCASTERS, ANSWER YOUR LETTERS!

IF STATIONS would all answer their letters written them there would be no need for them to offer something to get people to write. It seems that some of them do not appreciate people writing and thanking them for the pleasure their programs afford.—Frank Wise, 329 E. Doty, Neenah, Wis.

* * *

BOUQUETS AND NO BRICKBATS

MAY I throw a few bouquets in the direction of my favorite Radio artists? The brickbats aren't important, so why bother with them?

Best actors: Frank Gill, Jr., WJR, Louis Mason (Moonshine and Honeysuckle), John McGovern (Silver Flute, East of Cairo, etc.). Best actresses: Georgia Backus, CBS (first and always), Donealda Currie, WJR.

Best singers: Billy Hughes, Reinald Werrenrath, Rollin Pease, Glenn of Gene and Glenn, Al of Al and Pete, Brad Towne, Lois Bennett, Jessica Dragonette, Julia Sanderson, Mary McCoy, Evelyn Bard, WXYZ.

Best announcers: Russell B. Wise, WTAM, Frank Gill, Jr., WJR (the cleverest in the business), Jean Paul King, Harry Vonzell. Best humorous skits: Station KUKU, Nit Wits, Irrational Broadcasting Co. WLW.

Best musical programs: Camel Pleasure Hour, Cities Service Hour. Best guest-artist program: Radio Follies, Nestle's.

BEST PROGRAM OF ALL: Cheerio.

Best Magazine: Radio Digest—Most enjoyable things in RADIO Indigest, Marcella, V.O.L., and rec ticles on Gene and Glenn and Robert

It seems when I get to talking at favorites I could go on forever.—Radio Fan, 24 Morley Ave., De

* * *

TAKE RECIPES OFF TH BROADCAST

SECOND the motion of the Floric Take recipes off the broadcast, have cooks, neither do they go to rants, but with domestic science bo magazines loaded with recipes, an sionally having a mother who kno to cook, housewives should be able vive.—Mrs. Lucy LaPierre Reed Holmes St., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

HERE'S A FUNNY LETTER

Radio Concerts
Every Day Is Open House
Personal Representative of
Faith, Hope and Charity

Mrs. H. B. Buckeridge
729 Pine St., Port Huron, Mic

Dear Arthur—— Francis——
Byron—— Justin——
Beatrice—— Gla

I COULD not live without the DIGEST. I am a shut-in. Have s dren and all are married and away. Buckeridge must write to them of the businesslike salutation printed letterhead.—Editor).

They gave me a Radio on my se birthday, and as I am such a Radi want to know all about my new fa Mrs. H. B. Buckeridge.

* * *

GET OUT THE V. O. L. G

HAVE your January issue at hand page 82 I find that you want m We enjoy the magazine very much an like Coon-Sanders, and also Sen Kan nouncer. We feel we know the s reading the magazine.—A. M. Dav 14, Gastonville, Pa.

* * *

WHEN JESSICA WAS A GI

JUST a few lines to let you know enjoy your wonderful magazine picture I liked was that of Jessica I ette. You know, every time I h singing on the Radio, it brings back ories of my younger days.

I remember her singing in the Choir when only a small child. Wh sang a solo on Easter Sunday one yea one in church sat and listened to wh thought was the best singer in the To think that today she is one of t sopranos of the country!—Frank B. 6070 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

JUST WRITE ROOSEVEL HOTEL, NEW YORK

I WOULD like to know where I c dress a letter to Guy Lombardo Royal Canadians. Please continue pictures of Guy Lombardo in your m —and, please, may I join the V. O. Mary DeMissett, Box 813, Port Colbor

Listener

FADING SIGNALS ANNOY YOU?

glad the controversy about popular
ograms is dying down. It is impos-
or two people to prefer exactly the
ntertainment. Indeed, I find that I
always care for the same programs
ime they are on the air.
winter we, in this locality, are an-
by fading during the evening broad-
Some stations fade entirely away,
ally returning, and others become dis-
Do other localities have this expe-
Does anyone know the cause? I
he impression it is due to too many
s on the air. It certainly is not the
f the receiving set. Wonder if many
noyed by XEN of Mexico interfering
/GN of Chicago.
he way, I have a portable speaker in
n to the built-in dynamic speaker.
rtable is attached by a long cord, and
ve alone and do my own work, I find
convenient to listen in from differ-
rts of the house. Am passing this
to other women past the heyday of
ho are compelled to remain indoors
f the time and depend on Radio for
t in life. Radio Digest is a boon to
eople.—Mrs. Dora D. Breech, 201-4th
Sterling, Ill.

* * *

MADAM ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

her article "Joy Comes After Fifty"
a recent issue of Radio Digest)

kes its toll; whate'er is sown must be
reaped.
ild oats, when it comes to garnering
ield weak bodies, untrue friends, and
vacillating will,
en the latter years are spent in sorrow
and despair.
ppiness consists in memories,
hen so much repentance and regrets
come creeping in
satisfaction can be found in these.
e who spends his youth and middle
years in doing good,
ting loveliness within the heart
ving those about him, finding pleasure
in the work,
happiness that never can depart.
en the latter years are spent in blessed-
ness and joy,
no regrets for pleasures that are past,
ing surcease from all care; a host of
friends to love,
nly Christ Who brings the best wine
last!
—Mrs. H. A. Dannecker, Box 328,
Newcastle, Ind.

* * *

ONGRATS" FOR "PIPES OF PAN"

.OW me to congratulate you on your
age, "The Pipes of Pan." The organi-
of the Society for the Prevention of
y to Radio Fans is a noble idea. The
casters need their "wrists slapped" as
ay. There are so many programs that
holly inane and unjustifiable. For in-
, tonight I listened to the "Sleepy
Orchestra" from WMAQ. They
l a good selection or two and then came
to *Can This Be Love?* When a good
tra which is supposed to present some particular type of music, presents foolish stuff like the tune mentioned it becomes just another orchestra.

Go ahead. Slap them plenty.—Calvin Cannady, New Harmony, Ind.

* * *

CLASSICAL MUSIC AND DR. WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

THE articles by Dr. W. B. White are the leading features in your magazine. He is certainly right when he says classical music should be explained by the announcer before played. I think this point cannot be stressed enough.

Also enjoyed Maria Jeritza's article. "The Golden Baton" was very good. Anything David Ross does is good.

I'm very much interested in articles about announcers, which I find very few and far between. (Follow Marcella's columns—she often prints sketches of the "lives of our great announcers"—Editor).—Carroll Kilpatrick, Woodley Road, Montgomery, Ala.

* * *

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

JUST a word to say that I get a great deal of enjoyment out of your magazines and am passing them on to a "shut-in" who feels she knows the Radio stars after seeing their pictures.—Mrs. C. E. Clement, 8780-97th St., Woodhaven, L. I.

* * *

OF COURSE MR. VALLEE WRITES HIS OWN ARTICLES!

I'D like to ask a few questions in regard to Mr. Vallee. Where does he live? (*New York*). Does *he* write the articles appearing in the magazine? (*Yes—he dictates them, then re-reads and corrects them. His manuscript for Tuneful Topics in this issue was mailed from Miami, Fla., where he was on tour with his band.*) Is he going on a tour of the Paramount theatres soon? (*Yes—see last answer*).—A. C. S. Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

WHAT RICHARD DOESN'T LIKE—

GOT the December issue of your Radio magazine the other day. I used to get your magazine a year ago when it was something. In those days it was a humdinger. I'll list the things I don't like in the December issue:

First. "Million Dollar Radio Rum Ring" is the first. If your readers want all this detective stuff, they'll buy a detective magazine. Second. "Making the Most Out of Matrimony"—there are plenty of "True Confession" magazines for the ones who want this love bunk. Give us pictures, more of them, give Marcella more space, and cut out these stories that don't have anything to do with commercial broadcasting, like "John Garland the Deliverer," "We Are All Poets," "Hooked Rugs" and "Stretching for Beauty." Yours for a bigger and better Radio Digest.—Richard Douglas, 1130 Krug Park Place, St. Joseph, Mo.

* * *

THAT'S WHAT "W. P." LIKES!

EACH month finds me more interested in your publication, especially the Voice of the Listener page. Am looking forward to another Oppenheim story, like "John Garland." "Radio Rum Ring" is interesting.—W. P. Smythe, Louisville, Ky.

FANS, WE'RE ASKING YOU

ALTHOUGH this is my first letter to you, I am an old time reader of Radio Digest. I used to buy your magazine when you looked like the *Police Gazette*.

In those days you featured pictures of Radio stars and celebrities. Now you feature articles and stories by well-known people. Which do the fans like best? Why not ask them?

What do we care about the man who made the first moving picture? Tell us about the first man to broadcast. Who cares what George Bernard Shaw says about this and that? You're paying these people a lot of money. Why not put that money into the Digest by securing more Radio information?

Don't mind me. I'll buy the darn thing even if Einstein gives a detailed account of that theory of his.—John C. Barry, 49 Worcester St., Nashua, N. H.

* * *

HERE'S THE VOTE ON LOGS

AS A DX fan and an ardent reader of your magazine I should like to voice my opinion on logs. I, for one, would have no use for Radio Digest without the splendid log which you have been giving to your readers. The Chain Calendar has no value for me, nor has the Alphabetical List, but when you have the State and City Index, and Official Wave Lengths, that is all I want—Frank X. Scott, 41-26 Gleane St., Elmhurst, N. Y. . . . Keep up the Log, Wave Lengths, State Index, etc., if not each month, every other month—Mr. and Mrs. Perry Van Meter, Davenport, Wash. . . . My vote is for the Alphabetical List and the State and City Index, three or four times a year—H. G. Myers, 607 So. Home Ave., Oak Park, Ill. . . . I think that the Official Wave Length is all that is necessary—Mrs. Walter Hart, Alpena, Mich.

* * *

I DON'T think that such a great number are necessary and think that space should be used for pictures—Norman L. Benner, Souderton, Pa. . . . By all means have all lists in each month. There were new Cuban and Mexican stations in last issue that weren't in previous numbers—the listing helped me identify them—L. E. Stewart, Winchendon, Mass. . . . I was very much disappointed because the January issue did not have the Chain Calendar as I always refer to it—Mrs. Leonard Walter, 501 S. Bedford Ave., Evansville, Ind. . . . Imagine my disappointment when I found the Chain Calendars missing!—H. J. Bollin, Nacozari, Sonora, Mexico. . . . It is quite interesting to look back at old issues of your magazine and see, from the Chain Calendar, what was on the air at that time—R. Arnold, 1663 Dwight, Springfield, Mass. . . . Alphabetical list? Yes, indeed, each month. There are so many changes. Official Wave Lengths? Yes, indeed, each month. Many times in locating new stations we get the city and state but not the call letters. State and City Index? Yes, indeed each month? Chain Calendar Features? Yes! Yes! Yes! every month!—Frances Cherry, 605 Logan St., Wayne, Neb.

* * *

SORRY Frances, but there isn't room enough to print each log *every* month. However, we can promise one each month, together with the Chain Calendar. This decision was made in view of the overwhelming votes in favor of Logs.—The Editors.

* * *

The Editors want to know what *you* think about our authors, our features, our policies. Write us—join V.O.L.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

How The "Televisor" Works

IMAGINE yourself in the combined television and broadcasting studio of WIXAV at Boston, Mass. Movie camera men rush into the room. The camera man sets up his tripod and camera, the sound men their amplifiers and microphone, the giant, intensely bright spotlights are turned on. The apparatus is tested, adjusted, and the cameraman finally utters a short crisp "O. K."

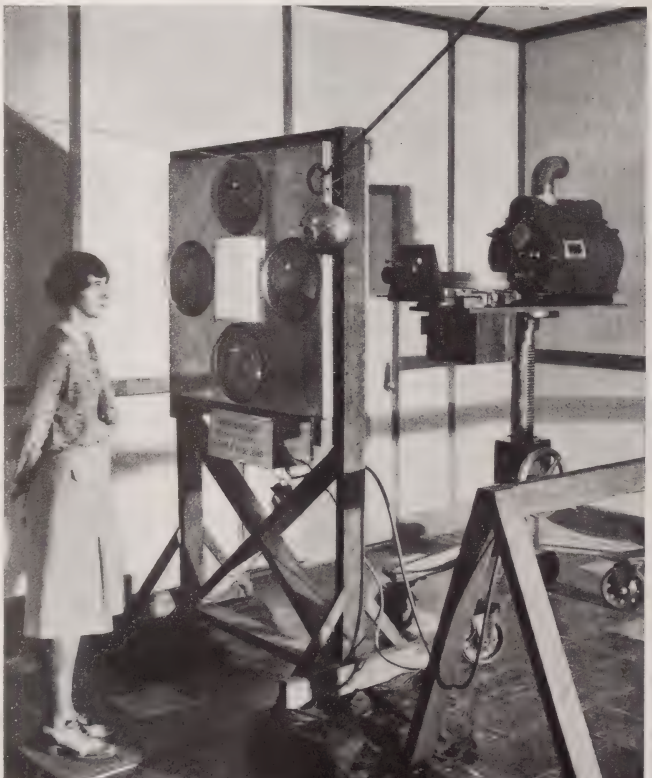
The stage is set—set for the televising of Rudy Vallee and the taking of motion pictures to record the event, the first time that a figure so prominently in the public eye as Rudy Vallee has been televised. Rudy Vallee enters the room. He is interested in the apparatus, wants to know how the television machine works, but time is short. He is playing at a Boston theatre and in an hour he must return to the theatre for another performance.

He is seated in front of the television apparatus, the arc light is turned on, the spot of light scans his face, sweeps across his face some fifteen times a second, each time breaking up the light reflected from his face into some 2,000 distinct parts. Each distinct signal is then amplified millions of times, is finally impressed on the main transmitting tubes and leaves them to go over the air, to be picked up by those who have television receivers and who are tuned in on the station.

After a short while Rudy Vallee is shown the television receiver. Seated in front of it he sees a reproduction of a photograph of himself being held in front of the television transmitter. The picture he sees is about three inches squa has a pale pinkish glow like tha neon advertising sign.

Then more movies of him sea front of the television receiver, the ing of cameras as newspaper ph phers snap his picture, and the a time has passed.

Rudy Vallee passes out of the st hurry back theatre, wh schedule he begin his pe ance has be ured to the ute. The sion eng breathe again, the men sigh. T is done. and through wit hitch.



Television sending apparatus at WIXAV, Boston. A spot of light sweeps across her face fifteen times a second, breaking up the reflection into 2,000 distinct parts to be broadcast.

IT is pr that the public doe realize the to which television pr are being bro by various s throughou country. I Boston, New Washington Chicago area ticularly, programs ar out on re schedules; transmission not haphaza occur regula definite sp times. As a "lookers" (t ufacture a equivalent t teners) are a tune in re television grams, just broadcast li tunes in his cast program

of the Radio Arts

evision pro-
ms are not as
ied or as great
number but at
it the art has
sed the stage
ere transmis-
ns are infre-
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ular and has
ched the point
ere the pur-
ıser of a televi-
ı receiver may
quite certain of
eiving regular
evision pro-
ms provided he
located within
service area of
e of the stations.
Who buys tele-
sion receivers?
ll, mostly ex-
imenters, mem-
rs of the enthu-
stic group who
ilt broadcast re-
vers back in the
ddling days of
oadcasting when
ere were only a
w broadcasting
tions on the air.
me of the com-
nies operating
evision stations
ite frankly that
programs they
nsmit are for
e sole benefit of
ese experiment-
s, while other
oups insist that
e television re-
iver has been de-
loped to the point where it can be used
the average person and that television,
erefore, has passed the experimental
ge and has reached the point where it
quite practical. One group states that
levision is still "experimental"; the
her group states that television is
ere."

Who is right? If we base our opinion
the program value of the average tele-
sion broadcast, we would be inclined to
ree that it is still experimental for the
ograms and their reproduction is quite
ude and will not hold the attention of
e average person. But it is question-
le whether the practicability of televi-



Television receiver. Picture is three inches square and has a pale, pinkish glow.

sion should be based on the merits of the program any more than the practicability of the automobile depends on its appearance. If the television receiver is quite simple to operate, if it will maintain its adjustment over fairly long periods; if, in other words, it does not require an expert to operate it, it has certainly passed the experimental stage.

Let us also get away from the meaningless phrase "television is still in the laboratory," which in this age of scientific development might be applied to most any device. Television may now be in the laboratory stage—but so will it be ten years from now. Perhaps what we really mean when we refer to television as still being in the laboratory is that we have no assurance that the present methods of television transmission and reception will not be superseded by much better methods.

This is a moot problem. Once the sale of television receivers to the general public begins manufacturers tie themselves to a particular system. A newer and much better system could not easily be adopted, for it would render obsolete all the existing television receivers. So long as the sale of such sets is limited to the experimenter we can change systems as often as may be necessary, for the experimenter realizes that the television receiver he buys may have to be rebuilt frequently to conform with changes in methods of transmission.

The writer, for one, does not want to suggest that now is the time for the public to buy television receivers; we do not believe that the reproduction is anywhere nearly good enough to satisfy the public. And we are not alone in this opinion. Up in Boston is located the Shortwave and Television Corporation, who operate WIXAV, over which Rudy Vallee was televised. In the laboratories of this company a simple receiver has been designed to be sold in kit form by Kresge stores throughout the country. But in spite of the fact that greater sales of these kits might be had by heralding television as an accomplished thing,

(*Continued on page 100*)

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHX	Richmond, Texas
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		250	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		50	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		10	WRBJ	Hatteesburg, Miss.
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.6	1,480	5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
		5,000	WCHI	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WKBW	Buffalo, N.Y.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
		5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon, Ill.
206.8	1,450	1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC-WABO	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Calif.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WFDW	Talladega, Ala.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.
		250	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		250	WLEY	Lexington, Mass. (day)
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass. (night)
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		10	WMKJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		60	WQBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)
		250	WSSH	Boston, (day)
		100	WSSH	Boston (night)
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		500	WODX	Mobile, Ala.
		500	WSFA	Montgomery, Ala.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		500	WBAA	W. Lafayette, Ind.
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH-WSDA	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		2,500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		2,500	WHC	Cleveland, Ohio (day)
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (night)
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
		50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Forth Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		50	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		1,000	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KGRC	San Antonio, Tex.
		50	KHJ	Yakima, Wash.
		100	KJFZ	Fort Worth, Tex.
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
220.4	1,360	500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont.
		250	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		1,000	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		500	WGES	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		100	WFVD	Rome, Ga.
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCBQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio, (night)
225	1,333	50	XEC	Toluca, Mex.
225.4	1,330	2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
		1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		250	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		500	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		250	KGIQ	Twin Falls, Idaho
		500	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)
		1,000	KREG	Santa Ana, Calif.
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla City, Okla. (night)
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		100	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHG	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSM	El Paso, Tex.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		50	WFKD	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
		100	WHFC	Cicero, Ill.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		250	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		100	WRAW	Reading, Pa.
		20	WRBI	Tifton, Ga. ½ time)
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
		100	WSJS	Winston-Salem, N. C.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
		500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		2,500	WIBW	Topeka, Kans. (day)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kans. (night)
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (nigh
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		500	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
		300	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.

Official Wave Lengths

Log your dial reading according to wave and frequency indicated here and you will know any DX station by quick reference

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		500	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WLB-WGMS	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.
8	1,240	500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		1,000	KSAT	Ft. Worth, Texas
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.
8	1,230	100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
		100	KFOD	Anchorage Alaska
		1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque N. M. (day)
		250	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M. (night)
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kans.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kans.
9	1,210	50	CFCO	Chatam, Ontario
		50	CFNB	Fredericton, N. B.
		5	CHWK	Chilliwick, B. C.
		15	CKMC	Cobalt, Ont.
		50	CKPC	Preston, Ont.
8	1,210	100	KDFN	Casper, Wyo.
		100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Nebr. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Nebr. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Watertown, S. D.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KPQ	Wenatchee, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Yonkers, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF–WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Pa.
		100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		500	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
9	1,200	50	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		200	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.
		10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		300	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Louisville, Ky.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
50	1,200	101	XEA	Guadalajara, Jal.
52	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		50,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Texas
54.1	1,180	20,000	KOB	State College, N. M.
		5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.
55	1,175	50	CMBA	Havana, Cuba
256	1171.6	2,000	CJRX	Winnipeg, Man.
256.3	1,170	10,000	WCAU	Phila, Pa.
		5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Iowa
		500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
258.5	1,160	10,000	WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
260	1,153	200	CMHA	Cienfuegos, Cuba
260.7	1,150	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
263	1,140	5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
		5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
264	1,136	100	CMCA	Havana, Cuba
265	1,132	105	XEF	Oaxaca, Mex.
265.3	1,130	1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
267.9	1,120	15	CFJC	Camloops, B. C.
		500	CFRC	Kingston, Ont.
		25	CHGS	Summerside, P. E. I.
		50	CJOC	Lethbridge, Alta.
		50	CKPR	Midland, Ont.
267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KUT	Austin, Texas
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		330	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Wilwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Texas
		500	KTRH	Houston, Texas
270.1	1,110	5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
		2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
273	1098.7	100	CMCE	Havana, Cuba
275	1,091	10	XEL	Saltillo, Coah, Mex.
275.1	1,090	50,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
277.6	1,080	5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
280	1,071	101	XER	Mexico, D. F.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		50	WCAP	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		50,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	1,000	WKEN	Grand Island, N. Y.
		1,000	WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
		10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Tex.
290	1034.5	101	XEV	Puebla, Pue.
291.3	1,038	500	CNRV	Vancouver, B. C.
291.3	1,030	1,650	CFCF	Montreal, P. Q.
292	1,027	50	CMBW	Mariano, Cuba
		100	CMBZ	Havana, Cuba
		50	CJOR	Sea Island, B. C.
293.9	1,020	250	WRAX	Philadelphia, Pa.
		10,000	KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
		500	KYWA	Chicago, Ill.
296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Pitcher, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
297	1,010	50	CFLC	Prescott, Ont.
		50	CKCR	Waterloo, Ont.
		50	CKSH	Montreal, P. Q.
299.8	1,000	5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
		1,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Cal.
300	1,000	10	XEE	Linares N. L., Mexico
		101	XEI	Morelia, Nuch, Mexico
		101	XEK	Mexico, D. F.
302.8	990	500	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		15,000	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305	983.6	101	XEO	Mexico, D. F.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
337	980	500	XES	Tampico, Tamps, Mexico
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
312.5	960	250	CFCY	Charlottestown, P. E. I.
		400	CFRB–CJBC	King, York Co., Ont.
		30	CHCK	Charlottestown, P. E. I.
		500	CHWC–CFRC	Pilot, Butte, Sask.
315	952	50	CMBQ	Havana, Cuba
		150	CMBC	Havana, Cuba
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		2,500	KGHL	Billings, Mont. (Day)
		1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont. (night)
		2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		1,000	KPSN	Pasadena, Calif.
319	940	1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Oregon
		500	WCSH	Portland, Maine
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
322.6	930	50	CKIC	Wolfville, N. S.
325	923	250	CMHD	Caibarien, Cuba
		500	XEX	Mexico, D. F.
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		500	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
325	915	250	XFF	Chihuahua, Chih, Mex.
327	914.3	250	CMX	Havana
329.7	910	500	CFQC–CNRS	Saskatoon, Sask.
		500	CHNS	Halifax, N. S.
		500	CJGC–CNRL	London, Ont.
		250	CHJS	Saskatoon, Sask.
		500	WISJ	Madison, Wis. (day)
		250	WISJ	Madison, Wis. (night)
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Alaska
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		2,500	WFLA	Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.
		750	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
450	895	1,000	XEB	Mexico, D. F.
336.9	890.4	500	XET	Monterrey, N. L. Mexico
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (night)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		500	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (day)
		250	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (night)
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
337.1	889.9	50	CFBO	St. John, N. B. Canada
		100	CKCO	Ottawa, Ont.
338	887	100	CMBC	Cuba
340.9	880	50	CHML	Hamilton, Ont.
		100	CHRC	Quebec, P. Q.
		50	CJCH	Sydney, N. S.
		50	CKCI	Quebec, P. Q.
		50	CKCV–CNRQ	Quebec, P. Q.
		50	CKOC	Hamilton, Ont.
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WCAU	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		50,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	250	KFOZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		50,000	WABC–WBOO	New York, N. Y.
350	857.1	101	XEJ	C. Juarez, Chili
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
356.9	841	501	XEM	Tampico, Tamps.
357.1	840	500	CFCA–CKOW–CNRT	Toronto, Ont.
		100	CKLC–CHCT	Red Deer, Alt.
357.7	840		CNRD	Red Deer, Alt.
357	840	500	CMC	Havana, Cuba
360	832.8	360	CMGA	Colon, Cuba
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
362	828.7	2,000	XEG	Mexico, D. F.
365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
368	815.2	500	CMI	Havana, Cuba
370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	50,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
375	800	101	XEU	Veracruz, Ver.
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
379	791	500	CMHC	Tuinucu, Cuba
507	791.7	1,000	XFI	Mexico, D. F.
384.6	790	5,000	CKY–CNRW	Winnipeg, Man.
385	780	5,000	XEW	Mexico, D. F.

Kilo-Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Cal. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Cal. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WISJ	Madison, Wis
		500	WISJ	Madison, Wis.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Michigan
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		5,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
410	731.3	2,000	CMK	Havana, Cuba
		1,000	XEN	Mexico, D. F.
411	729.9	500	CHYC	Montreal, P. Q.
		50	CKWX	Vancouver, B. C.
		50	CKMO	Vancouver, B. C.
		500	CKAC	Montreal, P. Q.
		50	CKCD-CHLS	Vancouver, B. C.
		50	CKFC	Vancouver, B. C.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
299.8	710	250	KFVD	Culver City, Cal.
422.3	710	5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
434.8	690	500	CFAC-CNRC	Calgary, Alt. Can.
		500	CFCN-CNRC	Calgary, Alt. Can.
		500	CJCJ-CHCA	Calgary, Alt. Can.
		500	CKGW	Bowmanville, Ont.
441	680.2	50	CMBS	Havana, Cuba
440.5	680	5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Cal.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Nebr.
		50,000	WEAF	New York, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
466	643.7	250	CMCF	Havana, Cuba
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Cal.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
470	638.3	2,000	XFG	Mexico, D. F.
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbus, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
476.2	629.9	500	CFCT	Victoria, B. C.
		500	CJCX	Yorktown, Sask.
		500	CNRA	Moncton, N. B.
482	622.4	50	CMBD	Havana, Cuba
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KREP	Phoenix, Ariz. (day)
		500	KREP	Phoenix, Ariz. (night)
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (Night)
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Maine
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wisc. (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wisc. (night)
490	611.9	200	CMBY	Havana, Cuba
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Cal.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEBW	Beloit, Wisc.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		500	WQAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
500	599.6	250	CFCH	Iroquois Falls, Ont.
		500	CJRM	Moose Jaw, Sask.
		500	CJRW	Fleming, Sask.
		500	CNRO	Ottawa, Can.
		1,000	CMW	Havana, Cuba
		2,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash. (day)
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash. (night)
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Nebr.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
508.2	590	1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Nebr.
514.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas, (da
		500	KFDM	Beaumont Texas, (ni
		2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		1,000	KLZ	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (da
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (nig
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
516.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kans. (da
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kans. (ni
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Iowa
517.2	580.4	500	CKUA	Edmonton, Alta.
		500	CKNC-CJBC	Toronto, Ontar
		250	CHMA	Edmonton, Alta.
		500	CJCA-CNRE	Edmonton, Alt
		500	CKCL	Toronto, Ont.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (d
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (n
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (nigh
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		2,500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D. (day)
		1,000	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D. (nigh
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio
546.8	548.6	105	XEY	Surerida, Yuc.
548	588.2	500	XEZ	Mexico, D. F.
555.6	540	500	CKX	Brandon, Mass.

Beauty Is As Beauty Thinks

(*Continued from page 15*)

look around her "soul's windows", to boot.

"Now look at this other picture," continued Bernadine in her pianissimo voice which, even in ordinary conversation, seems to whisper crooning lullabies.

It's a long, long way from Greta Garbo, the dramedienne (lexicographers, please note as opp. to comedienne for purposes not fully covered by tragedienne) to Nancy Carroll, the ingenue, but Bernadine made the complete journey, the while the photographer, smothering beneath the black pall, feasted his eyes upon this her beauty.

How is it possible, it may be asked, to reflect such widely different characteristics with but a single face? Simply by taking the Special Hollywood train, Mental Express - ion and stopping off at the visage of your favorite actress. "That's the whole solution," said Bernadine as she rested for a moment out of character.

Of course, some very learned and sage ps-ps-psycho-analyst may come along and say that there is a subconscious reason for it all—that it's the calories that actually do the work—calories plus the cooperation of versatile vitamins. But a chorus of *boshes* throws Psir Psychist off the soap-box, for the reason that very few aspiring artists with the slender, airy form of Bernadine, wish to make the acquaintance of calories. Not that she has to go diet-wise, mind you, for when Bernadine comes, it is like the rustle of spring—there is that freshness of youth about her—but she is wise enough to look ahead, and she shudders at the forbidding shadow of the rippling chin.

The interviewer, however, having no compunction over calories, proceeded with the healthy appetite and purpose of the average consumer while Bernadine raved on about the bigger things in life. She said:

"One's attitude of mind has everything in the world to do with one's success and activities. Just as I portrayed Greta Garbo and Nancy Carroll at will, that is how I can bring success to my work.

"Sometimes when I find a tendency to yield to discouragement, I just shake myself and affirm that I *can* go on and make progress continually. And back of this urge for success is the desire to please my parents. Believe me, it takes all the determination I have to rise above seeming obstacles and their attending difficulties—but these trials do make one grow. Looking back, I don't think I should have foregone any of the experiences I have been through when I think of the golden lessons they held for me.

"And now I'm off to Hollywood and my advice to everyone is, think success and you will bring it into your lives, think beauty and beauty will come into your experience—but it has to emanate from your own thinking."

By this time we had left the restaurant and were going through the busy streets of Manhattan. The hurrying throngs of people who caught the music in Bernadine's voice turned their h and looked after her.

Bernadine has her audience now. any place she happens to stand on become her stage.

Added to her many gifts as an ac and Radio artist is her leaning to writing poetry and composing musi

"I don't know how it happened, b was walking along the street one and the whole song just ran through mind. Here, let me hum it for you."

Against the background of New Yo throbbing symphony of familiar ton train rumblings, auto whirrs with an casional clang of fire engines—Berna sang her little song. Its merits have ready been recognized by a music p lisher, and readers of this article probably be hearing arrangements o over the Radio very soon.

Bernadine waved a sweet farewel she turned the corner.

"Think success and you will brin into your life," I murmured. There philosophy that's worth while, easily derstandable and applicable—not pendent on deductions, logic or a p reasoning. It worked with the ph graphs, why not with the problems being?

It became clear after this chat, so many gifted people are complete ures, while others with fewer talents great successes. The person who ceeds has a native philosophy, a de mination to conquer all odds and a for people. And Bernadine has all these elements.

Tuneful Topics

(*Continued from page 67*)

arrested my attention and I asked sing it for me. She did so, and old me that it was a song that Lyman had often sung for her. sang it I felt that melodically ere several places that could be much for the better; lyrically, ere were possibly a few different that might make the song more

firm of Leo Feist, with whom I ociated, through its professional r, Rocco Vocco, sought to get in with Lyman. Rocco, an old friend an's, thought he might be in Paris, ally discovered him in Chicago. It ficult to find him because he was he life of a recluse and did not talk with anyone as he was not ed. Negotiations continued and from Florida came a letter from anting permission for the song to ished, and giving the name of the erson with whom he had written g. Both Rocco Vocco, and other who listened to the original ver- elt that the changes I suggested perative and necessary; they have corporated into the song. I look publication almost any day.

story of the song is that if the s he doesn't want her, doesn't miss d doesn't want to kiss her, and as ix, doesn't love her, he is lying. song that gives me a great deal yment when I present it.

do it slowly, at thirty-five meas- minute, and it will be published Feist.

Just a Gigolo

IIGHT be expected from the word igolo", this is a European compo- "Gigolo" is either unknown to mericans, or possibly repulsive to who do know what it means. In am sure that the simple country this land of the free have only a dea of what a gigolo is, but New ublishers take for granted that e knows what Manhattan knows. golo, at least a male gigolo, is a man (usually), who is engaged by lady (usually, though not neces- to take her to tea dances, to din- supper dances, theatres, shopping; to be, as it were, a temporary d, bodyguard, and servant. When d at the Savoy Hotel in London -25 the management employed two men who invited unescorted ladies e. While these young men liked themselves instructors, escorts, or ave you, they knew that they were d as gigolos. The popular con- pictured is the Valentino type of man, with black, straight, sleekily air, a pale, sensitive face of per- fect proportions, always thin, somewhat effeminate, and usually pictured in swallow-tails, or to be plain, full dress. At any rate, whether or not the two young men at the Savoy Hotel were gigolos, I have really seen some who admittedly were because they were at many tea dances to which I went for recreation on my afternoons off in London, and in every case they were very excellent dancers. For me it was depressing to see them and their partners; such an unfair combination of old age and youth, yet both so extremely happy and apparently wrapped up in each other, dancing fairly well considering the difference in ages, and watching with intense interest all the other dancers. If nothing else enticed them to the floor the tango always did.

For that reason I expected this composition to be a tango. The song, as it is published in America, is not a tango. I am in doubt as to just what to call it; it would make a good waltz but it would be too long-drawn out. It is published as a fox-trot though, and here I must become technical for a moment, for if you play it as it is published I believe the true beauty of the piece would be lost. Like *My Ideal,* of which I spoke in last month's issue, we find it necessary to lengthen the piece, giving twice the value not only to each note, but to each measure, or bar, as it is more commonly called, in order to bring out the true melodic value of it. That is, where there is an eighth note, we play it as a quarter note. The single notes contained in one measure we find it necessary to divide into two, in order that the piece does not sound hurried and short. Some of the bands play it as it is written, and others play it the way I have just described. If you listen to it over the air with the composition before you, I think you will see just what I mean.

Due to the odium and repulsion that I, and most Americans, feel toward a person who sells his services to a lady, I have not sung the song, although we have played it. Even a different version, putting the gigolo into the third person instead of the first, as it is written, would still not solve it for me.

While we have the female equivalent of the European gigolo here in the "kept woman", strangely enough the sight of a gray-haired man dancing with a very young girl seems to us more logical than the reverse, but as Moran and Mack used to say, "Who cares 'bout dat?"

Gigolo is a very pretty melody, and in spite of its lyric is selling very well. Howard Lanin, at the St. Moritz in New York, uses it, heaven knows why, as his Radio signature! I find myself humming the melody often; it is a pretty one. It is published by De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson.

Say Hello to the Folks Back Home

HERE is a tune dangerously close to being hill-billy (folk songs which have originated in the mountain districts of the backwoods states which the natives have sung for years). Some publishers would contemptuously term it "corney", meaning that it is too trite and *Home-Sweet-Home-like* to be classed as a popular song, but it is the type of thing that appeals to the masses.

Carmen Lombardo, the gifted singer, saxophonist, and song-writer, of the four Lombardo brothers, whose delightful music entrances all who dance to it or hear it over the Radio, contributed to this composition, and Benny Davis, whose list of hits looks like a laundry list, collaborated with Carmen, and these two have given us a popular song which might well be sung by any stranger thinking of his home town and the folks he left behind him. It is a good song.

It is published by Davis, Coots and Ergel. We play it in what we call semi-slow tempo, or about fifty-five measures a minute.

Something to Remember You By

I SUPPOSE I will never think of this composition again without associating it with a grapefruit! In fact, I should banish the song forever from my mind and never think about it again after what happened in Boston last week. It never occurred to me that it would make a suggestion to the mind of a young college student, who answered the plea of the song by hurling from the balcony a real grapefruit! I like to feel that he was not so brainless as to want to hit me as I played my saxophone, because obviously it might have injured me quite seriously if it had struck the saxophone while it was in my mouth. As it was, it hit upon the cymbal of my drummer, several feet away.

That was the only thing thrown, but I continued to finish the song, at least for that show. Of course I took it out the next show, because there was no reason for inviting trouble. It was really a shame, because it is a very pretty song. In fact, although it is of the musical comedy type, and comes from the musical comedy *Three's a Crowd,* it wins all who hear it, unlike most musical comedy hits.

The thought is extremely simple, in fact, almost too simple. The melody is beautiful, and therein lies the charm of the composition. It was written by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. It is introduced in the show by Libby Holman, whose voice and personality have been the talk of Broadway even since her debut in the first *Little Show.*

Despite air restrictions and everything else, the song is played everywhere and is selling extremely well. But somehow for me it will always call to mind the picture of a grapefruit hurtling through the air.

We play it at a semi-slow tempo, about sixty measures a minute. It is published by Harms, Inc.

What Good Am I Without You

ANOTHER song by Milton Ager, of the firm of Ager, Yellen and Bornstein. Ager has written, with his partner, Jack Yellen, a list of hits that you have all danced to and sung in the past decade, songs such as *Ain't She Sweet?, Crazy Words, Crazy Tune,* the *Rain or Shine* songs, and many other big hits too numerous to mention.

He played this song for me months ago in my dressing room at the Brooklyn Paramount, and I was struck by the beauty of its melody and thought. As he played it, it was dangerously similar to *Body and Soul,* although he could not have been influenced by the other composition since *Body and Soul* had not yet been published, and I, perhaps, was the only individual, outside of the publisher, who had heard it. Ager, subsequently, at my suggestion, revised the opening phrases of the song so that there was no chance of conflict between it and *Body and Soul,* and the song was published.

It has a sort of minor, unhappy strain running throughout it, and its chief charm lies in its melody and harmony. I have heard it rendered delightfully by many artists. It makes a good dance tune when played slowly enough. We do it at thirty-eight measures a minute, and we pitch it much lower than its original key, due to the fact that it goes pretty high.

Lonesome Lover

NOT since *I'm Just a Vagabond Lover* has there been another "Lover" song to achieve any popularity. Personally I dislike singing a song of this type because I dislike to lend the impression that I am giving a song that shows me as the lover in question. Peculiarly enough, *Lonesome Lover* is published by the same firm that published *I'm Just a Vagabond Lover.* It is another song that can be credited to the good taste of Rocco Vocco.

It was written by Al Bryan and Jimmie Monaco. Bryan is a poet among songwriters; he has written several books of beautiful poetry, and as a rule his lyrics verge toward the æsthetic, poetic, highbrow type, although he has written very popular songs, such as *Song of the Nile.*

Monaco wrote the melody for the old hit, *Dirty Hands,* for *Through,* and *Me and the Man in the Moon.*

Like Irving Berlin's *What'll I Do, Lonesome Lover* is published both as a waltz and a fox trot. The reason for this, I suppose, is that although the beauty of a fox trot may be destroyed by an orchestra playing it too fast or too slowly as a fox trot, there is little chance of their going wrong if it is a waltz, because the waltz is standard tempo. I believe that is the reason back of *Lonesome Lover* being published both ways. It was a smart move.

I used *Lonesome Lover* as an example of how our band plays regular tempo fox trots in a little Paramount Pictorial movie short which I made a week ago. It is the only song which I really sing in the picture, and it served as a very good example. One hears it a great deal on the air, and it seems to be selling quite well. We play it at about sixty measures a minute.

I Hate Myself For Falling In Love With You

THIS is perhaps the first hit of which that new firm of Silver Songs, Inc., may boast. Abner Silver, writer of *I'm High Up on a Mountain Top, C'est Vous* and *Mary Ann,* is already a very familiar figure in Tin-Pan Alley and the minds of music lovers. Cornell, who unquestionably contributed some of the melody, is one of the clever team of pianists, Shutt and Cornell, who are so delightful in their Radio hours. Dave Oppenheim is one of the few millionaires who dabble in lyric writing. Oppenheim owns a chain of over fifty beauty shops, and coins a fortune every day; the writing of lyrics to music is merely a pastime to him, as he assuredly does not need the few thousands of dollars that may or may not eventually come to him if the song is a hit. Still he is intensely proud of his published compositions and enjoys hearing them played.

Silver I have known for some time, and have listened to and helped pick many of his compositions before he went into business for himself. All three of the boys deserve commendation for their work on this song. It is distinctly away from the average song, both in melody and lyrics, and one that is a pleasure to listen to.

We find it necessary to play it at about thirty-eight measures a minute in order to bring it to our listeners in the way we feel it should be interpreted.

Amos and Andy

(*Continued from page 48*)

is responsible for Amos and Andy appearing in camouflaged parts. Neptune arouses the desire to assume an entirely different physical appearance, and in Amos and Andy it expressed itself in the black make-up. Neptune is also responsible for the sound philosophy which they teach under the guise of humor and in amusing plots. Both Amos and Andy have a profound interest in the welfare of mankind and an overwhelming desire to help make this world a little better place in which to live, and it is the Aquarian feeling of brotherhood, expressing itself through the Neptunian ray, which makes it possible for them to entertain us while they are also teaching us big lessons in the way to live. (Aha! *Knights* of the Mystic Sea!)

Andy has Capricorn rising and
corn is the most tenaciously ambit
all the signs. There is no limit
material dreams of the Capricorni
it is no wonder that Andy is alway
ing in millions.

Both Amos and Andy had Jupi
ing, but Andy's is afflicted and f
reason he has to be more cautious
business transactions than does
If the birth data is correct, it wo
pear that Amos is the one who
strut his stuff, which is just the c
to the parts taken by them in th
grams, and the stars also indicate
is Amos' feet which give him no
trouble, while Andy is the one wh
ways complaining.

The strong Aquarian influence i
charts is responsible for their succe
the air, as Aquarius rules Radio a
tricity and it is Andy's Sun in t
which gives him a tendency to
Amos' influence is extremely bene
such times.

Amos is generous and sympathe
but he is more practical in his ef
help the unfortunate. Neither
take their individual tragedies to
Andy does.

Andy's badly afflicted Moon sho
he will be susceptible to glandular
and if he doesn't take care of him
will need a doctor more than
Madame Queen's "mananacures".

Mercury and Neptune in Gem
ruler of speech, gives him fluen
makes him a clever conversationali
Sun in Taurus makes him fond
and he is the most satisfactory
guest a good cook could ask for.

Andy has Mars in the tenth ho
other indication like Amos' Sun,
success which was to come to him
position mitigates any undesirable
and makes Andy a worker once An
him out of bed. He is enthusias
genious, courageous. He is intere
mechanical inventions, and Mars i
pio indicates a great wit and a keen
nation. It is Uranus in the ninth
which is responsible for his unmis
genius, but with four planets in t
signs, it is extremely difficult for A
keep his feet on earth, but Venus
first house, makes his friends and a
tances forgive him his aerial exc
into a realm denied their practical
As a matter of fact, this posi
Venus, combined with the Sun
friendly Aquarius, gives him a mo
able and lovable disposition and
sponsible for his great popularit
both men and women.

Their combined horoscopes show
sening of their present popularit
after 1937, Amos will have to gua
his health and his money. As l
Amos and Andy resist all efforts
arate them, their good fortune is a
for their aspects balance their in
fates, and as long as they work t
disaster will not overtake them.

Erno Rapee

(*Continued from page 7*)

e the leader of some symphonic
ra. And so, in 1912, he came to
:a—hoping that here he would at-
is goal.

lid not attain that goal immediately.
he served as accompanist to many
ted artists, and as assisting artist
Letz String Quartet. Finally,
ained his Nirvana. One day, un-
edly, a call came from the manager
Rivoli Theatre, New York—you
ave heard about that manager; his
is S. L. Rothafel—asking Rapee if
uld like to become the musical di-
of the theatre. Rapee consented
; instinctively he felt that it would
first important step in his musical
as symphonic-conductor. And
hat time on dates not only Rapee's
:torial career, but also a friendship
is employer, "Roxy", which has per-
for more than fifteen years, con-
growing stronger and stronger.
ceforth, wherever "Roxy" went, he
take his musical director with him
so, from the Rivoli Theatre, where
remained for two years, he went
Capitol and, four years later, he
o Roxy's own theatre. Here, Erno
attained his much-desired and cov-
oal. For here he had, at last, at his
al a symphonic orchestra which
nevitably rank with the great sym-
orchestras of the world.

o Rapee will soon see his fortieth
ay—on June 4th, to be more spe-
yet, notwithstanding the strain of
ofession he looks far younger. His
clear and smooth, his eyes bright,
s actions brisk and spirited. More-
ie has the energy, the conscientious-
nd the zeal of a young boy. He is
thin, almost puny-looking. When
oks at him casually one is apt to
r how it is that such a small, slim
can domineer two hundred per-
rs with the tip of his baton. But
one is at closer range, one begins to
: sharp-edged cheek-bones that seem
ak of determination and will-power,
bove all that inextinguishable fire
urns in his eyes. And one begins to
stand that when he is on the con-
's stand with baton in hand, his
e size is forgotten, and only his
ality is apparent to his musicians.
is a very busy man. He must be
rly in the morning to attend the
arious rehearsals which are always
place at the Roxy Theatre by
s or orchestra, and he cannot leave
ieatre until ten o'clock in the eve-
when his orchestra is relieved by the
-films. This routine is invariable
day in the week, every week in the
Fortunately, conducting is at one
his vocation and avocation; it is
is greatest pleasure in life. Other-
he rigid routine would be well-nigh
rable. In fact, conducting is such
isure to him that he recently sacri-
ficed almost $40,000 a year to return to the conductor's stand at the Roxy Theatre from his important—and what proved to be temporary—musical post in Hollywood. And he is only too happy to have made the sacrifice, he will add joyfully.

The rigid routine of his work, of course, permits him almost no recreations. Next to conducting he loves best to lie late in bed—and that luxury has been denied him for years. Night life does not interest him in the least, nor raucous wild times. During spare hours, or in brief vacations, he enjoys nothing so much as to spend quiet and restful hours with his family. For Erno Rapee is entirely a family-man.

He will tell you that he is a better pianist than he is a conductor—but for such as myself who have admired so many of his interpretations over the Radio this is a little hard to believe. At any rate, Erno Rapee is a pianist of the first-order. If he had not chosen the orchestra as his career he undoubtedly would have made a great name for himself as a concert-pianist. Even today, although he no longer practises as much as his fingers require, he plays the instrument with remarkable adroitness and facility. Will he ever be tempted to appear as concert-pianist in a well-known Concerto during one of the Roxy broadcasts?

He has another great distinction—but concerning this he very rarely speaks. The same pen which has composed symphonies and quartets which lie at the bottom of his trunk have also created at least four popular and unforgettable tunes which a few years ago spread from lips to lips like some contagious disease and became four of the really outstanding song successes of our time. The first of these was the overwhelmingly popular *Charmaine*, the theme-song of *What Price Glory?* And after *Charmaine* came *Angela Mia, Diane*, and *Mother o' Mine*.

But his fame will rest primarily in his baton. Erno Rapee may be a little man—but he is a little man with a big stick. That big stick has made more than one Sunday memorable to Radio music-lovers throughout the country!

Cinderella

(*Continued from page 77*)

Now there are modern Cinderellas and there are many potential Cinderellas, too. Often these potential Cinderellas write to me in this way: "I want you to be a fairy godmother to me and transform me into a modern Cinderella. Won't you work some magic on me?"

And there *is* magic in this day and age—magic just as powerful as any which existed in the fairy tales. The fairy godmother's wand in 1931 is a combination of patience, persistence and perseverance. And the private life of the Cinderella of 1931 is based on the same policy which won the original Cinderella her prince—the policy of preparedness and a realization and observance of the prime importance of "the little things in life".

SAVE

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Note: Volumes of the new Radio Digest — September, October, November, December, 1930, and January and February, 1931 issues—will be supplied in these binders on order accompanied by remittance of $2.00

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Binder with September, October, November, December, 1930, and January and February, 1931 Radio Digests .....2.00 ☐

Enclosed find (check or money order) for $..... in payment for same.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Marcella

(*Continued from page 65*)

being an announcer he sings and plays and he is also the creator of the *Novel Half Hour*, one of the station's popular features. He met his wife, ask me where? Of course in a Radio station. She plays the fiddle—and what she can't do with it!

* * *

THE reins of WTIC, Hartford, have been taken over by Paul W. Morency. Being equipped with a Ph. B. from the University of Chicago and a thorough education in business administration, Mr. Morency promises to fill this new position more than adequately. For the last two years Mr. Morency was manager of field service of the National Association of Broadcasters of which organization he is at the present time treasurer. Congratulations, Mr. Morency, on your new post, and we're expecting big things from you.

* * *

HELEN McD. of Oklahoma City wants light on the subject of Harold Sparks. Footlights, please *a la* Hank Simmons in *Show Boat*. Flash the orchestra. Ready. Jeff Sparks is only seventeen, girls. He is a former student of Webster, Jr. and Central Senior High Schools where he dipped into electrical engineering and motion picture projection. He emerged from these highly illuminating courses to take up announcing. Altitude five feet, six inches. Fair complexion contrasts strikingly with his black hair. Brunettes, he has a predilection for your type of beauty! Don't all rush at once. As far as is known to us he is one of the "youngest announcers" on the air. Writes all of the continuity for programs he announces. His favorite hobby is playing billiards with staff artists of KFJF.

* * *

TWILLA of Salina, Kans., Marcella wants to thank you for your patience in waiting all of this time for a picture and a word about Monte Meyers, KFAB's nitwit, jokester and clown, according to Budd Houser. I'm wondering what villain dared to go and paint that flourishing mop of hair and diminutive Van Dyke beard. Monte's ancestors came from the land of Killarney, hills and *laiks* and dells.

* * *

WOULD you like to know how Leo and Bill teamed up, Twilla? Well, a little over five years ago Bill was engaged in the enviable occupation of driving an ice cream wagon up and down the streets of Kansas City. As Leo purchased these frozen delicacies each day, they were brought together more and more until an exchange of confidences revealed that each cherished a hidden desire to sing. They formed a harmony team and first appeared as the Silvertone Twins in a Kansas City station. A few weeks ago they celebrated their first anniversary over WIBW. Their full names are Leo Bates and William Rockwell. Bill is married, but Leo is still holding out.

L. J. Barnes of WGY, Schenectady, is very modest according to Clyde Kittell, Program Manager of that station. L. J. or Barney started out as control man but one day when he was at work on a remote job, the regular announcer failed to turn up. Barney quickly took up the lines and dsplayed such ability and ingenuity that he was added to the staff of announcers.

* * *

J'ai chante, hier,
J'ai chante, hier,
J'ai chante, j'ai chante,
J'ai chante, hier.

WHAT may all of this ado be about having sung yesterday? Simply this, that by the use of phrase repetition Dr. Thatcher Clark has achieved great success in teaching French via Radio. He calls the nation-wide group of listeners, that number into many thousands, the United States French Class of the Air.

With these French lessons and the aid of Dr. Clark's book, *French Course for Americans*, the student gains ground very rapidly. In Dr. Clark, Radio listeners have one of the best known educators of the day. He was formerly of the Romance Language Department at Harvard University, and also French Lecturer at Teachers College, Columbia University. Yet with this highly academic background, Dr. Clark has been able to master the exquisite technique of simplicity in teaching those who want to add another window in their lives. On the sixteenth floor of the same building where Ida Bailey Allen holds her broadcasts, Dr. Clark instructs day and evening classes and Radio listeners are invited to have as many tryouts as they want before they definitely enter their registrations. The great enthusiasm of the Radio audience for these lessons is evidenced by the enormous mail received by Dr. Clark —something like ten thousand letters during the two years he has been on the air.

* * *

SOME months ago Marcella had a picture and a few lines of George D. Hay the "Solemn Old Judge" of WSM, Nashville, Tenn., but new readers of RADIO DIGEST not having seen it have written for another sketch. So here it is. Mr. Hay, known to his listeners as the "Solemn Old Judge" is but thirty-five. He has attained to the very height of success not only because of his originality but because he never fails to broadcast a smile. Before appearing on the Radio-scene, Mr. Hay was a newspaper reporter and feature writer on the Memphis Commercial appeal. And anyone having anything to do with Radio knows "that a nose for news" is quite indispensable, as Mr puts it. He began his Radio caree at WMC, Memphis through which erated the imaginary steamboat u down the Mississippi. Then over at Chicago, his visionary means of portation was a locomotive. He w RADIO DIGEST's national popularit cup championship at WLS.

* * *

PAT BINFORD, announcer at W Richmond, "Virginny", is quickly fied by the southern drawl he u introducing his programs. "Good customers, everybody happy? about to be disturbed . . . " But fr number of friends Pat has won ov Radio they sho' does enjoy beir turbed. His full name is Philip N ford.

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. her a letter, ask her any of the b questions that are bothering your

The Televisor

(*Continued from page 93*)

this company states definitely th kits are for the purpose of en the experimenters to construct a but effective television receiver; make no attempt to imply that the nary broadcast listener ought to television receiver. They do this n cause they feel the set isn't suffi practical—for it is practical—bu cause they feel that the programs a quality of the reproduction are such be of interest only to experimenters

In this simple set, the images c on the plate of the glowing neon tu actually about one inch square b means of a magnifying lens the ap size is about three inches square. quality of the reproduction was enough for one to recognize a per

The television programs in Bost transmitted over station WIXAV wavelength of 104 meters and a po 500 watts. It is stated that the tra ter supplies a good strong signal range of about 25 miles, sufficie cover the entire Boston area. Aft programs are accompanied by spe music which is sent out over WNAC in Boston. The Shortwav Television Corporation expects so put into operation a short-wave casting station, so that speech and can be transmitted with all of thei vision programs. For the present in sion programs accompanied by musi artists broadcast from the televisio dio, the television signals being ser directly from that point, while the is sent by wire to WNAC, from w it is broadcast in the usual manner. receivers are required to pick up bo signals for sight and sound.

ilty? or Not Guilty?

(*Continued from page 25*)

rs this story. The *Trial of Vivienne* e had increased the circulation of the spaper far in excess of expectations with the readers clamoring for further l drama the circulation manager in- d that it would be unfair to them not ontinue. And Editor Coblentz agreed him.

enneth Ellis was instructed to find the proper procedure necessary in a case of this kind and write the nec- ry scripts.

leanwhile the success of the New k local broadcast warranted other lo- broadcasts of the *Trial of Vivienne* e in cities where Hearst newspapers ublished.

he San Francisco *Examiner* sponsored trial over Station KTAB with a local which included famous legal lights in parts originally played by Wagner, le and Pecora. The same thing hap- d in Chicago at Station KYW with *Herald and Examiner* as sponsor; in Angeles at Station KFWB with the *miner* of that city the sponsor; in oit at Station WJR where the *Times* me the sponsor; in Washington at ion WRC, with the *Herald* as nsor; and at Omaha over Station L, with sponsorship credited to the *News*.

he result was the same in every in- ce. The Radio audience demanded e court procedure in its dramatics, and of the great lessons which the spon- learned was that, by means of a io play, many of the objections of citizens against serving on a jury were g overcome. The broadcasts were ing as an educational campaign in ting an interest in court procedure and overcoming the popular bugaboo nst jury duty.

ardly had the talk about the *Trial of enne Ware* begun to die down when New York American announced that fictional character of Dolores DeVine been apprehended and would be given third degree in a single broadcast over Z on the 19th of December.

he evidence which was procured at third degree was enough for the nd Jury to indict the cabaret dancer in another thirty minute broadcast, New York listeners were then treated perfect reproduction of a Grand Jury ction. After this further education of public into the mysteries of legal nique a "true bill" against Miss De- was filed and she was given a Radio during the week of January 12th.

s in the first trial eminent legal minds e brought to the microphone as actors ne drama. For Miss DeVine's defense ver the services of George Leisure, ner assistant United States attorney ne Eastern District of New York, were ined. Ex-Governor of New York e, Charles Whitman, acted as the prosecuting attorney and Jeremiah T. Mahoney, former Supreme Court Justice, sat on the bench in this, the second trial to be held in the Special Air Court of General Sessions.

As this is being written the result of the jury's finding for the defendant, Dolores DeVine, has not been rendered but, from the evidence submitted, it looks as though the guilty person has not as yet been found. It is, therefore, quite possible that a third defendant may be given a Radio trial. This depends entirely on the attitude of the listeners and their responses to the DeVine trial just finished.

Whatever happens, those listeners who were fortunate enough to hear the broadcasts already given have received a more thorough understanding of true court procedure through the medium of a dramatic vehicle than it would be possible to instill by a course of lectures.

Most interesting of all are the comments of the three lawyers who took part in the *Trial of Vivienne Ware*—comments made *after* the broadcast.

Senator Wagner expressed his personal desire "at all times to give matters of public interest the widest possible airing," later amplifying the statement by saying that murder trials should justly come *within the province of Radio broadcasting!*

Battle said that his participation in the fictional trial had thoroughly convinced him, despite his earlier doubts on the subject, that actual trials could be broadcast without threatening the dignity of the court.

Pecora doubted the feasibility of broadcasting actual trials, fearing that such procedure might rob the court of its judicial dignity, but staunchly favored the project when told that the microphones could be suspended from ceilings instead of being placed before participants.

This means there is something more than a bare possibility that, in the near future, listeners may be privileged to hear real court cases over their loudspeakers.

The "trial" programs sponsored by the Hearst newspapers in various parts of the country certainly gave the jury system a good airing but we could stand more, especially if the trials were coming from a courtroom where the participants in the drama were in dead earnest.

Without permitting the findings of a Radio jury to influence or affect the verdict of the twelve authorized jurymen it would be interesting to compile the ballots submitted by the listening public, following the broadcasting of an actual trial. All ballots mailed to the court would have to be plainly marked with the writer's name and address in order that the authenticity of each and every ballot could be checked. In this way it would be possible to obtain a sincere expression of public sentiment which could be compared with the verdict rendered by the real jury. If I were a presiding justice I would welcome such an experiment. Would you?

"Hold on! . .
That's a great set,
but the wrong solder
will spoil it!"



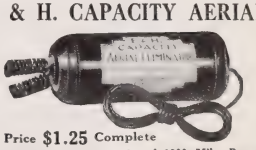
"Take my advice and use Kester *Radio* Solder when wiring and re-wiring that set of yours. It's safe and permanent and so easy to use that even a dub like I am can do an expert job with it!"

When you use Kester, all *you* have to do is apply heat. The flux is inside the solder, and the right amount of it flows to the job at the right time. The flux is plastic rosin — a non-conductor, and absolute assurance against corrosion. Leading manufacturers, service men, set builders and radio experts all over the country use and recommend Kester Radio Solder. Try it now — at our expense. Kester Solder Company, 4261 Wrightwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Incorporated 1899.

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Punctured Romance

(*Continued from page 49*)

a nineteen year old blonde, beautiful, alluring. I became my own vision of the desired maiden. Clarence Moore has the perfect Radio personality. His chuckle is as famous throughout the West as is Robar's fun. With a twist of humor to his mouth he read the lines I had prepared for him.

"Top of the mornin' to you, Kippy. How do you feel on this, your nineteenth birthday?"

"How do I look. Bill?"

"Well, from where I sit you are a riot. It makes me sad to think that I am only your brother. Um . . . so you are going to twine those lovely golden curls around Robar, are you? Well, he'll never be able to resist you."

After our program, Charley Scheuerman, the orchestra leader, doubled up over his violin.

"What you trying to do, Kippy, make NBC a subsidiary of Columbia?" Clarence chipped in.

"Looks to me like a case of mutton dressed as lamb."

"You are two kill-joys," I snapped. Clarence chuckled. "Where you headed, Kippy?" I thrust my beret down over my iron grey coiffure.

"I don't know, but I'm on my way."

Mash notes began to arrive . . . invitations for luncheon. I took to sneaking out the back door of KOA to avoid the rush. Who was I to blast young dreams? I began arguing with myself.

"You're an old fool, Kippy . . . be your age. All right you, shut up, I know this is my Swan Song. but its a humdinger while it lasts." Then would come the insidious vanities that are inherent to us all.

"This really is YOU, Kippy." Then in great big capital letters. "YOUR PUBLIC BELIEVES IN YOU! YOU MUST BE TRUE TO YOUR PUBLIC!" Thereupon I rushed off to Beauty Salons, acquired a ringlet permanent and suffered all those little things necessary when one is "between thirty-five." Just by way of sustaining the old morale. Oh yes, I was true to my public, but wisely I hid out on them. Always a voice warned:

"Let sleeping dogs lie, Kippy, have a care."

By this time, both Robar and I had forgotten that we had programmes to maintain. To me Robar was the personification of Prince Charming. To him, I was Heart's Desire. I had woven around him the perfection of youthful manhood and I had allowed my imagination to run riot. Craftily I placed words in Clarence Moore's mouth.

"Why the red rose this morning Kippy?" (A girlish giggle) "Robar sent me this red rose. I've got a date with him, and I am to wear his rose by way of identification."

The florists in Denver must have blessed me, for there came a flood of red roses from fans. From each box one rose found its way back to KLZ, to Robar. That afternoon:

"Robar, where did you get the red rose?"

"Kippy sent it to me, Verne."

"Not Kippy, the beautiful young thing on KOA? Who is she, where does she hide out, what does she look like?" And Robar, let 'er go.

"Kippy is the answer to a young m prayers. She is beautiful, she is you she is this and that. Said Verne, (c fully coached by Robar)

"Well, you're no slouch yourself. S a lucky girl if she gets handsome Rob Then a string of fun about red roses red noses. I nearly hugged the R

I was stepping softly around my s husband, these days.

"Having your fling, old girl?"

"Oh, just foolishness . . . just to n the programme click. Isn't that R person a scream?"

"If you don't watch out, Kippy, scream you're talking about may turn a Fire Alarm!" I brushed aside the dom behind the warning and went pl ing down the primrose path.

Came the dawn. Meaning, that Boyd returned and I sank into the livion of private life; to pink teas bridge, to what-not. I live in the Lane Hotel, one of those magnifi modern edifices where one may year on end and never meet a neigh One evening I was bidden to make a essary fourth at bridge. The zest disappeared from my life. All that left was the daily plea from Robar. plea that must always go unansw Bridge is a poor substitute for Adven

My bridge host was a bachelor, other two were Mr. and Mrs. Rosen I had frequently seen them and ha ways wondered how such a char woman had happened to marry a . . . yes . . . DUD is the word that to my mind. Mr. Rosenfield is the impeccable of married men; quiet, u suming, who rarely speaks unless sp to. Just a nice middle aged married

Vote For Your Favorite Station in Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct..	$3.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	6.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	9.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	12.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	15.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	$30.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

e, he and I are contemporaries, but
wants to be middle aged?
he game droned stupidly on. "What's
ips? Whose play?" Suddenly my
t missed a beat. I had been dream-
of my Prince Charming, and softly
r his breath, this Rosenfield person
humming my Troubadour's song,
a Rose. I promptly trumped my
ner's ace. The wrath of my partner:
Why Kippy, get in the game!" My
ner then turned to Mr. Rosenfield.
bar, we expect better things of Kippy
what?" One of those moments that
eternal and that should be stricken
n the calendar. You have guessed it.
uninteresting neighbor, whom I passed
day in the lobby, was Robar.
r. Rosenfield made an excuse to go
he kitchen for a glass of . . . well no
ter what. He beckoned me to follow.
folded my suddenly leaden torso and
inge of sciatica made me wince. Not
ord was spoken. Tenderly Robar
med *Only a Rose* . . . as he took from
pocket a very dry red rose. From
bosom I produced its mate: Sadly
oth crumpled our souvenirs into the
e basket.

Radio Mayor

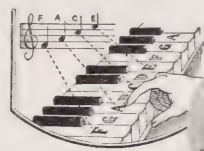
(*Continued from page 51*)

ely hostile to Pinchot. A few nights
re the election I broadcast a talk
d, "Ye Shall Know the Truth and the
h Shall Make you Free (St. John
)". Many others also told the truth
the air. Pinchot won and Radio
ed a tremendous part in his election.
s mayor I have sponsored a compre-
ive broadcasting program for the
le of Philadelphia. Municipal issues
n become confused in the public mind
to biased presentation in the news-
ers and other factors. I have used
Radio to carry these issues directly
he people and believe that in this way
administration as well as the public
been aided.
do not wish to appear in the light of
cking the newspapers, but it does
n that Radio has an advantage over
n in the presentation of statements
ublic officials. In the rush of making
ions and in the necessity for con-
sation, the wrong impression of what
an has said in a public address or
ement is often conveyed to the read-
The necessity for "telling the story"
eadlines also is a frequent cause of
e impressions. Public officials also
often misquoted in interviews.
or these reasons particularly I like
Radio. Over the air a man can carry
case directly to the people and render
raightforward account of his trust.
ly next experience with Radio was as
iest in the home of my old friend, the
Senator William Flinn of Pittsburgh.
t was in 1921, too, and it was then
I saw for the first time a curious
g I was told was a Radio. After a great deal of manipulation and adjustment of ear phones we tuned in a concert in Carnegie Hall, Pittsburgh, and thought that quite wonderful.

Surely all that is a far cry from today when international broadcasts are commonplace and television on a regular and extensive basis is just around the corner.

Yes, I'm a Radio mayor and a Radio fan. I was inducted into office over the air. I'll face the microphone many more times before I "sign off" and then I'll probably go out of office over the air.

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City . . . . . State . . . . . .

Bobby Jones

(*Continued from page 17*)

hood going to take a beating. The fact that I had won our only previous encounter, as I have said, did not impress me greatly. But the fates were kind and the ball was rolling for me and I reached the turn in 33 strokes, by far the best score I had made in competition up to that time. As I won the eighth hole to become three up I thought that I certainly had Perry then, and I was beginning to think how nice it would be to get the big cup, for with all due respect, I felt that I could win the final.

But I soon found that Perry could play some golf too. I began to discover in him the spirit which enabled him later to completely reverse a Southern final in 1923, when he was six down to Frank Godchaux through the seventeenth hole and yet won by eight up and seven to play. That was one of the most remarkable matches I have ever known but it is also as Mr. Kipling would say, another story.

At any rate Perry began on the tenth hole to play a little golf for himself. He collected a birdie three there, another birdie on the long twelfth, and he won the short fifteenth when I missed the green with my tee shot. The strain got me, I suppose, for I had had my fling on the first nine, and now I was playing as well as I knew how and the holes were yet slipping away. At the sixteenth, a longish hole of about 450 yards, Perry jammed a long iron up less than a yard from the hole and was only prevented from holing another birdie because my long putt from the edge of the green laid him a dead stymie. Even with that, his score on the last nine was 32, and that was a good bit too fast for me. Perry won the seventeenth to become one up and we halved the last hole.

We then met next at East Lake in the final of the tournament there. We played the last match of the week as we had played the first and all the rest, in a downpour of rain, and there was not much to see except which one was the best mud horse. This doubtful honor went to me by a slender margin, so that when we came to the State championship in August, Perry and I were all even for the year—we had each won one and this was the rubber game.

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Nit Wits

(*Continued from page 54*)

SUSIE: Well, put the stave by the stove, Steve. Now listen Steve dese willians wants to git into the office to do some dirty woik.

STEVE: Don't let 'em.

SUSIE: I ain't goin' to. Now beat it.

FLINT: Well, I'll get in there some day and when I do—ha ha ha.

STEVE: Weel, you get rid of him. Now, Sue, when you goin' to marry me?

SUSIE: Oh, some time. Dis is so sudden. But foist we got to look out fer them villains, Flake and Blint.

STEVE: Sure, you mean Flake and Blint. Aye.

SUSIE: Oh, look here comes Blake wid the men from de mill.

SANDY: Blake what are ye doin' here? Ye've been fired once.

BLAKE: Yeah. These men are going to strike.

SANDY: Well let 'em strike.

(*A Bell is struck*)

SANDY: Well, there they are. They struck.

SUSIE: Oh pa. Oh pa. Here he comes.

MR. STERLING: (*Gabriel Horn*) Did ye call me, Sue?

SUSIE: Gee pop, de men of the mill struck.

STERLING: Gosh, so they struck. Well, I'll be gosh durned gee whiz.

DETECTIVE: (*Musclebound again, in a third part*) Mr. Sterling, I'm sorry, but I must arrest you in the name of the United States Government.

STERLING: Is that so? What fer?

DETECTIVE: For possessing counterfeit apparatus. This plate was found in your mill.

STERLING: Well, what do you know about that. Well, goodbye girls, I'm through. I'll see you when I get out.

BROWNE: Now just a word about this next act. Well, we're going to skip that and tell you about it. While Mr. Sterling is in jail, the villains Blake and Flint, set fire to the mill with Sue and Steve inside it and the villains think that they were killed in the fire, but they really were over in Asheville, North Carolina, all the time on a honeymoon, or something. Well, the last act shows Mr. Sterling coming home from jail where he got out of on account of his good behavior.

STERLING: Hello everybody. Why are you smiling, Louise?

LOUISE: Cause we're ruined. The mills burned down, the insurance ran out, and them villains Blake and Flint were the cause of it all. How did you get out?

STERLING: Well, the police laughed at the charge. And I didn't want to be outdone so I laughed at it too. Well, we all laughed my way right out of jail.

LOUISE: Well, let's go into the parlor and I'll get you some breakfast.

(*Flint and Blake enter.*)

STERLING: Well, Mr. Flint, the police is trailing the guilty party, and when he's found—well, he'll be found.

FLINT: Ha ha ha. Well, that's g

STERLING: By the way, where Steve?

FLINT: He was burned in the mill with your daughter, Sue. Ha, ha, ha.

STERLING: Heavens. Ain't that aw

FLINT: And the insurance policy your mill ran out. Ha ha ha.

STERLING: Goodness gracious that terrible.

FLINT: If you'll sign this paper t ing over your property to me I'll pay well. Ha ha ha.

STERLING: I'll do this for my daughters. Minus one.

FLINT: Thank you, Mr. Sterling, you are in my power. Ha ha ha.

SUSIE: Not yet, you'se aint. I dat paper.

STERLING: My gracious, Susan, still alive?

SUSIE: And how. Pop there's guilty party. He tried to put you in —he fired de mill—he started the strik he tried to steal de insurance pape

FLINT: Stop, you're breaking heart. Ha ha ha.

SUSIE: But we win. Cause he Steve.

FLINT: You alive too, Steve?

STERLING: Well well, will won never cease?

SUSIE: Well, Mr. Detective de your man. Take him and see dat he life and a thousand more years. And and . . Mr. Browne they ain't no mor the paper.

BROWNE: Have we run out of sh Well, we'll have to close it up then. right. Put some kind of a finish on play. Hurry.

SUSIE: Gosh. Well, we'll try it. W Steve let's get married.

STEVE: Aye, Susie let's do that.

LOUISE: Oh Reggie let's get mar

REGGY: Let's do that, Louise.

Body and Soul Girl

(*Continued from page 21*)

and rises at 11:30—and her weekly sal for all her labours, amounts to $2,500

She is the envy of all other actresses cause she is a highbrow. She subscr to the Sunday afternoon concerts of Philharmonic Symphony Society w she attends regularly. Her favou composers are Beethoven, Wagner— Ralph Rainger, who composed *Moa Low* and who arranged all her music her. She reads prolifically, and her vourite authors are Dostoyevsky Anatole France (both of whom she read in French) Aldous Huxley and course, Bernard Shaw. Her chief a tion is folk-music, of which she i ing an intensive study hoping some to appear in a concert of such songs; chief aversion is the movies". She two outstanding ambitions: to become author, and to take her Ph.D. in scie at the Sorbonne University of Paris.

'he Stage Invisible

(*Continued from page 50*)

:tured features of stage and screen ties are now. Meanwhile, it is g to one brought up in the theatre, template what has been achieved by devotees of the drama as Georgia s, Don Clark and those talented nd women with whom it is my priv- o work in Columbia's studios. Not n the adaptation of famous stage ses, but in the writing of original , the new art has already far out- ed the initial progress of the origi- otoplay.

s far, curiously enough, most of our while dramas are unsponsored broad- Their costs must be met by the s, without benefit of "box office". result, it is essential that expense be lown to a minimum, and often such are determined upon at the shortest . Essential cuts and changes must de without sufficient time to study result. Then, too, since Radio drama es but one performance, improve- cannot be worked out during the a "road trip", as is always the case theatre. However, I am confident s the Radio public begins to demand drama, some solution to this prob- ill certainly be found.

ore we can hope for more perfect s, something must be done. Too of- ur Radio actors have scant oppor- to give the proper study to rôles ed to them. They have almost no e to perfect themselves in their d of delivery. As a result, the per- r must all too often read from a —since the aid of a prompter's voice completely defeat the illusion we eking to obtain. In spite of all this, ver, I feel that Radio drama is al- on the highroad to its place among rts.

rehearsing my casts, I always urge they carefully memorize their lines ne permits. I consider this as im- nt for a "one-night-stand" as it d be for a season's run. I feel that a part is read, the audience some- senses it, and the listener loses thing of the author's effectiveness. ling also tends to destroy the actor's illusion. Imagine a great artist ris- o tragic heights, as he scans a man- pt for expressions of his emotion!

hat is more, in my productions, I in- that the actors *act*. Although their omime is not seen, I fancy that it is —and of course, it helps the player. he studio, just as on the stage, ges- s and facial expression aid each actor actress to stress their personalities impress their auditors. But rehears- in the studio, I cannot, of course, be ain that what I hear will prove effec- when it goes out on the air. In the tre I formed the habit of judging the e from the darkness of the last row he pit. So leaving my cast in the studio, I go into the control-room and check up the performance from the ear-point of the audience which will hear it eventually. Through the loudspeaker which enables the operator to adjust his delicate instruments, I sit and listen as you would do before your receivers.

If I find no flaw as I listen, I am very happy. But if my ears find something lacking, if they distort my mental vision, I instantly halt the actors, by speaking into the microphone, and offer my corrections. When I have made my suggestions, the scene is reenacted, and finally, I hear it, just as it will be broadcast over Columbia's chain. Thus, what we do our level best to make you suppose is spontaneous, is the result of trying over and over again.

So you see that through constant effort, we are getting closer to really artistic drama in the Theatre-of-the-Air. We are learning what will "broadcast", what constitutes "good theatre" before the microphone. And we are making good drama available to millions who live in communities where it is impractical to attend the theatre. But this educational part of our task is only half the battle. We must also appeal to sophisticates who judge us by the standards of those fine performances they have seen on many stages. Not that we hope or wish to supplant the intimate enjoyment of going to the theatre. Not even television ever can do that. For centuries, men and women have been drawn to the playhouse—not only to see the actors, but to be seen themselves. But the frequent broadcast of worthy plays will educate the public, and develop appreciation of true dramatic art.

In a sense, my participation in this important work, fulfills the old prediction that "the blind shall lead the blind". Or in this case, help the "blind"—to see plays through their ears. If I may play even a humble part in writing the opening chapters of this important era in the history of the stage, I shall be deeply gratified. And I am more than grateful for the splendid opportunity with which the Columbia System has seen fit to honor me.

Armida of the Air

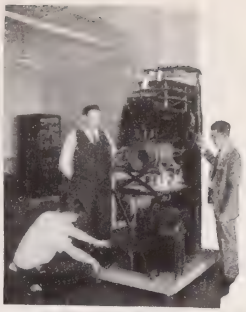
(*Continued from page 32*)

and featured in several pictures, among them "General Crack" with John Barrymore.

It was only a short step then from Hollywood Boulevard to Broadway, where she has been playing a prominent rôle in one of the season's biggest Shubert hits, *Nina Rosa*.

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Tin Pan Alley

(*Continued from page 31*)

but to Irving Berlin it represented the first delicious fruits of success. His pen, henceforth, became indefatigable; his spirit, indomitable; his hopes, undying. Not only lyrics but music, too, began to flow from his pen—and before long Ted Snyder was accepting one after another of Irving Berlin's compositions. Before long, Waterson — the manager of Ted Snyder's firm—began to whisper into his employer's ear that here, in Irving Berlin, did the company find a composer whose lyrical flow would put all of Tin-Pan Alley to shame and who would, once for all, put Ted Snyder upon the map of Tin-Pan Alley. Ted Snyder looked at Berlin's music, thought for a few moments and then made a momentous decision. The firm was henceforth to be known as Snyder-Waterson & Berlin.

Irving Berlin's introduction to Tin-Pan Alley came simultaneously with that of a new period in its brief, but eventful history. The first phase—the era of the sentimental ballad—had long been over, and while it lasted it had been gloriously fruitful and lucrative. The second phase —of saccharine and sweet songs—was breathing now its last gasps. A nation had become sick of pale and artificial sentiments of *Sweet Adeline* and *Silver Threads Among the Gold;* it was yearning for more substantial stuff.

And Irving Berlin was strong just where Tin-Pan Alley was now weak. He had not yet been spoiled by the stereotyped idiom of the Alley; he had not yet begun to compose to its formulas. And so, when the craze for ragtime set in—ragtime, a type of music which could not be moulded to the formulas of yesteryear—Irving Berlin was the free man whereas all his fellow-composers were slaves. He could compose ragtime with a free and unguided hand; his melodies could have those original curves and twists required by this capricious type of music; he could instill ingenious seeps of rhythm into the tunes. He could do all of these things because his pen was yet fresh and his mind was yet clear. And in the choir of tired voices that constituted Tin-Pan Alley, *Alexander's Ragtime Band* sounded sharp, clear and fresh—so clear and sharp that it drowned out all the other voices. Discord had made way into the harmonious machinery of Tin-Pan Alley.

And discord in more ways than one. The indisputable superiority of Irving Berlin over all the other factory-hands of Tin-Pan Alley who had been manufacturing popular-songs had made him at once a personality. Irving Berlin had brought dignity to the composer and, at the same stroke, had relegated the song-plugger and the sales-department to the background. And therein is Irving Berlin the most important son of Tin-Pan Alley—notwithstanding the fact that he is by no means its finest composer. And by the time the war began, the composer of Tin-Pan Alley was definitely emancipated and the machinery which had been producing songs with such infallibility and efficiency, was rapidly slowing-up.

Tin-Pan Alley, however, was doomed. Towards 1914 there began the grand *hegira* out of Twenty-Eighth Street. The smaller firms were running away from their flourishing competitors; the larger firms preferred to work in the very heart of the theatrical district. All the publishing-houses which had previously cluttered Twenty-Eighth Street were now generously sprinkled along Broadway and its side streets. Tin-Pan Alley as a street had ceased to exist—but only because its tradition had already begun to crumble.

With the disappearance of Twenty-Eighth Street as a street of song, Tin-Pan Alley became the convenient name applied to all of jazz, that new form of popular music which has grown out of ragtime. Some of the remnant of Tin-Pan Alley may have persisted. The song-plugger is still an important factor in the success of many a song; something of the efficiency in producing wholesale music still persists; and the song-firm is still that bedlam of noise and commotion which it had been down at Fourteenth Street and later at Twenty-Eighth Street. But otherwise, Tin-Pan Alley in spirit and in flesh is no more. Even its traditions are becoming less and less perceptible. Composers have acquired a distinct individuality and such men as George Gershwin and Jerome Kern have revealed such a marked musical talent that their music has penetrated into the symphonic hall. Jazz has acquired a musical importance; the melodies are sometimes poignant, the accompaniments often symphonic, rhythms often colossal. Its lyrics even have lost much of their vapid sentimentality and, every once in a while, possess a splash of wit or originality. Jazz-composers and lyricists are even beginning to take themselves and their creations seriously!

Jazz, in short, has become a lady—and old Tin-Pan Alley turns over in its grave to emit a groan of anguish.

Fireside Poet At Home

(*Continued from page 80*)

many of these stories but seriously, I doubt if any couple has ever had a happier twenty-four years than we and we look forward with joy to the next twenty-four years or whatever the time is that we may be spared together.

Somehow or other, I feel very well contented that I chose the home to work in, and I am particularly contented because the partner in that home has been such a comfortable person to be with. Our home is just like all homes—I suppose our children are criticized just like all children, that people don't think we do the right things with them or the things *they* might do. But somehow or other they *please* us and we *love* them, and feel rather cor
that they love us, and will, with or w
our help, be a credit to their commu

The mere fact that Bud's drums,
shoes and all the other things a bo
may be scattered all over the hous
that Janet's dolls, bicycles and othe
may be put in a prominent place
stumbled over, really goes a long w
making it the home we want it to b
the place where they know *their* f
can always come.

Edgar likes to have our friends i
home and we are both happy that w
the kind of friends that feel perfectl
to do anything they please when
and we are happier because they are

Yes, we enjoy it *all*—it does ta
heap o' livin' " in a house to make it h

I Wanted To Broad

(*Continued from page 20*)

our great democratic majority de
affectation. That is one reason yo
find so many letters from Radio
which say they do not like chain prog
For this reason I never say "eye-ther
nigh-ther" on the air, in spite of the
that even in the Middle West now
are given the preference in educa
circles. Radio audiences don't like

There are many things which go
a Radio studio that I early gave the
of "studio static". I tremble fo
day when television lets the aud
see all that is going on around the m
phone—tho times will change to
such conditions, no doubt. For inst
we are all familiar with "harmony te
They have literally brought the b
shop into many people's homes.
are better than others and there i
questioning their popularity with
masses. But a team which makes
mony on the air may be anything but
monious in the studio. They ma
having trouble over the mutual pay c
or because one tries to "hog the m
or because one gets more fan mail
the other. Musically they may be j
as closely as the Siamese twins but
ally they are two separate personal

Another bit of studio static is in
ing to direct a play when there are a
three microphones in use—one for th
chestra and two for the actors. Th
rector of a theatrical production has
most of his work before the first n
but in the case of a Radio play, the dire
is usually all over the studio while
being put on, making motions to the
chestra and to the actors like the con
tor of a symphony. I shall never fo
the look of consternation that came
the face of one of the staff one mor
when we were producing a play which
quired the squawking of a rooster after
ing to escape the pot. This partic
member of the staff was not supposed
be in the play, but the man who had b
counted upon to imitate the rooster

out of the studio. So right in the
f the play I leaned over to the
suspecting musician and hissed
r, "You've got to be a rooster—
He gave me one wild look, then
up and down the studio, flapping
and emitting wild, rooster-like

While his impersonation must
en good on the air, the actions
ccompanied it nearly convulsed
actors so that they had difficulty
to their lines.

in Radio plays do not learn the
t they are supposed to be familiar
m and to have rehearsed them
once. My greatest difficulty with
was to make them realize the
for practice. Those with
experience never questioned
l and advisability of it—ama-
ieved that because they only had
the lines, it was a waste of time
ce.

e of many pictures you may have
the contrary, we do not costume
io plays unless for some special

Nor do we go through the mo-
licated unless it is a peculiarity
ndividual actor to make gestures
im with his dialog. We concen-
the voice carrying the message.
queer thing that while one can
y" with many things on the Ra-
use people cannot see but can
r, that very fact makes it hard to
voices—and again, hard to dis-
voices. There must not be too
the cast, the voices must not be
ite the same, or the listener will
confused.

work is very fascinating, whether
s upon it as a business, a profes-
n art—or sometimes just as a job
seems impossible to think up
g for a program.

Thrills

(*Continued from page 11*)

y afterwards, I invited Mr. Brown
merican Museum to come and go
to this strange haunt. We re-
and this time we removed the
er of the surface rock and we
50 tracks of the dinosaur footsteps
proved to be the largest find of
footsteps in the world. And as
this discovery were not enough,
king around at the top of the cliff
bled into a thicket—and reaching
the miniature wilderness we came
lost Indian city, perhaps a thou-
rs old. The houses and walls are
t. Where the Indians could have
we could not tell. But it was a
scovery. Then and there we called
the "Lost Mesa", and the cliff,
ur Canyon".

was, you must confess, an unfor-
summer. We brought back with
s of the rock with the dinosaur
s upon it—as well as two large
skeletons which we found nearby.

I understand that considerable strides have been made recently in the study of prehistoric man because of these discoveries. Can you understand, then, why that discovery gave me one of my life's greatest thrills?

Old Panish Custom

(*Continued from page 59*)

MISS COLLYER: It's the custom, isn't it, Mr. Medbury, for a movie star to be interviewed by the critic?

MEDBURY: Yes—it's an old panish custom.

MISS COLLYER: Then tonight, I want to be different—if you don't mind, I'm going to interview you.

MISS COLLYER: I suppose I ought to ask you how old you are, and where you were born.

MEDBURY: Sure—We might just as well turn this into a census—I don't mind answering that question—I was born in Shanghai.

MISS COLLYER: How interesting—and do you talk the language?

MEDBURY: Well, I speak a broken China.

MISS COLLYER: China isn't a very progressive country, is it?

MEDBURY: No—I understand the laundries over there still tear the buttons off the shirts by hand.

He signs off with something like this:

"And that, dear listeners, about brings this program to a close—I'd love to talk to you all night, but I don't want to be like that deaf and dumb woman up in Alaska who froze seven fingers trying to have the last word in a blizzard."

Medbury is indeed a "Master Without Ceremonies", yea, verily the "Lightning Wit of the Air" who never strikes twice in the same place.

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"He said he had given my work particularly close attention since I enrolled for that International Correspondence Schools course. Said if the other fellows would take it and get as much benefit out of it as I did he would have the most efficient force in the country! You certainly had the right idea, Grace, when you persuaded me to enroll with the I. C. S."

• • •

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Name.....Age.....
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City.....State.....
Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 63*)

"And," said husband, "take a look at her; here's something important."

I looked at her. She is slim and blonde and pretty.

"Look hard."

I waited breathlessly for some startling revelation.

"Here before your eyes is a genuine, native born New Yorker—the only one in captivity so far as I know."

Miss Gerard's parents are German born, the family name being Opfinger. It was under that name that she sang until about a year and a half ago, when she decided to use the more simple name of Gerard, a shortening of her middle name, Gerarda.

Her husband is from Boston, and a year ago came to New York. With Miss Gerard's brother, Adophe Opfinger, who, incidentally is the production manager at Columbia, he makes up the famous piano team called the Ebony Twins. Besides, he is the accompanist and arranger for the Arcola Rondoliers of the Arco Birthday Party, and makes a great many phonograph records.

It was inevitable that one Ebony Twin should ask the other home to dinner one night, and when Charles Touchette met Marie Opfinger, it was inevitable, too, that they should fall in love with each other.

Miss Gerard is an "old" pioneer in Radio, working with WEAF when it was down at 195 Broadway and Graham McNamee was just getting his start. She was with WEAF three years. Then she won a Juilliard scholarship and studied with Claire Kellogg and Paul Reimers. She is now an exclusive artist for Columbia and is heard in the Weed Chains, Paramount Publix and Ward Baking Company programs. She has been featured on the Philco Hour, the Voice of Columbia, the Cathedral Hour, and is the "Mistress Mary" of the American School of the Air.

Every Tuesday at 2:30 Eastern Standard Time, Miss Gerard, in the character of "Mistress Mary" steps before the microphone and presents in music and song, such well known characters of childhood as Little Jack Horner, Humpty-Dumpty and Little Bo Peep. Or maybe Mother Goose will be giving a party and "Mistress Mary" will take her little listeners with her, or she will go with them to the land of the fairies, elves, and giants. Whatever it is, the children are enraptured, and she gets many letters from them in their childish scrawls.

Her hobby, she says, is collecting antiques, her vices, having breakfast in bed, and taking taxis.

The Dixons

OF COURSE a baby is an inspiration. But not every baby is an inspiration for a Radio series. David Dixon is unique in that respect, for said Mrs. Dixon, David's grandmother, to Peter Dixon, David's father, "Why don't you write a story about raising Junior?" Said Peter Dixon looking intently at his four year old son, "I think it's a swell idea." Said Aline Berry Dixon, Peter's wife, and David's mother, "I think so, too." So Peter Dixon sat down and wrote the sketch. He's that kind of a writer.

He went to B. B.—that's Bertha Brainard, NBC's eastern program director. "B. B.," said he, "let me kill the *Cub Reporter* and put on *Raising Junior* in its place. (So that you won't think Mr. Dixon too sanguinary I'll explain that Peter Dixon was employed by NBC's Press Relations Department, and had on the air a weekly sketch called the *Cub Reporter* in which he and his wife were acting.)

B. B. read *Raising Junior*. "No, sir," she said, "we won't use this for a sustaining program. This is just right for the so-and-so company."

Eight months of hopes and disappointments and then down in Rahway, New Jersey, in a little office next to a freight yard they were rigging up a miniature broadcasting station, while up in the president's office, a group of officials were listening intently to the loud speaker. This time the Dixons put it over. Wheatena was going on the air with "Raising Junior."

The Dixon's sketch goes on the air six times a week, every day but Monday. And that means that Mr. and Mrs. Dixon drive in every day from their home in Douglaston, Long Island. And it means that Peter Dixon writes one of those sketches every day. His fastest writing time is one hour and twenty minutes. His slowest, five hours and a half.

Now here's an ad for pajamas. Mr. Dixon says he writes best when he ing them. He puts in his mornin ing and then gets dressed alon three o'clock.

A typical day in a Radio writ is something like this: Get up breakfast. Wife and child decid shopping. Thank goodness, can g work done. Type a line or two. time for the mail? It is. In letter that must be answered. ought to answer those other lett Well, get to typing. Doorbell. " $3.19. C. O. D." Wife has all t Go borrow it from the maid. A Get to work. Maid: "There's so wrong with the furnace, Mr. Dixo furnace. Back to the typewriter. bell. "I'm NOT working my way college, but will you subscribe . .

And besides *Raising Junior*, Mr is also writing a book for Century to write for the Radio, and ru column of Radio gossip for the Syndicate.

Is he temperamental? Well, he s had ten years of newspaper work been a mess boy and second cook oil tanker. "Just try and get t mental on an oil tanker," he laugh has played in several Radio d sketches and his own serial, the *porter*, ran for over a year. He lo his picture, stocky, blond hair dimples. Incidentally he is the s minister.

Oh, another thing—he loves h I don't blame him. Aline Berry is rosy-cheeked brunette, who ha charming quality of making other feel comfortable and happy. (An my very best compliment, Mrs Dixon.)

She's quite an actress in her ow She has played with Otis Skinner, LeGallienne. She has been with t atre Guild and has starred in Farmer's *The Artist*.

It was in Tulsa, Oklahoma, t met her husband. She was pla stock there and he, as a young ne reporter, had been told by his e take a part in the show in order series of articles. And so he can and was conquered. Five month he and Miss Berry were married.

Just as I was leaving the stu pressed into my hand a piece of paper. Outside I opened it. "Slants on Aline Berry, by her hu And then there were the following

Crazy about mushrooms.

Swimming is favorite sport.

Can handle a sail boat fairly we

Looks best in old-fashioned gow should wear her hair back of her e

Doesn't try to select her hu clothes. (Thank Heaven.)

Looks pretty in the mornings.

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ARE OUR WOMEN HAPPY? Anita Loos

Radio Digest

pril

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ginia Gardner
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n Drinkwater
Bernie
ica Dragonette

HANK YOU, AMERICA by Chevalier

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *but* KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



Ten years too late . . . most people seek protection

FALSE TEETH are better than none, but if you prefer to keep your own don't wait for pyorrhea to make your gums spongy and swollen before giving your mouth the care it deserves.

A great British doctor is authority for the statement that many people actually have a pyorrhea condition in their mouths as long as ten years before the real havoc of this disease begins to tell.

As it progresses the gums soften, the teeth may loosen in their very sockets and dangerous poisons spread throughout the system until extraction and false teeth are the last resort.

If your gums are the least bit tender; if your toothbrush shows red when you clean your teeth, don't wait another day before taking protective action.

See your dentist twice a year

Everyone who values his teeth should see his dentist at least twice a year. Modern dentistry can do a lot to prevent needless trouble in your mouth. In your own home, however, it is your own responsibility to give your teeth the finest care possible.

Forhan's is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea.

It contains Forhan's Astringent, an ethical preparation widely used in the dental profession for the treatment of pyorrhea and is an invaluable aid in warding off this dread gum disease.

Start using Forhan's today. It costs a little more than other brands, but the real money difference is actually so small that it is nothing compared with the protection it brings. Price 35¢ and 60¢ in tubes. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

NOW ON THE AIR!

New Forhan program — featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday and Wednesday at 7.30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time—Columbia network.



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of every five past the age of 40

OLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A

★ ★ Clearer, softer skin

nces Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

"OU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," ld a charming woman who recently e to consult me. "Keep your skin im- ulately clean... Keep it youthful at my tars... And *you* are youthfully lovely." hen I explained to her my method h Milkweed Cream.

To cleanse the skin, spread my Milk- d Cream generously over your face neck. Let it remain for several min- , to allow the delicate oils to pene- e deeply into the pores, and then ove every vestige of it with soft linen.

Now—apply a fresh film of the Milk- d Cream. With outward and upward kes pat it into the skin at the six nts starred on my mannequin.

There are special *toning* ingredients in s Milkweed Cream. These penetrate cleansed pores and defend the skin inst blemishes and aging lines and ve it clear, soft and lovely."

* * *

is charming woman came back to me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *velously* clear and soft and fresh! She ked at least five years younger—and d she felt it!

* * *

ave recommended my Milkweed Cream d my method to so many women, and ave *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, ung. Won't *you* follow my six stars to learer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask out skin care, write for a copy of my oklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can ay Young." Or tune in on my radio ur, "Through The Looking Glass ith Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated ations.





STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

★ THE FOREHEAD — *To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.*

★ THE EYES—*If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.*

★ THE MOUTH — *Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.*

★ THE THROAT — *To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.*

★ THE NECK — *To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

★ THE SHOULDERS — *To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.*

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108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

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Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, *Editor*

Charles R. Tig[h], *Associate Edit[or]*

Nellie Revell, *Associate Edit[or]*



IRENE BORDONI You theenk she is French, oui? But no, the chic singer was born on the isle of Corsica and sallied forth to conquer two continents with the wiles of a feminine Napoleon. At last reports she is enslaving CBS Sunday audiences

April, 1931

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SUE KERMAN . . . Out scouting for new talent, Guy Lombardo and Nat Brusiloff found Sweet-Sixteen Sue, who is still in high school! But she had already learned to get Blue Songs across, so they put her on the CBS. Wasn't that luck?



BETSY A[BEE] is the little westerner whom [Ted] christened "The [Golden] Nightingale" who[se] was one of the [hits] And now, wit[h] sweet, bird-like [voice] she is "New York[er] ling" of Enna [Jet]t Melodies on [the]



RITA BELL . . . The stage lo[st] asset when KHJ f[ound] her and made her [a] pianologuist and [im]personator. She c[an] Irene Bordoni, C[har]lier, Germans, Iris[h] what have you? [Sh]it a pity, though, [that] they don't televise [her]

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Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

THERE are no dull moments in the social whirl of Radio circles in New York. When the nights get too crowded with dates the parties start in the afternoon and move from one place to another. You find merry groups in private homes, studios, dinner clubs, subterranean retreats and submarine—well, not exactly submarine but in the club rooms of great liners while they are in port. The NBC crowd has been doing the boats under the hospitable auspices of Johnny Johnstone and Mark Luescher of RKO. Two particular merry evenings were aboard the *Leviathan*. There have been some happy receptions, especially the parties for the two Irenes—first Miss Irene Dunne of RKO-NBC at the Hotel Sherry-Netherlands, and later Miss Irene Bordoni of CBS at her home on Seventy-eighth st.

* * *

ONE hears many interesting anecdotes and incidents at these little affairs. We liked Johnny Johnstone's story about the corn-fed oysters. Graham McNamee had opened up a keg of them—yeah, oysters—and of course one can't consume a whole keg of oysters right off. And you have to keep them alive. Well an oyster has to eat too. Mrs. M. couldn't bear to see them suffer so she asked what to feed them and Graham said give 'em corn meal, they love it. There was a little party up there in their pent house apartment and Mrs. M. asked everybody to gather around to see the oysters gobble up the corn meal. Well blessed if they didn't — at least that's what Johnny said. The McNamees do seem to have such fun and you're going to like Mrs. McNamee's story about what Graham does when he's home. It will be in the May RADIO DIGEST.

* * *

MORTON DOWNEY says his mother had over one hundred superstitions and under the circumstances he could be excused for having a few himself. "Wh-sssss—cscscscs" that's the nearest way you can put into print the funny little whistle he gave as he sat down at our table during the CBS party at his Delmonico Club. "I got that habit of calling a waiter while I was in Cuba," he explained while a couple of servitors scurried forward for orders. Very swank, very lovely was this party where beauties of the screen, the stage and the air floated before the vision to the rhythmic strains of Morton Downey's own select orchestra. "What are your superstitions?" asked Jesse Butcher of Columbia, who was fellow host with Mr. Downey. The suave Mr. Downey fished a ring with a greenish stone from his pocket. "You'll never catch me without that ring. It's my lucky stone. Just once, several years ago, it escaped from my possession for a few hours. It was while I was touring by motor car with Paul Whiteman's band. The car I was in was ahead. It skidded off the road and turned over two or three times and I was laid up five weeks in a hospital. At another time when I had the ring with me and was in a motor accident the car rolled off the road and came to a stop right between two trees. Nobody was hurt." You'll read more about Morton Downey in a Radiograph in this issue.

* * *

SPEAKING of Radiographs brings us to Miss Rosemary Drachman who rounds out her first year as your Radiographer this month. Rosemary was introduced to us



by Floyd Gibbons who discovered
in Spain. It happened on a rail
train. A bad bold don thought to
a kiss from our Rosemary who rese
the presumption with strong Amer
English. The language immedi
caught the ear of Mr. Gibbons
happened to be on the same coach.
did what any man by the name
Gibbons would do under the circ
stance—alas and alack for the ungallant don. Rosem
he found, was from Tucson, Arizona. She was fleeing f
the narrow conventionalities of life as a school teacher—
for adventure and achievement. She had just pa
through a thrilling bit of adventure. Floyd recommen
for achievement that she proceed to the Algiers fron
where there was a nice little war and she might do a bi
reporting. She followed his advice with marked suc
Now she lives in New York and writes magazine article

* * *

IT'S tough work trying to be funny with nobody loo
at you. That's the worry of the Radio comedian. M
have tried; few have been successful. Amos 'n' Andy
the very nature of their act and characterization create a picture easy to see with your ears. Other comedians have contrived various devices to conjure up a picture in the mind of the listener which helped put over the lines. These facts taken into consideration make the success of Richy Craig, Jr., over a c. to c. hook-up on the CBS the more remarkable. Richy is an old trouper at 27—been on the stage all his life. He is funny. Although we never have seen this young comedian we get a good laugh from what he
and the way he says it every time he is on. He is ingenic
Read about Richy Craig, Jr., in the May number.



* * *

A NEW Atwater Kent Audition national competition
been announced. Here is opportunity for the yo
woman or young man with unusual vocal talents to
recognition and success. Carol Deis
that something should be done ab
her voice. But what chance did
have? She had to stick to her job
stenographer in a Dayton law office.
was too risky to neglect business to
low a will-o'-the-wisp fancy of an o
atic career. If she didn't watch
some other bright girl might step in
take her stenographer's job. Plenty
girls looking for jobs. "Why don't you try for the Atwa
Kent prize?" advised a friend. Well, why not? W
must one do? Miss Deis proceeded to investigate.
other girl has her stenographer's job now—but you
be interested to read what happened in the meantime, a
has been written by one of her fellow townsmen, in y
next RADIO DIGEST.



Act Now! This Month Ends Station

POPULARITY CONTEST

Don't Delay—Nominate and Cast Your Votes for Your Favorite Stations in the State in Which You Live—April 20th at Midnight Ends the Contest—This Is Your Last Chance to Make Your Selections

THEY'RE coming down the stretch now! Radio stations in forty-eight states and four times forty-eight stations are running neck and neck with the finish in sight. The race is close; here and there a station leads its fellows a yard or two but reserve strength will determine the winner. The grand stand is crowded; the bands are playing; ballots and votes are pouring in from enthusiastic listeners in every State in the nation. Have you done your share? Have you cast your vote for the station that has given you its best in the way of entertainment? Have you? No? Well, you still have time. But you must not delay. For RADIO DIGEST'S station popularity contest for the State Championship which state closes at midnight, April 20th. That is the deadline. When that last minute hand rests on twelve the race is decided, the votes will be counted and the winners will be announced in RADIO DIGEST and over Radio stations in many parts of the country.



There is less than three weeks to go! And as exciting a race as ever was run! This is without question one of the greatest contests ever staged, for the reason that the people who comprise the listening audience have an opportunity of boldly declaring their preference in broadcasting stations. They have the opportunity of rewarding the stations which they like best for the many hours of pleasure they have enjoyed. They have the opportunity of encouraging these stations not only to keep up the good work but to strive for greater perfection in the programs they put on the air.

Thousands of votes already have been received and every mail brings more. Competition is keen and many of the voters have gone to great lengths to explain the reasons for their selections. But the point is that THEY HAVE ACTED. They have voiced their satisfaction with the efforts made by the broadcast stations to give them the best possible programs. They have done their bit so that their favorite stations will make a good showing in the contest. All of the stations can not be winners but that provides an even greater reason why YOU, if you have not already done so, should nominate the favorite stations in your state and cast your votes according to the rules of the contest. If the station you select for first place does not win, your vote may give it second place or honorable mention. And that vote may be the one that places your selections at the top of the list in your state.

Remember the contest closes at midnight, April 20th. Votes received after that time will not be counted. Read the rules on page 90 and then nominate the stations in your state that you want for first, second, third and fourth places. And then CAST YOUR VOTES IN TIME. All stations are in the running. Each one of them has a fair chance of winning. It all depends on you. Votes will determine the issue and YOU are one of the voters. Do your part and you may be sure that your favorite station will give any others in the state a run for their money. The winning stations will be presented with medallions similar to the one pictured on this page. The medallion will be suitably engraved. And in addition a scroll of honor will be awarded to those stations. April 20th at midnight! And the race will be over! Give your favorite station the support it needs. NOW!

Simply fill in the nomination blank on this page and then use the coupon ballot No. 7. And be sure to mail it before the closing date.

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state) .....

rst (call letters) .....*City*.....
cond (call letters) .....*City*.....
ird (call letters) .....*City*.....
urth (call letters) .....*City*.....
Signed .....
Address .....
ity .....*State*.....

Number **7**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters) .....*City*.....
Second (call letters) .....*City*.....
Third (call letters) .....*City*.....
Fourth (call letters) .....*City*.....
Signed .....
Address .....
City .....*State*.....



Ben Bern

"No Smoking Here"
the sign as Ben was a
to enter the stu
There was no place
park his Havana. It
too good to throw a
The zero hour for
broadcast was at h
The cigar won out—
now Ben Bernie and
cigar are the standing
ception to the rule. F
about his interesting
reer on opposite pag

The Young Old Maestro

Ben Bernie

Scorned as a Runt by a Big Family of Older Brothers and Sisters, Boy Artist Sallies Forth to Conquer World with His Violin

By ANN STEWARD

A SLIGHT man with greying hair just a little awry stood staring at a sign, hands clasped behind his back and feet planted wide t. The sign read, "Absolutely no king in this room." The cigar in the 's mouth twitched convulsively and d smoothly to the opposite corner. veen the surveyor and the surveyed a cold, clear pane of glass and no resentment. The sum total of the ation being that Ben Bernie must with his cigar before he entered studio—or stay outside. The latter rnative was quite impossible as he was racted to make his presence before microphone in the studio but a few utes later. And as for parting with cigar—Mr. Bernie quite definitely 't relish the idea.

he place was a Chicago broadcasting ion and the time but a few months The deadlock, Cigar versus Radio adcast, was settled amicably between Bernie and a high official of the sta- in time for the program to go out the air on schedule. Should the ners of that program have had an chment on their Radio whereby they ht have smelled the interior of the lio studio, their noses would have n assailed by a delicate aroma of ex- sive cigar smoke. In other words Ben nie's cigar won. The sign in the broad- ing studio still reads, "Absolutely no oking in this room," but attendants add for your information—"except Ben Bernie, this applies to everyone."

THAT is just an incident many similar ones, but it gives you inkling of how the famous young Old estro gets his way and makes the er feel rather important and highly pleased in the giving. He doesn't ask, he merely mumbles a plea under his breath which for Ben Bernie is as effective as the lamp was for Aladdin. But life has not always been thus for the beloved little orchestra leader.

This funny man of the stage and night club was born with a remarkable sense of humor, a great deal of pride and the will to go ahead and fight for the best. It is this will that has brought him up thru the ranks of ordinary performers into the limelight of the few extraordinary men of whom we hear constantly and of whom we never tire. But now let us proceed to delve back into history and find out where this man came from and what he did before he "arrived."

BERNIE is admittedly thirty-eight years old, the son of a hard working village blacksmith and the puniest one of a brood of healthy, brawny youngsters. Being physically below par, Bernie was sort of looked down on by his brothers and listed as worthless in life save to wash a dish or two perhaps or—play the violin. But thirty-two years ago playing the violin was just one of those amusements allowed fair haired, curly headed Lord Fauntleroys. Seeing that talent brought no great comfort to him, Ben did his best to become all enthused over civil engineering and the result was as might be expected—a loss. He didn't like engineering, didn't want to like it and wasn't going to. And now having reached the mature age of eighteen he credited himself with a man's mind and set forth amongst the patronizing grins of his family to make a career in vaudeville with only his violin to win his living from a grudging world.

Breaking into theatrical work was no task for the youngster. He could undoubtedly wield a wicked bow and after a bit of practice he found that the witticisms he manufactured and spoke on the spur of the moment greatly endeared him to the hearts of his audiences. And so the start—boy, violin, and wise cracks.

Time went on and found the young man growing in popularity and skill. The vaudeville bookers must have conspired in some way at this time in Bernie's career for they continually threw him on the same bill with Phil Baker, a single act also, consisting of accordion and a pleasing personality. The two young men became friends and suddenly merged their acts into one, Bernie still playing his instrument and wise cracking and Phil Baker pumping the accordion and slowly but surely learning to answer Bernie when he was addressed. In this manner the two young men climbed a good deal of the ladder of fame together.

Then, in Bernie's words, "Came the War as they say in the movies." This is Ben's own story and may be taken for whatever value the reader cares to put upon it. Your writer is responsible for nobody's veracity but her own. Baker, through the influence exerted by his running mate on the stage, enlisted in the navy and was assigned immediately to the Good Ship, Union Square in the heart of New York, while Ben joined the army, became assigned to the Intelligence Bureau and had as



(*Continued on page 108*)

Don't Shoot

Hunting the Great Kodiak Grizzlies in Alaska With Camera. Thrilling tales of the Chase in the Arctic



Alaskan Kodiak Grizzly cub which has just caught a salmon

FOR quite a long time I was very proud of the fact that I had killed eighteen bears—thirteen of which were the great Alaskan brown bears, or Kodiak grizzlies. In fact, when I was quite a small lad, I had a great desire some day to grow up to be a professional grizzly bear hunter—make my living at killing bears and other varieties of big game. For about two years I had the opportunity of realizing this boyhood ambition—and afterward I was duly proud of my accomplishments, but it's different now. In a way, I am just a little sorry I killed so many bears. Others, of course, have killed many more bears than I have but nevertheless, I am just a little bit sorry that I killed as many as I have.

The reason is, I have found a far more fascinating way to spend my time when in the bear country.

The giant Kodiak grizzly, as he is popularly known, is the largest of all present-day flesh-eating animals on earth. He grows to a maximum weight of probably 1600 or even possibly 2000 pounds—almost a ton—and he has the reputation of being one of the most powerful and ferocious animals on this or any other continent. It is claimed by many who write and talk about him that he will charge on the slightest excuse, but in my hobnobbing with about 250 of this particular variety of bears, I have found him very much of a wilderness gentleman—child, I suppose I should say, for he certainly has a great many child-like attributes.

DESPITE the fact that he may grow to weigh almost a ton, the Kodiak grizzly is amazingly small when born. He weighs only nine to twelve ounces when he first comes into the world, and is blind and hairless. This fact may seem rather startling to many but it is nothing more than one of Nature's little plans by which she takes care of her creatures of the wild. Bears, as everyone knows, spend the winter months in hibernation where they cannot get food to supply nourishment to their bodies. During this period they must live on the surplus fat which is stored up in their own bodies. The young are born some time before Mother Bear comes out of the winter den—this means an added drain upon her system and this also explains why Nature has provided that the young of the largest flesh-eating animals are so very tiny when born.

Bears do not hibernate because they do not like the cold weather—even in Alaska. The largest bear that I ever ki I got on the 23rd day of Novembe twelve inches of snow and zero weat And I have seen their tracks almost late as Christmas time in Alaska. only reason that they hibernate is cause they cannot find sufficient amo of food to keep them going.

The first Kodiak grizzly that I tacl as a hunter turned out to be four them. I saw but one at the start. was too far away to shoot at so I toc land-mark and worked my way up thro the dense alder thickets until I pee over the little ridge to see him only ab 50 yards away. But suddenly to my sternation, because I was hunting all al I saw three others in the same a thicket with myself and the furth



ift-running stream—a meal fit for the "King of Bears"

Snap!

By Harold McCracken

Explorer, Club Man and Bear Hunter on the Air With Stories of Adventure With Alaskan Brown Bears

e not more than 30 yards from me. ter considerable debating with myself d probably poor judgment predomi- ing, I at last tackled them. Somehow nanaged to get all four, though I must mit that I was about as badly scared as vone possibly could be, and live!

The biggest bear that I ever killed hap- as to be the only one of all the eighteen it charged me. His pelt measured 11 t 4 inches in length and 10 feet 6 inches read from claw to claw. We estimated weight at approximately 1600 pounds d it took but two shots from high- wered rifles to stop him. He started charge at around 200 yards distance d went down with a bullet in his brain approximately 45 yards away. There re four of us shooting at the finish.

On the other hand, I have killed two different females with young cubs (for museums) who expended their very last effort in trying to get away even at the expense of abandoning their youngsters. Mother grizzlies with young cubs, you know, are supposed to be the most dangerous.

After I had killed about a dozen bears, however, the thrill lost its kick. Instead of shooting them immediately, I began to watch them. I saw them do things which interested me and which I could not altogether understand. Then, almost by accident, I took up photographing them. The first thing that I found was that it was many times more difficult to get good pictures of bears than it had ever been to kill them. Most everyone can kill a grizzly bear with very little difficulty if they hunt in a country where these animals are as plentiful as they were in the districts where I did my hunting. But I very quickly learned that it required not only a great deal more hard work to get really good pictures of them, but that also I had to know my game very much better, light conditions had to be just right as well as the wind, and I had to get a great deal closer to them than I ever had to in shooting. Probably even more important, I found that it was a great deal more convenient to carry my films home than it was to go to the trouble of skinning my trophies and transporting their heavy hides. Also, I found that my friends took a much keener interest in looking at these films of the live animals in their own unmolested native state than they ever did in making forced exclamations at the trophies which I hung on the walls of my home.

I also found that I learned a great deal more of interest about the creatures while taking their pictures than I had ever learned from hunting them. And I got just about as many thrills out of it.

I REMEMBER one instance when Andy Simons, the famous Alaskan guide, and I were returning to our little tundra camp in the early darkness after a long day on the salmon streams after pictures, when we happened onto a very large and obstinate grizzly who boldly refused to get out of the way for us to pass. Andy assured me that the bear would break and run before we got too close, but he didn't, and before we knew it we were up to within about 25 yards of the big creature. The hair rose up on his back and he got up from his feasting of salmon to snort and make one or two side steps towards us. Andy



Something Abou

A FEW months ago magazines and newspapers were full of pictur and stories proclaiming the finding of mummies on the Aleuti Islands. Scientists declare that this is one of the most important di coveries of our day and they point out that this find has established t fact that human life first came to the North American Continent fr Asia by way of the Bering Strait. The leader of this expedition w Harold McCracken. He is a scientist, explorer, hunter of big game, a venturer, author and lecturer.

WHEN McCracken was only eight years old he suddenly came fa to face with his first bear. This experience precipitated Harold into t ambition to become a bear hunter. Since that day he has killed mc bears than he has kept record of. He has realized his youthful drean

HIS achievements include: Four Arctic expeditions; a disastrous a venture with a gold mine; daring feats as a news reel photographe operating single handed an Indian fur trading post; hunting with t Cree Indians; minor expeditions into various Provinces of Canada, t Gulf of Mexico, the Florida Everglades and the Ozark Mountains; l turing before the National Geographic Society and many other organi tions; broadcasting Radio programs; writing numerous articles a books; being an associate editor of *Field and Stream* and he is a memb of the Explorers' Club of America.

Above: Harold McCracken, in Arctic furs. Center: An old woman of the Bering Sea country.

Below: Sailing the Bering Sea with the midnight sun creating a world of light and shadows.



threw a shell into his gun, though we did not want to shoot the animal unless it became absolutely necessary, for it was in the middle of the summer and his pelt was worthless. There was a cross-wind blowing and Andy made a circle out around him to let him get his scent. The instant that he got that fatal odor on the breeze, the bear almost turned a backward flip-flop and was knocking down alders and stumbling over hummocks as far as we could see him. Just before this little incident Andy and I had stopped to indulge in a fresh bit of chewing tobacco. When the bear had gone, I began to have a very peculiar feeling and found that during the excitement I had misplaced my chewing tobacco; in other words, I had swallowed it! Andy had to wait for me when I sat down and had a nice little siege of sickness all by myself.

For one entire summer I lived right out in the grizzly country on the Bering Sea coast of the Alaskan Peninsula with but one companion most of the time. In fact, I had gone into the bear country by dog team in January so that I might be there when the first bears came out in the spring and I stayed until snow came again in the fall. During that one trip I saw over 190 different grizzly bears. A lot of the time Andy and I lived right out on the fishing streams almost as the bears lived. We slept in the daytime when the bears were asleep, did our photographing in the late afternoons and early mornings and were on the alert through most of the twilight nights. On one particular day Andy and I lay on a grassy hummock and watched 12 big grizzly bears all fishing in the same stream and the farthest ones not more than half a mile apart. We saw be virtually every day and some we saw several occasions and even had nicknam for them.

There was a little valley up among t volcanic peaks. There was a permane home of two families of bears which visited on several occasions. One was mother and three cubs which we call



Harold McCracken

HAROLD McCRACKEN was born in 1894 in Colorado Springs, olorado. He is of Scotch-Irish origin. His ancesters were among the st settlers on the Pacific Coast of Canada. His mother was a portrait inter and his father was a newspaper man, mine operator, and rancher. e was one of the founders of the Des Moines *Daily News*. By the ne Harold was eighteen he had lived in Colorado, California, Utah, aho, Texas, Iowa and Pennsylvania.

AND at eighteen he left home and a theological school to find out first nd what life was like on the northwestern frontier. He drove a four rse stage coach on the construction of the Canadian National Rail-ys in the Canadian Rockies. His second job was the operation of the r trading post on the Upper Thompson River in British Columbia. In 15 he came out of the mountains to attend Ohio State University and do some special work with Professor Mills. From his Alaskan expe-tions McCracken has shipped to Ohio State Museum Kodiak bears, askan sheep, Alaskan caribou and Alaskan aquatic birds.

IN 1922 and 1923 he spent a year in making motion pictures of Alaskan g game, focusing especially upon the Kodiak Grizzly and the Kenai oose. His fourth and latest expedition to the far north was as leader the Stoll-McCracken Siberian-Arctic Expedition of the American useum of Natural History.

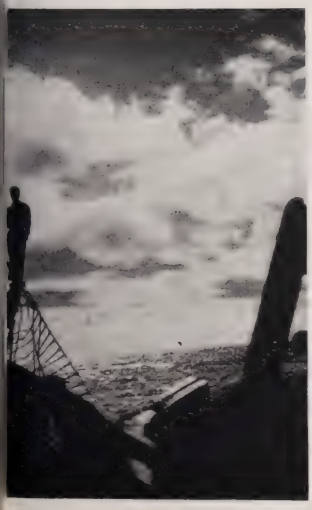


Above: Mighty monarch of the northland—a giant moose looking straight at the camera.

Center: A belle of Bering Straits.

: O'Flaherty family, and the other was mother and two cubs which we nick-ned the Murphy family. We knew the rphy family best. They were as much e human kids as any mother could ve. One of them, whom we called pron Strings", was always right at her ther's heels. The other, who was al-ys running away and getting into all





sorts of trouble, we called the "Little Roughneck". When we first saw the "Little Roughneck" he was traveling on three feet because he had undoubtedly gotten too intimate with a porcupine, with the result that one foot was filled with quills and he had to limp around carrying it in the air.

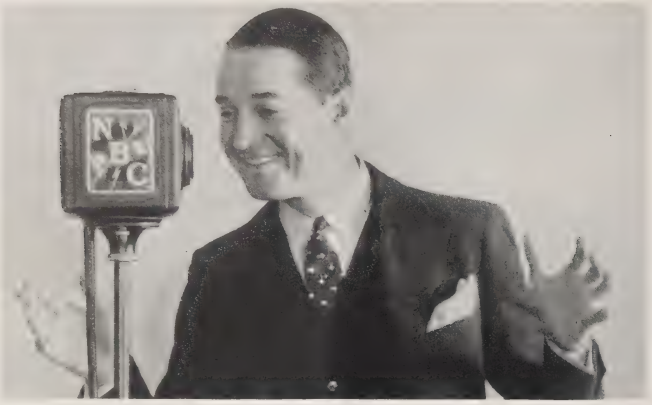
The first time that we saw Mrs. Murphy and her two cubs they walked right out upon us where we were hidden in a blind waiting for the O'Flaherty family to move down the creek far enough to permit my getting some movies of them. They were not more than 150 feet away. Mrs. Murphy lay down in the afternoon sun and "Apron Strings" proceeded to have afternoon tea. "Little Roughneck", however, started wandering off to have a little adventure all his own. He did! As he proceeded, Andy and I realized that if he went far enough he would get our scent on the breeze, and we lay there behind our blind and, whispering back and forth, discussed amusedly just what would happen when this young bear cub got his very first scent of a human being. We knew that it would be his first scent of a human because, as I have said, it was our first visit to that part of the country and we knew positively that we were the only human beings in the entire section that year.

Of course we did not at the time know the "Little Roughneck's" temperament and that he was a very bold and brazen young bear cub, but we did know that a human being is the only enemy from which any grizzly will retreat, for man is their one and only enemy. Yet this cub had never smelled the scent of a human being. What would he do?

At last, like a flash he wheeled around

(*Continued on page 102*)

"Thank You, America"



By Maurice Chevalier

Famous Playboy Began Career at Twelve, Painting Dolls' Faces—He is Still Drawing—at the Rate of $3,846 for 15-minute Broadcast!

THIS is Maurice Chevalier speaking. Do you recognize me? Each Sunday night we have — what you call it? —a date, eh? And we have a good time together? That's fine. What's that, my friend, you rather have a song? Well, I'd rather sing, too. But I am sorry—not tonight. My good friend, Mr. Brown of RADIO DIGEST, has asked me to talk a little about myself. Some of my history might inspire a song but—well, suppose we let somebody else write it.

Maybe I'll tell you some of my secrets. Such as how it feels to talk to all of you millions of listeners on the Chase and Sanborn hour every Sunday night. And lots of other things. Who I am and—well, everything.

First of all, I want to say "Thank you" to everybody here in America. This country, it has been like my own. I have been received so beautifully by everybody, business men, roughnecks, just everybody everywhere. And I want to express my appreciation and this is one way I hope to reach most of you.

My ambition has been to achieve success in your country. I feel that any man who has the stuff—you see I have learned a lot of your good, American slang—can get along well over here. That is, if he be an honest fellow, what you call a regular guy.

Ever since I was twelve I have been on the stage. That is, I have earned my living by singing. This has taken me to every country except China but I hope to go there, too, some day.

If you ask me why people like my singing, I don't know exactly. When I begin to sing, people who are listening think, what's the matter with that French guy? He isn't so good looking and his voice isn't big like Caruso. But by and by, say in 15 or 20 minutes, we get to be friends.

When I started in to entertain Americans on the Ziegfeld Roof where there was a very blasé crowd of professionals from the New York stage, I had to sing three or four songs and I felt rather nervous. "If they take too long to judge me," I told myself, "I will faint." Fortunately I had only sung for half a minute or so when I felt we were friends.

After this it was easier to sing and now I am fully at ease with all you Americans. We play and have a good time together and why not? Life at best is much, much too short.

SOME of you wonder, perhaps, where I learned English. That happened when there wasn't much else to do, for I was in a German prison camp—but I was lucky even there. One of my fellow prisoners was Ronald Kennedy, an English soldier. We talked a lot. I taught him French and he taught me English. He was a good instructor. I was a bad one —he got a bad bargain. I got a good one.

I was wounded and taken prisoner in an attack on my regiment at Curty, in the east of Fran soon after the w broke out. La Kennedy and contrived to cape from t camp and that, dies and gentlem was the happi experience of life. Even thou later on, I got Croix de Guerre

I have co from humble ginnings. I born in Menilmontant, which is Paris what the lower East Side is New York and the Whitechapel trict is to London. My father wa house painter and when times w hard, my mother went out to w by the day as a charwoman. Wh my father died, I was about twe and set out soon after to work a help my mother.

But it looked as if I was to be failure at everything I underto Now I know why. I loved the st even then. My earliest ambiti were centered about the circus. youthful mind was set a-flame by pageantry and spangles, the gilt a the glitter.

I became apprentice to a carpenter amid the falling chips, I always saw imagination a small boy performing cafes, music halls and circuses. My n job was as an electrician and then I came a printer. Need I say that all th jobs were lost by me? What you c fired?

My next looked like something m congenial. Painting pink cheeks on do faces. Rather interesting, eh? It v fun. One day I got the cheeks too r I had seen some puppets in a sidesh and thought it amusing to try and rep duce them. But the boss, silly fellow had no sense of humor at all.

I thought I'd make a good salesman l this time I fell in love. Believe it or n She was a gorgeous blonde young lady ten summers. I took the affair qu seriously. So seriously that the boss fi me. To show we did not care, George and I went walking. As we passed church from which a wedding party v coming. I decided to be smart and mir a popular actor. I flung my arms wi

inger got caught in a closing door. ended romance for a long, long time. ortly afterwards I decided to make Strange to say, I was pretty good too. In fact, it looked like a nail- r's career for Maurice. But the successful I was the more I yearned amusing things. I'd steal out into actory yard and rehearse songs of famous actor. The royal road to fame would be to learn acrobatics, thought. I attended a gymnasium. whirligigs on the rings, somersaults the trapeze. Everything that would me become a good entertainer. Then and sprained my ankle and bruised ace. So, in self-defense, my mother ier foot down.

en I would be a singer. It was much r than acrobating. So with a bold- I did not feel, I approached the man- of the *Concert of the Three Lions* told him I was great, swell, a fine r. He was missing a great chance o book me. His wife was there. She d me over nudged him and said, the boy a chance." So he did. You magine what happened. Never had I a note to a piano accompaniment. r had I sung in public. I was sim- lost. A "terrible flop", you would

ter I came out of the fog of depression I said, "All right, ve been a failure. That can hap- to anyone. Next time I will eed." So I tried again and again. first chance was as a singer at *Casino des Tourelles*, which paid hree francs an evening, four eve- s a week. My specialty was im- g popular hits and stars.

friend of mine knew Mistin- te, the famous musical comedy rite. So he made an appoint- t for me to see her. I scrubbed face, put on my best suit and to meet the great young lady. was very nice to me and encour- me a lot. Her last words at time were, "You need have no y for what the future holds with ile like yours."

LITTLE by little I anced and a few years later I was dancing partner at the *Follies gere*—and maybe you think Mau- wasn't proud of himself.

efore the war I was a comedian used a huge nose of red putty an outlandish dress. After the I adopted the dinner suit and w hat which I still use.

Iy first big opportunity came n Elsie Janis insisted I play with in a London show. It was llo America" and we did well. is Janis was very good to me, ing me a lot and serving as an in- ation.

When the show closed, I went back Paris and joined Mistinguette for a time. Then we had a falling out. I went as an entertainer to the Casino de Paris and there met the girl I married, Yvonne Vallée. Yes, it's the same name as your own American Rudy Vallée, who, incidentally, is a good friend of mine. My wife tells me he can imitate me better than I can be myself. He did it one evening when we were in the audience that heard his Fleischmann broadcast at the Times Square studios of the National Broadcasting Company.

THEN Jesse L. Lasky, Vice President in charge of Production for Paramount, persuaded me that I ought to try American pictures. So we decided to try one in 1928. Fortunately for us it was a success. Since then I have made several more that you all have been good enough to like. Perhaps you remember *The Love Parade, Paramount on Parade, The Big Pond* and *Play Boy of Paris*.

A career is a funny thing. It brings moments of great happiness and great sorrow just like you find in everybody's life. My happiest experience was when I escaped from the German prison camp at Alten Grabow near Magdeburg and got back inside my own lines. My saddest experience in life was the death of my mother in Paris in 1928. It was doubly sad because I was in Hollywood making my first picture, *Innocents of Paris*.

I am not handsome. But I try to be wholesome. I am fond of outdoor life. My favorite amusement is boxing and I used to box often with Georges Carpentier. Another well-known boxer who is a good friend of mine is "Kid" Francis the French lightweight.

I am fond of French food. Once a year I try to get back to Paris for public performances. That is so one will not get out of touch with or lose the French viewpoint. In most big cities I use taxicabs. But in Hollywood it is more fun to drive a Ford coupe. To my mind one of the screen's most able directors is Ernst Lubitsch, who directed my own *Love Parade*.

I rehearse all my songs, with gestures, alone for weeks. Then I try them on a small gathering of friends at my home. If they approve, then I sing them in public, over the air or in pictures. I am greatly interested in international statesmanship and political affairs. In Hollywood my best friends are Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. It was a treat to see them recently in New York. Some day I hope to have them as guests at one of my broadcasts. I always try to be methodical and punctual.

I love my wife and my wife loves me. That's all I know about love.

I type all my personal letters to my friends and relations. I consider this by far the neatest way and I feel sure one of these days the idea will become general . . . I like typing —it is very interesting—I use the touch system.

WHEN I was in the South of France last year I just went crazy over a game they call Boule. It is rather like the English Bowling Green, but I think there is a little more pep in it.

My experiences on the screen have taught me that you are never exactly as you think you are. The Radio is teaching me also many, many other things. I am getting some most illuminating and charming fan mail. I find that lots of it bears out my own idea of broadcasting. It is this. I want to broadcast so that my voice comes into the homes of the listeners as a friend.

When I face the little black box—the magical black box—it sometimes fades from sight because I am thinking of the millions of firesides where I hope people are listening. Particularly those who are sick. I cannot help feeling that I should give them the best that is in me.

I have broadcast only a time or two in France and twice in America before this Chase and Sanborn series. Yet they tell me that my Radio work is good. I hope you like me too.



Courtesy Paramount Pictures

Maurice Chevalier as a Singing Waiter à la Paris



Lillian G. Genn Interviews

Are
Women

Author Who Made Two Continents Roll Gentlemen And Their Preference for

"AMERICAN women are the unhappiest in the world," was a startling statement made by Anita Loos, famous aut when she recently arrived here after a long sojourn abr

When one considers that American women hold most conspicuously superior position the feminine sex has ever that they enjoy complete freedom to do whatever they please, cannot let such a statement pass unchallenged. With that thou in mind, the interviewer went to see Miss Loos at her hote New York.

Curled up on the divan of her charming suite, the author loc very much like a girl of twelve. She is very small, with a wist appealing face, and large, innocent looking eyes. Her hair is cu a boyish bob and she wears simple clothes which accentuate youthful appearance. It is hard to believe that this diminu person has earned a reputation for barbed wit and stinging sat that she has set two continents to discussing whether *"Gentle Prefer Blondes"* and has reaped a fortune for doing it.

However, she was known to American audiences long before noteworthy book made its appearance, for she and her husb Mr. John Emerson, wrote many delightful plays for the scr particularly for that charming star, Constance Talmadge.

About a year or two ago she announced her retirement f writing. Evidently it was not to be taken seriously, for she just completed another book, *The Better Things of Life*, whic a satire on Hollywood, and also a sparkling, sophisticated com with her husband, *Cherries Are Ripe*, which is now touring country with the popular screen pair Vilma Banky and LaRocque.

For the past few years Miss Loos has divided her time betw this country and Europe. She is as much at home in Paris, Vie Berlin and London as she is in New York. Not only does she k women the world over, but she has a deep and penetrating un standing of their psychology. Her opinions, therefore, are merely glittering generalities.

For that reason the interviewer was interested to discuss Miss Loos why she believed American women to be unhappy.

"One of the first things you notice when you come to country," she began, "is that the American women do not happy. They have disconte expressions on their faces. E pean women have less in mat wealth and fewer advantages, they look more content. In they have a gayety and joyous

This diminutive, doll-like, feminine person is actually a famous author and Hollywood scenarist, of world-wide fame—Anita Loos.

ANITA LOOS

American Happy?

With Laughter at Her Biting Satire on Blondes, Talks of Marriage and Love

out them that is contagious. It is a sense of exhilaration. 'America is, let me say, a wonderful country for women. It is veritable Paradise in which they can get everything that life has to offer. Opportunities and luxuries are theirs for the asking.

'But the trouble is that women do not fit this Paradise. No one can be satisfied when one gets things too easily, women least of all. They get too much in the way of material things and with hardly any effort on their part. Their grandmothers had to be practically drudges in order to get the necessities of life. They worked from early morning to late at night cooking, sewing, baking, cleaning and bringing up a brood of children. They had to fetch their own water and get logs for the fire. They didn't think of themselves but strove to provide comfort and pleasure for others. In that way they found happiness for themselves. What is more, since they were busy with the real things of life, they had vital matters with which to occupy their minds.

"BUT the modern American woman is inclined to be self-centered person who is concerned in pleasing and pampering herself. Her interests are such trivial ones as clubs, luncheons, committee meetings, shopping and bridge games. I don't know of any other country where women waste so many hours playing bridge as they do here.

"If the woman does have a child, she rarely bothers to make herself an essential part of his life. She does little to prepare him for his future, but leaves it chiefly to nurses, private schools and camps. Then there is another increasing class of women who would rather work in an office than take care of their own homes.

"In Europe, even a woman of wealth does domestic work of some kind. You don't find her playing bridge or spending her time at clubs. If you told her that American women gather together in groups and hold club meetings, she would be bewildered. She would much rather stay at home and attend to the comforts of her husband and the welfare of her children. Nothing could make her neglect her first duties and obligations to her home. Even if she has a nurse for her children, she gives them her personal attention.

'I believe that no one can be satisfied unless one is doing work which is of vital importance. And Nature has decreed that woman's vital work should be in the home. When she expends her energies on trivial pastimes or the routine and mechanical work of the office, which



Anita Loos is a mere featherweight of an armful to her devoted actor-poet-writer-husband, John Emerson—she is so tiny.

provides no emotional outlet, she is thwarting a deep, fundamental urge in her. That is why you find so many discontented and maladjusted women. It accounts for their restless and hectic search for thrills and substitute satisfactions.

"American women would derive more zest and satisfaction from life if they would sacrifice some of their social, political or economic success and engage in a feminine pursuit that is related to the home. They would lose much of their nervousness if they would again take up so simple a thing as sewing instead of playing bridge, which only makes them more tense. I do a great deal of sewing in my leisure and it has an almost magic effect in resting and soothing me."

By discarding feminine pursuits, Miss Loos pointed out, the American woman is also losing her feminine approach to life and her feminine qualities. She is becoming a hard-headed, self-sufficient, dominating person with masculine traits.

"Our women are becoming very much like men," she said. "They are more similar here than they are in any other country. They have not that great difference which makes for variety. An important consequence of this is that woman has lost her charm for men and is creating disharmony between the sexes. And there you have the root of woman's unhappiness.

"THE European woman is content to play a feminine rôle in life. From childhood she is brought up with future marriage in mind and is prepared for her duties of wifehood and motherhood. She is taught to make the most of her feminine charm and appeal. She makes a study of men and knows how to please them and make them happy.

"That is why the European eagerly seeks the companionship of women. Husbands and wives spend more time together abroad and share many more interests than they do here. A man will go shopping with his wife, visit the art galleries with her, and have luncheon or tea with her during the day. He spends his week-ends with the family and takes them on a picnic or trip. Husband and wife do things together and they even know intimately the friends of their children. You don't find the husband going off to play golf with his men friends, the wife to a tea or bridge game, while their sons and daughters take the car to go heaven knows where.

"Don't think, though, that I blame the disharmony between the sexes here entirely on the woman. The man is very much at fault too. Imbued with the idea that success in business is the one big thing in life, the American man slaves for long hours at his desk. No matter how much money he accumulates, he never feels that he can retire or do other things. Working at constant high pressure soon becomes a habit with him. If he should want to stop, he would feel lost. Tea parties are absurd to him.



A modernist in her work, Anita Loos is a believer in old-fashioned marriage.

"Naturally when the man returns home at night, he is too exhausted from his work to give his wife and family any companionship. About all he can do is to go occasionally to a musical comedy show. Anything else will at once put him to sleep.

"Week-ends and holidays, he must, of course, have his golf. The game is of greater importance to the American than it is to the Scot. No one takes such an absurd interest in the game in Scotland, where it originated.

"The European husband is by no means ideal. He demands much more from a woman and wants to be catered to and spoiled. But because he makes it a point to understand women and he has a keener comprehension of her emotional needs, he nevertheless makes her happier than the easy-going, good-natured American husband who smothers his wife with luxuries, but who gives her little attention. Men and women in this country are drawing further and further apart. There are already few interests that they have in common."

MISS LOOS believes that it is because the European husband and wife are bound together by so many ties and a close comradeship exists between them, that their marriage has a more solid foundation, and it is further strengthened by their mutual love for home life. It is the primary reason why they have little divorce.

"Since American husbands and wives have hardly any ties, it does not mean much for them to sever the relationship. This may not have as much of an effect on the man. He can find satisfaction from life by absorbing himself more completely in his business. But, as I previously said, a business pursuit does not give woman the same satisfaction. Furthermore, she needs the security that marriage gives her.

"Of course men must also have the anchor of marriage. No human being can be happy when he drifts from one marriage to another. The older he grows, the more he needs the comfort of knowing that there is someone around who is interested in him and who understands him. That is why I believe that even a passable marriage is better than divorce. A person with varying emotions who runs to the divorce court will usually find that he can't be any happier with the next mate, either, and his final years will be lonely and empty ones.

"One can get along as well with one person as with another, provided one has not contracted a wholly unsuitable marriage. But like any other venture in life, marriage requires intelligence and thought. Husband and wife must work at it. And they must understand this," Miss Loos paused for a moment. "It is only by working and planning together and by having a close and sympathetic relationship with each other, that they will find happiness.

"BUT I do think, though, that because women are more concerned with the human side of life, it is more in their power to bring about greater harmony between the sexes."

As is well known, Anita Loos and John Emerson are one of the most devoted of couples. They have been married for twelve years and not even their long residence in Hollywood, where divorce has become an accepted habit, nor the fact that most of their friends have been married several times, has affected their relationship. They enjoy each other's company as much as ever.

Both of them started their careers on the stage. Miss Loos' father was the manager of a traveling theatrical company and therefore as soon as she could walk and talk she was given a part in one of his productions. Her favorite pastime was to sit out front and watch the crude movies which her father would run off during the intermissions. One day, when she was in her early teens, she tried her hand at writing a few scripts and sent them to a movie company. They immediately accepted them and requested her to continue to contribute.

When Miss Loos had been writing for the company for about two years, the director, who was D. W. Griffith, sent for her for a personal conference. He received the shock of his life when a small girl came to see him with her mother and told him she was the author of those robust and clever comedies. He gave her a job on his staff and she became one of his invaluable assistants.

As for John Emerson, he had been a successful actor manager in New York

(Continued on page 103)

A Stranger Comes To

Thompkins Corners

When the Wandering Player Fainted Real Folks Acted Quickly and Went in for Culture

By George Frame Brown

JNCLE Matt Thompkins ratched a atch on his user leg. There s a hiss and it red up, throwing ruddy features d white hair in arp relief for a ef moment beore he leaned er the oil lamp the table. The me quickly ran ound the circular ck and the light vealed the snug om in back of ompkins Corrs leading emrium.

Marthy Thompns examined the even flame of e old lamp with itical eyes. "I'll t another lamp" e said, and bus-d out of the om. Elmer, seat- at the table in e center of the om, reluctantly rned back to his udies, audibly restling with his ithmetic probms. . .



Matt Thompkins, who in real life is the author of the program.

ELMER: Eleven es in 78—seven nes and one to rry — (*Prince hines and scratches at the door.*) Hello Prince, old boy, what's the matr? You want out? All right, I'll let you out, old boy. Betcha smell a rat, huh?

MATT: Hey Elmer!

ELMER: Yes, Uncle Matt.

MATT: Where you goin'?

ELMER: Prince wants out—

MATT: You sit down there and finish your homework—I don't want to see any such report card as you brought home this week.

ELMER: But gee, Uncle Matt, he's scratchin' and beggin'.

MATT: He's beggin' for one of them peppermints you're nibblin' on.

ELMER: No he ain't, Uncle Matt, honest . . . he's beggin' to get out. I can always tell what Prince wants, jest by the way he asks.

MATT: All right, let him out, but you see to it that you get right back to them fractions.

ELMER: I'll go out and take a little run with him.

MATT: You let Prince do his runnin' alone. You'll be runnin' over to Sneed's I guess.

ELMER: Aw. Prince likes to have company when he takes a walk. He gets lonesome for me when I'm in school all day.

MATT: Well, I guess if Prince is so smart, he'd be a lot happier seein' you get good marks in your arithmetic than he would to have you out throwin' sticks for him. Now, go let him out and get back here to your work. Don't let me speak 'bout it again.

his continuity of Real Folks at Thompkins Corners, oadcast from WJZ over the NBC network, is reproduced h the special permission of Mr. George Frame Brown l the Chesebrough Mfg. Co.



The cast of Real Folks at Thompkins Corners in their respective characters.

ELMER: Gosh, Uncle Matt — I can't see very well by these oil lamps.

MATT: No more excuses—you let Prince out, and then get back to your lessons.

ELMER: Oh, all right . . .

MATT: What's that?

ELMER: (*Brightly*) All right, Uncle Matt.

MATT: That's better.

ELMER: Come on Prince.

(*Prince barks*)

MARTHA: Here, Matt, I got another kerosene lamp fixed.

MATT: Thanks, Marthy, I'll just put this one over near the potato bin. My golly, it seems funny dependin' on these old kerosene oil lamps after spoilin' ourselves so long with electricity.

MARTHA: If you ask me, I still think they're as good as bulbs.

MATT: That's a fine way for you to talk—and me president of the light and power company. It's a lucky thing we got the mail out before the fuses blew—

MARTHA: I thought there'd be more folks in askin' for their mail. I guess maybe it's too cold.

(*Door slams*)

MARTHA: That sounded like the front door.

MATT: Who is it?

BILL: It's Bill Perkins. I brought some company over from the station.

MATT: Come on in and get warm.

BILL: H e l l o Mrs. Thompkins.

BILL: Matt, I want to introduce my friend—Mr. . . . Mr gracious, now I went and forgot your name.

MITCHEL: Mitchel — Worthington Mitchel.

BILL: This is Mr. Mitchel—Mr. Worthington Mitchel . . . this is Matt Thompkins, the mayor . . . and this is the missus . . .

MITCHEL: My good Mr. Mayor, and you, Mrs. Thompkins—may I say that I am extremely honored to meet you? I am charmed to know the leading lights of such a distinguished little community.

MATT: Well, if you don't mind my sayin' so, Mr. Mitchel, the leadin' lights in this establishment tonight happens to be kerosene lamps. Somethin' went wrong with a connection downstairs.

BILL: Mr. Mitchel is a actor.

MARTHA: An actor!

BILL: Yeah, he recites Shakespeare's plays.

MATT: My, that is real interesting.

MARTHA: Imagine knowin' Shakespeare's plays by heart . . . and I have all I can do recollectin' my favorite verses from the Bible. How do you do it?

MITCHEL: Oh, a certain genius for retention. I have never had difficulty retaining lines. My first attempt at difficult rôle of Hamlet resulted not in a sweeping triumph of presentati skill, but in a performance witho single error in reading.

BILL: Gosh, how could anybody remember all that? I even forget tod date there in the post office, with calendar a-starin' me in the face.

MATT: Well, maybe there's s things Mr. Mitchel can't do.

MITCHEL: Possibly so, Mr. Ma possibly so, but if it's connected with arts, you are doomed to disappointm

MATT: Well can you make a thr ing flail out of two hickory poles an eel skin?

MITCHEL: No, I must admit I ca —but, of course, they are not the ar

MATT: Grandpa Overbrook was artist at bindin' wheat and swingi flail when threshin' machines and rea was just bein' thought of.

MITCHEL: Ah, yes, great are the of the soil, but they express a va different being. We, of the stage, giv the intangible something that lies inna in the soul of every When I play the go Macbeth, I feel the torture which the imm tal Shakespeare wa him to feel. It is my —my very life. I dedicated my mind career to the dream the immortal Sha speare. I make tren dous sacrifices going f city to city, from tow town, uplifting the dr and increasing the pub understanding of deeper side of the the

Real Folks Cast

Mr. George Frame Brown	"Matt Thompkins"
Miss Virginia Farmer	"Marthy Thompkins"
Miss Phoebe Mackay	"Mrs. Watts"
Miss Elsie Mae Gordon	"Mrs. Stevens"
G. Underhill Macy	"Fred Tibbetts"
Tommy Brown	"Elmer Thompkins"
Mr. Edwin H. Whitney	"Judge Whipple"

OF COURSE, it is necessary that the above list of actors do some doubling for minor characters. Thus, Mr. Brown also takes the parts of "Mrs. Jones" and Gus Oleson"; Miss Gordon, the part of "Sneed"; Mr. Macy the part of "Tony" and Mr. Whitney the parts of "Bill Perkins" and "Grandpa Overbrook."

ARTHA: That's a very noble atti-
Mr. Mitchel.
LL: I guess you have to stay sev-
weeks at some of the places before
begin to understand it, don't you?
ATT: Now, Bill, that question is a
out of order. I guess Thompkins
ers could understand as quick as
dy.
TCHEL: Your suggestion is a very
y one, Mr. Thompkins. I would be
than glad to interpret the works of
immortal Bard of Avon for your
ing community.
LL: I thought you was goin' to re-
Shakespeare.
ARTHA: Bill Perkins, Shakespeare
called the Bard of Avon.
ATT: Well, now, Mr. Mitchel, I
t exactly make any suggestion but
u've somethin' worth while sellin' to
e're a ready market.
ITCHEL: Ah, I do not sell my work,
ather offer it for approval. I have
n the acclaim of the crowned
s on the continent, I have been the
of governors, municipal dignitaries,
scions of the country's oldest fam-
My name and picture have been
d in all the great cities to awaken
anticipation of a grateful multitude.
ATT: Did you ever play on Broad-
in New York?
ITCHEL: New York! Bah! Illiterate
s with no taste or cultivation. A
artist could perish in the street
out a second look. No, not in New York, but my career—my career . . . my . . . my career . . . a . . . a . . . a . . . has taken me to every important city . . . my . . . my . . . greatness . . . has . . .

(*Voice fades—sound of body falling.*)

MARTHA: Oh, gracious! What's happened?

MATT: Sh-sh-sh . . . I guess he's fainted. I can't see his face in this light. Marthy, go in and make some strong coffee and warm some hot broth. I think I know what's the matter.

BILL: Do you want a glass of water, Matt?

MATT: Yes, Bill, and I'll put him in this chair and loosen his coat collar. . . . My, he's light as a feather and still kinda chilled. Gracious, look here . . . he hasn't got any collar on under this old muffler. Him and his greatness—why, he's probably starvin' to death right now and he was tryin' to bluff it all through.

BILL: Here, Matt, give him some of this water. Gosh, he musta been pretty bad off fer to keel over that way.

MATT: That happens when you don't eat fer a spell— He's drinkin' it down. He'll come around all right. Go out and see how Marthy's comin' along, with the broth and coffee . . . here, take another sip of this, Mr. Mitchel.

MITCHEL: My . . . my profound, thanks, Mr. Thompkins.

MATT: Just take it easy—we'll have some hot broth and coffee for you in no time.

MITCHEL: That confounded vertigo came back on me. Took me by surprise again. Edwin Booth suffered the same attacks . . . in fact, our acting technique is very much alike.

MATT: Well, I never saw Booth, but they say he was pretty good.

BILL: Matt, you can bring Mr. Mitchel into the kitchen now. Marthy's got the table spread for supper.

MARTHA: I've come out for him. Come with me, Mr. Mitchel.

MITCHEL: Ah, to dine with the queen . . . it reminds me of my visit to Britain and the happy hours at Buckingham Palace.

MATT: Bill—say, I want you to do a little fast work.

BILL: What's the matter?

MATT: Well, this here Mitchel fella's pretty bad off. He ain't had no food and he ain't clothed warm enough.

BILL: I got some old clothes home. He kin have 'em.

MATT: No, this is different. I tell you what . . . we're goin' to have a Shakespeare readin' right here in the store. We're goin' to get up-lifted right among the crackers and potatoes.

BILL: There's no harm in that as long as it don't spoil the stock.

MATT: You go and git the fireman's band together and be here as soon as they can. Tell 'em to come in playin' "Poet and Peasant"; they ought to have that down pretty well by now. Pass the word along to everybody you can and tell 'em that there's no admission, but we'll take up a collection.

BILL: Gosh, Matt, that's pretty swell. I didn't dream fer a minute that the old fella was just a tramp.

(*Continued on page 106*)

famous Firemen's Band—masters of melody at Thompkins Corners.



MARRIAGE

When A Headliner Takes A Life Partner Should It Be Told? Will Popularity Decline When Glamor Departs? Twenty Interviewed Stars Say, "Yes, Do Tell" — Twenty Shout, "No, Keep it Dark!"

IT WON'T bother the comedians one particle whether you believe them married or single, or find definite proof either way. At least that is the consensus of four well known air acts that can be classed under the general head of comedy. First of these, Correll and Gosden, better known as Amos 'n' Andy, led this star inquisitor for the usual merry chase before he cornered them in their offices in the Palmolive Building, Chicago. Said spokesman Amos:

"Everybody knows or ought to know we are both married happily. Once we were a mysterious pair—or group—of voices on the air. We didn't even let people know who we were or how many there were actually in the cast of Amos 'n' Andy. But that day passed soon enough. Fame pried into our private lives and made our every affair as public as it could. We hardly think that the publicity has hurt us. Being blackface comics, we certainly have little romantic appeal."

Clara, Lu and Em, the new Supersud trio of "back fence" gossipers who've been giving you laughs over the NBC chain during the past several months, also wouldn't mind letting you know they are married—if they were. But let them tell it:

"Our trouble isn't having our Radio audience know we are married so much as it is knowing that two-thirds of us aren't. Having Radio husbands and Radio children, it's embarrassing not to have ten years of married life and ten children each on which to base our chatter. However, Louise Starkey, who is Clara, helped the cause along by getting married last Christmas. The rest of us? Well, you never can tell!"

But Tony Cabooch (Chester Gruber), Anheuser-Busch's one-man Radio show, is more serious about his views. This impersonator of a half dozen or more dialects, who packs much homely philosophy into his broadcasts, replied:

"YES. Radio stars should let the public know if they are married. Marriage is a sacred trust that should command respect, and Radio artists who falsify in this respect only cast reflection upon their character as well as their profession. All the world loves a lover, and love is truth.

"Today Radio is the dominant branch of entertainment, for Radio alone enters the most sacred of all places—the home—and the home has marriage as its foundation. Therefore, why shouldn't an air entertainer or artist admit he or she is married?"

The Sisters of the Skillet, East and Dumke, dodging the issue when queried on their way to the studio for their daily buffoonery, simultaneously replied, "Yes and no." But neither of them would mit ever having received any mash not and finally they were pinned down to conclusion that the Radio audience wou n't get all excited if by chance it sho learn that both were married and e had families of twelve children.

Graham McNamee, the veteran Ra announcer whose wife is almost as known to the Radio audience as he is h self, answered:

"By all means, the artist should per the Radio audience to know that he married. After all, why should it m any difference in his work as far as public is concerned?"

But you will learn that all announc do not feel the same w when you read the answ of those who replied ne tively to the question. E wait. Here is the "de of modern music", no other than Paul Whi man, recently brought the networks by the Alli Quality Group of pa manufacturers. What he say?

"I can't see how answered the man w made the *Rhapsody Blue* famous, "it wou make any difference to t public whether or not am married. My busine is interpreting music. it were interpreting sex well, that might be d ferent."

"Sure," replied D Pickard, "you might well let the listeners kno 'Course, they know I married, with a wh family — mother. But Ruth and Ann — of t air. Nowadays Ruth and Bubb are getti to the marrying age pretty fast, and don't think it would hurt the Picka Family one bit on the air to let the fa know when either one of them gets ma ried."

A lot of wasted energy and posta would be saved if Edwin Whitney's ide



Why keep anything like little daughter Jessie a secret?" ask Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Crawford, organist-duet.

Should Stars Admit It?





They're proud of 'em—Willard Robison, Camel Hour Batoneer, of his wife; and Adele Vasa, CBS singer, of her husband, Paul Green, night studio manager.

By

EVANS E. PLUMMER

carried out. This NBC character
and production man, best known
ps for his parts as Judge Whipple
Gran'pa Overbrook in the Monday
Real Folks comedy radario, said:
an artist keeps his marriage quiet,
ay save some complications, but
ledge of it should save a lot of
y now expended in writing fan mail.
Sam would be the only loser in
case. Seriously, the knowledge of
rtist's marriage should not detract
his popularity.
k Smart, Joe Green in Graybar's
and Mrs.", answered:

"SURE they should. At
it means you'll get a certain amount
ympathy. The trouble with Radio
is this. They take a liking to you
they don't. Suppose they do. All
ice girls write in and say how grand
think you are, and if they don't
you're married there's grave danger
me of those fan letters getting into
ife's hands. And she'll never believe
they're unsolicited testimonials.
hen suppose you decide that one of
writes a nice letter, and sends a pic-
of herself. You can't help answering
That means a whole lot more cor-
ndence—always provided you don't
your own picture to her. It's bad.

But let 'em know you're hooked. Then there's a lot of trouble saved, and besides—the Ball and Chain likes to think of itself as the genius's inspiration; or something like that."

Jesse Crawford, Columbia's Poet of the Organ, gets plenty of fan mail. He says, "Folks know there's a Mrs. Crawford—how can they help knowing it when she insists on playing the organ on the air with me? Since my fan mail seems to be keeping up, I guess it's because my appeal is more melodic than romantic."

Now for the opinions of a few vocalists of both sexes. Chauncey Parsons, NBC lyric tenor and former musicomedy star, answered:

"I don't see why it would make any difference. If one's married, he's married and can't get away from the fact. Then, too, if the nuptial knot is concealed it might lead to complications at 'home' so far as fan mail is concerned."

And John Barclay, the tenor who is generally accompanied at the piano by his wife, Dagmar Rybner, said:

"It should be a fine idea to inform the public that a Radio star is married. I am proud to let the Radio audience know that I broadcast with my wife."

Vocalist number three is Mabel Wayne. Of course, she's better known as the waltz-queen composer of *Ramona, In a Little Spanish Town, It Happened in Monterey* and *Chiquita.* Mabel has no reason to fear that she will crumble any illusions about her when she says, "Of course, tell the public," for Miss Wayne is still really a miss.

BUT if Mabel were to consider matrimony, she thought she would prefer a tall, dark, handsome, Spanish-type man who would only jokingly boss her around. "No man will ever dictate to me," she ukased. But here's one way we'll shatter an illusion relative to Miss Wayne. Shhh! Did you know that despite her Spanish compositions, she has never been in Spain—only Cuba and California? At that, she should get some kind of hand from you, for she is the only female star who replied "Yes" to the question. The others all fell in line for the negative—as women would.

Now for several orchestra leaders—Phil Spitalny, Freddie Rich, Willard Robison and Dave Rubinoff. Spitalny saw no reason for concealing his matrimonial happiness. "It is a wonderful thing, marriage," he replied, "and why shouldn't I be glad to let the world know that I am happily wed? Maybe I kill a little

romance for some flappers, but it is an unwise thing for an artist to build himself up on sex appeal instead of merit, as it should be."

Freddie Rich, who is married to the beautiful and blonde Margaret Lawton former British musical comedy actress, doesn't believe that a Radio star's popularity is dimmed by the public's knowledge that he is married.

"In the earlier days of motion pictures, the marriage of a star was hushed up for fear his romantic appeal would be diminished. However, it's all different now. Whether the player is married or not, doesn't seem to phase admirers any. Sometimes it helps. You know we all want most what is most difficult to obtain. And so it is with Radio performers."

Willard Robison, the Camel Hour batoneer who is singer, composer and pianist as well, is proud to introduce his wife and claims she is responsible for his success. "In the days before I came to Radio, when we had some hard sledding, she never lost faith in me."

While Rubinoff, to whose tunes Maurice Chevalier sings, replied:

"What difference could it possibly make? In the last analysis I believe that any star in the world of entertainment lives or dies by the quality of his or her work. Marriage? It is wholly a personal matter. I refuse to believe that Radio listeners who may be kind enough to like my playing of violin solos, or to appreciate my orchestral arrangements, are going to be greatly concerned over the fact that I am or am not married."

THAT makes eighteen voting for the affirmative. For the nineteenth let's hear from Richy Craig, Jr., the recently launched Blue Ribbon Malt Jester who previously has been known for a good many years as a vaudeville headliner. Craig is one of those on the fence, so to say. He answers "Yes" for himself, but modifies his opinion for certain other types of performers. Said he:

"In answering this question, I think the first thing to be taken into consideration is the type of work the Radio artist is doing. If he is a crooner of 'pashy' songs, I think it is unwise to disclose the fact that he is married, because the greatest per cent of his audience are women, and if they know he is married—well, it kind of takes the edge off.

"But on the other hand, if he is a comedian, it really doesn't matter, as he is not appealing to his audience's sentimental nature. He is only trying to make them laugh, and anyone knows that a woman never faints from rapture at a funny man. Personally, and I don't care who knows it, I have been married for FIVE YEARS and THREE DAYS—but it only seems like FIVE YEARS."

Brad Browne, another "neutral" and one of the Pertussin Playboys, doesn't mind his audience knowing that he's married, but he'd rather not have them know that he has the cutest baby that ever cut a tooth, because he's timid about being a proud father. As for other stars, he thinks they should be noncommittal on the subject, unless questioned by a judge.

While Guy Lombardo, ever popular Burns Panatella orchestra leader, after taking two kinds of advice, replied:

"Leave it to your press agent. We had one who said No!!!!"—just like that. Little printed exclamation marks came out of his mouth when he said it. So a couple of the boys were described all around the place as nice little bach's, all waiting to take the bait.

"THEN another guy came along and said 'Sure!!!!!'—five exclamation marks this time. So next week the boys' wives were reported as on their way to take vacations. The fact that the public knew they hadn't got wives didn't seem to matter. The press agent fixed it up alright."

Now for the stars who say "Keep it secret."

Five ladies of the air—almost all those interviewed — would prevent you from knowing whether they live in the bachelor girl style or boast the title of Mrs. to be used on occasions. And Rudy Vallée, Ray Perkins, Little Jack Little, Art Kassel, Lewis James, Jean Paul King, Patrick Kelly and Robert L. Ripley—believe it or not—side in with them.

Ladies first, so let's find out what this all is about. In looking over their answers, it is interesting to note that four of the five are air thespians. You might even call the fifth that, too, although she really rates the title of comedienne.

Lucille Wall, NBC dramatic actress heard in Collier's Hour, Sherlock Holmes' adventures and other pieces, said:

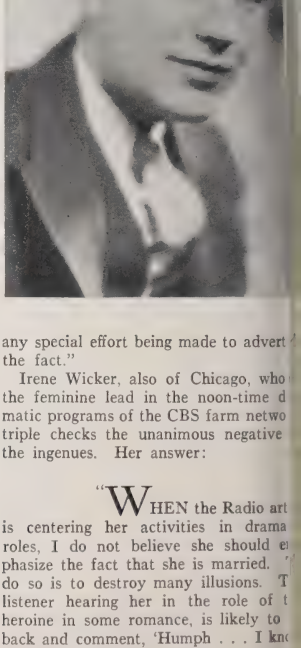
If they're married, they won't tell—Right, Little Jack Little, NBC croon-pianist, and below, Ben Alley, CBS tenor.



"No, is my answer. Of course, it depends on the artist. In the cast of romantic character such publicity stroys the illusion. I don't see wher would make any difference if the list knew that some of the comic skit s were married in real life, but if a who plays romantic parts on the ai married, she should keep it quiet as as her audience is concerned."

Out Chicago way where they make Empire Builders' dramas, Bernadine Fly the beloved ingenue star of that se of programs as well as several ot radarios, replied in the same tone:

"It depends entirely on the part type of work one is doing. An unm ried ingenue blends better with the in inative romanticism of the Radio audie While I do not believe in any spe effort being made to hide the fact t one is married, I also do not believe



any special effort being made to advert the fact."

Irene Wicker, also of Chicago, who the feminine lead in the noon-time d matic programs of the CBS farm netwo triple checks the unanimous negative the ingenues. Her answer:

"WHEN the Radio art is centering her activities in drama roles, I do not believe she should e phasize the fact that she is married. do so is to destroy many illusions. T listener hearing her in the role of t heroine in some romance, is likely to back and comment, 'Humph . . . I kn that gal. She's married and is t mother of two kids! She's a fine o to be talking romance!'

"If the silent attitude on this questi comes under the heading of deceptio then I believe it is an innocent and har less deception. Am I married? Ju

o guess!" Now what would you guess? vidently it is all wrong to give away dio actress by airing her happy mar- life. Here's another who believes chapter of her life should remain d. She's Jeanette Kling, NBC char- r actress, and her reply:

"THE idea is prosaic. An of mystery lends an additional at- tion to everyone. Immediately a e is heard on the air, a personality is ted in every mind of every member he Radio audience. When a picture ars in the magazines or newspapers mparison is made by the fans who find that the actual personality and mental one differ in too many respects. When the fact that an artist is mar- becomes known, he or she immedi- y develops into a very lovely singer



personality (and a family person), but more do they fire the imagination of audience to visualize desert scenes or e in the wilderness."

"I say no!" shouted Helene Handin, hardboiled sophisticate of the air nedy team known as the Two Troupers. the case of most Radio artists the owledge that he or she is married de- oys illusions built up by the invisible lience. I do, however, recommend olicizing marriage where husband and e broadcast together."

Rudy Vallée! What does he believe? ny of you no doubt have been won- ing what this crooning batoneer has say on the subject. Well, if Rudy had way, he'd have you believe that he s a very lonely bachelor so that you'd preciate his songs to their fullest value. ught between depots on his recent tour ound the country, M. Vallée replied: "Should Radio stars let their public ow whether or not they are married? This is, I think, one of those rather argumentative questions that can't be answered simply 'yes' or 'no.' Amos 'n' Andy are married and have no hesitancy in letting their public know about it. And certainly the giving out of that information hasn't hurt or damaged their popularity.

"On the other hand, it may possibly be argued that in the case of popular band leaders or singers, whose efforts are, to a large extent, based on romantic appeal, popularity might be affected, at least slightly, by the knowledge that the bandsman or singer of love songs was himself pledged for life."

In the same profession, Art Kassel, beloved leader of his Kassels in the Air Orchestra, answers in the same vein, but extends his remarks to the possible havoc of airing family troubles:

"Perhaps band leaders, especially those playing syncopation for the element desiring to 'trip the light fantastic', should remain peculiarly single to their public. Most of us are—and some have been—married, but advertising the nuptial news adds no romance to our bandstand presence or 'sax' appeal.

"The most serious harm, I think, is worked by having marital difficulties aired before the public. When that happens, our feet are shown to be merely clay."

RAY PERKINS, the "Old Topper" and song and gag man, joins Little Jack Little, the whispering baritone pianist, in the belief that little good and often harm result from letting the public know that an artist is married. And likewise does Robert L. Ripley, the "Believe It or Not" cartoon creator, film short amazer, and broadcaster. Said Ripley: the style known as crooning might suffer

Here are a No-woman and a No-man. Helene Handin, one of the Two Troupers (NBC) and Jean Paul King, Chicago NBC.



"I should say no to the question. Radio, even more than the stage and screen, builds up an illusion which, were it destroyed, might injure the artists' drawing power. For the same reason, therefore, I am opposed to dissemination of other discordant facts that tend to destroy the illusions brought about by the very invisibility of the Radio performer."

Now for a tenor who would lock up the marriage license. This one happens to be a member of the famous Revelers' quartet as well as featured soloist of many Radio programs. His name is Lewis James. When James was asked for his opinion, the writer was thinking about another Reveler who not long ago walked down the aisle with a lovely girl and has lived happily ever after. But, not having the latter Reveler's answer, I must forego mentioning his name. I'm sure that he would say that knowledge of his marriage has not harmed him.

However, Lewis James argues for the negative. He said:

"In general I fail to see where knowledge of a Radio star's marriage makes any difference to his listeners. However, there are some cases where there is great interest, probably of some significance. I should say that the man who sings in the style known as crooning might suffer a bit in popularity if his public knew that he was married. The same holds true for an attractive woman who specializes in singing sentimental songs."

Two more tenors, Ben Alley and Morton Downey, coincide with Lewis James.

Ben Alley, who is leading tenor in "Sweethearts of the Air," considers broadcasting and audience as strictly business and, though unmarried, thinks that a person's home life should not concern his business associates.

And while it's no secret that Morton Downey, Columbia's sensational tenor, is the happy husband of Barbara Bennett, one of Richard Bennett's illustrious daughters, of whom Constance and Joan are the others, he prefers no mention of his married life.

"After all, people in everyday occupations are entitled to a little privacy, so why can't we poor Radio artists enjoy the same? Personally, I don't really see why people would want to be interested in my home, but if they are, it's all right with me. If necessary, I'd broadcast to the whole world that my wife is the sweetest and most beautiful woman in the world."

HERE are two announcers who fail to check exactly with Graham McNamee. One is Jean Paul King, that likeable new voice from Chicago whom you hear on the Clara, Lu and Em programs as well as many other important broadcasts. King replied:

"The romantic soul that an announcer is supposed to be, should, I am led to believe, never be tied down by the bonds of matrimony in his feminine audience's

(*Continued on page 90*)

The Minister Who Doesn't Preac

Dr. Harry E. Fosdick

A Rugged, Wholesome Man, Who Substitutes "Animated Conversations" for Sermons—Packs His Non-Credal Church to the Doors While Radio Millions Listen

ONE of the most interesting men I've ever met is a clergyman His name is Harry Emerson Fosdick. I rather imagine it's familiar to most of you, not only because he is one of the most discussed personalities of our times, but also because you may have heard his voice over the Radio. His sermons are broadcast every Sunday by the National Broadcasting Company, and there's an intimacy about the human voice coming into your home that makes you feel you know the person who is talking.

Well, ever since I'd read in the newspapers that Dr Fosdick was preaching to standing room only, despite the fact that the auditorium of his church will accommodate twenty-five hundred persons, plus some eight hundred more in an auxuliary hall in the church building, I've been wanting to meet him so I could tell you folks about him. You know, here in New York this year, not many theatres have had attractions fortunate enough to enable them to hang out the "standing room only" sign. I thought it was significant, therefore, for the public to literally almost storm a church to hear a man preach. Your wonder over the significance of the thing, however, changes to understanding when you hear Dr. Fosdick preach. He's really got something to say, and he says it. No matter whether or not you possess a creed, or go to church, the man rings true!

I TELEPHONED to the Riverside Church—that's the name of his church—for an appointment with him. And, even in this day of wonders when science, invention and philosophy hurl new surprises at you every twenty-four hours, it seems, I confess I was somewhat taken aback when Dr. Fosdick's secretary said:

"Dr. Fosdick will be glad to see you tomorrow afternoon. You can come right to his office in the Riverside church. It's on the eighteenth floor."

THAT reference to his office being on the eighteenth floor of the church is what made me sit up. Naturally, there's no element of surprise attached to information from the secretary of a captain of industry to come to the thirtieth, fortieth or fiftieth floor of an office building, but you don't associate a minister with a skyscraper office. But there are a good many elements of surprise about Dr. Fosdick. Looking back over my visit with him, I'd say his office—that is, it's location—was the least of them. The man dominates his office, just as he dominates—or rather his personality dominates—his church. And the Riverside church is a structure of beauty and grandeur.

I went to the church, took one of the elevators to the eighteenth floor of the tower, and entered his office. The anteroom, where two secretaries are busy, is a quiet workshop, the walls of which are lined with bookshelves. Dr. Fosdick's private office adjoins this. It's comfortable but not ornate in any way and just adjoining it is a tiny reception room. That's where he meets people. The room hasn't any pictures on the walls—and there are but two chairs and a small couch.

Dr. Fosdick is a man of medium height—with a serious face, the kind of a face that reveals, when he smiles, a warm and friendly spirit. He has a great shock of curly, wavy hair, rather a full nose and a good jaw. He's fifty-two years old, but he looks a good deal younger. His body is sturdy, his hands chunky and his fingers stubby. He has blue eyes. They, also, are friendly and inviting and when you catch the sheen sunlight on his rimless spectacles, y have to look twice to make sure of t source of the sparkle, because his eyes c sparkle, too. He was wearing a busin suit and I thought, as I looked him ov that if I passed him on the street, a didn't know him, the last thing in t world I'd take him for would be a minist He looks like a successful, aggressive bu ness man. I give you my split-seco appraisal of the appearance of the m just as he struck me because I thought good deal about it after I'd left him. went away, conscious of the fact that I met a man who worked as hard as an business man I've ever known—that I toiled as long and as ardently in the real of the spiritual as any of the rest of us in the realm of the material.

But let me tell you something of h background. Behind Dr. Fosdick is century of education endeavor, for bo his father and his grandfather we teachers. And it's even more than a ce tury when you take into consideration D Fosdick's active life. Even as a boy h knew he would do either one of tw things throughout life—preach or teac and, as a matter of fact, he's done bot pretty consistently.

HE comes of Anglo-Saxo stock. The first Fosdick in America cam from England and settled near Charle town, Massachusetts, in 1635. That mak a fine, old American background, don you think? Nearly three hundred year Later, there were Fosdicks who went int what was then known as the West. The obeyed the ever-beckoning finger tha attracted the pioneers—the finger tha held aloft the hope of new lands, ne opportunities. His grandfather, for ex ample, traveled in a covered wagon t



Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick
"The Man *behind the* Name"

By
EDWIN ALGER

THE author is the creator of a series of vivid Radio sketches on interesting people. He is a veteran newspaper man, was President Wilson's favorite correspondent, and now lives on a Tom Thumb plantation near Cherrydale, Va., when not occupied at NBC studios or interviewing notables.

t is now the city of Buffalo. New
k. Incidentally that was the
t in those days.

nd here's an interesting thing:
know, in my talks with vari-
outstanding men and women,
ways get a real thrill whenever
ome across a reference to a
ered wagon in their family his-
es. The pioneers who swept
the West made this country,
the hope and courage and
nina that they carried into
wilderness and which enabled
n to meet all the perils it
, and overcome them, are, I
k, the finest heritage we have.
a "covered wagon" back-
nd always arouses my curi-
y, and when I meet a descend-
I try, for my own satisfaction,
learn whether the old pioneer
k still figures in him. In Dr.
dick's case, I'll say "yes",
it does—most emphatically.
s still the pioneer type. He's
afraid of the new. He's also
ly and willing and eager to
e the mysteries of the human
. and a beckoning finger—a
er that holds the hope of
h—calls him on and on. He
follow it to the end.

BUT I'm straying away
n the century of education. His
ndfather was a carpenter and
obbler in the little settlement
the shores of Lake Erie, but he
nd time to educate himself,
, at the time of his death, he
superintendent of schools of
baby city of Buffalo. He had
ght for forty years. His son—
Fosdick's father — taught
ool in Buffalo for fifty years.
Dr. Fosdick, therefore, was
ught up in a professional fam-
—in a setting where knowledge
the guiding star, and it was
ural for him—especially after
discovered that he had no in-
st whatever in making money
turn to a professional career. You
ember my telling you that even as
oy he knew he would either teach or
ach.

oday, Dr. Fosdick is known as the
t, liberal preacher of our times. Not
in word and deed does he merit the
, but his background figures in it.
His great grandfather, for instance,
expelled from church for refusing
believe in hell—the hell of fire and
geance and brimstone.

nd the great grandson of today is
ally outspoken. He doesn't believe
a religion of gloom. He thinks that
d of religion is a false religion.
ther does he believe in a religion of
. He believes that religion should
ce a man radiant, but he doesn't try
prescribe any sugar covered short cuts
to radiance. He feels that the religious quality of life is life at its highest, and I think "intellectual honesty" are the two words that more nearly describe his state of mind in his approach to either religion, human conduct or life generally. I don't imagine he does anything or says anything without first asking himself the question: "Now then, is it intellectually honest?" If the answer is in the affirmative, without any question or quibbling, he acts, but if there's any doubt about it, he doesn't act.

The Riverside Church reflects the Fosdick mind. It's open seven days a week. It's a non-creedal church, and it welcomes people from all or any denominations. You might be interested to know that the Quakers use it for a meeting place. The Riverside Church, incidentally, was erected by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as a memorial to the memory of his mother. Mr. Rockefeller happens to be a good Baptist and Dr. Fosdick was ordained as a Baptist minister, but both men believe in the brotherhood of man, without the necessity of identifications through secular badges.

AT ONE point in my talk with Dr. Fosdick, I remember asking him if there was any adventure in religion.

"Adventure?" he repeated. "Why, trying to build the type of church we are in is an adventure. It's open to all. No one has to agree on a theological opinion. There's spiritual liberty for all and the result is it's the most harmonious church I know, for there is full recognition of the rights of others."

I also asked him what he thought it was that made people come in such numbers to attend his services, and his reply was:

"Well, whenever people have a chance to get light on the real problems of life they'll come to church."

Perhaps that's the real basis of Dr. Fosdick's strength—his ability to give light on the real problems of life. And in this connection, I think his early experience has something to do with that ability. When he was twenty-two years old he conducted a mission just off the Bowery. Sometimes there were as many as nine services on a Sunday. The men who attended these services were derelicts, and the minister who talked to them came across almost every soiled and unhappy page one could find in the book of life. His listeners weren't the kind who could be satisfied with a sermon replete with flowery phrases, or lulled into spiritual serenity by the musical cadences of a rich and melodious voice. No, indeed. They came in, doubting, but hoping for repairs. I told you they were derelicts. And the contacts that Fosdick, the young

(*Continued on page 103*)



Frank Buck cuddles a baby tapir about to sail from Singapore to the United States.

Monkey

Frank Buck Tells Interviewer How He Makes Jungle Denizens Good American "Zootizens"

"ANYTHING is liable to happen when you meet Mike," says Frank "Bring-'Em-Back-Alive" Buck, whose initial broadcast was responsible for his writing one of the outstanding non-fictional books of the current season.

MOST of us get all hot and bothered whenever we are accused of being up to some "monkey business". But I know a chap who is as restless as a duck out of water or, if you prefer your similes dressed in modern verbiage, as restless as a racketeer trying to go straight, unless his monkey business is flourishing.

Frank Buck is the gentleman's name. He's made this name mean something as an importer of assorted wild animals so, when he crosses the Pacific Ocean to collect living specimens for American zoos and circus menageries, his departmental monkey business actually occupies only a fraction of his time. Yet, in spite of the fact that the capturing and shipping of rarer beasts, reptiles and birds have been the principal objectives of his numerous trips to the Far East, he has brought through the port of entry at San Francisco more than 5,000 simians. You must admit that Frank Buck has done his share of monkey business.

If you visit the zoos in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Dallas, Milwaukee, San Diego, Memphis, Kansas City, San Antonio or Minneapolis you are sure to find yourself face to face with many an old friend of Frank Buck's. There are several of these "friends", now behind bars, that, at one time, were happy to eat out of his hand or willingly would have chewed off their captor's leg or head if given half a chance. Not all these animals had what we would term a friendly disposition. But every animal with which Frank Buck has come in contact, and frequently this contact has been much too close for comfort, each and every one of them is a friend, to him. They may have left their mark on Frank's person, a bite, the nasty scratch of a claw, or a sting—but they also left a good story with a master spinner of yarns.

I met Frank Buck at an impromptu luncheon in a cafe where writers sometimes gather for the noonday meal. There were six in our party and the discussion started out to be of matters well within the city limits or, at best, national in scope. A chance remark by one of the party about dogs led to stories of domesticated pets and before we knew it Frank was launched on a yarn involving his personal experience with a python. Animals in transport demand constant care and attention. Snakes, as a rule, will make the ocean trip to the States without food, but they must have water. To equip their crates with proper drinking receptacles is unnecessary, as the reptiles are capable of absorbing water through their skins readily, so a bucketful is dashed over them daily. The big fellows are given private accommodations, the top of each box being a hinged lid. Before the water-dasher gives a crated python a bath he takes a hurried glance at the coiled snake to determine the exact location of the reptile's head. If Mr. Python is facing the opening, when the lid is partly opened, the water-dasher slams the cover down and finds something else to do for an hour or so. It seems that when the big captive's head is pointed toward the opening the spring for possible freedom is made with ease, but if the snake is not in the right position to attempt the spring the attendant has ample opportunity to administer the bath, refasten the lid and be on his way before the reptile can get turned around in the cramped quarters.

"Hurrying to get my tasks aboard ship performed," said Frank, "there came a day when I neglected to take the precautionary glance into a crate containing a full-gro python. The snake took full vantage of the neglect by springing op mouthed for the opening and, finding hand directly in its path, proceeded swallow it. Now a python is not a p sonous snake and it has no fangs. As swallows its food whole the reptile's tee while numerous, are used to help cro this food down the throat and not mastication. I slammed the lid of crate down before more than three or f feet of the python slipped out, determi to keep, if possible, the balance of body in captivity. At the same tim let out a yell for help. A native Ma boy, my assistant on the trip, was first to come to my aid. With the h of deckhands most of the python was k in the box, much to my eternal gratitu for once its body was completely outs I would have been crushed in the gi coils and it would have been necessary kill the reptile before it killed me. I do like to kill any specimen unless the oc sion demands. It's my business to bri



Ford Frick, New York newscaster, presents Mr. Buck to the Radio audience.

Business

By Doty Hobart

Illustrated by
Hal Coffman
(© The Evening Journal)

e all back alive. My hand was be- ing to go numb r the terrific muscular pressure that ed and squeezed and pulled as the e tried to take in more of my arm. as combining orders with robust es, and must have done a pretty good at both, for my assistant finally got ython's jaws pried apart. Even then work was not over. Before my arm extricated I thought it would be d from its socket.

'THE python was returned s crate and my Malay boy and I spent rest of the day picking tiny teeth out ny arm with tweezers and giving the b and injured member first aid treat- ts. It was several hours before the ulation in my arm was normal."

few days after the luncheon party I pted Frank's invitation and "looked up" at the hotel which he is using his headquarters while in the city.

He met me at the elevator and as we walked down the hall to his room he said, "I'm glad you caught me when you did because I don't know how much longer I'll be with you modern cliff-dwellers."

"Headed for the jungles?" I asked.

"Yes. For the jungles, but the trip will mean a different racket than usual for me."

"Don't tell me you're quitting the animal collecting game."

"Not exactly," he laughed. "Only this time I hope to be collecting pictures of animals as well as the animals themselves. I expect to sign up with one of the big motion picture companies within the next day or so. Everything is practically settled and soon after the dotted lines have been decorated I'll be on my way to Singapore with a couple of cameramen in tow."

I asked how it happened that his first broadcast was responsible for bringing him to New York.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I promised to tell you about that, didn't I? Well, it was on my last trip to the Orient and the ship put in at Manila. I have a host of friends in the Philippines and, after holding a young reception with those who came to the dock to greet me, one of them hauled me off to attend a Rotary luncheon as the guest of honor.

"I don't know that I am any great shakes as an orator, but when I was introduced I managed to get away with it by telling some animal stories." Frank is too modest. He may not be an orator in the full sense of the word but he has the knack of making his adventures live again in the telling. "A newspaper editor was present and asked me if I would be willing to broadcast these stories that evening. I had heard a lot about Radio but the nearest thing to a broadcasting studio I'd ever seen were the wireless rooms on shipboard. The novelty of the thing appealed to me and I agreed to take a chance as a microphone performer.

"This Manila newspaper sponsors a half-hour program called 'The Front Page.' For fifteen minutes news events are broadcast in much the same way they are here by Lowell Thomas. By the way, I met Lowell for the first time in the East about ten years ago and used to run into him occasionally out there until he got so civilized he started spending most of his time here in the States."

"What about the other fifteen minutes?" I asked.

"I COULDN'T say what they were accustomed to having, but for this particular broadcast I was the other fifteen minutes."

"Do you remember the call letters of the station?"

"Not offhand. Wait a minute." He dug up a scrapbook and found the desired page. "Here it is. Here. Station KZRM. Nice little place. The folks there treated me fine, too."

"What did you talk about? What stories did you tell?"

"I told about the time an orang-utan got loose on board ship and I knocked him out with a blow on the chin."

"With your fist?" I asked.



Frank "Bring-'Em-Back-Alive" Buck faces a live Mike and lives to tell the tale to eager listeners.



Little Tommy Tiger snarls a wicked farewell to India. He will soon be in America.



Suds. She learned the laundry business in the jungle.

"Sure, with my fist," said Frank. "I never met a 'rang yet who understood the first principles of boxing." He laughed and added, "I used to be pretty fair with the gloves. But I didn't have any on when I gave that fellow the uppercut." He rubbed the knuckles of his right hand in reminiscence.

"Oh, yes. I spent most of the fifteen minutes telling about Gladys. She was another 'rang," he explained parenthetically. "I bought her with four others from a Malay trader. When you buy from traders you never know whether the animals are wild or tame. You see, the natives often capture baby 'rangs and raise them until they are large enough to sell the traders. Sometimes a native family will keep a 'rang for a pet until it is full grown. That's about fifteen years. Let me tell you about Gladys. She was full grown. I didn't discover she was tame until I had her in the compound near Singapore, my headquarters when in the East. As her cage was being installed in a shed, along with others just arrived, I happened to pass close enough so that she could reach out through the bars to touch my arm. When one is familiar with 'rangs the approach of a tame ape cannot be mistaken. An untamed 'rang makes a hasty grab and bares its teeth. The tame animal is unhurried in its movements and the teeth are never displayed.

"Gladys stroked my arm so gently that I paused in my work and moved, bit by bit, closer to the cage. I was ready to jump away at the first sign of danger. But there wasn't an evil thought in this girl's head. When I knocked some of the front bars loose she stuck her head through and nuzzled my arm. Then I knew she wasn't fooling. A moment later I had knocked out enough bars so she could climb out.

"Man alive, she was the happiest animal I have ever seen. She hugged me in a motherly fashion, as well as her height of four feet would permit, stroked my arms gently and then danced up and down in front of me. She certainly appreciated regaining her liberty, for by watching the humanly natural way in which she performed little self-imposed duties I was soon convinced that she had spent many years practically in the bosom of a native family.

"I fastened her, dog fashion, with a collar and about ten feet of chain near the house. The building stood about three feet off the ground and Gladys slept on the ground under it. Gave her some straw and a blanket and she made up her own bed, spreading out the first very carefully before rolling up in the latter.

"One day she stopped me to investigate a basin and washrag I was carrying. I gave them to her to see what she would do. She placed the basin of water on the ground and began scrubbing and



Suds. She kept it up in the compound.

dousing the rag, going through all the motions of a laundress. After first soaking it thoroughly, she picked it up with both hands and proceeded to wring it out, like an experienced washerwoman. Then she shook it out, put one corner between her teeth and stretched it flat with her hands. Making sure it was clean all over she walked from the shadow of the house to spread the rag out neatly on the grass in the sun.

"She used to slip out of her collar almost at will. It wasn't that she wanted to escape. She may have wanted to come and sit beside the road to wait for me to return from town in the car. I found her there several times. The minute the car stopped she would climb in and take the seat beside me.

"She liked to climb over the roofs of the house and sheds in the compound. She gave the young fellow who lived next door a good scare by suddenly appearing at his window to look in on him as he was bathing. That wasn't a ladylike thing to do.

"The gardener's baby was her especial joy. She got a great kick out of swinging the child in a hammock. But the gardener objected to the motherly attention she gave the infant and I was forced to fasten her collar with a padlock. Unable to slip out of this collar she was forced to remain within the limits of the ten-foot chain.

"ONCE in a while I would take her in the car when making the trip to the city. She liked to ride and sat, very quiet, on the seat beside me. Sometimes, when I stopped in at the bar of the Raffles Hotel, I would let her have a small glass of beer. Once, to see what she would do, I took away all the chairs which surrounded the table where I was sitting and pretended not to notice that Gladys was present. Undaunted, she set a chair over to the table and seated herself, reaching for my glass by way of announcing that she was ready for her beer.

"She made a host of friends during the trip across the Pacific and I had become so attached to my pet that I hated to part with her. However, I could not keep her here in the States. I had to let her go. It was the saddest animal farewell I ever known. She was some girl, that Gladys."

"HOW did you happen to give her that particular name?" I asked.

"I don't know who named her, I didn't. But, as I remember, she was called Gladys the day she arrived at the compound. And the name stuck."

"Where is she now?"

"In the Municipal Zoo in Madison, Wisconsin. Well," he said, referring once more to the broadcast, "I told that story and one or two others and the letters I received from interested listeners amaze me. So many of them."

Frank Buck's life has been so filled with adventure that he has a never ending supply of stories. He knows how to tell them, too. The majority of his yarns are a bit too thrilling to be classed as bed time stories. He should never be permitted to broadcast at a late hour.

Suds. And suds was her reward.



London Salutes Lincoln

Famous British Author Broadcasts Glowing Tribute for the Great Emancipator to All America

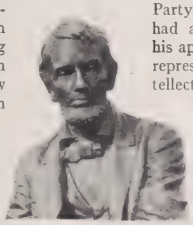
By John Drinkwater



John Drinkwater, English playwright and one of the greatest living authorities on Lincoln, who broadcast this tribute from London, via the Columbia Broadcasting System

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born February 12, 1809 in a log cabin with a dirt floor at Hodginville, Kentucky, and grew up in an ronment at once stark and romantic. ost from babyhood he had to make way by insistent and heavy manual r, picking up a little elementary edu- on at a school that was a log hut. The olns had to win their living directly the earth. Favorable weather meant oden bowl regularly filled. A bad sea- meant hunger and penury. He was a ral-born hard worker with a lean, cord physique which could easily hold wn in any work or horseplay that was and. He could be gentle, but he was r soft. He began to read walking ty miles out and home again to borrow ok. Friends in distant parts of the itory encouraged him, and Aesop, oe and Bunyan became his friends.

le began to be employed on er- ls that took him far away from a Lincoln's cabin, trading g the Mississippi River down New Orleans, where he saw e gangs being dragooned in dcuffs, with the conse- nce of an impression made n his mind which was r written indelibly on the ory of the United States. y the time he was twenty, aham Lincoln was an lete who feared no comers, raduate in the rigors of necessity, and e traveled than most of his station in . He had further acquired enough book ning to give him a name among his for being "peculiarsome."



Abraham Lincoln

n 1831, we find him, independent now home and family, serving in a store at w Salem, in Sangamon County, Illinois. became a lawyer, and for twenty-three rs he lived in Springfield, prospering is profession, becoming more and more talked of as a personality, sometimes elected to the state legislature, and sometimes defeated, and for a time serving as Congressman at Washington.

These Springfield days were an ordered probation to him. The obscure pioneer politician whom we see emerging in 1860 to take control at Washington, and after five years of authority to make an end, leaving a name sweetly memorable forever, may assume the character of a "God out of a machine", but if so he comes fully armed with experience patiently acquired during those twenty years on the Springfield circuit.

The man elected by the Republican Party to the presidency in 1860 had a few months earlier made his appearance before an audience representing the culture and intellect of the East. At Cooper Union, in New York, some fifteen hundred people assembled while a snowstorm swept into the city, and were astonished when a gaunt, uncouth man, over six feet in height, dressed in no fashion, with enormous feet and terribly conscious of his hands, stepped onto the platform.

If this were the possible candidate produced by the West for supreme office, it must be allowed that he was a very strange one. Culture and intellect were almost inclined to titter in spite of good breeding. Think of the Mayflower lines of long descent! Think of Mr. Seward! But as Mr. Lincoln went on speaking, Mr. Seward seemed to matter rather less. The mild and disdainful curiosity gave place to unconcealed admiration. Intellect and culture needs must salute a sincerity so convincing, needs must see themselves transfigured in such homely logic, such native dignity. This man authentically was prophesying before them. The great audience forgot its decorum and surged up to the speaker in waves of enthusiasm. A new and grandly incalculable personality had come into the national life of America, had indeed come into history, with brief but imperishable annals to be told.

Lincoln's power came to its maturity in a time of war, and although the cause of the struggle and the issues involved have now emerged in outlines upon which disagreement is scarcely possible, this war was in its time, like all other wars, mired in almost indescribable muddle and apparent futility. The end, and the means to that end may always have been clear to Lincoln, but before the end was reached, he had to lead a hundred discordant factions through weary months, even years, of confusion. Often he seemed to be hardly leading them at all. His ministers, his generals, his political managers, the press, among all these were to be found patriots who were convinced

(*Continued on page 107*)

Everybody's Sweethear

But Nobody's Darling—
Yet — Says Best-Loved
Soprano on the Air

Jessica Dragonette



Wear Scanties On T
Stage?—Oh No!
She Turned to Ra

An Interview B
MILDRED MARTI

FATE was in an extremely gracious and pleasant mood a little over a score of years ago when she wrote in the stars that the birthday of a little sunny-haired girl, who is loved by countless persons, should fall upon Saint Valentine's day. And the parents of this girl, who could well substitute for a fair-haired Eros, were in league with this same beneficent Fate, for they looked down upon the crumpled pink mite and decided to call her Jessica Valentina Dragonette. No wonder that Fate and Saint Valentine smile happily and kindly today, for the bit of a baby has repaid all their dreams for her and is known, because of her golden, tender voice and charming personality as "Our Jessica", the "Baby Prima Donna" and the "Sweetheart of the Radio".

There is nothing one-sided or complacent about Jessica, despite the position she has achieved as perhaps the best known and most loved artist that Radio has produced; and for all her elfin charm she is an extremely earnest and serious little person with the unrest and the searching mind that mark the genuine artist.

Tucking a round-toed slipper under her and turning those large eyes of hers that she likes to call "plaid" upon the writer, Jessica delivered herself of an astonishing observation a short time ago.

"Do you know what I think I'd rather be than anything else?" asked Jessica. Shaking her little head with its masses of wavy hair at the obvious answer "just what you are," she went on, "I'd rather be a writer, I think, or a painter." Smiling at the surprised incredulity of her listener she explained, "You see, a note of music, no matter how lovely it may be dies at the very moment it is born. There is nothing about it that can be captured, really captured I mean; but a charming bit of landscape can live forever through the pen of a poet or the brush of a painter. Oh, yes, I should much rather be one of them."

But although Jessica doesn't paint, save to outline a delicate cupid's bow (which is as it should be) upon the whimsical lips of a daughter of Saint Valentine, she does write. She writes magazine articles, and recently was pinch-hitter for a Radio columnist who invited her to his paper as guest-writer. Her articles are half-tender, with her affection for the unknown thousands who write her letters every week, and thoroughly intelligent with her understanding of the mechanics and requirements that go into the making of good broadcasting.

JESSICA has some verse also standing to her credit, of which the poem on the next page is an example. It was published more than a half-dozen years ago by a Philadelphia newspaper, when she was a shy and mouse-like little person just through with her training in a convent school among the gentle-eyed sisters.

The writer cast an appreciative glance at Jessica in her smart little black imported frock with its dainty points of white organdie at neck and sleeve, and spoke of the pity that so m charm and daintiness shoul hidden behind a microp that, for all its sensitivity gracious and lovely v should be utterly indifferen the personal charm of app ance of its artist.

"ANY fat l lady can sing," the writer arded, "but not many can b your elfin loveliness and go voice to footlight appeara Just think what audiences missing and how they w love you."

With a whimsical shru her small shoulders, Jes who sings weekly to thousa said, "Do you know, I'm scared to d of audiences. Really, I am. I think the most romantic thing in the work sing to people in their own homes wh can't see them and when they can ima me as looking any way they want m look. Just imagine anyone who like think of me as tall and dark and my rious, or titian-haired and blue-eyed, ing the real me. Anyway, I'd much ra not see my audience. Even the tir one frightens me to death, and I d welcome the thought of television at

From anyone but Jessica this migh regarded a bit skeptically, but not so f Jessica, who is the most honest and tr ful soul imaginable.

As most people know, she has appea briefly behind footlights, and her first experience in the theatre seems so thing in which her same watchful had a finger; for when she sang the solo part in Max Reinhardt's *The Mirac* the part of the angel's voice, she was seen. Only her enchantingly sweet v flowed down from the heights, wh Jessica herself was perched like a lit bird high up in a balcony on the wall of the Century Theatre in New York.

Her days in *The Miracle* almost trod on the heels of her convent days, not without a certain appropriateness. Quakmost of the time at her unaccustomed roundings and fascinated by the the-. Jessica stole about like a timid child. eat admiration for Lady Diana Mans awakened in her as she watched permance after performance of Lady na as either the madonna or the little rice, and Jessica began to regard the ely blonde Englishwoman as something ost miraculous. One day the gracious dy Diana sent for Jessica to tell her t the great Chaliapin had spoken enasiastically of the golden voice of the een singer. In a daze Jessica listened, l later, speaking of the fascinating exience, said, "I suddenly saw a tiny ety pin holding a ribbon upon Lady na's shoulder. Somehow, then, for very first time I knew she was hun after all. When I got outside her ssing room door, I hopped for joy."

All of Jessica's experiences in the atre, however, were not so happy. e once spent several bitterly unppy weeks in the chorus of one of rl Carroll's *Vanities* and upon one asion nearly "stopped the show". r one of the finales the girls were uired to dress in scanties and pass ond the footlights upon a runway se to the audience. Jessica advanced t of the distance and stopped stock l, holding up the entire line of girls. just couldn't go on for a moment," sica explained. "I don't mind apring in a bathing suit, that's all ht. But," and her eyes flashed dangously at the recollection, "to appear UNDERWEAR, before all those ple, that was a different matter." is needless to say that Jessica soon minated this uncongenial associan.

She tells of another amusing episode en she was appearing as Kathie in e of *The Student Prince* companies. a certain point she was required to s the actor playing the part of the nce. "I was so nervous and I sed him so hard," laughed Jessica, at I left a large, red smear of rouge his face. You know it was the very t time I had ever kissed a man."

During still another phase of her ge career Jessica utilized her great t of mimicry and appeared as leadingenue in *The Grand Street Follies*. Her ability as mimic is not limd to mere tricks of facial expression d voice, but in a few deft strokes, an ence of mind rather than any exnal thing, she can make people one ows, famous people that she has been ietly observing at a party, come to life h all their characteristics before one's onished eyes.

Even the secret of her daintiness and artness of appearance was once put into rds by Jessica. In speaking of clothes e said, "I think it is quite necessary to nsider the amount one spends on clothes as an investment. You owe it to people always to look nice and they won't forgive you if you don't"

THERE is never a question of anyone ever having to "forgive" Jessica for not "looking nice", for whether she is flitting about in the little scarlet dresses she loves, or dressed demurely in black, or fluttering out to a party in a daffodil colored taffeta dress with a tiny white fur jacket over it, she looks like a fairy princess that has slipped from between the pages of her story book to brighten a drab world. Jessica's fairy story charm too, is something that is inborn and not acquired from contracts such as she signed in *The Vanities,* which stipulated a session with the toothbrush five times a day and a visit to a beauty parlor twice a week.

Jessica's graciousness is perhaps best illustrated in her attitude toward her ever-increasing deluge of fan mail. Busy as she is with her studies, she answers hundreds of the letters herself and sends out thousands of photographs to anxious and admiring fans. This, although she still continues her vocal lessons from one of the most famous teachers in New York, not to mention her Spanish and French lessons and the endless time she devotes to preparing her programs. For she even writes the condensed versions of operettas and musical comedies which are presented weekly in her broadcasts.

Now and then some of these letters cause Jessica to pucker her brows. For instance, there is a persistent admirer who writes song after song and sends them to her, requesting that they be sung on special dates. "And even if the songs were really good," wails Jessica, "he doesn't seem to realize that they might not be suitable and that our programs are prepared three and four weeks in advance."

There is a sixteen-year old girl, however, who is Jessica's special delight. Marjorie's mother brought her to the studio one day to see Jessica and the girl was stricken dumb in the presence of her idol. Since then there have been other meetings and many, many letters. Marjorie sings every piece of music that she has heard Jessica sing, and copies shadings and phrasing in an uncanny manner. She pulls her hair into the same lines as those of little Jessica's golden waves; and was once sent home from a girls' camp because she made life miserable for counsellors and herself—the camp boasted no Radio and she had to miss Jessica's weekly program.

The thing that most caught Jessica's fancy was to learn that Marjorie has one corner of her very own room turned into as exact a reproduction of a Radio studio as possible, from the gong and clock to an imitation microphone. "When she has come to see me," said Jessica, "she has sat as still as a little mouse and has never taken her eyes off me. It is more frightening to me, this close scrutiny when they even count your eye-lashes, than my whole unseen Radio audience, but I think Marjorie is a dear."

Jessica's own room is an enchanting place and it shows just how little all the adulation that has been heaped upon her has spoiled her. Here are no elaborate brocades and silken hangings. It is the room of a student and a dreamer, tucked high up in a tall building, and in it is Jessica's narrow little bed, her piano, her books and her pictures, many of which have traveled the road to success with her.

Trying to get any information from Jessica about love is like trying to capture a pixie or wood-nymph or to get information on the Einstein theory. Smiling gayly when asked if she is in love, Jessica says, "In love? Of course, I am. I'm always in love." And after all, isn't this the very best answer that could be made by a lovely, gay little person who, among her many, many gifts had no less a personage than Saint Valentine for a patron saint?

Jessica Dragonette Writes A Poem

DREAMING

'TIS *Twilight now,*
And through the day's long waiting
I have thought
Half o'er the hour you'll be free
To go awandering with me.

ALONG *the mountain's daisy bend,*
And yonder where the lilacs send
Their perfume mingled with the rose,
To filter through the after glows
Of day.

I START—*my being all a-tremble,*
Nor cap nor mantle I assemble,
Only to wander hand in hand
With Wisdom in a lily land.

TO GATHER *from your fecund thought*
How the cloth of life is wrought;
To feel your balm for human tears
Your love removing all my fears.

'TIS *twilight now,*
And through the day's long waiting
I have thought
Half o'er the hour you'll be free—
Then, little dream, you'll fleel









Another Answer to the

BEAUTY CHALLENGE

STATION managers, female artists and their sweethearts are all in a pother these days . . . because of the RADIO DIGEST Beauty Popularity Contest. With television coming on apace, it was thought the psychological moment for Radio broadcasters to come out in the open and show the public what they have to offer.

Two popular stations have answered the challenge. In the February issue KROW of Oakland did a lot of krow-ing over their staff of pulchritudinous damsels. Then in our March issue, WMCA of New York presented as fair an aggregation of singers and Radiactresses as one could hope to cast one's eyes upon.

Now out in the extreme west, KFWB and KGER seem to join hands in fraternal allegiance of some sort and pool their scintillating and dazzling array of pulchritude.

KGER, located in Long Beach, and KFWB, out in Hollywood, have an interchange of talent by which the beach station sends three or four programs a day to Hollywood over remote lines. This is not in duplication, for while KGER itself may be broadcasting one studio program for itself it is staging another which is sent over the wire for release by KFWB.

On the other hand, KFWB uses Bill Ray (KGER manager) to announce over the Rad its premieres from various theatre forecou and also releases to KGER once a week Warner Brothers variety program.

Thus any possible rivalry between the t broadcasters is purely of a friendly nature, and this spirit they have pooled their display beauty to issue a rebuttal to the photos alrea published from both east and west.

In similar display of sportsmanship, KFW has withheld pictures of famous stage and scre beauties who broadcast from the station a entered only regular staff entertainers.

Both stations confidentially expect that, soon as these pictures appear in print, they w be bombarded by a horde of male artists anxio and eager to work amid such bewitching su roundings. Line forms on the right.

Other stations . . . here's your invitation enter your fair entertainers in this nation-wi contest. Where are those far-famed beauties the South with their peach bloom comple ions? . . . Middle-western broadcasters, whe are your corn-fed damsels with the come-hith eyes?

And readers . . . what is your opinion in th battle of the beauties? Write the Editor, RAD DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.







KFWB entrants in beauty contest . . . (top row, first at left) Doris Jean Stone is the staff's youngest and smallest bit of femininity and does juvenile drama features. (top row, second) Nanette Vallon, musical comedy girl who specializes in Latin types calling for fiery emotional songs known as "hot stuff". (Top row, fourth) Ann Stone is both an actress and singer . . . likes naughty French girl parts and rolls a wicked accent. (Top row, fifth), Elinor Gail's deep dark past includes action with Roxy's gang but now she sings soprano over the air. (Picture on opposite page), Loyce Whiteman, the "girl with the wistful voice".

KGER pulchritudinous challengers . . . (Top row, center), Laura Lee Berry, sole surviving soprano, who took first prize honors as the station's best looker. (Left side, reading downwards), Marie Waters, violinist, leads the girls' trio and spends a lot of time answering fan mail from anxious members of her audience. Edna Bond, pianologue girl, who uses her trained digits and educated tonsils for the entertainment of many. Elsie Montgomery, 'cellist, when at home makes fudge, but at the studio does solo work and numbers with a string trio. Helene Smith, dainty and demure pianist, who does all sorts of keyboard improvisations.

Loyce Whiteman



THERE'S a wistful
ething in the voice of
e Whiteman at KFWB
makes you want to
where she is and look
her face. She has
icrophone soul. This
o gives you some
of her appearance—
the other half of her
yet to be seen there
mething more to hope
for later on.



Ferne and Flowers

THE Master Gardener of the NBC Vigoro program discovers a rare Ferne in this garden—Miss Ferne McAllister. Sometimes Ferne is seen as one of the Evening Glories of the Earl Carroll Sketchbook trellis. The stage beauties are twinkling across the Radio horizon with increasing frequency.

Lillian Taiz

THIS is the voice of the old Master's daughter, Lillian Taiz. She was well known on the air a few years ago. Then she went into musical comedy, was lead in "The Jazz Singer," prima donna in "Spring Is Here," "The Dutchess of Chicago," "Hello Paris," and "Artists and Models." Now she is lead feminine singer in the Dutch Master's weekly songfest heard over the CBS system.





Singing School

NOT all of the Seth Parker Singing Schools are located in Maine. Here is an especially good Seth Parker School as produced for Midwest listeners at KFH, Wichita, Kans. From left: Vernon Reed, Francis Diers, Lovina Lindbergh, Eunice Tole, Wilbur Schowalter, Dan Hosmer and Sue Fulton.

Tim and Ole

SEEING that the country was going to the dogs anyway Tim and Ole, the court house janitors, who discuss affairs of the nation over WCCO, Minneapolis, adopted Julius, a canine as sagacious as themselves. Tim is impersonated by Frank McInerny, automotive editor; and Ole by Fred Lundberg, sales manager.



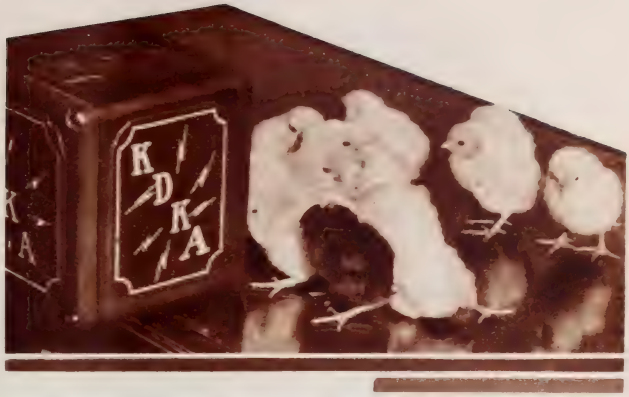
Phillips Lord

CREATOR of the Seth Parker character familiar to all Radio audiences is shown here in character with Ma Parker, played by Effie Palmer. Scene in NBC studios, New York. The Seth Parker programs are syndicated to all parts of the country.



Just Out

GOOD little eggs—at least they were only a few weeks before this picture was taken showing them presenting an early morning overture at KDKA, Pittsburgh. It's their one moment of glory. A few little peeps and then back to the farm to make way for a new batch due the next week.





Byrd Dog

"WOOF! Do you hear me? Yip, I'm Dinny. Me it was who led the dog gang that pulled Norman D. Vaughn's sled pack over the ice fields on the Byrd Expedition. We showed them how to get there—and I guess if it hadn't been for us—what, did we find CATS? Yeah—pole cats!" At WBZ-WBZA, Boston.



Flock Songs

"ARE you birds ready? O-kay! One-two-, one-two! Commence—" and a second after this picture was snapped Pretty Picture, at the piano, and her canary chorus were lilting a glorious good morning to all the world, from WSFA, Montgomery, Ala.



Louise Gillhouse

SOME day Peter De Rose hopes to hear Louise sing "When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver" and realize all that he imagined when he composed the piece. The listeners along the north section of the Pacific Coast enjoy Miss Gillhouse at KGW, Portland, Ore., for her soft, alluring voice.



ANNABELLE is younger than she looks in this picture but she began broadcasting when she was thirteen. She is equally agreeable as hostess and entertainer at WTAM, Cleveland. The piano is her favorite instrument of expression.

Annabelle Jackson

Rough Riders

LEM PERKINS and his Rough Riders hit the ether trail every Thursday night from KFEL, Denver. Over the mountains and through the valleys they ride and are welcomed at every ranch house with their galloping ponies and merry tunes.





Cowboys

ANOTHER bunch of hard ridin' banjo bustin' bull tamers is this aggregation of Oklahoma Cowboys under Boss Ken Hackley. And are they good! At WSM, Nashville, they broke a five-year record for fan mail with 5,000 letters and cards for one half-hour program.



Hayseeds

HEH! Heh
'Tain't no use argyfy
in' 'baout cowboys
folks, these whoop
dinger Hayseeds o
Augie Schultzez a
KPO in San Francisc
sure do mess up th
air with their lallygag
gin' an' hooray, fit t
kill. Ef ye ain't heerc
'em yet ye got som
pin' comin' to ye
They start rarin
'round 'bout 9:30 p.m.



"Sisters"

BURLESQUING the household hints features these two gentlemen, Ed East (left) and Ralph Dumke are providing an endless assortment of "hints and helps" for making the home happy. They are heard every afternoon at 2:45 over a WJZ network as Sisters of the Skillet.

Hill Billy

A TALL lanky boy from the mountains walked into the WCKY studios at Covington, Ky., and reckoned as how he'd like to do a piece on his mouth harp and guitar for the Radio. Without even an audition he was given his chance while the Radio audience was asked to write whether he was worth hiring. It was a great success and Hill Billy Kid got the job.



Jimmy and Bennett

YOU remember reading about Jimmy McCallion, one of the youngsters now making big money in Radio? Here he is in a new role as Captain of the Jolly Junketeers. Bennett Larson is at the piano. They are heard over an NBC network Wednesday afternoons at 5:15 EST.





Jeanne Carrol

SHE has one of those voices that haunt you in your dreams—but that may be because she is the heroine in one of those absorbing mystery plays that you hear at WMCA. An actress and a singer plus the personality that equips her for that day when we shall see as well as we now hear.



Agnes De Mille

HER series, "The Modern Dance," concluded recently over the NBC net, disclosed Miss De Mille as a young woman of versatile accomplishments. Her comment on the latest figures in dance movements was eagerly attended in college centers while lectures in higher learning waited.



Norma Shearer

THIS is a particularly exquisite composition of curves, if you will note, but we present Miss Shearer as one of those delightful screen personalities who have come to appreciate the fact that after all Radio can be a medium for conveying art to a waiting world. You've heard Miss Shearer on some of those Hollywood specials. There's more about the subject on the opposite page







Above—Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Lillian Roth. Left, Nancy Carroll. Right, Buster Keaton.

High-Hatting HOLLYWOOD

Radio Turns Tables on Once-Haughty Movie Stars—Now They Push and Crowd to Reach "Mike"

By FRANK ORME

THERE was a time when Hollywood, to Radio, was quite high hat. But that ncient history now. more does the gen- arlet lisp "Good eve- dear fans of Radio- '. Oh, no. Nor do stars of the screen t their microphone ntments while several on breathless fans eagerly for the in- d words of their idols. re not waiting so hlessly in this en- ned day.

e fact is, the shoe is ie other foot. r instance, a manager ie of filmland's lumi- s might talk to the tor of one of our wood or Los Angeles Radio stations thing like this.

say, old chap. I've got great news you. I've fixed it all up for the st star in the industry to come down ur studio and talk over the air."

'hat does she do?" our station man- might innocently ask.

o? . . . Why, man, I tell you this s a great star. The people will go just to hear her voice."

m sorry, old man, but you see our lule is made out three weeks in ad- e . . . and, after that, . . . er, you , things are so uncertain that . . ."

this point the conversation is in- pted as the star's manager drops

Imagine telling anyone that you t want Norma Shearer on your Radio n! But then, nobody ever said that Norma. Miss Shearer is one of the nate few who have Radio "it" . . . rare gift of personality that passes gh and beyond the microphone.

We might also give a cheer for Marie Dressler, Jeanette MacDonald, Bernice Claire or Polly Walker. Charlie King, Alexander Gray, Buster Keaton and our old pal, Harry Langdon, also merit high rating.

But the purpose of this article is not to praise, condone or condemn, but to tread lightly o'er the past, to tell you of the rosy future in the way of broadcasts from Hollywood, and to give you an intimate glimpse behind the "mike" at a real "movie" broadcast.

To begin with, we'll treat the past briefly and with soft music. Upon first realization of the tremendous possibilities for pubicity afforded by Radio, scores of Hollywood's finest rushed to the microphone. The aforementioned breathless public welcomed them with open ears. The result was disillusionment. There was no preparation for these appearances. The programs were haphazard. First the public, then the Radio directors, then the producers and, lastly, some of the screen stars themselves discovered that the mere presence of one of filmland's idols was not enough.

And so our "movie" programs, as such, have died.

At present we find Radio and Hollywood, like a pair of quarrelsome lovers, making up. In no other field of entertainment are precision and careful preparation more vital than in broadcasting. Hollywood is learning that. On the other hand listeners all over the country are clamoring for air personalities. Nowhere in the world are there so many vivid and colorful personalities as there are in magic film capital. Radio is learning that.

The result is obvious. Regular programs will be broadcast over the entire country direct from the sound stages of the great motion picture companies . . . just as sure as rain at a picnic. Arrangements are already being made in some places.

No persons realize the value of publicity more than the film producers. There is no other medium equal to Radio for the presentation of such publicity. The hook-up is a "natural".

What will these "movie" programs be like? . . . It is safe to predict that they will be more colorful and have more appeal than anything yet offered to the listening multitudes. They will effervesce with personality and fine music. They will bring us world famous characters in

songs, dramatic sketches and talks written by the highest paid staff writers in the world. And above all, they will be broadcast from the giant sound stages of Hollywood's studios.

We might digress for another moment to comment on the fact that many of the greatest stars in pictures, who are at perfect ease before a recording microphone or before thousands of people in a theater, are terrified . . . yes, actually terrified . . . when they are about to make a Radio appearance. One of the world's best known comediennes and character actresses recently spent two days in bed as a result of her nervousness just before going on the air. On this appearance, by the way, she made a great hit with her audience.



Estelle Taylor

Norma Shearer tells us that she is keenly conscious of the Radio audience when she talks into the microphone While she is not visibly frightened, she says that she is much more keyed up before going on the air than she is during her work before the camera.



Richard Dix

Ramon Novarro suggests that this high nervous pitch is due to two reasons . . . the lack of visible reaction to your work before the Radio mike and the knowledge that whatever is said or done is gone . . . it cannot be recalled.

When Richard Dix broadcast from Washington, D. C., at the premiere of RKO-Radio's *Cimarron* recently, he disclosed the fact that his Radio personality was as warm, as vital, as dominant as it is on the talking screen. And that was a test of Dix's self-command. For he is not an experienced Radio performer. He literally fears the "mike".

Estelle Taylor (in private life Mrs. Jack Dempsey, wife of the former world's heavyweight champion) was another of the group of RKO-Radioites which went to Washington to broadcast with Floyd Gibbons when *Cimarron* was given its premiere in the nation's capital.

Only recently Mary Pickford appeared in the Sunkist Musical Cocktail broadcast from Los Angeles over the Columbia network. This marked her second appearance before a Radio microphone.

Claudette Colbert, Paramount star, has broadcast over the Columbia network as guest artist of the Paramount-Publix Playhouse. With this microphone appearance, Miss Colbert gave an interesting account of her recent trip around the world. She found broadcasting "very thrilling indeed".

Ginger Rogers, another Paramount star, is no stranger to broadcasting studios. She has appeared as guest artist on a number of Columbia programs, lending her singing voice and charming speech to the ethereal waves. Miss Rogers finds in Radio a certain something that is missing on the stage and in motion pictures. Her fan mail after each broadcast is enormous.

Buddy Rogers is another star broadcaster, in which role he sings, talks and plays the saxophone or any number of musical instruments.

Ruth Chatterton and Charles Ruggles have also taken to the air waves. In fact, with Charles Chaplin as the only exception, probably every important motion picture player has sent his voice out into the ether at one time or another.

But now let us look behind the "mike" at our real "movie" broadcast. We go back some months to a particular program of the old "M-G-M Movie Club", which was one of the most popular features ever to reach the ears of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain audience.

This description will give you an idea of what to expect when such broadcasts are resumed during the next few months.

This program brought to our ears the voices of Bessie Love, Charlie King, ... Benny, Blanche Sweet, the M-G-M ... cording chorus and several other c... ties. Instrumental music was provid... Sam Wineland's thirty-piece orch... one of the finest on the West Coas...

Far back through the massive en... to the huge Metro-Goldwyn-... studios in Culver City, a few miles ... the heart of Hollywood, is stage nin... of more than a score of great halls ... many of filmland's most pretentiou... tures are produced.

This room, one end of which ... screened off for the broadcast, is ... than a hundred and fifty feet long, ... ceiling, with its myriad contraption ... cameramen, directors and electri... towers high above the floor.

At six-thirty o'clock, two and a ... hours before the broadcast, the orch... was swinging through the last stages ... four-hour rehearsal.

Intermittently the engineer in the ... enclosed "mixing" room, which hung... the side of the huge stage about t... feet above the floor, would shout in... tions through the loudspeaker belo... cage.

And so an hour passed in whippin... program into shape. A brief respit... dinner was followed by hurried pr... tions for the fast approaching hour ...

At eight-thirty o'clock, half an hou... fore the "dead line", a stir was creat... the arrival of Blanche Sweet and C... King. Bobby Agnew, direct from o... the sets where he had been workin... peared a few minutes later with a ... make-up on and wearing a tuxedo. ...

(*Continued on page 104*)



Scene from KHJ "Movie Club" broadcast, showing Pietro Gentile being lashed vile singing the whipping-post song from *Rogue Song*, by Lindsay MacHarrie, KHJ announ... er. On the stand is Sam Wineland, director of M-G-M movie orchestras.

Broadcastor OIL

Squirts and Smears from the NBC Lubricator Who Trades His High Hat for a Pineapple and Extracts a Few Squeaks from the Studios

By Ray Perkins



' Ray perks up when he disposes of the heavy high hat and gets to work on Radio Digest's gossip column.

PILLING airy persiflage into a defenceless microphone is one thing. Fastening it down on paper is another. Hot air in cold print doesn't ays jell. But for goodness sake, it's not r magazine, and if the editor wants to me play around in it, what's it to you? u only paid a quarter for your copy way. (Maybe you didn't even buy one, but let's assume you did. Look, giving you a fair break.) Why, the er in this magazine alone, plus the fasers, mucilage, ink, interest on the intment, overhead, underfoot and goodon earth amounts to more than a rter. More than twenty cents. More n even fifteen cents, I guess.

Vell anyhow, before you idly turn the es and fritter your time away on someg silly, at least give me a chance to ke a statement. Recently some scalag wrote to the NBC asking the purpose my broadcasts, the wet smack. Well, tell you. First of all I'm trying to bring etness and light and beauty into the s and hearts of the Great Invisible dio Audience—the GIRA as we in the ow" say. I can use GIRA in a sence. Want to hear it? (You're suped to say Yes.) All right: GIRA cheer the team, boys.

Vell, continuing with you readers who left—let them go, they were the rumble t element anyway—my second object in broadcasting so persistently is to exert a wholesome, uplifting influence on the boys and girls in the studio itself, the Great Invisible Radio Artists. To distinguish the latter from the audience, we employ the abbreviation GIRA.

It's all a lot of gira.

But my dears you have no idea what goes on behind the scenes in a great studio. I shudder to think of the Sin rampant in the private lives of our best known Radio artists. It's the old, old story. Decked in the tinselled trappings of Radio, drenched in its dross, surfeited with its limpid luxuries, they plunge themselves into the mad giddy whirl of parties, picnics, strawberry festivals and clambakes. Nice boys and girls they are at heart, worthy products of the average middle class American Home, but that leap from drab obscurity to golden stardom takes its toll. Notoriety unbalances them, unseats their sense of rectitude and sobriety, until with nerves taut, with emotions saturated, they seek the grotesque and harmful thrills of social iniquity.

How am I doing?

WITH aching hearts, let us lift the veil that has shrouded the personal activities of some of these ethereal butterflies. Who would think to hear the silvery voices of May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose, to the accompaniment of her dainty ukulele slapping and his virile piano poking, that their home (at least they *are* married) has been the scene of Orgies at which kissing games such as Post Office and Forfeits were played? Fie for shame, May and Peter! Fie do you do it?

And would the ardent followers of Vincent Lopez, the one who is in the orchestra business, send him mash notes if they knew that he thinks nothing of five or six plates of ice-cream in a single day, especially in summertime? Well, now they know it. And do *I* care?

WHY only last month the Wasp and Wash Society discovered a love nest in Studio G. At least it could have been a love nest. It wasn't occupied, but the society has hopes.

The name of Andy Sanella is emblazoned on the hearts of millions as masseur of the slide-guitar in Papa Rolfe's Lucky Strike Orchestra. Some people think there's no swella fella than Andy Sanella. What would you say if I were to tell you that we discovered Sanella in one of the control rooms holding hands with a girl? He claimed it was his wife, and that he hadn't seen her for a week because he had been working on both day and night programs. Hm! And again (all together now) Hm! A likely story!

But the saddest case on record is that of one of our most promising young sopranos, whose name shall *not* be Jessica Dragonette, being taught the deadly habit of coughdrop eating by an announcer. Groping her way thru a foggy larynx, the poor child was induced by this fiend to eat a coughdrop before singing. Today she is a confirmed coughdrop addict.

I recall the case of the pianist, William Wirges, who plays first piano for the

(*Continued on page 90*)



Puppy

Lobo's Master Wouldn't Part With Him—Even for $40,000! — Was Heartbroken At His Death

The DOG Whose BARK Helped Make Horace Heidt's CALIFORNIANS Famous

A MASTER'S affection for his dog lost him $40,000. And this same affection, deep-seated and warmly religious, causes the master, Clarence Moore, a saxophone player in Horace Heidt's Californians dance orchestra, to mourn the death of the dog without thought of any monetary loss. In fact, Moore dislikes any mention of the commercial element.

Lobo was the dog. A giant, dignified, intelligent animal of the German police family. He won national fame with the Californians, partly as mascot and partly as entertainer, during their appearances over networks of the National Broadcasting Company. And he was known to American vaudeville audiences, the smart sophisticates of New York and the royalty of Europe. His death occurred recently in New York.

It was while Heidt and his band were playing at Monte Carlo in February, 1930, that Moore was offered $40,000 for Lobo. The prospective purchaser was one Mr. Duera, who owns a famous stable of race horses and has fashionable estates at Paris, Cannes, Monte Carlo, and in Italy. A wealthy man, he was able to make the flattering offer to satisfy a whim, but Moore flatly declined the offer. "Lobo is as a member of my family," Moore said at the time. "I couldn't think of selling him."

Now Lobo is dead and Lobo II is to take his place. Lobo II comes from the same dog kennels in California, of the same strain of dogs, and although he has been called Lobo, Jr., since Moore purchased him, the dead Lobo was not his father. They were related, although distantly. The belief that Lobo II (that is the name Moore now uses for the living animal) was a son of Lobo, has grown erroneously. The two animals looked alike, did the same tricks, played together. And Moore called the younger one Lobo, Jr.



Horace Heidt, Leader of the "Californians" orchestra.

Lobo owed some of his fame to Horace Heidt and his Californians and they owed some of their fame to Lobo. Nor were the members of the orchestra hesitant in appreciating his worth. For Lobo, like all members of the orchestra, received a salary based on the amount of money received for engagements, so his master benefited financially. And Lobo II is to be a paid member, also.

Not many years ago—Lobo was only four at the time of death—Horace Heidt organized his da band on the campu the University of C fornia, and Moore p $50 for Lobo. The was a pup of just few weeks, and Mo purchased him for pet. But he was tined, before much ti passed, to take an tive part with the ba

Lobo was alwa present, lying unc neath the chair of master, when the b played over an N network on the Sh Happytime Hour fr KPO, San Francis Then his turn ca During an informal p gram, Hugh Barrett Dobbs, the nouncer, suggested that Lobo should gr and bark before the microphone. A Lobo did.

THROUGHOUT weste states, it was disclosed by an avalanc of fan mail which descended on t studio, dogs of every description a breed were terrified by Lobo's broa cast. Some Radio sets were broken family dogs jumping against the receiv apparently attempting to discover t owner of the barks and growls. Oth dogs stood by, defiantly answering h bark with challenging barks. And t cats scurried for cover.

Immediately Lobo became a broadca artist. Of late months, while the Ca

Love

By R. A. Wilkinson



Lobo was treated like a king's dog. Here he is, enjoying one of his feasts, while Clarence Moore, his master, looks on.

ns have been broadcasting over networks from the Hotel New r. Lobo barked during the signature r. Always he received voluminous nts of mail. One woman recently d that she was positive Lobo could ght to speak.

o would stand for minutes, dignified tentive, before a microphone, waite cue for his barking act. But of his tricks and acts, by which he own to a wide audience, are asso- with the vaudeville stage and Carlo. He played the role of an o malamute in *The Shooting of Dan* ew, and the role of a bloodhound g Eliza in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

THE *Shooting of Dan Mc-* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as staged e orchestra during their vaudeville rances, were short parodies on Serv- oem and the American negro slave Lobo played his two roles on al- e nights, and he played so well that uldn't forget the role in which he ast. After Lee Lykins, one of the stral members, taking the role of began running away with a fake Lobo would run in pursuit, bark- The trouble was in getting Lobo to n from chasing Lykins during the nder of the performance.

o, too, was probably one of the g champion heavyweights in the 's "dog ring." He used to spar a couple of rounds with Horace Heidt, and Heidt was once collegiate heavyweight champion of the West. Also there was no little power in his forepaws, and he danced around on his rear legs with the agility of a prep-school athlete. These impromptu boxing matches were always conducted under the best of rules, the boxing festival starting when the bell sounded. If Lee Fleming, the drummer, failed to ring the bell Lobo would turn his head toward Lee, as if to say, "Ring the bell or I won't fight."

Dr. Carl Warden, of Columbia University, once gave Lobo a mentality examination, giving him the intelligence rating of a boy of nine years.

The astute Dr. Warden placed Lobo in one room, his master in an adjoining room, and Moore, the master, whispered instructions to Lobo through a keyhole. This eliminated the question of whether Lobo understood instructions by the inflection of tone, the snap of fingers or the change of facial expressions rather than by the actual word message. Lobo proved conclusively that he understood his master's words, a feat that had never been satisfactorily duplicated before by any dog, according to Moore.

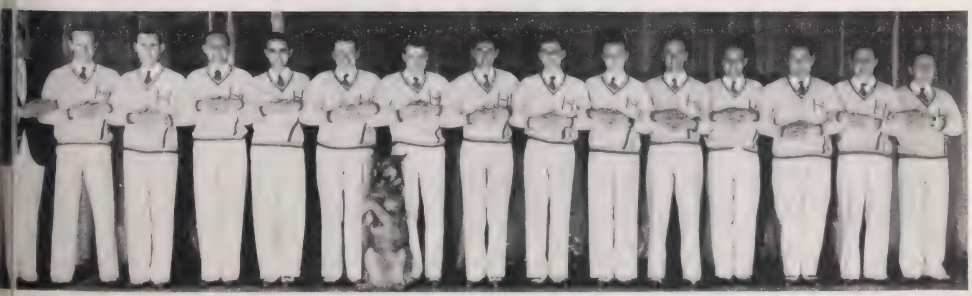
And any doughboy's knowledge of the French language did not far surpass Lobo's knowledge of French. When Moore would ask him, *"Parlez vous Francais?"* he would shake his head. Likewise, when Moore would ask, "Do you speak English?" he would shake his head. But there was a sad air to the negative head shaking.

Moore always talked to Lobo in conversational tones. Never did he raise his voice, and he displays the same patience with Lobo II.

Lobo and Lobo II both used to sleep on heavy felt cushions, slightly inflated, in Moore's New York apartment. At any time of the night one could find them, their bodies curled up like a fire hose. The freedom of the home was theirs. Either of them could open the door to the bath room, push the plunger in the water bowl and turn on the water, thus securing a drink. And unlike a boy of nine, Lobo's mental prototype, they would release the water and shut the bathroom door.

LOBO II still sleeps in the apartment and still obtains his own drinking water, but he's lonely and disconsolate. Even though he attended Lobo's funeral he seems to question what

(*Continued on page 104*)



Lobo was a salaried member of the Californians, but refused to wear the "H-sweater" because it was beneath his dignity.



Folk

Marge Grows Philosophical as She Ha
To All the Strange Requests that F
Through a Broadcast Switchboard

By Muriel Allen

"YES—this is WMCA. What's that? You're in a 'phone booth? Well, what can I—Oh Mister, Mister!"

Marge turned away from the switchboard.

"Can you beat that? His girl friend is going on the air here in five minutes, and he wants me to pull a loud speaker up to the telephone transmitter so he can hear how she sounds! And he's calling from a 'phone booth in Jersey City!"

"You must get lots of queer calls, don't you?"

"Queer? Say, this is just a *sample* of the crazy requests that come in over this switchboard at night. Why, you've no idea what people can think up—F'rinstance, I had a call once—

"WMCA! Yes! No, you'll have to write in for an audition—You can't wait? But you see, that's the only way you can get an appointment. What's that? No, I'm not the Program Director. No. I can't listen to you—I'm too busy—and besides——" She flipped the trunk line key. "Ye gods! This bird's singin' to me—*After the Ball Was Over*—I wonder if he thinks *I* can pass judgment on him —Y'know, it's funny sometimes" — the key clicked on and off again—"Gee, he's down to the last verse—But I started to tell you 'bout a call I had once—a coupla them, in fact—

"Hello—yes! No, ma'am, I'm sorry we can't accept any announcements like that—Sure, I'm sorry you lost your dog, but, you know, our programs are all arranged according to a set schedule, and we can't interrupt it to put on personal requests—I'm sorry.

"Ye—e-ees. What number are you calling? *This* is Columbus 5661. You're what? Getting married? (I suppose she wants me to congratulate her!) No, ma'am, we'd be happy to oblige you, but the department that handles our musical programs is closed now, and we can't make any changes without their O. K. It's too late. (Could you hear *that* one? She wants us to play the wedding march from *Lohengrin* at 9:30 tonight because that's the time she starts toward the altar!)

"Mr. Goldburg? On the Jewish Hour? Sorry, I can't call him to the 'phone now



Sidney Kahn, the good-looking young WMCA baritone who keeps "Marge" busy answering 'phone calls from his fans. He is heard on Radio Digest programs.

—he's on the air. Will you leave
number? I'll have him call you
name? Marge Perry! I don't
stand you—will you please speak a
louder? I'm what? (Oh—Oh—he
laugh for you! She says the only r
I won't call him to the telephone i
I'm prejudiced because I'm a Gent

Marge is quite a philosopher, an
board subsided for a few minutes,
her a chance to breathe a little.

"Gee folks certainly are funny.
of them don't seem to use their think
for anything but 'hot air'; some ha
idea that everybody's goin' to pick or
no matter what, and get all fixed
battle before they know what it
about. And some—God bless
think Radio stations are first cousi
encyclopedias—all y'gotta do is to
and they can give you the answer!
trouble at all.

"ARGUMENTS? Su
have to settle a lotta arguments. H
girl the other night—called up abou
o'clock to ask me the name of the
singin' over the air then. I told h
was Don Parker, and what do you
pose *she* did? Just shouted 'Whoo
that means I win this bet' — ther
called some one else and said, 'Will
please repeat what you have just sa
me?' When the other girl got on
wire, I told her the man's name was
Parker—and she starts tellin' me
away she was sure it was Rudy V
under another name!

"Fights too. I settle plenty of
bets when people get so excited ar
that they forget to listen in for the
announcement from the ring.

"But I still haven't told you a
those two calls I got one night—
came in about an hour apart. Each
it was a man's voice—and he didn't

Are Funny

Illustrated By
Walter Van Arsdale

name—just said he was a friend and he was calling to warn us there was namite bomb in the building. Boy! everybody start looking around the e like mad for the darned thing. And I scared!

"BOUT an hour later an- r man called—I know it was another because the voice and accent were different from the first one! We a 'labor program' going on that night all we could dope out was that some ch of soreheads was trying to get or something. But by that time the le station staff was just sittin' pretty waitin' for the big bang—and plannin' ick themselves up out of the rubbish ime to get home for breakfast. The utes just dragged by. The program went right along O. K., but everybody was just as tense as the dickens.

"All of a sudden there was a blinding flash—and then total darkness. Every light in the place went out. Everybody kept cool, and we dug up a candle or two to help grope our way around. Programs were still going on, but for several minutes the musicians had to play by ear, and the announcers had to 'ad lib' for dear life.

"Well, when they finally fixed the fuse, everyone looked around to see who was hurt, and there right under the fuse box, stark and stiff was a little mouse.

"The bomb? We never *did* find it!

"Hello! Yes, this is WMCA. No, we don't want any ice. (We've got a cooling system of our own—when they get too excited.)

"W-M-C-A—Ay! How late do we stay on the air? Until two o'clock tomorrow morning, sir! Cut it short? Oh, no sir, I'm afraid not. You see—what's that? Well, say, listen—(Could you get what *he* said?) Why, he's lit to the eyes—an' he says, 'Shay, can't you guys get off the air 'n' let a feller go to sleep?' Hey, Mister, why not try turnin' your Radio off—Shucks, he hung up.

"Oh, yeah, I get all kindsa funny calls—What? You gotta go? Gee, I'm sorry—it's been nice to have you drop in—hope you'll run in again some time—Wednesday's a good day—s'not so busy!—

"Glad to have met you. S'long! G'nite!!"



"He's lit to the eyes—an' he says, 'Shay, can't you guys get off the air 'n' let a feller go to sleep?'—Mister, why don't you try turning your Radio off!!"



Mrs. Allen in rôle of charming hostess serves tea to guests.

Radio

Ida Bailey Allen Recalls Days of Swinging Mike, Tiny Stuffy Studios and First Broadcast—Something about Violets

By

Florence Roberts

"ANOTHER CUP of tea?" smiled Mrs. Allen as she invitingly lifted the teapot.

The sun poured its shafts of golden light into the executive office of the National Home-Makers Club. There was that feeling of rest and informality—the roaring city only fifteen stories under our very noses — seemed miles away. The executive office, far from having that forbidding air and polar stiffness that generally go to make up an executive's retreat, was more of a living room—cheerful plants, bright curtains, easy chairs—and Mrs. Allen herself just as charming as any hostess could be.

Mrs. Allen had just conducted us through the Club's home. There is an honest-to-goodness kitchen decked out with every modern, practical kind of equipment. The fragrance of appetizing foods which had been prepared simultaneously with Mrs. Allen's broadcasts, assailed our nostrils — and there were tempting pies, and romantic looking salads. An irresistible bedroom is over at the furthest end of the Club—here beauty demonstrations are broadcast. There are other colorful little studios all along with glass doors through which one can not only hear, but also see the ongoings during the programs. Then there is a compelling library where one just has to stop and take down a book or two.

That's the way Mrs. Allen does things —there's nothing half way about it. She has almost an entire floor of one of New York's skyscrapers. It's so high that you can put your hand out of the window and bring in a few bright clouds to convince you that you're not very far from perfection and heaven.

How did this all begin—when did Mrs. Allen get the idea—how was it possible to develop such a mammoth project almost single-handed? Here is Mrs. Allen's story from her own lips:

"Up to 1923 I hadn't paid any attention to broadcasting but what little I had heard about it sounded preposterous. Although it seemed wonderful, the results were generally so poor that I felt it was nothing more or less than a freak of nature.

"Finally in 1923 I was lecturing in St. Louis in the murky month of April—and St. Louis is murky in April, you know that, and one of the editors of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* asked me if I would go to their Radio station and give a talk. This did not appeal to me at all, but finally they persuaded me to go. The speaker who preceded me was one Mr. Davies, the well-known tree man. He went first to the ordeal, and emerged fifteen minutes later with his stiffly starched collar wilted to a string around his neck. He confessed he had never been so scared since he walked up the aisle to be married.

"I WENT into the tiny, heavily swathed broadcasting room and talked before a horn-like thing they called a microphone, apparently speaking into nothingness.

"I haven't an idea what I said except that I remember speaking about some very beautiful violets that were sold on the street corners of St. Louis.

"Well, pretty soon it was over," continued Mrs. Allen with the faintest sigh as she brought back the recollection of her early experiences. "And I received fifteen hundred letters which came from different points between St. Louis and the Gulf of Mexico.

"The next week I went to Kansas City to give a series of lectures and a broadcasting station there asked permission to put a microphone on the stage. The microphone was a sort of swinging affair and worked admirably when I remembered to stay under it. But as I had a very bad habit of walking around the stage, the listening audience got my talk literally in instalments." Mrs. Allen's brown eyes twinkled.

"Broadcasting at that stage seemed to me to be something that conspired to keep me standing in one place when I wanted to walk around.

"THEN I came back to New York with no broadcasting ambitions. It was some two or three years later when I was asked to speak on station WOR. It was a Christmas program and I remember suggesting that at Christmas time it would mean a great deal to children to have their mothers dressed in gay frocks and I suggested that every woman wear a red Christmas dress if she could. The letters poured in from everywhere, and red dresses bloomed like roses.

"When I returned to New York, one by one the large Radio stations around New York City invited me to broadcast as a guest speaker. But I declined whenever I could. The very thought of a microphone seemed almost to freeze my soul.

"Finally WMCA asked me to broadcast regularly and I decided I would try it, that I would use this new medium to find out what women really wanted. I would give them over the air the things that in lecture tours they had told me they wanted to hear. I would ask them to write me their frank opinions. In other words, I would test Radio and the women themselves.

"Within four weeks after I started, the response had become so great that I d

Reminiscences

d to form a Radio Club, the National
o Home-Makers Club to be exact.
n the hottest day in July, I invited
listeners to come to the ballroom of
Hotel McAlpin to meet me. One
ired and twenty-nine showed up.
and there we organized the National
io Home-Makers Club which was
. after incorporated with as broad a
ter as has ever been granted to any
nization, as far as I know.

n August we had another visible
ing — this time the ballroom was
flowing.

n September we had a third meet-
in another auditorium. Seven hun-
women *could not get in.* It took
eral policemen to handle the crowds.
Not long after that I was made home
omics editor for the New York
erican. The editorial board gave con-
rable publicity to my
io work, which was then
ducted over WOR and
r over WHN.

I gave two broadcasts a
k, purely non-commercial,
subjects in which I felt
nen were interested. We
prize recipe contests,
e time-saving contests,
al speed cooking contests,
tings in Town Hall with
dcasts from the stage.

"I INTRODUCED
sic into women's programs.
I received more than
hundred thousand letters
appreciation from listeners
this district alone. More-
r, these women told me
at they wanted to listen
and with what phases of
ir housework, their cook-
and their lives they
ded help. I read each
of these letters and I an-
red thousands personally.
'Night after night when
staff had gone home I
uld stay in my then small
ces and read these letters
m my listeners, tabulate
ir requests, and wonder
w in the world I was ever
ng to gratify them.

'It was at this stage when
uests for the broadcasts
re coming from nearly
ry state in the Union that
idea of the Magazine of
Air was born, an idea that has proved successful over the Columbia Broadcasting System, because it has helped women.

"Just as I was wondering how in the world I could finance broadcasts to the entire country, Mr. Herbert Houston, my old friend and former vice-president of my publishing company, Doubleday Page, came on the scene.

"WHY don't you handle this problem like a magazine," he said, "and sell a certain number of pages, making them sponsored programs, and keep others purely editorial?"

"I hadn't thought of that, but as a former magazine editor, I saw how sensible this solution was. I asked him if he would help and so our business association was created.



One of the attractive passages in the headquarters of the National Radio Home-Makers Club.

"To make a long story short, some six months later, after the plan had been worked out in every detail, I went on the air in my first chain broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"Since then our programs have grown from one to as many as thirty-four programs a week. Our staff of four has grown to a staff of sixty-eight. And our visitors number thousands a year, and a quarter of a million letters have poured in.

"But the principle on which the National Radio Home-Makers Club was founded remains the same. It was founded on the requests and desires of the listeners-in. And today the thousands of letters that come receive just as careful attention and are as carefully tabulated as they were in the days when the club was first founded.

"And there is many an evening when I stay here alone, all by myself, read the letters and dream of the women who listen in."

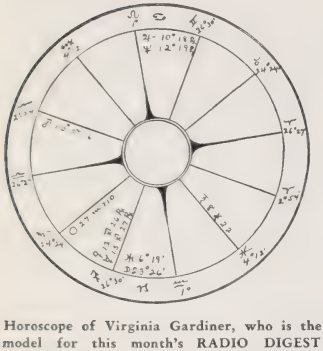
Mrs. Allen sat back as she concluded her fascinating story. Only a woman with great vision, power and personality, could have carried the responsibilities of an undertaking affecting hundreds of thousands of home-makers.

THE secret of her success is that she gives her audience what they want and need. Feminine listeners have received priceless instruction through Mrs. Allen's broadcasts. Those awkward with the needle have learned to sew a fine seam; drab corners in the home have been brightened up through a suggestion on interior decorating; innovations in food preparation, novel ways of getting up the family menu have helped to make the average Radio home what a home should be.

The Five Arts Program, one of Mrs. Allen's "Editorial Pages", is one of the most highly cultural periods on the air. Here you meet men and women prominent in every field of endeavor who share with you their philosophies. The common round of daily tasks take on a new aura through these inspirational talks and discussions by our great leaders.

Virginia Gardiner *and*

Her Stars



Horoscope of Virginia Gardiner, who is the model for this month's RADIO DIGEST cover, painted by Guy Hoff.

Venus Smiles on the Lovely Radiactress Who Is This Month's Cover Girl—Gives Her Beauty, Brains, and—but just Read What Else!

By Peggy Hull

WELL, here we are . . . just back from a trip along the Milky Way and we've got some spot news about that lovely little star of Moonlight and Honeysuckle (WEAF) . . . Virginia Gardiner . . . If we were a producer . . . or a manager . . . or whatever it is Radio stars have . . . we'd run right out and sign Virginia to one of those long-term contracts we read so much about in the movies . . .

I had a little heart to heart talk with Venus . . . as a matter of fact . . . went on that starry jaunt for the express purpose of taking that lady to task for neglecting Virginia . . . I've liked her for such a long time and I couldn't see why the planets weren't doing right by her . . .

Venus, as you know, is the one we always run to when we're in trouble . . . she's such a lovable person and unless she's afflicted in the natal chart . . . no, that's not what you think . . . the natal chart is a little slip of white paper which an astrologer uses to set up birth rate . . .

It was very easy to see that Venus was on the job in all her glory when Virginia was born, for she exhibits the interest of this planet of beauty in every line and contour . . . So I went right up to Venus . . . who was having a busy day of it by the way . . . and I said, "Look here, Venus, how come you don't give Virginia Gardiner a break . . . she's one of the most popular stars on the NBC chain and yet I've a feeling that she's not getting what she should."

VENUS looked pained . . . She gave a swift glance from glorious azure blue eyes and then explained. "It's this way, Peggy . . . I've been having a lot of trouble with my little protege, Connie Bennett out in Hollywood . . . It takes an awful lot of money to keep that child in circulation . . . and of course, you know how I am . . . take a pride in my work just like you people on earth do . . . so I determined to see this thing through . . . I'm glad," and Venus actually sighed a sigh relief, "that her last contract has been fixed up and now I can take up other matters."

She pressed a little star and one of the heavenly messengers appeared at her elbow. In the most business-like manner, Venus directed, "Bring me the birth data of Virginia Gardiner."

I HAD a chance to look over the office while she was making some notations on a little pad, and I couldn't help but envy Venus such a lovely spot in which to work . . . The walls were done in snowy cloud effects . . . and they were very tall and ended in a turquoise blue ceiling . . .

All the furnishings . . . the desks, chairs and filing cabinets . . . were done in some kind of composition that looked like mother of pearl with gold trimmings . . . it was a very impressive set up . . . but let me tell you about the carpet. It was so soft and buoyant that I felt like I was walking on down feathers, and it was just the color of the morning Sun . . .

Venus was dressed as usual in her favorite color, a silvery violet, and, of course, being a planet she could walk around as easily in her flowing trains as we do in sports skirts.

She took the data which the messenger brought to her and gave a little exclamation. "Oh, this is just splendid. Now I understand why I haven't had her called to my attention before."

She leaned back in the mother of pearl swivel chair with its gold frame, and I give you my word there wasn't even a creak out of it and said, "Virginia is one of those girls who can take care of h self . . . She's a hard worker and is go to win a success that she'll wear a crown of achievement as long as lives."

She laid the birth chart on the d . . . "Just look at this." She point to the position of the planets, "Here have steady progress . . . a slow upw movement over a period of years . deepening of comprehension . . . of en tions . . . of thought processes . . . girl has one of the best minds of anyo in her profession . . . " she tapped a g pencil lightly on the shimmering top the desk . . .

"Within nine years," she said slow and impressively, "this girl is going sweep to the very top of her professi . . . she'll be proclaimed as the great dramatic actress of her time. . ."

"Whew," I said, "that's certain something to look forward to . . ."

"And that's not all . . . her road towa that goal begins right now," went Venus, "she'll be surprised one of the days with an offer that will be far beyo her present expectations . . . but the be aspects are forming for her the latter pa of July. From then on things will very nice . . . maybe she'll take a tr abroad in the summer. . . . August I shou say . . . if she does . . . it will do her lot of good . . . and will prove benefici in more than one way."

I PUT these notes down a fast as I could because I was sure all Virginia's Radio friends would be glad t know that some wonderful things ar coming for their favorite. She'll have t be careful during the latter part of Apr about falls . . . you know there are time when can stumble over a rug and cour

ister . . . and other times a fall doesn't
n give us a bruise . . . but Virginia
st be careful of how she uses her feet
ing the last week of April . . .
t this time there is also a possibility
some misunderstanding with women,
Venus said she wasn't going to worry
ut that because Virginia is such a
et girl and so tactful that she could
trol any situation.
Of course I was curious about why
s was so successful as an actress on the
dio . . .
Venus pointed her gold pencil to Mars
the twelfth house. "This is why she
ns her living in a concealed position.
e Radio gives her success because her
ievements must come while she is hid-
n. Many of the men and women who
e dominated history, yet who during
ir lifetime did not appear in person be-
e the public, have Mars in this posi-
n. In the latter part of life," said
nus impressively, "she too, is going to
ke some constructive and permanent
ntribution to mankind. I should say
will be in some form of writing. She
y not think it possible now, but her
oscope shows that long after many of
favorites of today have been
gotten, her name and her work
l her thoughts will be guiding
ure generations."
Well, I guess that's some horo-
pe . . . I can't imagine anybody
getting a thrill out of prophecy
e that!
Here are some other things I
rned about in that white and
ld office of Venus.
Virginia must save her money.
e will never have any extended
riods of bad luck, but because
is extremely artistic, sensitive
l easily affected by her environ-
nt she must be prepared for an
casional rainy day. She has very
h ideals . . . so high, in fact, that
is almost impossible for an or-
nary human being to live up to
em . . . she is a fascinating crea-
re because she possesses that curi-
s elusiveness which all actresses
o achieve great fame seem to
ve. It is the same quality which
reta Garbo has and yet it is not
repelling because Virginia has a
rmer, more enthusiastic and hu-
an nature.

JUPITER in the sign Cancer gives her great success th the public, and as Jupiter is w transiting her birth sign it will ubtless bring to her some unusual er.

I suppose that Virginia has often ondered why it was that she uldn't go out to parties and have rip-roaring good time like every-dy else there seemed to have . . . e would think she was going to ve a good time . . . that this time everything would be different . . . but it always turned out the same.

Saturn in the fifth house causes its subjects to go looking for pleasure on the outside but it at the same time makes it impossible for them to find it . . . Virginia is going to get her greatest happiness in this life through the realm of her mind. She has Mercury in Saggitarius and it remains for practically all her life, in the same unusual situation that we found in Will Rogers' horoscope. This is a splendid position for Mercury and when all the deep and profound thoughts which even now are on the borderland of her consciousness begin to creep through, life will take on a new meaning. Doubtless many of her friends never suspect the depth and profundity that is buried beneath her flashing smile and gay words. Seriousness is never connected with vivaciousness and yet there is no reason why the most serious person in the world can't relax and kick up his heels if he wishes to do so . . . Now we don't know whether Virginia kicks up her heels or not . . . but if she does we'll wager they are very pretty heels and she does it very gracefully, for she should be an excellent dancer, as well as singer and musician.

She has strong intuitions and hunches about everything important that comes into her life . . . and she should never go against a hunch . . . if she follows her intuition she'll never have much trouble . . .

If you were born with your Sun in Scorpio, like Virginia Gardiner . . . that is between October 23rd and November 22nd . . . then you belong to one of the most powerful signs in the Zodiac. For Scorpio gives strong characteristics, shrewd judgment, excellent critical faculties, the ability to work hard and to give minute attention to details. You are reserved, tenacious, determined and extremely secretive. You do not want anyone, even those closest to you, to know all about your affairs. As Mars is your ruler you express his fiery force either for good or for evil. You will take up a battle at any time for someone else, or for some impersonal cause, and you will never be content with half measures . . . it is either one extreme . . . good or bad.

While Scorpio people, if their planets are afflicted, often take the wrong side of an argument, they have one redeeming feature—they are not underhanded or crafty, whatever they do, they do in the open and above board.

They have a vivid imagination; a clear, sharp and penetrating mind; and possess great personal magnetism.

* * *

Peggy Hull is casting personal horoscopes for RADIO DIGEST *readers. Send for yours—see special offer on page 102.*



This April Virginia's stars warn her to be careful about falling—good thing her winter planetary influences aren't such kill-joys, 'cause she just loves slippery ice and snow.

History records that:

MISS GARDINER was born in Philadelphia. She started singing in the "curls and pink bow" period and kept it up throughout he childhood. Her family moved to Toledo and she began to make public appearances as a singer and in amateur dramatic productions.

She went back to Philadelphia and studied music at Curtis Institute for two years. Then she won a scholarship awarded by Madame Sembrich, of the Metropolitan Opera Company and for another two years studied under the direction of the opera star. Concert engagements followed and then she decided to seek a career in the Radio studios. She found it.

Miss Gardiner is tall and well proportioned. She is pretty and laughs a great deal and has the kind of teeth you see in dentifrice ads. Though she has no real theatrical background she acts strenuously when she is before the microphone. She has a half dozen different voices and has used them all in one program in which she was called upon to play many roles.

Broadcasting from

Advertising and Radio Broadcasting

EVERY few days, there breaks forth some new outburst against the ruination of Radio programs by an overdose of advertising. Complaints emanate from the great as well as the small. Indeed, there is no doubt that the great mass of Radio listeners would be pretty drastic in deleting advertising copy if they could have their own way. In fact, they might go quite too far and wind up by killing the hen that lays the golden eggs—the hen in this case being broadcasting and the eggs, the programs of the air.

To our way of thinking "there is much to be said on both sides", but before most of the talking is done, representing either viewpoint, the "loud speakers" should acquire a much more detailed knowledge of the subject whereof they complain. Most of the tirades with the strongest echoes are the vociferations of men and women who are ignorant of the facts, intolerant or impatient by nature, or just downright selfish.

Considering some of the transgressions which have been committed via the microphone, this may sound like propaganda, like an effort on the part of the Editors of RADIO DIGEST to persuade the Radio audience to refrain from criticism. Nothing could be so far removed from the truth. Our primary sympathies lie with the public in consequence of which fact no one could be more desirous of protecting the American people from abuses in broadcasting and particularly in program conception. As a matter of fact, we actually anticipate occasional clashes with Radio manufacturers, with broadcasting stations and with program sponsors. In every such instance it will be found that RADIO DIGEST is "with the people". We have come out unequivocally on such matters as Radio censorship, electrical transcriptions and the musically inferior type of midget sets. Regardless of consequences, we are going to serve our readers—the Radio public —first, second and last.

And so, while we propose to approach this question of whether advertising is destroying the popularity of broadcasting with every effort to be fair to *all* the parties concerned, we confess beforehand that we are partial in our viewpoint to the best interests of the listening public.

Let us consider: Is advertising on the air overdone? Most emphatically, *yes*. Should advertising on the air be suppressed? Most emphatically, *no*. What should the public attitude be toward advertising via Radio? In our estimation it should be one of tolerance insofar as moderate inclusion of advertising is concerned and one of constructive criticism in those cases where the advertising is definitely offensive.

At this point it may be well to draw some parallels, wi such things as books, "the movies", magazines, the theat the opera and the newspapers.

In the case of books, the public pays a full pro-rated pri for each and every copy. There have never been any serio complaints because of this method of doing business wi the public; the reading of books has been rendered mo widespread by public, private and endowed libraries. In t field of books the public can buy only what it believes worth the money and the time required for reading. Th option of the public, as regards books that are both paid ar free, is so complete that the system of book distribution h received public acceptance.

In the field of moving pictures, free exhibitions oth than those of an educational sort are of minor volume. Th public has accepted without ado the principle of paying pro-rated cost for each and every admission to a given sho The theatre and the opera fall largely in the same categor although endowments and underwritings generally pay pa of the expense of attending opera for the audience at large.

WITH magazines and newspapers, the situation is di ferent. With comparatively few exceptions the pu lic pays for only a part of the physical cost and almost never fo any part of the editorial cost—in other words, for the cost o the actual words they read and pictures they see. Who tak up this staggering slack? Obviously, advertising does. An what a break that gives the dear old public, who in the earl stages of publication advertising used to be so resentful i its attitude. Gradually, however, all this has changed. Th public has learned to accept printed advertising in magazine and newspapers not only as an acceptable means of reducin subscription costs and greatly improving editorial content but also to a considerable degree on its own account becaus of the news and information contained within the advertisin itself.

At this juncture, one may ask what all this has to do wit Radio advertising. Plenty. Because as matters now stand practically the entire cost of Radio programs of all types sustaining as well as sponsored, is being underwritten b advertisers who are willing to spend millions and millions o their hard earned dollars to entertain and inform the Ameri can public, provided only that they be given a reasonabl good opportunity to acquaint the public with the product they have to sell. What a break for the public in having it Radio program cost so completely assumed by advertisers

Radio sets are sold to the public on a basis which include no part of the costs of broadcasting. Therefore, the se owner finds himself in the position of being "all dressed up but no place to go" unless some kind soul comes along to sell him or to give him a program. In America it is a case of give, though with many of the important foreign countries,

he Editor's Chair

adio audience is compelled to pay. And, irrespective of st element—which is not to be lightly considered—what he public get?

here the public pays for its programs—as in England, e and Germany—the public gets virtually no choice in casting stations, and hence virtually no selectivity in ams at a given hour and day and, of course, a very d variety of programs and schedule of each particular

As in the case of most governmental projects, the is compelled to accept what is thought best for it ve rather than what it chooses to have. Furthermore, am competition for public attention is virtually unknown.

d what by way of contrast do we get in the United , under our system of the Radio set owner paying no of the tremendous cost of broadcasting and providing ams? Here are just a few of the benefits:

A numerically large number of stations, operating under a wide variety of managements.

A wide selectivity not only of stations, but of variety in programs and quantity of each type.

Talent, definitely the best in the world, with lots of variety as to kind of talent and the number possessing each type of talent.

Extensive competition among stations and programs for public attention, thereby enabling the public through its untrammelled ability to "turn the dial" to force steady progress not only in the excellence of talent but also in the excellence of programs *and in a satisfactory application of the advertising phase.*

OTHER words, in America, the public sits in the saddle with adequate control over programs *without paying the* while in the countries where the public pays the bill, the o audience is ridden by those in charge of broadcasting. of which, incongruous as it may at first blush seem, is Radio Digest believes that the primary interests of the o audience can best be served by an attitude of welng advertising as the underwriter of broadcasting (even has done with magazines and newspapers).

'e should not feel so inclined were not the key to the e situation both figuratively, and literally, right within ands of the public. We refer, of course, to the ability e public to tune in and tune out whenever and whatever ooses. With this supremely powerful factor under its control the public need never worry for long about nt or offensive advertising. The remedy is ever at l, but because of this very fact the public should make a cious effort to educate advertisers on the kind and ant of advertising that is acceptable in exchange for advertisers' underwriting a wide variety of very costly programs. For the mutual benefits there should be a blending of effort to arrive at a mutually satisfactory result, instead of pulling apart due to lack of understanding on the part of advertisers as to proper advertising technique when on the air, or to lack of tolerance and sympathetic appreciation insofar as listeners are concerned.

The American method of paying for broadcasting is the best in the world, when judged solely by the standard of number, variety, and quality of programs offered to the public. Let's keep that fact always in mind.

It is certain that advertisers do not want to offend the public—without exception they are aiming to please the widest possible audience. Hence the problem, in so far as advertising is concerned, revolves around what constitutes good technique.

There are effective ways and means of being constructive and cooperative in our criticism. More of this later. And meanwhile, let's take care that the hen who lays the golden eggs shall be with us ever more.

Ray Bill.



RADIOGRAPH

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

SETH PARKER says, "One thing about singing these old tunes, they make everybody feel as if they were neighbors." And the first impression that you get of Phillips Lord, the creator of Seth Parker, is that he is a neighborly person.

I met him for the first time in a bare little hotel room where he had gone, he said, "to find a little peace in order to finish up some work." (Dictating an "Uncle Abe and David" sketch, answering the 'phone about every two minutes, and being interviewed by me, doesn't seem like peace but then we all have different ideas.) Yet even in the rather



Phillips Lord

hectic moments that we were in his so-called place of refuge, he made me feel at home and welcome, just the way old Seth Parker makes all his guests feel welcome at his home up in Jonesport, Maine.

The friendliness, the kindness, one gets immediately upon meeting Phillips Lord, but it seems hard to believe that one so young—he is under thirty—could be old Seth Parker on the air.

"I can't believe it," I told him.

"Can't you?" His forehead wrinkled up. His shoulders hunched together in an old man's stoop. There was a tremor to his hands. He said, "Would you just give us the note, ma."

It was Seth Parker himself. (*A picture of Mr. Lord as Seth Parker appears on page 36—Editor.*)

"Yes," said Phillips Lord, "I often use that voice as a means of identification. It's rather convenient sometimes. I remember once I had to buy a tire in a strange town and they took my check on the strength of my Seth Parker voice."

Perhaps no one who owns a Radio has failed to hear the Seth Parker program at some time or other. If there is any such person, then let me say that the program goes on the air every Sunday night at ten-forty-five, eastern standard time, from the NBC studios. It is one of the best known and best loved of all the programs, and probably does more good than any of them.

It is a religious program, yes, but a member of any church could step into the "githering" at Seth Parker's and feel at home. And Seth Parker's philosophy is summed up in the word neighborliness. As Phillips Lord says in the foreword of the Seth Parker hymn book: "A neighbor is a man, you know, who tries to make living a mite more fun for everybody and when a man gets feeling this way, he's pretty sure to catch religion. One thing to remember, though, is that if you're a neighbor, it doesn't make much difference what color the church is painted that the other neighbor goes to."

The group that plays Seth Parker—Ma and Cefus and Captain Bang and Lizzy and all the rest of them—is a very congenial and friendly one. The rehearsal which I attended didn't seem like a rehearsal. Instead it was a group of neighbors dropping in to sing. I felt a part of it myself. Lizzy—that's Mrs. Phillips Lord, a slim, brown-haired person—came over to talk to me. She told me about her two babies, about how she couldn't help her husband as much as she'd like to now because the children were going to be a man-sized job. She was excited because that night she and her husband were leaving for Washington, where they were going to put on a Seth Parker skit for a mission society. She said they were to meet President Hoover. We were chattering away as if we had lived in the same town for years. Suddenly the subject of colleges was brought up.

"I went to the University of Arizona," said Mrs. Lord, "in Tucson."

"But that's my home town."

"Don't tell me you're Oliver's sister."

"And did you know . . . ?"

"And have you been . . . ?"

She'd been a neighbor of mine for years without my knowing it. We had to come to New York to meet. I knew that she is a western girl. Her home is in Connecticut.

The story of the birth of the Seth Parker idea is an interesting one. Three years ago Phillips Lord came to New York from Maine. He wanted to write but after he'd collected enough rejection slips to start an album he went to work in a candy factory. One evening he happened to listen in to a Radio program about country life. It was so untrue and exaggerated that he felt he must do something about it. That something was to write a sketch himself, get a group of people together, rehearse them in the sketch, and then take it to one of the smaller stations. It was put on and was an instant success. Then he started sending the scripts out to other stations. Seth Parker's Old Fashioned Singing School began to be heard in all parts of the country. And he is still sending out the scripts. One is being rehearsed now in an Australian station.

Naturally NBC heard of young Lord and his Singing School. They wanted to buy it from him, but Lord felt he could not take it away from the smaller station that had stood by him when he was getting his start. However, he offered NBC another idea, the Sunday evening gathering at Seth Parker's, and as such it has gone on the air, in a coast-to-coast broadcast.

I asked Phillips Lord why he thought



Helen Nugent

ural type had such a wide appeal.
s explanation was that farm memories
ry close to every American. The
cities have not yet made us en-
el urban.

As I left the studio that night, after
ng to Seth Parker's homely philoso-
y I felt that the world couldn't be
so bad as people made out.

Helen Nugent

"BUT I haven't any story," said Helen Nugent, when I talked to her in her ve, East Forty-sixth Street apartment. ways knew I wanted to sing. I d away at it. And now I'm g."

n notice she said she plugged away For one thing Helen Nugent has, capacity for hard, purposeful work. es, Columbia's popular staff singer lot of other things, too. She's you know. She has the clear pink hite skin, the coal black hair, the a wistful something in her beautiful hat children of Erin so often have. he has that other thing that occa- ly is missing in the Irish strain— ower of concentration.

voice is a lovely mezzo-soprano, e can sing alto without effort. She knew she wanted to sing ever since she was a child. And the road by which she has come to be one of the most popular sopranos on the air has been the quite undramatic, but usually successful one, of native talent plus applied effort.

Cincinnati is her home town, and when she was seventeen she tried out for the Cincinnati Summer Opera Company. She was chosen from a large number of competitors. She became a soloist for the opera company, singing for them six years. During that time she studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Her Radio career began with WSAI. That was six years ago.

"So you see," she said, "I am quite a pioneer. We used to sing into a horn back in those days, and if we sang too loud and 'blasted,' the sparks would fly out in our faces. It was a pretty effective way of preventing us from doing it."

Not that Miss Nugent has to worry about her microphone technique. Her voice is perfect for the air; it has that intimate, I'm-singing-right-to-you quality that is so essential for Radio. Miss Nugent went on to explain why some grand opera stars fail before the microphone. "It's because they can't forget their stage manners. They are put in a big studio and feel they should fill it; or they are conscious of the millions listening in, and sing as if to a great audience."

Miss Nugent would like to go into light opera and musical comedy some day. "Not give up Radio," she hastened to add, "but I should love to do both. It would give me an opportunity to act, and that is what I most love to do. However, when television comes I'm going to be able to eat my cake and have it, too."

Notice the pajamas Miss Nugent is wearing. She had them on the afternoon we had our talk. They are deep violet satin and very fetching. Pajamas, incidentally, are one of her hobbies. Another is her canary, "Thou Swell". "Thou Swell" believes in singing in the bath tub. Not when he is, but when she is. Every morning the sound of the shower starts him warbling. He sings while she is eating breakfast, and then refuses to give out a note till six o'clock in the evening.

As for the singing of his mistress, she sings in five languages, and speaks in two. Her Spanish is as fluent as her English. In her years at school she had as a room-mate a young girl from Mexico City and it was from her that she learned her Spanish.

Miss Nugent has been with Columbia since 1928. She is heard on the Robert Burns Panatella Program, in Ward's Baking Hour, in the Mardi Gras, with Ben Alley, in the Paramount Publix Hour, in Three Modern Maids, and in The Coeds. Watch for her in two new commercials, too. They are to be announced soon.

Morton Downey

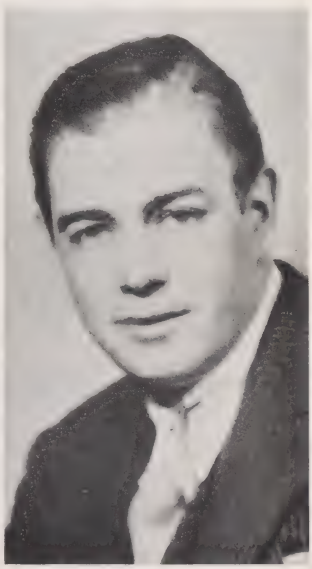
NO, MORTON DOWNEY isn't related to Napoleon.

But because he has a certain little trick that the French Emperor had, he is able to weather the hectic life that a program of seven broadcasts a week, running his Hotel Delmonico Night Club, and making personal appearances at the Paramount Theatre, entails. And that trick, which saved the "Little General" through so many of his campaigns, is the ability to fall asleep at a moment's notice. Morton Downey can catnap any place. He picks up his rest little by little, here a minute and there a minute. Otherwise the regime he leads as Columbia's busiest tenor would surely kill him.

The afternoon I saw him in his office in the fashionable Hotel Delmonico, he had just come from a broadcast at WABC, was due in a little while at the Paramount Theatre, and then would come back to direct his orchestra and sing in his night club. And that is his daily schedule. Yet there he sat as if he had not a thing on his mind, discussing his favorite hobby, the raising of pedigreed dogs. Incidentally, it was his friend, Harold Lloyd, also a dog fancier, who inspired this canine interest.

Downey has an amazingly high, sweet tenor voice. And so good does Columbia consider him that it puts him on four days a week—Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at seven o'clock. Yet despite the competition from Amos and Andy, the tenor is receiving more fan mail than any other of Columbia's ar-

(*Continued on page 90*)



Morton Downey

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

TODDLES (Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court) and Marcella, garbed in our finest plumes, walked rather nervously to the CBS to interview Louis Witten—one of the handsomest announcers. my dears, we have ever seen. Bowing most graciously and with a perfectly devastating voice, he welcomed us. Toddles kept on nudging me and I kept nudging her as dear Mr. Witten told us his history. Would you believe that he used to sell trucks and autos—that was after he left the army at 21—he's 33 now—a glorious age, don't you think? Was announcer for CBS until Hanff-Metzger, advertising agency, realizing he was worth his weight in gold made him head of Radio Department. Now is guest announcer on Royal Typewriter Hour. My dears, only one word can describe Louis Witten—he's devastating!



Louis A. Witten

* * *

MARCELLA SHIELDS MACNAMEE of The Troupers and your own Marcella spend our days and nights getting our letters straight. The only broadcasting this Marcella has done has been confined to wax—instructing chickens how to lay eggs. So Mrs. Waalkes, it wasn't "me" as you 'eard. Jane of Secor, Ill., joins in your request for a glimpse of Tony Wons, the man with a philosophy all his own. He was born in 1891 under Menasha. Wis. skies. On the shore of a Wisconsin lake, he and Mrs. Wons, formerly Ruby Hill of Chicago, have a little log cabin. Tony himself constructed this rustic little home as well as a boat and a jetty. His early life was filled with bitter experiences, but he strove above his environment and succeeded. He read much and collected verses here and there to steady him along the road of his ideals. During his stay in the hospital after the war these clippings comforted and inspired him. He now shares his constantly expanding scrapbook with thousands of Radio listeners.



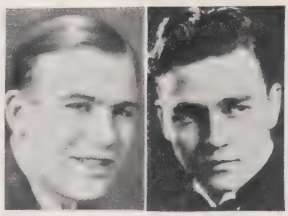
Anthony Wons



Walter J. Neff

* * *

INTRODUCING a popular announcer over one of New York's stations—Walter J. Neff—as fine a personality as anyone could wish to meet. Has two decided aversions—fried scallops and heavily perfumed women—mind you, not *heavy,* perfumed women.



Little Jack Little John Fogarty

* * *

MILDRED, my dear, the only *cheeild* that Little Jack Little has is a li'l Pekingese dog—just the darlingest, cutest, most fascinating thing you ever laid eyes on. In the magnificent home in Hyde Park, Cincinnati's exclusive suburb, Panky romps and plays the whole day long. Jack and his very lovely wife are quite attached to their pet and wouldn't part with it for anything. William Lloyd and hundreds of others who have been attracted to Jack's magnetic whispering voice want to know something about him. He was born in London somewhere around 1900 under name of Jack Leonard and at the age of four was sent to London Conservatory of Music to study music. Family later settled in Iowa and he studied for two years at the University of Iowa. Negligent in his studies, he left college and did a little traveling, meeting along the way the hungry wolf. "Tl need of money started me writing songs says Jack. His startling success is a sto in itself. His Radio work is the delight listeners all over the country.

* * *

"I SO thoroughly enjoy listening Popular Bits over NBC and would like some information about John Fogarty, the tenor," writes Mrs. McM. of Bloomsburg, N. J. "We all agree that John Fogarty is the future John McCormack," says A. M. of Pennsylvania. Would you believe, my dear Mrs. McM and A.M. that at the age of 16 John ran away from his home in Sio Falls to join the army? He was alwa interested in singing and appeared shows behind the lines. When he came New York he studied under Louis Chartiere, who he considers is the "greatest living baritone." Toured on the Keith-Orpheum Pantages Circuits in headline acts and now tours country via Radio waves.



Kathleen Stewar



Stanley Bell

* * *

KATHLEEN STEWART as staff pianist of the NB certainly gets her radiant personality ov the air. She isn't to be counted amor the people who the Indian describe as "laughing with th lips but not smilin from the heart".



Mrs. Hall K. Clements

* * *

"DID you eve find out anything o Stanley Bell, th Columbia announce at Washington, D C.?" inquires Rut

dams of Akron, one of my faith-
ils. "Was he an Akron boy? The
ne I knew would be around
irty." Mr. Cant, behind the
enes of Columbia—and may I
id, dear Ruth, one with whose
partee Marcella has to sharpen
er wits—says Stanley is a native
f Akron and went to Washington
t an early age. So, my dear, he
ust be the very one you know.
le now announces Columbia pro-
rams from the nation's Capital,
nd he is credited with having in-
roduced more distinguished people to
adio audiences than any other announcer
n the dear old U. S. A.

* * *

WGBS, New York City, has one of he most versatile, active little women n its staff in the personable Mrs. Hall Zane Clements. Distinguished as a newspaper and magazine feature writer, as a director of programs and a novelist, she is now directing the publicity work for this popular station of Knickerbocker Town.



Jack Sharp

* * *

SCORES of letters have been received fromlistening friends, giving their own suspicions as to he name of the clever young lady who impersonates the Old Dutch Girl—the character who stands guard near everyone's kitchen sink. Who is she? And why does she hide herself so mysteriously. Some say it's Mary Charles, others Barbara Maurel, and a few suspect it's Irene Beasly. One thing sure, it's not Mme. Queen!



Gloomy Gus

* * *

"I AM sending you a photograph of Jack Sharp which I want you to use. I can't keep from saying nice things about him as he is very popular over KFDM, Beaumont, Texas." writes Ida Cross Farrow of Elizabeth, La. My, wouldn't it be grand if every Radio announcer and artist had such interested publicity representatives. Ida says that Jack has a very charming voice and the finest personality—a perfect delight to everyone fortunate enough to hear him. Thanks, Ida Farrow—and I'm returning the pictures to you today. Oh, yes, and Miss Farrow says that Jack has traveled extensively and appeared in the best theatres.



Tastyeast Jesters

* * *

"HERE I am again," announces Twilla of Salina, Kans. "Won't you please print a picture of Gloomy Gus of WKY," she pleads, "and—is he married?" Alas, and alack, my dear, dear Twilla, Gloomy Gus is wedded—and what's still alas-er and alack-er his wife is a very charming woman, so that he wouldn't be interested, from all appearances in a "second". Would you think so? They have, while we're on the subject, two beautiful children. Gloomy Gus or Gayle V. Grubb has been station manager of WKY, Oklahoma



Earle Nelson Irwin Cowper

City, for two years—is also blessed with the lucky combination of good business and artistic talents.

* * *

MISCELLANEOUS Announcements: Interested Mother—there's a feature story of Real Folks on another page in this issue. My humble apologies, Dr. Clark. In March Marcella very blunderingly said that Dr. Clark received 10,000 letters during two years of his broadcasting French lessons. There were *18,000* letters. Edna Stewart of N. Y. C. will find Alois Havrilla's picture in September issue. Sorry, Pat, Mr. Crutchfield of WBIG, Greensboro says that Mildred Roscue was an out of town artist and sang only once over that station. If "Subscriber" will tune in on NBC every Saturday or Sunday night, he or she will hear Floyd Gibbons on regular sponsored hours. Madame X will find a picture of Simpy Fitts on page 77 December issue. Idaho will find a picture of Ben Bernie in this issue. It's a good thing there are no birthday parties—I'm beginning to feel like Uncle Don himself. Rabid Radio Rookies will be able to locate Marsha Wheeler at WGBS, New York.

* * *

HERE are the Tastyeast Jesters—vitamins are hiding—in this . . . It's a nice theme song. They are Guy Bohman (Vigor); Wamp Carleson (Vim) and Dwight Latham (Pep). All three comedians had their experience at WTIC in Hartford. Now on NBC, of course.

* * *

CURIOUS also wants to see a picture of Earle Nelson and his announcer, Irwin Cowper. Here they are—look as if they enjoy their work—don't they? Well, Curious, my dear, Earle began with lessons on the uke for a pastime and see what he does with it now—on a commercial program the Fox Fur Trappers. The family, consisting of wife, nine-year-old son and the dog hold auditions in the bedroom where Earle has installed a mike. Uke's named Oswald.



Jeff Sparks



Clem Betts

* * *

MEL R. writes, "WLS being my favorite station I look forward with great anticipation to see whose picture is in from that station. Would like to see the Three Hired Men." Behold, here they are! Wish you could see them with their overalls on. "Willie" or Eric Andreasen plays the guitar, then there's "Louie" or Bill Hoagland, and finally comes "Sammie", known as Dave Pearson. Bill is married and has a baby girl. The other two are not married but have girls, mebbe(?). All are Swedes and delight Swedish Radio listeners very often *vid Swedish* songs.



The Three Hired Men

* * *

TELLING everything: Arthur Paul is only sixteen, Mrs. Foy, and



Joseph H. Mackey

the picture you sent in is actually his. Lois Bennett is the Quaker Girl, W. N. Hirst. If Maye of El Paso turns the dials to KMJ, Fresno, Cal., she may tune in on Jerry Wilford, Vagabond of the Air. That's where he was last heard from. Mr. Vincent of KSL informs me. Thanks for the lead, Mr. Vincent.

The Oklahoma Harmony Boys have separated, Kathleen of St. Louis. Fay and his new partner are working somewhere in Texas, and Al, some weeks ago was looking for a new partner. Snowball and Sunshine, formerly of KMOX, are not on the air so far as the Junkinses know. And as for Otto Gray and his Cowboy Band, Mr. Russell, they were working around Pittsburgh, when last heard of. I. B., turn to page 72 of the February issue for a picture of Jack Turner.



George Beuchler

Syracuse and R.E.D. implore me for a picture of Jeff Sparks. When he was a young boy he had golden locks and a sunny disposition. Now his hair is as black as ebony, but his disposition has not lost any of its cheer. He tried his hand at medicine and art. Would sketch the minister on Sundays, and the school teachers on weekdays. Used to be at WARS, Brighton Beach, N. Y. Been on NBC now one year, this month. Knows and speaks six languages: German, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian and Japanese. Good books, the theater and Oriental music are his hobbies.



Vincent Sorey

* * *

AGNES of Kansas says she would like to see a picture of Clem of the mountain life serial, *Moonshine and Honeysuckle*. Clem Betts, or Louis Mason, was born in Danville, Ky., June 2nd, 1892. Ministerial career was mapped out for him but he ran away from home as he wanted to be an actor. At age of 15 he took the part of a 72-year-old deacon in *Eben Holden*. Lulu Vollmer, creator of *Moonshine and Honeysuckle*, was the author of *The Dunce Boy*, a play which had a successful run on Broadway seven years ago. When Gerald Stopp of the NBC saw Mason in this play he signed him up for the network. He is not married. Has ambition to own a stock farm in Kentucky and raise race horses. Is six feet two inches and weighs 165 pounds. Fair complexion and brown hair, which isn't always as tousled as it is in this picture. Photo represents him as Clem Betts. He has a fine baritone voice but has never had an opportunity to use it professionally.

* * *

MRS. HAZELWOOD of Richmond wants to see the whole staff of WRVA, especially a picture of Joe Mackey. Well, Joe, my dear, was born poor in Richmond, Va.—and isn't ashamed of it. Is rather proud of having sold newspapers as a boy and is keeping his eye in that field in case he loses his position—which isn't very likely from reports that attest his popularity. He's five feet eleven and weighs a hundred and fifty. His one ambition in life is to be a fat man and have a head of curly red hair—but not, he adds, both at the same time.

* * *

"MY SISTER and I are terribly interested in three Columbia announcers," writes Olive Sherman of Washington, D. C. "They are Frank Knight, George Beuchler and Andre Barouch." Well, girls, your complete order is filled at one time. Beuchler (pronounced Bewler) was born in Jacksonville in 1906 and at eighteen was graduated from Georgetown University. He joined the National Opera Company. It was not until he substituted, by mere chance, for a singer who failed to appear on an Arabesque program that his beautiful baritone voice was discovered.

* * *

"I HARDLY ever miss a Vincent Sorey broadcast," confesses E. M. Post. Vincent directs the Gauchos program on the CBS and the compositions are those which



Bel Canto Quartet

he collected from nearly all over the world. They are individual and have atmosphere and soul. Vincent comes from Italy, and when a young child showed a precocious interest in violins. During his many travels, this modern Marco Polo never forsook his dear old fiddle.



Frank Knight

* * *

IDA A. M. of Huntington Station, L. I. says, "I'm not inquisitive, but I'd like t know the color of Virginia Gardiner's an John McGovern's hair. And have the ever had stage ex perience?" Virgini has light brown hai and brown eyes. Tal in stature and wit a fair complexion you can just pictur how she looks o stage. Her phot has appeared ofte in RADIO DIGEST and of course yo noticed her paste on this cover. Can' get the exact meas urements on John McGovern, but Gene Mulholland, a very important person a NBC, says tha someone told hin that John is dark has brown eyes and dark hair. Virginia is not married—lives with parents. Radio stars don't memorize all of their parts. They generally read from typewritten scripts, throwing the sheets on the floor as they finish with each one.



Mrs. Wall



Andre Barouch

* * *

IF ANY station needs an especially fine announcer, RADIO DIGEST can recommend one. He's Lewis C. Carey who resigned from WLW Cincinnati in order to locate East. Has had exceptional training—having taken special studies in articulation, diction and expression at Emerson College of Oratory. Marcella will forward any inquiries to Mr. Carey.

* * *

HAZEL of Dayton wants pictures of the Bel Canto Quartet of WFAA, Dallas. Listen to this train of experience, Hazel, my dear. They are Victor Recording Artists, have been seen and heard in Fox Movietone, and have made personal appearances at the Mormon Temple (gracious me!), Salt Lake City, Hollywood Bowl and other prominent places. Vin

(*Continued on page 91*)

Nellie Revell the Voice of Radio Digest

Weekly Program on NBC Chain from WEAF, New York—Personality Skits and Yarns About Notables of Radio, Stage and Screen



The Voice of Radio Digest

THE Voice of RADIO DIGEST is on the air. It is a voice of cheer; a voice that brings to the fireside a bit of gossip, some humor and any well told tales, about people of nom you have heard much. A bit of ilosophy now and then, a line or two inspiration and many a chuckle . . . ding the air waves with Nellie Revell, om station WEAF and the NBC net-ork, every Wednesday from 11:00 to :15 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

Who is Nellie Revell? It is a ques-on that requires a long answer. Nellie evell, most recently the Voice of RADIO IGEST and associate editor, is a name to onjure with in journalistic circles, in ie theatrical world, in the world of ooks, writing them as well as burning ie midnight oil reading them. She is a hilosopher; she has the courage of her onvictions, and she has a greater courage . . the will to fight on and on when ings seem blackest and all seems lost. he is a poet and raconteur; a wit of intillating brilliance and last but not ast she has a priceless sense of humor. Tellie Revell loves people and they like er.

It is as natural for Nellie Revell to write as it is for her to breathe. Journalism is her heritage. From father to daughter it has come down. It is in the blood and what is more natural than that a woman who has been writing stories since she was a mere slip of a girl, and who has spent her life observing people and events, studying causes and effects, should be able to tell a good story over the Radio. Miss Revell's father was a well-known newspaper man and journalist. For years he conducted a newspaper at Springfield, Illinois. He was an editorial writer on the Chicago Tribune. He, too, had the gift of words, and that little newspaper in Springfield had such a lure that Miss Revell just had to become a girl reporter. That was a long time ago and since then she has seen much and achieved greatly. Springfield soon became too small a field for this girl and so she turned her face to broader fields. She has worked on papers in many parts of the country. The old Times in Chicago claimed her for awhile; then the Chronicle, the great Tribune and the American; and then the Mecca of all good newspaper men and women—New York.



Nellie Revell and Her Old Friend, Irvin Cobb

She was a good newspaperwoman and so she came East. Gothamtown claimed her for its own and at various times she worked for the World, Mail, Evening Telegram and Morning Telegraph. That record is one that any newspaperman may well be proud of, but it is only a small part of the work and experiences that Nellie Revell has crowded into the years of her existence. She soon was known from coast to coast as a first rank journalist. The Denver Post, Butte (Montana) Miner, Seattle Post-Intelligencer, San Francisco Chronicle, San Francisco Examiner, Cincinnati Enquirer . . . she knew them all and worked for them. She was on the old Show World in Chicago and later became its New York manager. She has contributed to the columns of many magazines, including articles on vaudeville to the Theatre Magazine and at the present time in addition to acting as associate editor of RADIO DIGEST and putting its programs on the air at NBC this busy woman conducts columns in three publications—Variety, the Clipper and the New York Evening Telegram.

What a record! And that is only part of this remarkable woman's career.

AND finally the indomitable will that had carried this woman through more experiences in a few years than most people know in a lifetime could no longer avert the inevitable. A malady which had been developing for years and which she fought with iron courage caused her collapse and for four years she lay flat on her back—rigid in a plaster cast. From super activity to a motionless existence—a prison sentence that stretched on and on. There was little hope that she would ever be able to move again, but will power and sheer grit won out and today Miss Revell is active again.

During those four years Miss Revell was not idle. Far from it. She kept right on working. She wrote a book, appropriately titled "Right off the Chest." A title that was eminently suited to a book that was written in long hand with a lead pencil on a pad of paper resting on the cast that encompassed her body. That book IS Nellie Revell.

And now you know just a little about Nellie Revell, the Voice of RADIO DIGEST. When she made her initial broadcast telegrams and letters poured in from friends and well wishers all over the country. Will Rogers sent a wire from Hollywood; Al Jolson, that great comedian, wished his old friend Nellie Revell the best of luck. From a lonely spot in Maine came a long letter saying that Miss Revell's broadcast had been an inspiration. Up and down Broadway the word has been flashed that Nellie Revell is back—and broadcasting.

Read more about Miss Revell next month.

Tuneful Topics

"Know Your Songs"

Rudy Discovers there are Orchestras and Viands in Chicago Unsurpassed—Marvels at Ben Bernie and Johnny Hamp—Surprised by New Songs He Had not Heard before—"Good Time Had by All"

MY GOSSIP on the ten popular songs for this month will be less comprehensive and less detailed due to our tour. Due also to the fact that we are not playing for dancing every night, which is the only way an orchestra leader gets to know the best things about the songs he plays, I can only give a cursory summary of some of the best tunes I have heard other dance orchestras play either over the air or during my meanderings, especially in the city of Chicago.

Chicago is happily blessed with some of the finest cafés right in the center of the city, where one may go and hear the finest music in the world, and eat the finest food that ever passed a pair of agreeably surprised tonsils. I can truthfully say that there is no city in the country that has so many really fine dance musicians. This may sound like treason coming from one who has made New York his home for the past four years, and who loves New York above any other great city, but it is a fact. The excellent average of the musicians in Chicago is very high, and the ability to handle their instruments is surprising, and the quality of music engendered by the dance bands in the Windy City makes all tunes sound pretty fine.

The most popular orchestra out here, and I say this without any fear of contradiction, is that of the dear, Old Maestro, Ben Bernie. The wind blew Ben to the Middle West, where it seems that he has been completely rejuvenated, and like the Phoenix he towers above all other competitors and is loved, adored, and spoiled by the darlings of society, and even the white collar working class of this good, old Middle West metropolis. Ensconced in the College Inn, the place that is famous for its marvelous food (food which reaches the rest of the world in cans and bottles), in one of the most delightfully ventilated, and exquisitely and artistically decorated rooms that I have ever seen, Ben plays a dinner and supper session with, in my humble opinion, the finest band in the world following the beat of his baton. I have no ulterior motive in giving Ben this credit; but for pure, rhythmic dance music and fine singing on the part of Pat Kennedy, his diminutive vocalist, I think Ben has staged a comeback, and his Radio popularity has tripled, and even quadrupled!

Lest I be accused of partiality, I must mention a few other orchestras before I go on to the actual discussion of the songs themselves. It is really through Ben Bernie and Johnny Hamp that I have come to make my selection of songs for this month's issue of RADIO DIGEST. Johnny Hamp was playing at the Congress Hotel, where it is my privilege to occupy the presidential suite during my stay here. It happens Johnny has just left for a new hotel in Cincinnati and has been replaced, in fact only last evening, by Jan Garber. Johnny surprised me during the course of our conversation by mentioning so many individuals who started with him, or who he was instrumental in giving to other bands, and who have since become very famous. I was surprised that one of the lead figures of the Olson Trio, one of the finest voices I have ever heard, Bobby Borger, was given to Olson by Johnny. As we sat there talking, I had to interrupt Johnny to ask him the name of this tune or that tune which his band was rendering so delightfully.

Over at the Black Hawk Cafe, are the pioneers of the air, and unquestionably the most popular dance band in the Middle West for many years, jolly, old Coon-Sanders, and how they play! Their comedy and by-play among themselves is so genuine and delightfully breezy that it is a pleasure to watch and listen. Their rendition of *She Loves Me Just the Same,* a song which it was my pleasure to help Carlton Coon himself write, is a masterpiece. At the mention of each particular school at which the young l[ad]y has a hero or sweetheart, a [few] strains of the football song [or] that particular university or [col]lege is played in a most spiri[ted] fashion, with the dancers hopp[ing] around in 6/8 for this particu[lar] passage. I've got to have din[ner] there at least once again befor[e I] leave, because I enjoyed the evening I spent with the boys very much.

The king of all maestros, old K[ing] Paul, is out at the Granada Cafe, wh[ere] the Lombardos once held forth. In fa[ct] I am "jest" of honor there this even[ing] in the course of their famous Cuck[oo] Club. Paul's arrangements of some cl[as]sics, especially *Trees,* is one of the m[ost] beautiful things I have ever heard. Th[ere] is also a new tune that has come up fr[om] the South, it is named *Rocking Ch[air].* It is a tune that grows on one; the Ash[es] sisters sang it on our broadcast here a week ago Thursday, and I wondered [at] their audacity in playing, what to [me] seemed a hymn, on the Fleischmann Ho[ur], but I have since learned that it is a ve[ry] popular tune in the Middle West, havi[ng] come up from the South, and it h[as] grown on me so much that I have learn[ed] to like it with the rest.

Paul is there himself nightly, w[ith] some very clever acts, including a n[ew] singing trio, Frankie Trambauer, Mildr[ed] Bailey, and an excellent floor show.

Up at the exclusive Edgewater Bea[ch] is our old friend from the Pennsylvan[ia] Hotel, Phil Spitalny, with a Chicago ba[nd] whipped into shape after two or thr[ee] weeks of grueling searching and rehears[al] he has one of the most popular bands Chicago, and his rendition of some of t[he] new tunes is typical of Spitalny's unusu[al] conceptions. He has become very pop[ular] lar with Radio fans in the Illinois sectio[n].

There are a great many other ban[ds] which I would like to mention: Way[ne] King at the Aragon Ballroom, T[iny] Weems, Earl Hines, Henri Gendron, Hu[gh] O'Hare, Art Kassel, and a great ma[ny] others.

This month's selections will be co[m]posed of songs that I have received fro[m] the publishers, and which I have r[un] over with my own orchestra, heard play[ed]

By RUDY VALLEE



Rudy introduces a Southern nightingale in Miss Frances Langford whom he found at WFLA, Tampa. She joined the NBC staff.

by two or three bands, and which occasionally have flung themselves at me as I have passed a Radio or Victrola store.

Our stay in Chicago was very pleasant; I think it will be the high spot of the entire trip due to so many things conniving to make it a most enjoyable two weeks. The tremendous and cordial crowds at the theatres, delightful theatres to play in, the many relatives I have in Chicago who were so kind to me in the summer of 1926, and who repeated their hospitality on this tour, and the general cordiality of everyone, has helped make it so.

But now to get down to the songs.

Two Little Blue Eyes

WE INTRODUCED this slow fox trot on the fateful Fleischmann Hour of February 26th, when trouble with the wires somewhere in the vast system of arteries of the National Broadcasting Company's coast-to-coast network caused the first half of our program to bring to the listener our music as a background, or foreground (varying with the strength at which we played) for a dramatic sketch on the other NBC network. And then at the half-hour things went from bad to worse, and although we could hear Irene Bordoni singing at intervals from New York, and the emergency string orchestra which is always ready to meet such a crisis, yet even their music was only going over a certain number of stations, and ours was not getting anywhere as we stood, waiting patiently and hoping that the trouble would be rectified before the end of the hour, but the lines were still tied up for at least an hour after the finish of our broadcast. This is the first time on the Fleischmann Hour that I have had serious trouble in the "piping through" of our music from our remote location to New York.

Few people realize how difficult it is for the engineers to map out the lines in the correct fashion to enable us to jump back to New York for Dr. Lee, and back to Chicago, or wherever we are broadcasting from, and then back again for the guest artist if he or she is in New York.

However, in the first half of our program we were able to present, and I think we presented it in a way to show the possibilities of the song; this song, which was the work of two rank amateurs, (when I say "rank" I do not mean the word in the sense in which it is sometimes applied) but they really are just amateurs, was brought to me for my inspection and my revision. I saw a few places where I felt that changes would improve the quality of the song, and after making these changes I rushed the song back to the press. They had brought the song to Rocco Vocco, the head of Feist, who was formerly the Chicago representative of Feist, and who now has charge of all the Feist offices in the country, and whose headquarters is in New York. Rocco is one of the most liked men in the music publishing business, and the music profession in general. At the age of 7, "Master Rocco Vocco" was singing in Chicago theatres, and although he has only a limited *technical* knowledge of music, he has one of the best musical judgments for picking of songs of any man in the industry. In fact, over a period of the last fifteen years he has picked many of the Feist songs which became big hits.

Rocco enthused about the song when he gave me the original manuscript of the two composers, but waited for my reaction. I was sold on the song the minute I heard it, and I think it should be well-liked. It has a swing, and properly played, a dance orchestra can do much with it. There is a great place for first an ascending and then a descending piano "run" at the end of the first and second phrases of the song. The thought is different, bright, and cheerful. The crowds that sing with the organ will get a lot of fun out of singing it. We play it about thirty-eight measures a minute, and it is published by Leo Feist.

By the River Sainte Marie

ALTHOUGH we have played this song on our Fleischmann Hour once before that broadcast referred to above, it began that particular broadcast, but what set it apart, at least as regards my own rendition of it, was the fact that I sang it both in English and French. I was highly gratified by compliments on the part of some people who seemed to think that the French chorus was well done. I am waiting for a comment by my sister, who knows her French, and who will probably tell me whether or not I did justice to the French lyrics.

It is an old song, having been on the shelf for four or five years. It was writ-

(*Continued on page 100*)

Chain Gang Chatter

THE man who put telegrams into novels . . . J. P. McEvoy, humorist, ex-greeting card rhyme writer, author of *Show Girl* . . . is now added to the roster of Columbia talent. 'Twas accidental, for when Heywood Broun was too busy trying to become a Congressman to come up to WABC, J. P. subbed, dragging up eleven-year-old Donald Hughes to the studio. Together they did a "Daddy and Rollo" act, which was a "natural". A sponsor was found, but McEvoy refused to appear every week . . . he hadn't the time. Sponsor La Palina demanded McEvoy or no one. It was a deadlock, until some one noticed how much Nick Dawson's voice resembled the author's. Nick was director of the Commercial Idea Department (another of those back-stage affairs) and still is. Now McEvoy writes one of those "Papa, Why?" skits each week and Dawson and Donald appear in it.

* * *

SAW Arthur Murray the other night. Off air, he is retiring, diffident and more like a college professor than a famous teacher and exponent of dancing. Says Mr. Murray, "I could teach a new step every week for three years on my Radio program and still not be at the end of my glides." He declares the old-fashioned waltz is coming back and recommends that those who cannot find partners for his broadcast lessons step out with the loud speaker.

* * *

LATEST use for Radios . . . sleep on them. Hospitals now have a "singing" pillow, made of sponge rubber with a loudspeaker concealed internally. You "lay me down to sleep" and hear a program, but the sound cannot be heard by anyone else. Suggested for distance fiends who leave apartment house windows open in the summer time with the volume on full blast.

* * *

IS Freddie Rich married? Or to whom was the Columbia batoneer hastening when he was arrested for speeding in Doylestown? However, that's not the story . . . this is . . . Freddie once received a ten dollar check from an admiring fan in Doylestown. Of course, he never cashed it, but carried it in his pocket as a souvenir. A year later, when he was hauled in, he remembered his unknown admirer, phoned him and told of his troubles. Admirer was a friend of the judge . . . you know how those things work. . . . Freddie paid no fine. But he still hasn't cashed the check.

* * *

TIE a big satin bow around "mike's" middle, give him a bow and arrow and he'll double nicely for Cupid. The latest reported casualties from his darts are George Dilworth, vocal director of the Salon Singers, and Gitla Erstinn of the same NBC group. George may be studio boss, but who's boss at home, we wonder?

* * *

HERE'S a dance orchestra leader who actually admits he doesn't know a thing about music, Bert Lown. He plays by arithmetic instead of by ear, numbers the notes instead of writing them on the staff. That's how he wrote the lyric for *You're the One I Care For*, his song hit. Once he was a coat room boy in White Plains; N. Y., now he owns sixteen orchestras beside the Hotel Biltmore band which is aired on CBS. He's only twenty-six, slight, fair-haired, and is a real musician despite his modesty.

* * *

THERE are two McLeods at NBC, but one is real and one is purely imaginary. Keith McLeod, musical director of the chain, is getting fan mail meant for "Matt McLeod," a fictional "Vermont Lumberjack." Should he answer it and admit he never chopped kindlin' wood, or, still less, a big giant of the forest?

* * *

WHO made "Mechanical Mike"—the giant robot of the last Radio fair in Madison Square Garden? 'Twas the son of a Radio celeb, Paul von Kunitz, engineering offspring of Dr. Luigi von Kunitz, who is conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra heard over the Canadian network. The steel man has within his body ten miles of wires, can rise to his feet and speak, fire a gun and answer 500 questions.

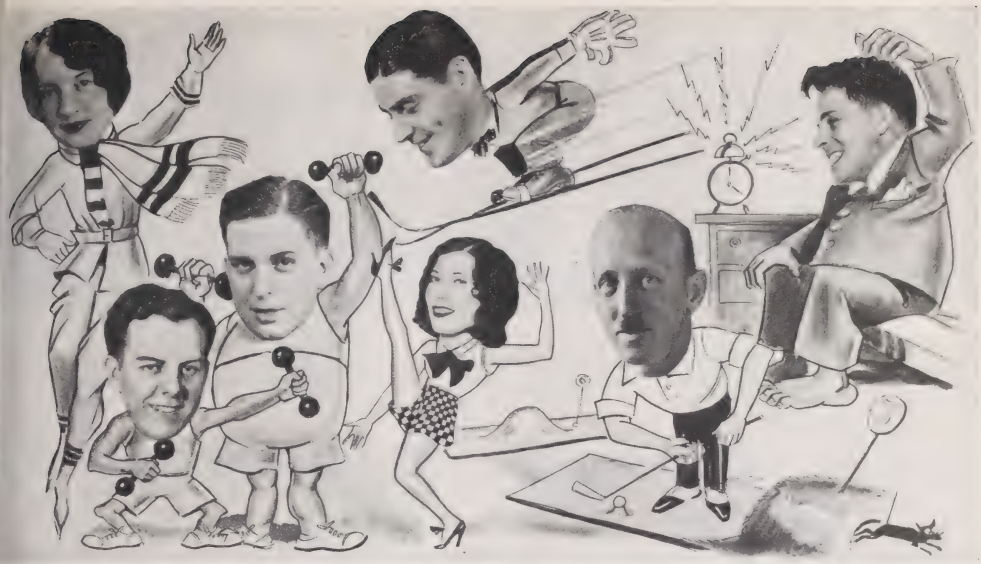
* * *

HOW to break into Radio . . . become a monitor engineer. That's the way it worked with Irving Reis, author of "Split Seconds," a recently presented experimental Radio play. It marked his first play, Ethelyne Holt's first Radio acting part, and George Beuchler's metamorphosis from announcer to actor.





Above: "Daddy" finds "Rollo's" arithmetic a puzzler. Played by Nick Dawson and 11-year-old Donald Hughes. Right—the play must go on! Tom Powers, Theatre Guild leading man, broke his leg and had to be wheeled into NBC studios.



WTMJ artists and announcers keeping physically fit. Skating, Myrtle Spangenberg; Small Gymnast, Fred Jeske; Large Gymnast, Russ Winnie; Skiing, Louis Roen; Dancing, Julanne Pelletier; Golfing, Bill Benning; Early Riser, Merl Blackburn

They're Some Sports in Milwaukee!

By MAE WELLER

IT WAS Julanne Pelletier who started it all. Julanne, the vivacious little French girl whose delightful ivory tickling over WTMJ, The Milwaukee Journal station, has made her a favorite of ether fans, came dashing breathlessly into the studio on this particular morning. Off went the big raccoon and there she stood, a chic French doll, garbed in the daintiest of pink and blue checked rompers!

"I didn't take time to change," she cried, her slanting green eyes sparkling with merriment at the startled pairs of eyes on all sides. "Just finished my tap dancing lesson, and I'm on the air in ten minutes. Must keep physically fit, you know," and with a click of heels and flash of white teeth she was gone.

"Physically fit," I murmured. "Gosh, that's surely important for Radio artists. Not a cough in a broadcasting room!" How did they do it? And off I started on my little job of inquiring reporter.

I lassoed announcer Louis Roen first of all. Louis? Oh, he's WTMJ's heart breaker. Six feet two of dark good looks, a pair of irresistible dimples that I promised him I would never again mention, and a soulful, crooning tenor.

"What do I do to keep physically fit?" he echoed my query. "I ski, of course." And on he went, lost in a beautiful description of the thrills of soaring over hills and crests with the assurance of a sea gull.

He was still talking when I spied Russ Winnie, WTMJ's assistant manager and popular sports announcer. Can't help seeing Russ these days. There's more to him than there was in the days when he played leading roles in Haresfoot and set sorority girls' hearts aflutter (he married one of them).

Russ smiled expansively. "Look at me, baby," he exclaimed almost ecstatically, "I've lost eight pounds in eight days (by the time you read this he may be reduced to a shadow). I am now a scant 205 pounds!"

And out came the truth. He had joined the Y. M. C. A. and had embarked upon a reducing schedule that included handball, volleyball, baseball, swimming, running and "one-two-threes" with dumb bells.

"FRED JESKE'S joined too," he told me. Fred's WTMJ's good looking strummin' baritone, a Radio pioneer from the Windy City. When Radio was still a smart young kid, Fred was known as "the baritone with the lovin' voice." Fred now sings, announces and dramatizes at WTMJ.

Leaving Russ flat, I set out in search of Myrtle Spangenberg, whose lovely soprano voice is known to fans far and near.

"Exercise?" Myrtle smiled. "Didn't you know? Terese Meyer and I skate . . . almost every day. There's nothing in the world like skating . . . skimming over the ice with the wind in your face . . . and my costume, it's heavenly! Blue suede with a touch of red. Terese wears red. How they do fall for us!" She giggled. "We do plenty of falling ourselves!" (Terese Meyers, folks, is the station's new organist.)

"Hello, folks!" It was Merl Blackburn's booming voice . . . the voice that starts the day right for thousands of ether fans who tune in WTMJ's Morning Parade, the alarm clock of the air.

The striking good looks of this early bird have adorned many an ad. WTMJ's pretty stenos say he's "simply gorgeous!"

"A-ha!" Merl ejaculated to my eager query. "My answer is simple. Early to bed and early to rise . . . that keeps me salubrious, opulent and sagacious!"

Bill Benning was my next victim. Musical director of WTMJ is his imposing title, and he is one of the outstanding musical figures of Wisconsin, having conducted leading orchestras for more than twenty-five years.

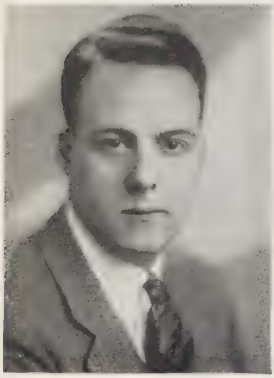
"Physically fit?" Bill laughed. "I swing a baton and a driver for exercise, young lady," and he launched into an enthusiastic description of his indoor golf lessons that will send him out on the fairway this spring ready to sock that little white pill wickedly. Some sports, all of them.



Latest sports model, manned by three KFRC stars. Driver, Juanita Tennyson, soprano. Back-Seaters, Eleanor Allen and Margaret O'Dea.

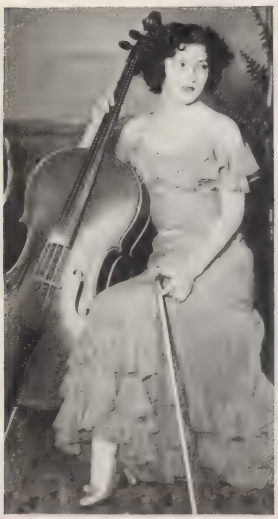


Don E. Gilman, vice-president in charge of Pacifi Divison, NBC, recently voted one of Californa's twelv greatest men, confers with Riuji Nakayama, of th Broadcasting Corp. of Japan, on recent visit.



Paul R. Heitmeyer, who not only owns KUJ in Walla Walla, Wash., but also operates it and announces as well. He's a pioneer in western Radio.

Ruth Gordon Shovic, member of the unique KFBB, Great Falls, Mont., concert orchestra—all one family—Dr. and Mrs. Gordon and four children.



Far West News-Bits

By DR. RALPH L. POWER

THE twelve greatest Californians have been chosen, and Radio has its representative among the elect—Don E. Gilman, vice-president in charge of the Pacific Division of NBC. Twelve California newspapers and the presidents of twelve California colleges were the jury, which chose him for his "leadership in presenting the highest type of Radio broadcast to further the prestige of California as a Radio program source." Herbert Hoover is another member of the Honor Roll of twelve.

* * *

PAUL R. HEITMEYER, one-time Radio editor for The Oregonian, more recently manager of KGW, has renounced a life of relative peace and calm. Early this year he set out to conquer new Radio fields by owning the new KUJ at Walla Walla, Wash.

Paul R. (whose picture appears on this page) was operator for KGW shortly after it went on the air. As the years rolled rapidly onward, he took up the duties of Radio editor, then some production work for the studio, selling time on the station and finally . . . when station managing became more of a job for a business executive rather than a music director . . . young Heitmeyer was given the post. But the Heitmeyer onward march could not be stopped. He had a yearning to get into business for himself, bought KUJ's newly constructed transmitter at Longview, secured authority from the Commission to move to Walla Walla late in December and now his post office address is there.

* * *

NEWEST recruit to the ranks of KTAB dramatics is little Peggy Jensen who plays the role of "Peggy" in Sam Dickson's bi-weekly comic strip: Educating Wuzzy. Peggy looks just like her name implies; snapping black eyes, an irresistibl happy smile, black unruly hair, and figure built for College-bred sports clothe She is a Girl's High School alumnus an crashing into the Radio world from schoo finds life an exciting proposition.

* * *

Bill Ray, KGER's manager, sent out hi Valentine cards this year with sundry mis cellaneous verses of his own. Best shot . . "Blondes may come, and blondes may g But they all sound alike on the Radio."

* * *

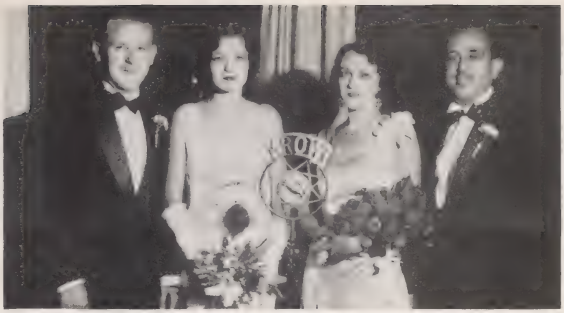
THE Rose City Beavers of KOIN, snappy aggregation, nimbly skips u up and down the scale of syncopation whe Frank Trevor shakes a tantalizing baton be fore them. When Frank was a mere youth down N'Orleans way, the romance and gla mour of show boats was too much for hi unsophisticated being so he up and joine one of the floating show palaces. Six sea sons in all did he float up and down th father of waters; then he did a country wide tour with a circus band . . . doublin up in various jobs, too . . . such as malletin down tent pins, riding elephants in th parade and other such tasks. Since 192 he has been with the Portland station.

* * *

KARENA SHIELDS, petite blond Radio drama enthusiast, is doing th KTM drama bits these days with a chang ing cast of characters ranging in numbe from three to a dozen or more. About year ago KPO fans heard her voice fro the north. Her husband, Frederick, one time of a Kansas City Radio station, is now program manager for KTM in Los Angeles



dramatic players of WXYZ in Detroit get to- to read script . . . Helen Wright, Peggy Fenn, ames Jewell, Dramatic Director. Their biggest comes in presenting plays of the "It Actually Happened" series.



A Radio wedding at KROW. Bride was Harriet Pool Branham of the staff, attended by Beth Chase, Blues singer. Glenn Branham was the happy bridegroom.

LA CHARTE, now lyric soprano for ie United west coast Radio chain, had ght start in life for a Radio career. as born in New Orleans, studied four with Herbert Witherspoon, vocal r. and has done a little concert work hich the soft, delicate tones of her particularly fit her.

* * *

ARLES FREDERICK LINDSLEY, rofessor of speech education at Occi- l College, Los Angeles, the past six is now on the second year of his rpretations of Literature" from KHJ. take the form of a wide range of poetry and drama. Tall, thinning hair, scholarly-looking, and bespec- l, Professor Lindsley has made a name himself in the southwest through his al readings . . . "The Chariot Race" *Ben Hur; Courtship of Miles Standish* scores of others.

* * *

SEEMS as though Mac's Cow Hollow mphony (KFRC) comes from six , but has only one native Californian— apello, accordionist. White Woodall s from Oklahoma (quarter Cherokee); Richards hails from Louisiana; Cecil ht from Arkansas; Harry MacClintock :) from Tennessee; Ace Wright from ming.

* * *

HE spring catalog for Continental Broadcasting Corporation comes out in raiment in green color formation and d like a microphone. Most outstand- alent in the aggregation . . . Deacon n (Billy Evans) and his Peacemakers sing *Lonesome Road* as the theme song.

* * *

GER is faced with the dire situation of having only one solitary surviving r. It seems as though Eddie Marble, , packed up bag and baggage and moved KDYL, Salt Lake. Penry Selby, an- staff tenor, made up his mind to be a church singer, and moved away to study. This leaves young John Page as the station's only remaining tenor, whereas four months ago there were six on the staff at one time. Young Page, recently out of Manual Arts high school in Los Angeles, is lithe and agile, handsome in a movie type manner, a good dresser, six feet three inches tall and glossy black hair.

* * *

JACK PLUMELET, KYA announcer, followed the sea for more than five years before he finally hankered for dry land. At 19 he was appointed to the New York nautical school's training ship, the U. S. S. Newport. Upon graduation he was given a third mate's rating by the department of commerce, and followed the sea on merchant ships for nearly six years. Now he has been in coast Radio circles for three years . . . first in the bay district; then at Los Angeles (KFI, KMTR); and finally back to San Francisco in June of a year ago to be with the KYA announcing staff.

In Detroit Studios

By B. G. Clare

IT IS hard to refrain from calling Leo Fitzpatrick as "The Merry Old Chief." The present general manager of WJR bore this title when he led the Kansas City Nighthawks at their after-midnight revels years ago. Fitzpatrick is now one of the regular railroad commuters between New York and Detroit, on various activities connected with the management of his large station. He is an "air commuter" also, flying between Detroit and Cleveland, for his new enterprise there, Station WGAR.

* * *

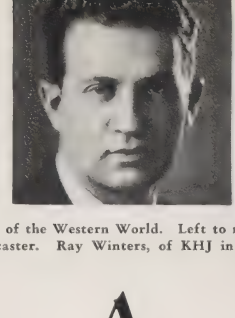
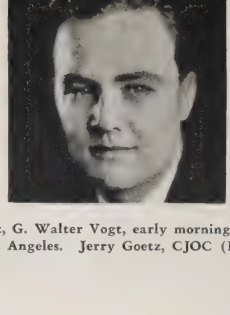
OLIVE SHARMAN is featured continuity writer with WJR. Her Radio career started when WJR shared a wavelength with WCX. This background of Radio experience is augmented by several years' newspaper and advertising work.



Wistful Dorothy Irvine of the dark curly locks does children's recitations and pianologues for KGA up in the northwest country at Spokane, Wash.

WJR in Detroit abounds in Radio personalities—one of whom is Jack Douglas, the big six-footer who is known to listeners as the "Old Night Watchman."




A cross section of announcers of the Western World. Left to right, G. Walter Vogt, early morning announcer at KFAB, Lincol France Laux, KMOX sportscaster. Ray Winters, of KHJ in Los Angeles. Jerry Goetz, CJOC (Lethbridge, Canada) manage

"Your Announcer Is—"

WHAT thrills being an announcer must bring—if that weren't the case, why would the calling attract so many men who have known the thrill of adventure, who have had colorful careers? Take the eight good-looking representatives here, who have posts as widely scattered as far-north Alberta, to southerly Macon. In their ranks is a descendant of the Russian royal family, a real broncho-busting cowboy, an actor, an ex-aviator!

The "royal" announcer is John Kuropatkin Chapel of KQV. His mother was a princess of the royal family of Russia, who is now married to a Pennsylvania steel man. Soldiering and writing have claimed him—he went to West Point and then deserted by resignation, to the University of Virginia Journalism Course. After a try in the army, he favored WBZ with the use of his four-lingual voice, then WORC, WLEX, and WCAH, but now he says his ramblings are over and he'll stay in Pittsburgh at KQV.

Then there is G. (is it perhaps Georgie?) Walter Vogt of KFAB in Lincoln, Nebraska. He's only twenty, but has been at it for a year, getting up at 5.00 A. M. for the eye-opener programs (which makes sleeping a hobby of his). He attends the University of Nebraska, and would rather talk than dance.

France Laux, crack sports announcer at KMOX, is the ex-aviator. Ran away from high school to join the 259th Aerial Pursuit Squadron, and went to France. Came back and worked up from sports referee at broadcast games to announcer. He joined KMOX two years ago, i ried and has two children.

Ray Winters, of KHJ, in Los A was going to be a farmer, but tur Hollywood instead and finally to . . . Frank Hoggard has the imp post of Advertising Manager way south at WMAZ in Macon, despi scant twenty-four years, but spends of his time at the mike.

Roger Krupp of KSTP is the e boy. The son of a cattle-ranch he acquired a wanderlust which him to a newspaper as a sports wri iron mines in Minnesota, to the meets as a speed swimmer, and t York as an artist and advertising Now he's back in St. Paul, wh spends his non-announcing hours own studio. The "Original Abie" of *Irish Rose* . . . that's Ha bert, studio manager of who played for five ye Anne Nichols' play. Th managed a Denver stock pany, and finally turned h back home to Council Bluf



They play at cross-purposes but in perfect harmony . . . Dottie Sherman and Monica Leonard (left) . . . the popular piano duo of WGY in Schenectady, N. Y. Only use one piano . . . but it's grand! Below—The Wandering Poet, WPG's actor-author. This is the first published picture of him.



A Scoop! Fi Published Ph of WPG Celeb

THE Wandering P WPG is an alluri ure, and an app one, for he draw prize mail bag at the A City station. RADIO D publishes the first photo actor-author ever to app the press, but his nam marital status still shrouded in mystery. H weekly "Bundle of Dr broadcast presents senti and dramatic readings w soft string ensemble playi propriate accompaniment.






lore announcers: Left to right, Roger Krupp, ex-cowboy of KSTP, St. Paul. Hal Shubert, ex-actor of KOIL, Council Bluffs, Iowa. Frank Hoggard, of WMAZ, Macon, Ga. John Kuropatkin Chapel, "Royal" announcer of KGV in Pittsburgh.

Gossip of The East

O START with N'England . . . it seems that Mike Hanapi, boss of WTIC'S Ilima Islanders, was only fifteen years old when he awaii and leis. He joined a circus, ome Indians whom he liked and with them, masquerading as Hailstone." One day he met a r Hawaiian doing the same stunt ome Sioux Indians. They joined went into vaudeville as a duo became the nucleus of the famous ukensemble, now in Hartford.

l Hoey, Boston sports announcer, k at the mike this month, after g an indoor miniature golf course nter . . . Leo Reisman's Orchestra ons from the Bradford Hotel in via Station WEII. He has an at his disposal, installed when the Lodge owned the . . .

* * *

WN in the big metropolis . . . femi- visitors to the new theatre-studio of WMCA are thrilled to see that their favorite announcer, "Aleck" is over six feet tall and as good-looking as he sounds. Known formally as A. L. Alexander, he draws down a heavy mail-bag . . . The Three Virginians (whose picture appears here) are a trio of roving sisters. They are ex-vaudevillites and appear on Sundays and Mondays at WBBC, and other days at WMCA, WGBS and WPCH.

Mary Zoller of Ilion, N. Y., is a newcomer to WIBX, Utica. She plays piano, croons, xylophones marimbates, accordions and plays the organ. In other words she's a whole orchestra in her own right . . . WLBW, the Columbia station in Oil City, Pa., points with pride to two newcomers. Peggy Barton, "Shopper" and Dr. William Ashbaugh sports reviewer.

BALTIMORE is the birthplace of Mabel Garrison, celebrated concert and opera star, hence it was fitting that her Radio debut occurred at WBAL. She is appearing exclusively on the Tuesday night McCormick programs from that station. For eight years Miss Garrison was with the Metropolitan Opera Company. In private life she is the wife of George Siemonn, conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra . . . Jack Dempsey paid a visit to WFBR studios in Baltimore recently to reminisce with Announcer Don Hix, who was assistant director when Jack was making movies.

The Roanoke Entertainers of WDBJ left Virginny for a visit to New York and broadcast from CBS headquarters. Their novel "barn dance" tunes brought them many congrats.



Scull, pretty society who sings at WPEN, lelphia on the Amoco and other programs, onducts a Radio gossip n in the Philly *Record*. nade her Radio debut WCAU, but later be- a staff member at N, the "Mystery An- er" station, where she appears daily.

The Virginians in their pretty costumes are Mildred Pianist, Marguerite Violinist and Bernice 'Cellist Arnold, of the Boro Radio Service and other WBBC, New York programs. Below—Mildred Godfrey Hall, staff harpist of WTIC, who has played here and abroad in many cities.





Moving Day in CHICAGO

By BETTY McGEE



MOVING day—in the Chicago studios—arrived a month or two in advance of the traditional May 1st this year. Not properties, but people. . . . The most breath-taking change of all was when NBC moved in on the WENR wave length. The chain bought out the local, lock, stock and barrel, and took over a good many of the favorite stars and programs. As, for instance, Weener Minstrel Show with Gene Arnold, Frank Westphal, and Al and Pete and the rest of its talent. Others still in the old spot are . . . the Edison Symphony with Morgan L. Eastman . . . Jim and Bob, the Hawaiians . . . Sally Menkes (what would the staff do without her accompaniment!) . . . Chuck, Ray and Gene, who do some NBC comics on WLS, as well as on WENR.

Migrations included the Smith family to WMAQ (with a few changes in the personnel) . . . Edwin Delbridge, tenor, also to WMAQ . . . WBBM claimed Mike and Herman and their dialectics . . . while WMAQ signed up the singing team, Marian and Jim . . . Paul McCluer's Sunday morning Sunshine Hour is at KYW now, but Paul joins the NBC Sales Department.

Irma Glen, staff beauty, organist and Air Juniorite, went chain before the big surprise, but now returns to WENR . . . Everett Mitchell, announcer . . . Gale Swift, Musical Director . . . Edwin Boroff, Chicago pioneer . . . Mrs. Anna Peterson, Home Economist . . . they're all still doing business on the old stand.

"Little Joe" Warner is still going strong at WENR. More formally, he is J. B. Warner of Beverly Hills, a South Side suburb, where he lives in a bungalow with his wife and several children. He was born in Chicago and has lived in it all his life. Baseball, football and books come next to his family among "Little Joe's" interests.

* * *

SPEAKING of old favorites—Pat Barnes is back at WGN midst much rejoicing in the camp of Barnes' admirers (and their name is legion). For the benefit of those who haven't discovered it, Pat is heard in his sketch "Jimmy and Maw" each



Above—June Meredith, pretty leading lady and Charles Hughes, genial "First Nighter" of the NBC sketch of that name.



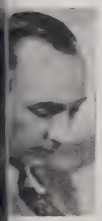
Left—It's moving day for Quin Ryan, WGN announcer, to new quarters with his bride, who was Roberta Nangle, newspaper woman.

An honest-to-goodness peanut roaster was dug up for Russell Neff, popular WTAM tenor, when he sang *The Peanut Vender*. Studioites ate nuts hot off the whistler.

morning except Friday and Saturday. . . . Another old C favorite who has drifted back to town is Bobby Griffi same Bobby with the same nice smile and smiling voic gained popularity years ago on the Nutty Club program WBBM with Guy Lombardo and Charlie Garland. Since good old days, however, the wide open spaces have be and Bobby has found himself at KVOO in Tulsa, d Gainesville, Florida, where he opened a station opera the University of Florida, and then in Des Moines. A he's announcing at KYW.

Faces have been changing at the last-named Chicago Maurie Wetzel, whose name was almost synonymous wi of KYW, is there no more. Jules Herbeveaux and hi are now spending most of their time over in the NBC while Rex Maupin and his "Aces of the Air" are now portant part of KYW broadcasts. Harold Bean's is ano the new faces—although a familiar one at WBBM, w managed to keep busy singing with Leon Bloom's band, a ing and writing continuities when time hung heavy on his He is the new "Voice of State Street" and is one of the Peddlers" with Freddie Rose on afternoon programs, taken Elmo Tanner's place since Elmo joined Ted











Above—"Curly" and "Charlie" piled up barrels of fan telegrams at KSTP recently.

Right—Harry and Joe, popular WJAY funsters.

Two Chicagoans in the quartette (left). Top, Jack Doty, featured in NBC "First Nighters," and Bobby Brown, WBBM program boss and announcer.

Bottom, two Clevelanders. Fred Ripley, assistant manager of WGAR, and Stanleigh Davis, who wields a musical saw at WHK when he isn't smoking a pipe.

I attended the University of Illinois, where he majored in matics and coeds, taking a Bachelor's Degree in science possibly accounts for the fact that he is not married. nother new comer to KYW is Bernice Yanacek—pianist redhead! . . .

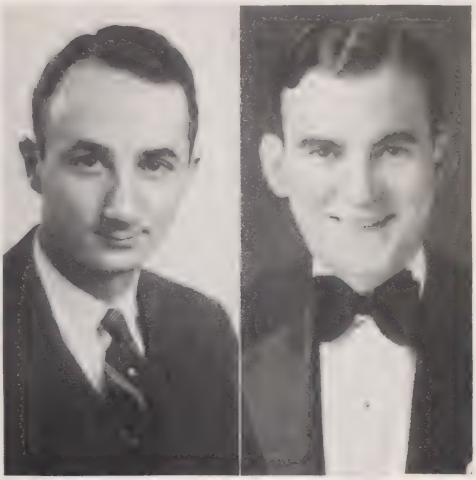
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E people who produce the Little Theatre plays have inter- ing "dramatic" backgrounds. June Meredith, who is the lady in the "First Nighter" productions, an NBC feature, n the legitimate stage, and Jack Doty, featured on the air Miss Meredith, was also drafted from Broadway where he popular leading man for several seasons with Jane Cowl. author of these plays is a blond, winsome little miss, Catherine Abels by name, no mean actress in her own right. as graduated from the Department of Dramatics of the sity of Wisconsin. And just a word about Charles P. s, the producer. Mr. Hughes has been doing clever Radio tion work, principally over WIBO, for some time, but has ly come from behind the scenes to assume the Radio per- y of the genial "First Nighter."

Personality Bits from

CLEVELAND

By Marvell Lenoir



ABOUT that happy pair of funsters, Joe and Harry of WJAY . . . Off the air Joe O'Toole is as Irish as his name. His blue eyes, curly hair, and Irish ways make him as popular as any bit o' green ever made a body yet. Harry Royale is taller, darker, and more dignified but even he packs plenty of smiles and spreads them around generously.

The boys began their work together in that casual way so common to Radio Folk. You know—one man is rehearsing in a studio, when another strolls in, heaves a sigh that plainly says, "I want to rehearse in this studio, must you always be underfoot?" "A" looks disgusted, but doggedly keeps thumping away, and to show how nonchalant "B" feels he begins singing a late popular song. "A" stands impatiently tapping his foot on the rug, which "B" doesn't hear at all. Finally liking the tune and forgetting his grievance in true temperamental style, "A" begins the second chorus and sings it with "B". "B" looks at "A" and "A" looks at "B", then they both grin broadly, friends again.

They make up and shake on it, outline a program, hunt up the powers that be and beg an audition. Granted and they click and there they are. That's how Joe and Harry met and clicked and still continue to click for sixty minutes every day.

* * *

FRED RIPLEY, one of Cleveland's premier Radio men and a newspaper man of note, is now assistant manager of Cleveland's youngest Radio station, WGAR. (His picture appears here.) He is tall and dark, with a deep, resonant bass voice that fits him perfectly. He first sang bass solos over Cleveland's pioneer station WHK. And later created the very popular character of Black Bill, singing more bass solos in dialect over WTAM. Several times Mr. Ripley has left Radio to devote his entire time to newspaper work, but the lure of the "mike" has been too much for him and each time he comes back.

Mr. Ripley gives special attention to auditions and despite his many other duties insists on hearing them all himself. Every Sunday afternoon he gives his audiences a treat with two new voices never before heard over the air.

Voice of th

STATIONS! — ANNOUNCE CALL LETTERS MORE FREQUENTLY

RECENTLY I waited nearly an hour for the station announcement from WTAM, Cleveland, and then just when they got ready to unburden themselves of the much-wanted information, the soda mixer in the drug store just below my home started and I missed it.—Charles E. Woodhull, 1535 Broadway, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

SUPPOSE you suggest that each broadcasting station never fail to give its call letters at the beginning or close of each number. Thousands of listeners are disappointed when it is not given. Some stations announce after every number, regardless of the intermitting time and get maximum advertising for the station and city.—R. G. Banta, 30th S.S., and W. Holly, Seattle, Wash.

* * *

HAVE WOMEN MORE BRAINS THAN MEN?

YOUR magazine is charming, although sometimes rather exasperating when my favorites are not mentioned. Three cheers for the One and Only Georgia Backus of Columbia, and the talented Minnie Blauman, of the same station. Neither of these brilliant artists has an equal in her line.

Also, it is not always the person who appears at the mike who is the best, as witness the case of Minnie Blauman. She is Professor Exzema Succotash in the *Nit Wits*, but that isn't all. She is also an arranger and director for the Columbia Chain, and is the only woman in Radio who does her type of work. Truly, a glimpse into the CBS will show that it isn't always the men who have the brains. May I ask for a picture and write-up on these stars? (*See March for story about Nit Wits with pictures of these two artists—Editor*)—Julie Gerard, Manchester, N. H.

* * *

FROM AN AMERICAN IN GUATEMALA

I HAVE a wonderful small Radio, but it is marvelously clear. I have just heard my 117th station—my range includes San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Denver, Chicago, Detroit, Toronto, Montreal, and many, many southern stations.—Jessie D. Eltringham, Apartado de Correo 330, Guatemala City, C. A.

* * *

THIS FAN INSISTS ON KNOWING WHY PROGRAMS ARE DROPPED

A FEW Sundays ago I tuned in a certain station which carried a very interesting Columbia feature, fully expecting to hear it. To my surprise another program was presented in its place, without any explanations or apologies. May I suggest that it would be a good policy, when discontinuing or substituting a program, to explain to the listener the cause. This, at least, is due to the person who expects to hear his favorite program.—George W. Shepard, Marion, Kans.

* * *

OH, WHERE AND OH, WHERE IS JACK SHARPE?

WE MISS the friendly voice of Jack Sharpe from KFDM as much as the beautiful sunshine is missed from the skies on a rainy day in the winter time. I sincerely hope Jack will soon return to some station where we can hear him again—I hear hundreds of fine Radio artists that I admire but none whom I think can equal my old favorite.—Ida Cross Farrow, Elizabeth, La.

* * *

QUICK, WATSON, FIND JIMMY GREEN

THERE was something in your February edition that rubbed my fur at just the right angle. It was the letter concerning Jimmy Green and his Orchestra. He has a couple of boys in his band that make others sound like combination hog callers and fog horns when it comes to singing. And when Jimmy announces he talks like you are his best friend. He has left Albany now and I can't find him—I feel like I have lost my left arm. If you know where he is, please let me know (*His former Radio connections write us that they do not know his present whereabouts—Editor*) — P. H. Kelly, Jr., Box 128, Montgomery, W. Va.

* * *

TAKE A HALF HOUR OFF TO READ THIS ONE—IT'S WORTH IT

HERE'S a coupla dots and dashes—on an epic: Friday night, January 30th, California Fruit Grower CBS System—coming from local WCCO—This is the California hour—followed a rumble and noise, then—"a wire broke, folks, but we now continue —". Silence again for a fraction of a minute, then—"this is a WEEKLY FEATURE over this system."

Irma Glynn, WENR, has grown about 1000% in my estimation since I first heard her. Her pre-supper broadcasts for the tots interest me immensely. DARN GOOD! WOS brings us very nice "old-time" fiddling, etc., every so often. Makes you want to stay right with 'emê

Call the Engineer on this one: Why do some stations fade as regularly as clockwork, regardless of their power, while others with small power hew right to the line hour after hour? WHY IS IT?

After tuning all but five of the broadcast channels during the past week, I find that Call Letters are sounded less frequently by small stations than by high power ones. Yet the small stations are usually crowded on local channels, and when you tune one of these clearly you'd like to know who's what, but dern them lo-watters! They'll play, talk, yell, jazz, announce things time after time and let you sit there trying to guess! Must be afraid someone'll steal the letters away if they shoot 'em into the ozone.

With greatly improved transmitter and additional remote controls, WHBY, De Pere, Wis., is a comer. Give 'em a boost some time soon.

Smokey Joe and Teetain on WWL Tuesday and Sunday night programs are still my favorites! Smokey (Ralph Nogues) has represented 22 characters which I heard since last October. And they are not done with 'em yet. They are genuine "Ambassadors of the Air", for they can handle any situation in true O. Henry style, with a pinch of the serious here, a bit of the comedy there, and a surprise ending always. Guess this is enough for this annual letter.—Art J. Hantschel, 226 E. Fremont St., Appleton, Wis.

* * *

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

I AM mailing the back numbers of the RADIO DIGEST mentioned in our correspondence, directly to Mr. Anderson, director of the New York Library.

If they will serve a purpose to a larger number of people, then I shall feel my sacrifice is not in vain. I really treasure these old copies, but I am also looking forward with pleasure to receiving some of the recent issues.—Mrs. J. F. Foster, 4824 Elm Avenue, Hammond, Ind.

(Mrs. Foster generously responded t plea from the director of the New Library for back copies of RADIO DI We wish to add our thanks to those of Anderson—*Editor.*)

* * *

LINES TO THE AUTHOR O "NIGHT CLUBS"

CONGRATULATIONS to you on pub ing and Rudy Vallee on writing article on "Night Clubs". It is one o best and most comprehensive articles on timely subject that one could find. can wish for such a person only the of luck. And the same wish goes for magazine.—H. J. Crawford, Hotel Yorker, New York.

* * *

DON'T SAY THE NAUGHT WORD!

JUST received the notice of the ex tion of my subscription to RADIO D and the usual sales argument as to w should renew the contract. You may that I have never of my own free will, stated that I desired that you send t the RADIO DIGEST. This act was i upon me by the purchase you made o magazine Radio Broadcast, of which I been a regular subscriber for many ye

What in h—l you think I can po see in your publication is more than imagine. The other magazine was fu technical data about circuits, power plies, data sheets, etc. Your magazi full of "junk" (as far as I am conce about the physique of Rudy Vallee mustache of Norman Brokenshire, an voice of Lizzie Twitch.

I, for one, can positively state that may never expect to include me as a scriber of this publication, as long as of the type that I have received in fin out my year on the original magaz Charles L. Pattee, 36 Raymond Ave., S Mass.

* * *

WE BASK IN FLORIDA SUNSHINE

JUST the other day found your ma in the library, so went up town a and got the February issue. I mus I'm afraid the house suffered until read it through.

I am too deaf to enjoy the talkie I prefer to be alone as much as possi the Radio is my hobby. Hardly eve it off before midnight as I dread the ness and can't sleep yet. And I turn every morning at 6:30 to get WL you see how I use it. Our little WRUF at Gainesville is very good c ering its size, and they have some good talent among the studio staff.

This is for the lady who objected t cipe programs" and said those who b a cook in these days eat out. Well, she is jealous of we folks who still l cook and love our folks well enou want to learn new foods and new w preparing them. I want to express m ings about people being unfair, beca we all thought alike this world would a very interesting place to live in, wo —Mrs. Rosamond C. Andrews, 212 S St., Palatka, Fla.

Listener

NITIATION NIGHT AT THE OLD V. O. L. LODGE

E by this letter to become a mem- of the V.O.L. Club.

of the best programs on the air in rk City is the Radio Scandals Hour HN each Wednesday night. Its ity and—of course—its entertain- lue, make it good. There are only ists that appear regularly on this t; the others are picked from night he stage and the newspaper field. the artists rehearses with the others. practice his singing, but the en- doesn't appear before the hour on he program appears. Nick Kenny, er of ceremonies, introduces the ar- hey wish, but none know who will ext one to be called up to the mike. aughs result from this, and the gen- d humor of the program is some- orth listening to.—Walter B. Davis, ington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

* * *

been a RADIO DIGEST reader a long e. Please put me down as a mem- the V.O.L. club.—My favorite sta- e WBEM and WJR.—Joseph E. 4 Gould Avenue. Denen, N. Y.

* * *

WINTER POEM

ght, I am not at a movie show, by a wood fire's cheery glow what care I for sleet and snow ng as I have my Radio.

—Mrs. Winifred Coplien, Brodhead, Wisconsin.

* * *

'LL SOON FIND OUT "WHO'S IO" IN BROADCASTING

WOULD like to see the feature, Who's Who In Broadcasting," in agazine again. It was very interest- it seems as if there was more in- n for the amount of space used any other feature. (*A new version o's Who" will be issued for* RADIO *readers within the very near future .*) We wish to congratulate you on rovement in your magazine. When ve this month's issue it will complete of R.D.'s. The first ones were very ng but the better quality of paper using now makes a great improve- the pictures and also makes it easier eyes while reading them.—Mr. and ank A. Jennings, 628 N. State St., fich.

* * *

'RE WAITING PATIENTLY FLOYD GIBBONS' RETURN

OUR December issue of the RADIO ST you predicted the return of Floyd . Many of us have been waiting y for his return. How much longer e wait?—From a group of boys who a real he-man, Litchfield, Conn.

* * *

writing this for a group of Radio ers. We all admire Floyd Gibbons and were so disappointed when he nued his nightly chats. Lowell is good but can never take the place d Gibbons.—Mrs. E. J. Dobson, 35 nd Avenue, New Britain, Conn.

YOUR magazine is splendid—I enjoy every bit of it. I do so miss Floyd Gibbons—his nightly broadcasts were an inspiration. The whole world seemed a more cheerful place to live in after he had finished—not so with Lowell Thomas. He is like a continual funeral, for his jokes fall flat. And *Literary Digest* suggests a map to follow him to places of interest. Oh me! what with grasshoppers, ash cans, and the moon coming up over the cow shed, and last but not least, petticoats and laces—he makes the trips pleasant indeed.

Please bring us back our he-man Floyd Gibbons on a nightly broadcast and we will be forever grateful. By the way, Mr. Editor, you did predict his return—we are still waiting. Please tell us when. (*Mr. Editor says: Listen to Floyd on Saturdays on the General Electric Hour and Sundays on the "World Adventures" program—and be patient a while longer*)—A Group of Radio fans, Shreveport, La.

* * *

AN EARLY BIRD CATCHES—A WORD OF PRAISE

VINCENT SOREY and his violin, with the dawn of every new day, are in perfect harmony. The Soul of Sorey links Columbia's network from coast to coast—forming a rosary of musical hours. Men may work from sun to sun—but Sorey's music vibrates perpetually.—M. V. Loscalzo, 22 Nassau Drive, Great Neck, L. I.

* * *

WHAT THEY LIKE—AND DON'T LIKE!

THE DIGEST used to be a good Radio magazine. You will note I say "Radio" magazine. However, since you begin including fiction stories and articles not relative to Radio, it has become just another magazine to me. (*No fiction has been run since last December—Editor.*) On receiving the January issue I see more of what I would like to see and less of what I wouldn't. Nevertheless, with all my complaining, I still enjoy the old DIGEST, but would like it to contain more pictures and short articles on people and organizations whom we, on the receiving end, know only as voices.—D. Egan Jamieson, Smith Falls, Ont.

* * *

MY YOUNG brother glanced through your November issue and exclaimed, "Holy cow! First thing you know they'll be having articles on crocheted doilies, hooked rugs, advice to the lovelorn. Oh my dear! which is the correct fork to use to tune in WJZ?"

I defended you loyally. But then the very next month you had the hooked rug article! So please go light on cooking recipes, beauty hints, interior decorating, fashion notes. Give us more intimate stories and pictures of the entertainers.

Now for a lot of praise. I always admire your covers, your editorials, Marcella, Scientific Progress, V.O.L., Parade of the Stations, your expose of racketeers, your rotogravure section, Radiographs.

The articles by Doty Hobart, Evans E. Plummer and Alma Sioux Scarberry cannot be beat!—Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.

THOSE ORCHESTRAS AGAIN

ADMIRERS of the famous dance-music dispensers are never lukewarm. For several months an interesting controversy has been raging in these columns over the merits of the various orchestras. Here's another installment—*V.O.L. Editor.*

* * *

"THE OLD MAESTRO—BEN BERNIE"

I THINK honest differences of opinion are permissible and really instructive, but they can be expressed without becoming abusive. My opinion on the situation (if it is worth anything) is that each of the leading orchestras of the day is really good, but if I had to express a choice, it would be Ben Bernie, "The Old Maestro."—Wallace E. Johnson, Mobile, Ala. . . . Have you heard Ben Bernie play *The Kings Horses*—if you haven't, you have missed something. I want to buy a horse every time I hear it. —S. D. Haynes, Montgomery, W. Va.

* * *

VARI-PARTISAN

THE FOLLOWING is my list of the leading dance orchestras in the country—Paul Whiteman, Coon-Sanders, Guy Lombardo, Phil Spitalny, Ted Weems, Jan Gerber, Henry Busse, Wayne King, George Olsen and Duke Ellington—David Smith, 40 Second St., Sharpsville, Pa. . . . Being an ardent DIGEST follower, I want to join the chorus. My list would include Paul Tremaine, Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, Leo Reisman, Guy Lombardo, Phil Spitalny, Wayne King, Coon-Sanders, B. A. Rolfe and Kay Kizer—Rudolph Anderson, Ludington, Mich. . . . Throw a few votes to Blue Steel. Can anyone fail to be thrilled by his pleasant, "Little Boy Blue talking to you?" —Frank E. Howell, Lynch, Neb.

* * *

COON-SANDERS

WOULD like to inform all interested that they can join the Coon-Sanders Fan Club by writing me at this address.—Sylvia R. Slavik, 4723 W. Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. . . . Have any of the others the solid reputation of Coon-Sanders? Have they played for nearly as long a time? Coon and Sanders are the two greatest singers in jazz today, the two greatest dance orchestra personalities.—J. F. Finarty, Jr., The Dower House, McLean, Va.

* * *

THE LOMBARDOS

THE soothing manner in which the Royal Canadians play their slow tempo music, makes Guy Lombardo's band the most popular on the air to me—George H. Etheridge, Crossett, Ark. . . . They are inimitable and cannot be equaled.—Loraine Brunner, 2964 N. 7th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

RUDY VALLEE

I KNOW many of Rudy's admirers would like to join a club formed in his honor. I should like to take this opportunity of inviting all Rudy's friends to join us.—Dorothy Yosnow, Rudy Vallee Rooters, 386 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . This isn't a "silly-girl" crush, but I must correct some recent false statements. Rudy is so much better looking than any picture of him, I don't see how anyone can think otherwise.—Virginia Menzel, 461 Sackett Ave., Monore, Mich. . . . After all, Rudy writes for this magazine and if he reads all the letters slamming him, how do you think he feels?—Agatha Filippelli, Long Beach, N. Y. . . . When he sings, he sings for the love of singing—that is part of his make-up. —"Duke", Lincoln St., Evanston, Ill. . . . Because I prefer his music does not mean that I cannot enjoy any other program. I listen in on a host of others and thoroughly enjoy them.—Mrs. Parker, Salem, Ohio.



TEMPER

Its Cause and Cure

Outbursts Are Often Distorted Expressions of Beautiful, Native Qualities

By Miriam Finn Scott

Who broadcasts regularly over the NBC

UNDER the stress and strain of the varied responsibilities mothers have to meet during the day as wives, housekeepers and mothers, it is no wonder that the faults of children assume abnormal proportions—they irritate, offend and hurt us to the point of exasperation. Then we feel it our duty to punish them for their faults in order to bring them into a state of good behavior. We rarely stop to look into the cause of these faults. We punish blindly, harshly and often unjustly, instead of checking the child's faults.

With all due consideration for the overtired and exasperated mothers, as well as fathers, I want to state most emphatically that punishment administered in anger and in fury, does *not* help to check the child's faults. Such punishment often only serves as an outlet for the parent's own uncontrolled temper. To help a child correct his faults, we must, first of all, realize that the fault of a child may be only an unpleasant, twisted expression of powers that are beautiful, native; second, we must realize that the faults in our children are often reflections of our own conduct, habits and shortcomings.

The most common fault in children, and perhaps the least understood, is "temper". Parents have been driven to despair by this error in their children, and the children themselves have inflicted immeasurable misery on others because of it and have had their own usefulness crippled.

Ugly and painful as temper ordinarily is, the qualities which are behind it, if understood, controlled and directed wisely, are capable of contributing to the child's finest development. Behind the temper of a child may be vigorous physical energy, will-power, curiosity, initiative, concentration, imagination, emotional strength.

We must realize that the child who will cry vehemently for the fulfillment of a desire, has an absolute conviction of what he wants; that the child who will go through a violent fit of temper has physical energy, emotional strength, will-power and the power of concentration. The same child can use his emotional strength in expressing happiness as he can for expressing anger. He can direct these same splendid forces into constructive channels with the proper guidance. It is, therefore, the responsibility of mothers, fathers, teachers—all adults who are responsible for the first years of the child's development—to get hold of this crude, but precious element which manifests itself in temper, and make the greatest possible use of it.

TO PREVENT the development of temper there are two chief points to follow: first, we must begin with the child's earliest days, remove all possible causes of needless irritation. Temper, like every habit, good or bad, may take its start from an insignificant practice, and it becomes an established habit through repetition. Second, we must see to it that from the beginning of a child's life those energies which, when misunderstood and mishandled, result in temper, have opportunities for a free, happy and constructive development through play and occupations.

One chief cause for temper in a child's earliest years is the irregularity of physical habits and the inconsistency of treatment by the parents. The child who has not been given food at regular hours, who has not been encouraged to sit properly at table and to eat his food correctly, will, naturally, be apt to fuss at meal-time, and this will irritate the parents.

To avoid a temper at meal-time and all eating difficulties with your child, it is most important to remember that the child must be seated comfortably, either in his high chair, if he is under two years, with a support for his feet, or at a small table and a little chair that comfortably holds his body. The table could be painted or covered with oilcloth. makes it easy to keep it clea child's plate, drinking cup, fork an should be attractively placed befo

Give the food to the child in room, allowing him to feed himse can (it must be remembered that gets bored and tired by the mon movements of placing food i mouth). The mother must assist feeding him part of the time, extra spoon or fork ready for t pose.

If the child sometimes refuses remove the food at once. Skip meal or two will never hurt you

The mother who has been putt child to bed at a certain hour eve and who makes it a business to s the hour is religiously kept, an the trouble not to allow any events to happen just before rarely have a struggle or a st temper in getting the child to know a little girl of five who, w mother was entertaining several at tea one afternoon, came in the surprise of one of the guest "Mother, I came to say good ni time to go to bed," and kissed her and went out.

"How did you ever get Jane that?" asked the friend. The explained that there had been no d at all; Jane had started that way continued the habit.

AS a matter of fa just as easy and convenient in the household to have a definite which the child knows he is to go as it is to have irregular hours. are times, I realize, when friends tives call and remain for supper the evening; the child becomes in in the visitors and when his

it is often difficult to get the child without making him unhappy and g him to rebel. To avoid an out- of temper at such a time, an ence which is always humiliating, to the parents and the child, the on should be handled in one of ays: either occasionally to make an ion, to deliberately allow the child joy in full the half hour or hour d his regular bedtime. A privilege t sort given a child who is accus- l to going to bed regularly, will be red and is apt to stimulate in the a generous and thoughtful response request made by the mother. But exceptions can be of value only if are infrequent; otherwise the child assume that the exception can be the rule.

other way of handling this situation make clear to the child in advance e visit that you expect friends for r, but that you will expect the child to bed at the regular time; and in to make it easier for the child to w his regular program, it must be mbered that children, like ourselves, it difficult to give up what seems a and diverting experience.

YOU can prepare for him a surprise, an inexpensive game or which the child has expressed at some a desire to have. Fifteen minutes re bedtime you take the child to his , present him with the surprise and e he is absorbed in his new gift, you quickly get him ready for bed. With t of forethought for the child on ial occasions all conflicts will be ded. I want to make clear that this surprise for the child is *not* a bribe. s a *legitimate* new interest for the ose of diverting the child from an -exciting and over-stimulating expe- ce of being with adults.

ur own thoughtlessness in small things is often responsible for the bad tempers of our children before going to bed.

"Johnnie, it is time to go to bed." I heard a mother say to her little boy.

"I don't want to," returned the little boy.

"Johnnie, you must go to bed!" commanded the mother.

"I want to ride my cockhorse just once." whined Johnnie.

"You heard what I said, Johnnie."

"But I want to," Johnnie insisted.

"I say 'no'!"

"But I want to!" exploded Johnnie and stamped his foot.

"Just for one minute, then, Johnnie—only one, remember."

JOHNNIE pranced off for his cockhorse. The mother, in the meantime, became interested in something else and fifteen minutes passed instead of the *one* the mother had agreed Johnnie was to have on his cockhorse. By that time Johnnie was playing marbles, and his mother again told him it was time to go to bed. Again a struggle ensued, again the mother yielded, again Johnnie began another game, and it was one full hour before poor, tired Johnnie was finally carried off the scene, screaming, his legs frantically kicking.

"He is very bad, I have the hardest time getting him to go to bed," the worn mother exclaimed to me, with never a thought that her trouble was of her own making.

There is no recipe or formula for curing a temper which has become established, that will fit all children, but there are a few points which apply in *all* cases:

First, we must recognize that punishments such as scolding, shaming, spanking, have practically no curative effect. A child may yield at the moment through fear or pain, but most likely there is engendered in him a furious resentment which will later burst out in an even more deplorable manner.

Second, in handling a child's temper, the parent must be in perfect control of his own temper. He must be very kind.

Third, the parent should always make clear to the child that the penalty inflicted is the direct result of the child's temper—"I will not get dressed," Mary screamed—"I won't, I won't". "Very well," said her mother quietly, "I will give you ten minutes, if you are not ready we are not going to the circus." Mary was not ready and had an afternoon in which to learn that she herself was responsible for missing a joyous experience.

* * *

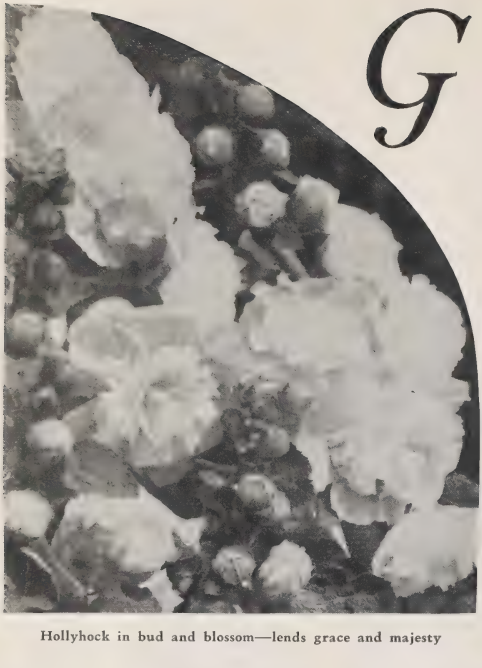
Mrs. Scott will give readers of RADIO DIGEST the benefit of her priceless experience. Write to Mrs. Scott, care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

* * *

Good news for the children! Uncle Evans is out after a great story for you. He is finding out all about these wonderful Uncles and Aunts who come to you with their voices through the air and your Radio. Did you ever stop to think how important these Voices are? Do you know that many and many little boys and girls are alive today only because they listened to a Radio Uncle who warned them to beware of dangerous games and habits? We're hoping Uncle Ev will have it ready for you in your May RADIO DIGEST.—*Editor*



ook in Mrs. Scott's "Children's Garden"—a Veritable Paradise ring fascinating toys and objects of delight to children of all ages.



Hollyhock in bud and blossom—lends grace and majesty

Gardening by Radio

Program on Planting Sets Shovels, Rakes and Hoes Agog

By

THE MASTER GARDENER

Every Thursday and Sunday The Master Gardener broadcasts helpful recommendations over the NBC on every phase of gardening. The Vigoro Programs are sponsored by Swift & Co. An interesting handbook on this subject may be obtained by writing to Dr. G. J. Raleigh, in care of RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.*—EDITOR.

IF YOU follow the suggestions I have presented here, you will have lawns and gardens this year which will be real blessings in your lives. I believe that everyone's life has been influenced in some way by a garden. It may be the garden that we have today. It may be the garden that we tended so patiently a few years ago—before, perhaps, moving to the city. Or it may be the garden of one's childhood. Somewhere, though, back in your memory there stretches a wide, cool, green lawn, where flowers bloom, and all is very beautiful and reassuring.

Isn't it strange then that so many people build one of the most important parts of their homes without a plan? That is why I should like to emphasize the necessity of *having a plan* before you start to work making your garden. I want to suggest that you let no water roll under the bridge before you begin your plan.

Of course, you may already have a garden, and you may be quite satisfied with it. Yet all of us from year to year see how we can improve some small part of the garden area, at least, with little trouble.

At your first opportunity, then, this very day, if possible, give your imagination some play on this subject. Stand at the kitchen window and look out at the back yard. Stand at the front window and survey the front yard. Go out into the street and look at your property as a unit. That is think of the house and grounds together as *home* for that's what they really are, you know.

Then when you have a pretty complete picture in your mind of the whole place, proceed, in your imagination, to set out your trees and flowers and shrubs and vines just where you think they would look prettiest.

As a matter of fact, you will have even more success if you will make a rough diagram of the property.

Your property is your home. Every bit of earth in that home offers you an opportunity. You will be happier in that home, and healthier, and friends will admire it more, if you are careful to take advantage of every chance to improve it. Seize the advantage of every square foot of earth and make it beautiful.

Now for the design of your garden. Perhaps you want a formal garden with the plants arranged in such a way that they will have a definite proportion, a balance, symmetry. Obviously, you can't have such formality unless the area that you are landscaping has formal, straight lines, and has sufficient area or, enough land surface.

As a matter of fact, unless the area lends itself to formality, it's better to have an informal garden. Now, I don't mean to say that an informal garden is one that is haphazardly laid out. Just take a picture by some great artis doesn't resemble a leaf in its symm The figures or the objects pictured, formally arranged, but the picture tistic and beautiful. Very often t rangement of plants in an informal g requires much time and thought.

Now, of course, no matter whethe garden is formal or informal, you have a lawn! I feel that I can' phasize too much the advisability o ing a lawn that is beautiful—a backg for the other features. The grass be kept green and thickly matted. roots should go deep into the soi should be free of bare spots. The several reasons for this. In the place, you want your lawn to be yie soft, resistant to the playful fe children.

KEEP the lawn Don't let it present a conglomerati shapes and colors. By being kept it gives the impression of space, larg freedom to the home. By all means build small flower beds in the lawn. them at the border lines.

Let me say a word or two about v I'll agree with you . . . sometimes do somehow just ruin the looks of a and garden. But here's a suggestion if you make the walk of stepping st and let the grass grow up between can tone down the harshness of the curving walks are very nice, but too quently we see a large curve in a walk, and that looks a bit odd. Ju natural. Don't try to strain for be Keep your lawn and garden simple natural.

I'm going to risk a bold statement Too many of our homes have too trees. I'm one of the best friends

rees of this world have today. I oward a tree almost as I do toward an being. It has character, stabil- oise and beauty. Nevertheless, don't have *too many* trees. They are sary to proper landscaping. But if et too many of them they shade the plants. People like flowers too, and s and vines. It's a lot better to two or three trees for a small , trees properly placed . . . than to a lot of trees just growing up with gard for proportion.

w, a few words about shrubs. her your garden area is formal or nal, it will be advisable to enclose h shrubs. If you desire privacy . . . nost of us do . . . use shrubs of con- able size, and supplement these with er shrubs . . . presenting a banked When you put shrubs at the ex- ities of your property, you give your an air of expansiveness. Of course, os also screen your service drives your foundation plantings.

find that we Americans are not using as much as perhaps we should. Now, onally I like vines. I have noticed charmingly they soften the lines of use . . . how beautiful they are on ses . . . and how effectively they hide hose unsightly objects in our home erty which cannot be covered by an- r kind of plant. But I think the main on why I love vines is that they give ir of permanence, of age, maturity, nity to the houses where they grow. ve seen men build a new home, and t alongside the chimney a rapidly ving vine. In a very short time I seen that new home bearing the air ge . . . looking as if it had gained the lom of many years . . . looking as if ere a place where people did a great of living.

lere's where we come to a phase of tening that allows us the most latitude, gives us the most pleasure. It is growing of flowers. There are thou- ds of types of flowers that we can nt in our garden. If I started to dis- the different kinds that you could w successfully, many pages would be tten.

MAY I suggest very seri- ly that you do not plant your flowers beds in the lawn, but at the margins. int the taller growing varieties at the ck and the shorter in front. There many fine combinations. For in- nce . . . one of the tall varieties of snap dragon at the back, and in front them, light colored Petunia, and, if u wish, Sweet Alyssum in front of the tunias. Or put some California pop- ys in front of the taller pit Marigolds. ose are just suggestions. I do want say however, that there are some wers that are so outstandingly good at they ought to be in every garden . . . r example, the daffodil, tulip, gladiolis, lox, dahlia, zinnia and chrysanthemum.

And you don't want your garden to be all ablaze with beauty one month, and dying stalks and stems the next. Select the flowers carefully, with the view to having flowers in bloom every day during the growing season.

At the beginning of this article I emphasized the necessity of having plans for a new house before you let the contractor start building your house. I want to say now that if you were having a house built you would want to be sure that it was being made of good materials —materials that would not fall apart and let the roof drop on your heads. Of course you would. Well, then, if you are building a flower garden, you should be just as sure that you were making it out of good materials.

I REFER now not only to seeds, bulbs and plants, but also to the quality of the soil.

And what has that to do with the growth of a garden? Are plants made out of things in the soil? And my answer is that they emphatically are!

I wish I could walk out into your yard with you and take up in my hand a little heap of soil. If I could I might explain more clearly to you what I mean by what follows.

Suppose you were building a house. You would need lumber, mortar, bricks and other materials. So in the building of a plant, certain materials are absolutely essential.

A plant must have a certain amount of food substances—potash, phosphorus, nitrogen and several other elements. It must have every one of these essentials to sustain life. These are as vital to the plant as sunshine and air—as vital to the plant as food and water is to man in his daily life.

The soil is the plant's environment from which it derives its nutriment, and the importance of keeping the soil rich and healthy cannot be over-estimated in building a garden.

Healthy plants are important to the success of your garden. Garden! What a word it is! How much it means to us and what an influence it is in our lives. Is it asking too much of ourselves, therefore, to give it just a little time and thought to make it one of the byways of memory to visit in later years? For that is what a garden can be.



The beauty, symmetry and form of this garden are results of thoughtful planning and thorough care



Barbara Gould

Milady o

She Charms Ze American Gentleman—*BUT WHY?*

THE author has just returned from a trip to many of the important cities in Europe where she has opened her own beauty salons. Her long stay in Paris especially qualifies her to present authentic views on the beauty of Parisian women. Her weekly Radio talks over the Columbia Broadcasting System every Thursday morning have been a boon to feminine listeners.

ARE PARISIAN women lovelier than we are? That provocative question has been ringing in my ears ever since my return from Europe. As perhaps you remember, I went abroad early this year to open beauty salons in several European cities, Paris, London, Berlin, Budapest, Prague, Rome, and Milan. Of course on such a pilgrimage in the cause of beauty I glimpsed feminine loveliness triumphant under flags other than our own. Women all over the world are dreaming of lasting loveliness . . . and are achieving it, too!

I am now going to attempt to answer that impelling question, are Parisian women lovelier than American women?

Traditionally "comparisons are odious" . . . but I think and I feel sure that my readers agree with me that a thoughtful consideration of the comparative loveliness of the typical Parisian woman and the typical American woman cannot fail to yield beauty truths of value to each of us.

And even if it only led some of us to understand why French ladies fascinate our men—why they are such formidable rivals in romance——that would be some satisfaction.

But first of all, what is this "loveliness" we are talking of? It has been hinted by a philosopher to be "a gift of God," by a cynic, "a short-lived tyranny," by a person out of love "an ivory mischief." My own pet description of feminine loveliness is: a triumphant expression of a woman's personality.

So for me the moot question isn't, "Are Parisian women lovelier than we are?" but rather, "Are Parisian women more eloquently feminine than we are?"

My answer—well, let us consider for a moment the possible ways of expressing a woman's personality.

The voice is one of the important elements in creating an impression. French women learn early and never forget the innate loveliness of their language. Too often American women discount the music that is in our fine English language . . . and just talk. The magic of a truly feminine voice is decidedly one of the fascinations of the French woman—and the lovely charm of it should awaken us to an expression of loveliness.

Another signal mark of loveliness is graceful movement—walking, dancing, sitting. Nowhere in the world does one see such youthful, swift suppleness of figure as among American girls and women. Their bodies are beautifully built and trained, with just the merest hint of the primitive about them. American women are unrivalled in this claim to triumphant loveliness. I do not like even to mention the importance of "keeping the figure," for it goes without saying that the accumulation of excessive weight means farewell to loveliness.

THE decisive factor in a woman's appearance is her complexion. The American and French complexions differ to a great extent, but each has its individual attraction; the one so characteristically Anglo-Saxon in its fairness, and the so Gallic in its wonderful ivory Any comparison here would certain odious, that is if each achieves it beauty. French women have known this and practised it. Am women are becoming more and convinced, so that now both Frenc American women are agreed in co the youthful radiance of the comp as one of their most precious posse

THE proper care o skin is one of the first beauty dutie one which no wise woman neglects her iridescent teens through her tri ant forties. When I was in Paris o my salon there on the Boulevard du dent Wilson I was impressed by the fulness with which the French w consider their complexion lovelines hoped, then, that American women



An inviting reception room in a Barbara Gould Paris Salon arr in the modern manner. The rounded walls have an enchan all their own.

Gay Paris

By Barbara Gould



The French way of enhancing beauty.

as faithful in giving proper care to
r natively fair and radiant skins,
since my return I have been encour-
d about it. Lasting complexion love-
ss is every woman's rightful glory.
t has been hinted more than once that
erican women are the best dressed
nen in the world, but it is undeniable
t the French are the most chic. Cer-
ly a French woman has a genius for
ring her clothes. The chic Parisienne
not hesitate to have her clothes
de to suit her *own* personality. She
ceeds better than most of us do—and
h less—because by a flick of a bow,
tilt of a hat, some little gay some-
ng, she interprets her own individual-
in terms of her costume.

ONE of the most precious
aracteristics of the typical American
man is her glorious individuality, and
rtainly it would be more than folly to
ggest that it is over-developed. We
ve grown to be as we are because our
untry has had the fine pioneering his-
y it had and because it continues to
w as it does today. In becoming just
at we are we have filled a great need of
r country and destiny. But in all
is we should cling to the fact that there
a great hint waiting for us over the sea
nong the French women. In regarding
rselves as individuals we must never
rget that to realize fully our worth as
dividuals we must remain true to our
herent femininity.

As I recall my impressions of actual
eauty among the charming French
omen I have met I realize more and
ore clearly that actual beauty of fea-
re is not more than a small part of the
pression of exquisiteness and magic
hich they create.

In the same manner I think of the
merican women whom I know so well,
nd here, too, there is a mysterious some-
hing that cannot be pinned down to any
pecial physical characteristic.

I try to compare the two and I feel
hat it is quite unimportant whether or not
he sum total of French noses is equal in
eauty to the sum total of American noses
. . and the same for mouths and eyes.

Not all American women are beauti-
ful. Neither are all French women beau-
tiful. But no French woman ever allowed unimportant or plain features, drab hair, or anything like that to discourage her in expressing her own particular share of loveliness, however small. We sometimes do! French women are unfailing in improving what should be enhanced, correcting or making unimportant what is less advantageous to their feminine charm.

If I should have to state candidly whether I think American women better looking than Parisian women I think that I would say "Yes, they are." But in the long run it is unimportant, because the aim of every wise woman in reaching the real exquisiteness that is her ideal is not to imitate her next-door neighbor, but to be just as lovely as she herself can be—to make everything about her tell its own story of just what her personality is like. The French woman carries her handkerchief in a way that is bewitching, because it's her own individual way. One woman can use make-up with exquisite effect and another can't because the first woman makes the powder and rouge melt into her natural appearance while the other imposes it on her face. One big difference between one woman's own loveliness and that of another is whether the one is more beauty-wise than the other. Certainly in all honesty the French women are more learned in the ways and rites of beauty than we are. If American women are to realize the full expressiveness of the beauty that is theirs . . . make it count gloriously in their lives, and the lives of others, they must emulate the French women and study how to individualize their own beauty even to the tiniest detail.

American women cherish their femininity, but French women insist upon theirs. I honestly think this difference in point of view is the beginning and the end of the idea that Parisian women are lovelier than we are. In the first place we seem to have schooled ourselves to expect a minimum of gallantry. We have won our equal footing with men in a hundred ways and sacrificed some of our feminine prerogatives in doing so. French women do not "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam" any more than we do. But they still exact and receive all due homage to their femininity. And you must agree that men love to give it.

The typical American woman, concerned as she is with a thousand important interests—business, philanthropic, civic and otherwise—is the modern woman par excellence. But isn't she a little apt to let these things make her think that she is too busy to consider her femininity very seriously?

DON'T be afraid to be yourself. Don't, above all, follow like a sheep. If your hair is becoming one way don't wear it the way your favorite friend wears hers. It may not suit *you*.

Have the courage to express your own likes and dislikes in every single detail about you. And above all give yourself a good chance to be lovely looking. Get plenty of sleep. Eat wisely. And more than anything else in the world, be happy. Only a happy heart adds that inner something to your appearance which is really the most important thing about it. Let your expression tell a story of happiness and contentment.

Gallant Art of GAMBLING

Wise Risks—Not Foolish Speculations — are Essential to Success in Beauty, Home and Office



"Investing—or gambling, if you please, a few minutes each day is a step towards preserving beauty," declares Miss Ingram. Do this and become a Ruth Collette (above)—of Earl Carrol Vanities.

By

FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on the Care of the Skin
Heard on NBC Tuesday Mo...

I BELIEVE in gambling. We're all gamblers more or less, you know. We gamble on success, we gamble on happiness, we gamble in one way or another every day of our lives. Our gambling is not with money—it is with something much more precious. We gamble on ourselves.

There should be more gambling of this sort in the world. Gambling, according to the dictionaries, is any transaction involving uncertainty. Sometimes we are too cowardly to risk uncertainty. Our courage is not sufficient to allow us to take a chance on a stake which means everything to us. Examples of this type of cowardice are all around us.

For instance; two highly paid business women of my acquaintance lost their positions last November when their company merged with another concern. The one girl gambled on herself. She took a chance. With some of her hard-earned savings she went to Bermuda for two weeks. When she came back, she was vibrant and rested. From her depleted savings, she purchased a new wardrobe. Then she started out serenely to find another position. She found one, too—and a better position than the one she had lost.

The other girl was afraid to gamble on herself, and after several weeks of frantic job hunting, she worried herself into a nervous collapse. She is one reason why I say sincerely—I believe in gambling.

Here's another reason: One of the most successful men in American industry is an inveterate gambler. His gambling, however, is not on Wall Street. It does involve money because his decisions effect the turnover of large sums, but his gambling is not directly financial. It is primarily a gamble on his judgment.

WHEN he has some very important decision to make, and it seems that an immediate settlement of the problem is vital, this executive goes away for a two-weeks' rest. He always returns with a clearer perspective. He gambles on these periodic vacations and the most important forward steps in his company's history are the result.

There is a form of gambling, of course, which is disastrous and which justly calls forth whole diatribes of oratory. Foolish speculation in the money, time, or beauty market come under this head. Wives who grow careless about ap... ance, about courtesy in th... mestic circle are gambling ... their own happiness and th... every member of their fam... No one condones this ty... gambling.

ON THE ... hand, there is another for ... gambling for wives which d... serves no opprobrious com... which involves fewer risks, ... is practised far too seldom. ... know wives who are too ... born to gamble with their ... bands for stakes which ... deliberately underestimate. ... husband wants to make a t... he needs a rest. He arrang... get away from his business. ... wants to gamble a few w... time against a fresh poin... view. But his wife is sure ... it is a reprehensible gamble. ... cannot get away. The h... cleaning must be done now ... cannot be postponed. The ... dren cannot be left at this time. T... are always reasons—indisputable rea... as far as the husband is concerned. ... wife refuses to take a chance for a ... most certain stake, but by her ref... she gambles away something else o... estimable value.

"Second wives" are seldom guilty ... such culpable conduct, and because ... are usually willing to do some justifi... gambling, they call down censure on t... heads from the wives who suffer f... martyr complexes. The "second w... may not consider orgies of house clea... and frantic flurries of preserving so ... to the happiness of the household as ... first wife did. Now the first wife ... doubtedly sacrificed many things to ...

(*Continued on page 106*)

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU

Would you know the time of day?
Dial in.
Like to hear some music play?
Dial in.
Is it market news you crave,
Or the newest way to shave?
How to make the kids behave?
Dial in.

For historical romance
Dial in.
For fox trots for your dance
Dial in.
For health and beauty dope,
For proper use of soap,
For messages of hope—
Dial in.

Is your toothpaste full of grit?
Dial in.
Do you want to make a hit?
Dial in.
If your omelets always fall,
If you're much too short or tall,
If the baby starts to bawl,
Dial in!

If you're stranded in the sticks,
Dial in.
If you just love politics,
Dial in.
If your home brew doesn't brew,
If you wonder if you're thru,
If you yearn for something new,
Dial in.

For the magic in the air,
Dial in.
To throw away dull care,
Dial in.
Let music rest your ears,
Let wisdom quell your fears,
Let smiles replace your tears—
Dial in!

—*Helen Mary Hayes, Lincoln, Neb.*

Does "WOOF" convey nothing more to your benighted intelligence than the bark of a canine? Well, you're all wet, according to the latest dictionary of radio jargon compiled by Engineer Irving Reis of the Columbia technical staff. It means a signal to start a program or check the time.

And ON THE NOSE isn't a knockout blow, it's being on time at the close of a program within three seconds.

SOUP is neither vegetable nor nitroglycerine that the safe-crackers employ, it's electric current, fed to antennae. MOTOR-BOATING is not an aqua sport, it's allowing the volume level of a mike to fall below normal, which makes a "putt-putt-putt" noise.

HOP is not transatlantic, it's merely power supplied to mikes; HITS are non-scoring, they are just noises produced by the man up jarring the mike. DEAD MIKE isn't a cause for a wake, it's an unconnected microphone, while a HOT MIKE is one supplied with power.

O' LIVE THE POOR GIRL ALONE

Three Little Sachs, WABC:

First Sachs: Why is the first olive in a bottle like a kiss?

Second Sachs: I don't know, why?

First Sachs: Because the first one is hard to get. After that they come easy. —*Lyro G. Portridge, Spafford Lake, New Hampshire.*

EGGS-ACTLY RIGHT

Heard from WJR, Detroit:

"How do you tell a bad egg?"

"I don't tell a bad egg anything, but if I had to, I'd break it gently."—*E. M. Muma, 1007 N. Madison Ave., Bay City, Mich.*

"Boners" is a collection of school-boy examination paper mistakes which Clifton P. Fadiman, NBC book reporter, recently reviewed. Here are a few choice examples he culled:

"Solomon had 300 wives and 700 porcupines."

"A polygon is a dead parrot."

"In Christianity a man can have only one wife. This is called Monotony."

And this is reported by a school teacher friend of Indi's: "The dog ran down the street, emitting a series of whelps."

IT'S A LOT OF BUNK

Al and Pete:

Pete: Did you know Carnera has a bed seven feet long?

Al: That's just bunk, Pete.

Pete: Bunk! That's no joke—he really has a bed seven feet long. I wouldn't call that bunk.

Al: Well, it's a bigger bunk than the Singer Midgets have.—"*Fran,*" *Wayne, Neb.*

NOTHING TO SNEEZE AT

While listening to the Westinghouse pioneer station at Pittsburgh, I heard the following announcement, "This is KDk, KDku, KDku-choo!" Luckily, the announcer wasn't advertising cough-drops.—*Hugh Lineback, 1412 Mt. Olive, Siloam Springs, Ark.*

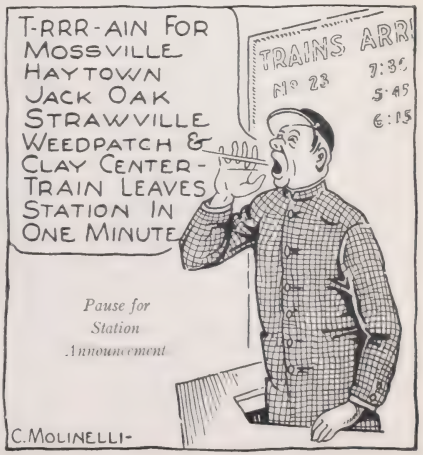
Here's a joke Indi heard yars and yars ago. But in its trip around the world it acquired a new ending. Do you like it with, or without, the last line.

Complaining woman (in a hotel): I can't sleep.

Room clerk: Why?

Woman: Somebody in the room above dropped a shoe on the floor and I'm waiting for him to take off the other.

Room Clerk: Don't wait. The man in the room above has only one leg.—*Valentine Sadowski, Buffalo, N. Y.*





IT'S A CRUEL WOILD

There's no sympathy for young love out in Iowa. For when authorities at WOI, broadcasting station of the State College at Ames, noticed a daily disturbance caused by a motorcycle passing the studio window at 12.30, they investigated. Sometimes the cyclist rode with cut-out wide open and engine at full roar, other times he would shut off the power, "punctuating" the motor's din.

Finally A. G. (Andy) Woolfries, announcer, discovered that the boy had a girl in a town about 100 miles away who listened in every day at noon. Full motor meant he had received a letter, "punctuated" motor meant he hadn't. Andy switched off the mike as he passed, and he eventually stopped! **Proving that all the world doesn't love a lover—if he insists on broadcasting it.**—*L. R. Combs, Iowa State College, Ames, Ia.*

WGY

Crawford: The Radio has certainly simplified many of the problems of our daily life.

Crabshaw: You bet it has. Look at the easy way it has given us to spell such a word as Schenectady.—*J. J. O'Connell, 15 Audubon Ave., New York.*

CALL TO ARMS

WWJ Early Birds:

Frank: Who wrote the greatest war song, Ernest?

Ernest: Mendelssohn—the wedding march.—*Ashley N. Chandler, 1943 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.*

RADIOTIC PRATTLES

"Good evening, folks. This is the News Hour of the Idiotic Daily News." Get ready, please for time. It is exactly forty-seven minutes past seven, Eastern Standard Time. And remember there is no better time on the market than Eastern Standard. There are certain companies in the habit of giving the time at ten o'clock, and while we do not want to knock anyone, you can't make a mistake in using a nationally advertised time like Eastern Standard.

Reports from Russia, folks, are about the same. Our correspondent wires us: Took a walk the other day and asked a bearded peasant, "How far is it to Moscow?" "About twenty versts," he answered. "Twenty-first what?" we asked him, knowing the unutterable stupidity of the mujik. But we could get no reply, so had to spend the night in Tiflis. That, folks, concludes our little talk on today's news events, so good night all, this is IDN signing off."—*Fitzhugh Watson, Philadelphia, Pa.*

SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

COME AGAIN WHEN YOU CAN'T STAY SO LONG—WLW announcer bidding farewell to Ishn Jones: Mr. Jones, if ever you co again to Cincinnati, you may be s WLW will give you the air!—*Fr Sherman, 713 E. Markland Ave., komo, Ind.*

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MIKE—On WHO, during the Mas Farmers' Convention, one man said himself: "I have a family of five gi and five boys. I myself am a h (slight pause) and cattle raiser."—*M Merrill Pregler, 1596 Auburn Dubuque, Ia.*

ALL THE LATEST INCONVENIENCES—"Have a Radio out in every room," said the Radio nouncer, "in order to assure yourself the greatest in convenience." (It's so bad in print—but oh! when vocalized).—*Leo. J. Jellison, 2506 Wi sor Ave., Dubuque, Ia.*

PETTING IN THE PARK

Gene Arnold: Have you been pinch yet in your new car, Bill?

Bill Childs: No, but I've be slapped!—*Mrs. W. S. McCauley, 4 N. Woods St., Sherman, Tex.*



William Braid White

The Enjoyment of Classical Music

Tschaikowsky as compared to Bolshevik—
"Incomprehensible Organizations of DIN"

A Monthly Feature By
WILLIAM BRAID WHITE
Doctor of Music

FINDING myself in New York recently, I decided to hear at first hand a performance of the Roxy Symphony Orchestra, reinforced two hundred players, at one of the ar concerts which Roxy has been giv- weekly for the benefit of unemployed sicians. The experience was very resting, and I shall use it here, for reasons. In the first place the pro- m for that day happened to include t of Schumann's famous concerto for no and orchestra, as well as the so- ed *"Pathetic" Symphony* of Tschai- vsky. The second of these is con- ntly, and the first sometimes, to be rd on the air from one or another of symphonic broadcasts, so that I feel re than ordinarily justified in making h of them in turn subjects of discus- n in this magazine. If I can help my ders thereby to take in these two great ces of highly organized music an in- est more living and more full of mean- for themselves than they would erwise be likely to acquire, I shall have omplished something worth while.

In the second place, my visit gave rise certain reflections upon the relation ween the production and the reproduc- n of music, and especially of music hly organized and developed, which I ppose to pass on to my readers.

Tschaikowsky and Suicide

Some thirty-seven years have passed ice Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky (I use e customary but incorrect French spell- g of the name) passed suddenly from e world during an epidemic of cholera St. Petersburg, as it was then called. e was only fifty-three and at the height his mental and emotional powers. The rcumstances of his death seem to have en somewhat peculiar, and undoubt- lly gave rise to a suspicion widely dis- minated, that he had committed sui- de. All that can be said here about the cts is that Tschaikowsky was a most ahappy man, that he suffered from a istressing malady of the soul, and that e died in circumstances which have never een completely explained.

The sudden death of Tschaikowsky ame only a few weeks after the first performance of this *Pathetic Symphony*, his sixth and last adventure in the symphonic form. It had been composed under circumstances unusually pleasant. It had scored a fair success at the first and had aroused genuine enthusiasm at the second, of its performances. The composer's outward circumstances were comparatively prosperous and his personal life more peaceful apparently than it had been for years. All the more surprising, therefore, was the astonishing appearance in this symphony of a final movement which is one long sigh of sorrow and one long groan of mental agony. I shall never forget my own introduction to this work, which began to become known in the United States only during the dawn of the twentieth century.

Wassili Safonoff, of Moscow, had been invited to come to New York to conduct some concerts for the Philharmonic Society and he chose for his début this very symphony. That season (1904) we had had a succession of eminent conductors, each taking one concert. Safonoff came towards the very end and made a tremendous hit with this Russian music, then so new, so striking and so fitted to the mood of the day. The extraordinary finale of Tschaikowsky's *Pathetic Symphony* was meat and drink to us young men and women, and we almost, so to speak, wallowed in it.

Even today it still has magic to stir the pulses and to make the blood run both hot and cold. The professional musical connoisseurs sneer at it now as outmoded, preferring to invite our attention to incomprehensible organizations of din by contemporary Bolshevik composers. These, we are assured, are now the only genuine article. Happily, those of us who still prefer music which has some perceptible form and some noticeable melodic structure still find Tschaikowsky very much to our taste.

Tschaikowsky wrote six symphonies, as well as one of the best of violin concertos, two piano concertos, of which one is universally known and liked, some overtures, piano pieces and songs, some operas (of which one, *Eugene Onegin*, has had great success), a lovely string quartet, a magnificent trio for piano, violin and 'cello, and the delightful ballet suite "Casse-Noisette" or the Nutcracker. His music is Russian, but it is not eccentric. He always said that his hero was Mozart, and he had all the great Wolfgang's ability to write lovely melody. Although he lived during the European ascendancy of Wagner and of Brahms, neither of these giants in any way influenced him. His music stands for himself alone. He combines, as I have said, great ability to invent lovely melodies, with a still greater power over the resources of the modern orchestra and the piano.

Tone Color

Tschaikowsky had a wonderful ear for tone color and knew how to make use of every instrumental voice, in combinations that never cease to thrill the listening ear Not even Wagner can make the orchestra more lusciously sweet or so gorgeous in array of color. What Tschaikowsky can do with some violins, some contrabasses, a couple of clarinets, an oboe and a bassoon is astonishing. I hope that all my readers who are making a practice of listening to orchestral music on the air will accustom themselves to distinguishing the various tones characteristic of the different instruments.

The pungency of the strings, the smoothness of the brass, the noble openness of the clarinet and the dark silkiness of the bassoon, the bitter-sweetness of the oboe and the pealing martial call of the trumpet, are all so many pigments, so to speak, lying side by side on the palette of colors which the creative musician has at his disposal, just as the painter can spread upon his palette one after another all th tints of the spectrum, afterwards to be combined by him into a thousand and one varying, shifting, lovely shades. The musician can do with tones for the ear what

Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York.*

the painter can do with colors for the eye.

Let an oboe sing a tune by itself. We recognize the bitter sweet characteristic quality of its sound. Let a clarinet now join in and at once we have another tint or quality of sound, caused by the mixture of the two characteristic tone qualities. Add to these a group of violins and again the tone-color takes on another hue. A composer who is very skilful in, and sensitive to, the shifting of these tone-colorations can do wonders with an orchestra. No master surpasses, and few have equalled, the Russian, Tschaikowsky, in his command of orchestral tone-color.

I suppose it is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the term "tone-color" is really rather misleading. The word "color" is borrowed from the world of the eye, and only by analogy can it be applied to the world of the ear. Nevertheless what is meant can easily be explained. When one says that one piano has a beautiful tone and another one is tinny or harsh, one is referring to the "quality" or "character" of the sounds, as distinguished from the pitch or loudness of each one. When one observes the smoothness of sound produced by the clarinet or the French horn, and compares it with the sharp peal of the trumpet or the long-drawn-out sob of the violin, one is dealing with the same property. Every musical instrument has its own quality of sound, which distinguishes each of its tones from the same tone produced on another instrument. The same is true of voices.

Why "Pathetic"?

To get however to our symphony. The name "Pathetic" was given to it by Tschaikowsky's brother and biographer, Modest, who says that on the morning after the first performance he came down to breakfast to find Peter Ilyitch already at the tea urn with the score of the symphony on the table before him. Some conversation then took place, in the course of which Modest, the brother, asked whether it were proposed to append a special title to the new work, which already seemed to be the most important his brother had composed. Peter Ilyitch replied that he had intended to call it simply "Program Symphony" thereby implying of course that it had a program or meaning but that the hearer must guess this for himself. Modest objected to this and proposed as an alternative the title *Pathetic Symphony.* To this Peter Ilyitch assented. There and then the new title was written on the score.

It might be well, however, to point out that the word "pathetic" really means that which pertains to or expresses suffering. It is commonly used to mean that which excites sympathy. The first meaning is undoubtedly correct in the present case.

The Finale is certainly gloomy, but it is far more than just that. One may properly call it a magnificent lament, almost a funeral march; but the death it mourns is not of any mortal man. It is the death of hope, the death of belief, the death of aspiration. Granted that, to one generation which has gone through the World War and to another which does not even know that there was a pre-war world, the pathos may seem to be forced, and here and there artificial. Still, even if one entirely ignores any suggestion of meaning or program, the finale is glorious music. Tschaikowsky never wrote more genuinely moving strains than he gives to the violins at their entrance, in the middle of the movement, with the noble melody of the second theme. The climaxes he builds up are genuine, too, and the whole working-out is masterly.

I grant that a mind wholly unable to see anything in music save bare sound may wonder what commentary like this is all about; but I am not writing for those who can find in music merely an expensive form of noise. Let them listen to Senator Borah or to that Episkopos Oikomenikos at Zion City, Illinois, who



Ernest Hutcheson, concert pianist who has appeared on Columbia Concert programs.

manages at one and the same time to use Radio and to believe that the earth is flat.

Schumann's Lovely Concerto

Schumann's piano concerto was played extremely well by that veteran artist Carl Friedburg, with the masterful assistance of Mr. Erno Rapee and his very large orchestra. A concerto, as I have previously explained, is a "small-size symphony," with a solo part for some instrument written into it. It is intended to give to masters of that instrument opportunities to show their virtuosity. No one ever wrote a better piece of work in this genre than did Schumann. Neither orchestra nor piano is supreme. The empire of sound is shared between them. The earlier clas[sic] concertos were sometimes no more [than] brilliant solo pieces with a guitarish [ac]companiment. The later ones ten[d] bury the solo instrument in the orche[stral] mass, until one can hardly distinguis[h] Schumann draws the line neatly bet[ween] the two extremes. The themes, n[ot] over, are melodious and charming, [the] working out is satisfactorily clear and [the] composer allows both parties to the [...] a fair chance to display themselves. [It] is splendid music, and I hope that it [will] often be repeated for the Radio audi[ence].

Something to Think Abou[t]

You all know that Roxy started [the] series of symphony concerts with an [or]chestra of double the usual size, and [the] tickets selling at a flat rate of one do[llar] for the benefit of unemployed musici[ans] in New York. There are, unhappily, s[till] thousands of these men out of wor[k] the metropolis alone. The sound-pic[ture] must carry the responsibility for the [loss] to which so many of these skilled ar[tists] have come. The musician cannot [help] himself in face of conditions like t[hose] which now confront him. We live [in a] mechanical age. Its machinery has [pre]tended to the reproduction of music[al] so large a scale that, to the comme[rcial] interests engaged in the entertainm[ent] business, it has appeared quite feasible [to] organize a system of distributing this re-production in such a way as to elimi[nate] the need for flesh-and-blood musician[s in] moving picture theatres everywhere.

In fact, as the technical state of the reproducing systems becomes more [and] more nearly perfect, it is certain that [the] state of affairs will be intensified, until so far as any one can now see, the pro[fes]sional performance of music will be [con]fined to (1) the groups who play in [the] picture studios, (2) those other gro[ups] which are furnishing music for broadcast[ing] (3) the players in the dozen or [so] great symphony orchestras maintained in as many great cities and (4) the s[mall] body of eminent artists who can dr[aw] large audiences by their own supreme [skill] and genius.

Now probably, most of my readers have never thought of this; but if they will think for a moment they will see [that] here we have a state of affairs not at all healthy. Music is a living art, which demands for its growth a large organization of composers, performers, [and] teachers. Music lives only when it is performed. If the demand for performing musicians suddenly dwindles in [this] manner I predict disaster.

I shall return to this very important question in later articles. For I can assure you that something is going to be done about it. Meanwhile let me close on a word of praise for Mr. Erno Rapee, conductor of the Roxy Symphony Orchestra. He is a capable and masterly musician who does wonders under conditions not very easy for any one.

The Pipes *of* Pan

Turning over a Few Wet Ones for a Slight Sizzle in the Warming Oven—the Big Name Bubble—Better Morning Programs

By GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

AS EARLY as January, when this department made its debut before readers of RADIO DIGEST, we discussed the "cutting-in", practiced by so many prominent orstra directors from Coast to Coast.

Ve offered to organize a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Radio Fans, se chief function it would be to curtail indiscriminate choice of songs by ba--wielders, a choice influenced, more n than not, by the fact that many of n were receiving "cut-ins" in the shape 'courtesy royalties" on the songs they gged incessantly, regardless of their it or their pertinence to the general sentation.

Ve started something. Soon after this cle appeared, Merlin H. Aylesworth, sident of the National Broadcasting , wrote us to say that that mammoth anization planned to do everything it sibly could to prohibit duplication. "I roughly agree with you in regard to the icy of overdoing music by repetition," letter concluded.

A prominent music publisher, one of three foremost in the industry, took the subject at a meeting of the Mu- Publishers' Protective Association, ich subsequently decided to take imdiate action to stamp out the evil. The erican Society of Composers, Authors Publishers is appointing a committee investigate the situation, and things are inning to hum.

We discussed the matter recently with n G. Paine, Chairman of the Board of Music Publishers' Protective Associan. Mr. Paine was emphatic in his deciation of the evil, and promised that rything in his power and that of his anization would be done to eradicate it. "We are glad to note that RADIO DIGEST s taken up the cudgels," he declared. he mediocre programs that one hears often these days can be directly atbuted to the fact that, in most cases, ders are being paid in various forms to omote inferior numbers. Naturally, iters like Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, alter Donaldson and George Gershwin n't be parties to such illegitimacy, and their product is neglected in favor of mmonplace songs, in which musical dictors have an 'interest'."

Mr. Paine added that if an amicable lution among the publishers proved imssible, he would appeal to the Federal rade Commission to help him stamp out a condition that he characterized as "an unfair method of competition."

We are glad that the condition is receiving official notice, and that it apparently is headed for an early demise. Once the "cut-in" practice has been exiled to oblivion, the Radio will be a more enjoyable means of entertainment than it has been for some time past.

* * *

IT IS a relief to note that Radio stations are paying more attention to their morning programs, which have, previously, been so sadly neglected.

Commercial accounts were never educated as to the value of the time before noon, and the poor housewife, as a result, had to listen to sustaining programs which were often without merit.

Of late, however, advertising agencies have begun to realize that the morning period can be used most advantageously. The woman of the house is sure of being in, and, in most cases, can be found in a receptive mood at that time of day. Her shopping hasn't commenced, and the preparation for the evening meal is her sole objective. What better time to persuade her of the merits of this baking powder, or that canned soup?

We are glad that advertisers are permitting themselves to be sold morning periods. Maybe soon it will be possible to tune in any time at all and get entertainment.

* * *

THE incongruity of many Radio programs offered by commercial sponsors could be eliminated with a little ingenuity. Although the nature of the program does not have to be in keeping with the merchandise that is being exploited, there could be a semblance of harmony to indicate that a little thought had been used by the program planners.

To this writer there is an absurd aspect to a program of classical masterpieces interspersed with announcements that Messrs. Bach, Beethoven, Wagner and Handel are coming to you under the auspices of the makers of a canned soup, vacuum sweeper or cough drop. It may be appropriate for a railroad or a serious publication of some sort to offer the "heavier" type of program, but it's a giggle to hear Mozart by the courtesy of "the makers of Monarch Lolli-pops—they melt in your mouth."

Periods advertising women's wear and such could advantageously embroider their presentation with music of Victor Herbert, suggestive of lace, frills, swishing silk and color. Cigar folk, virile and masculine, using the Radio could offer he-man themes,—lusty baritone solos like *Road to Mandalay*, and the like.

There doesn't have to be a set routine or immutable order, but it wouldn't hurt to use the old noodle at times.

* * *

IT'S no secret that a certain famous theatrical star, recently engaged for a large round sum to make weekly appearances before the microphone in behalf of a familiar product, has unfortunately failed to fully "click."

Although a popular favorite, this artist minus his visibility, can't seem to register his real personality over the ether, to the amazement of a million admirers.

Are the sponsors worried? Do they regard their heavy investment in this star as a loss? Not a bit of it!

An important official of the company, speaking recently to the writer, to the latter's great astonishment, said in effect:

"We had a hunch he wouldn't register when we signed him. But we knew he'd get listeners. Regardless of what happened subsequently, we were confident that we'd get a vaster audience with this star than if we had engaged a dozen others whose talents were finer."

So THAT'S it, is it? Tricked is what we've all been, Radio devotees. Again it's a case of "names" versus talent. Once more art bows to advertising, and entertainment is sacrificed on the altar of promotion.

All of which has been one of our "pet" plaints for many moons. Millions tune in breathlessly to "catch" a program, to discover they've been hooked by a tempting morsel of bait. Until talent and performance are given recognition, commercial air programs will be so-so.

And here's a thought in concluding. Just WHO is being fooled? It is this meek scrivener's humble belief that a repeatedly disappointed public, measured in millions, must inevitably react most unfavorably toward the product whose sponsors have become P. T. Barnums, instead of level-headed business people

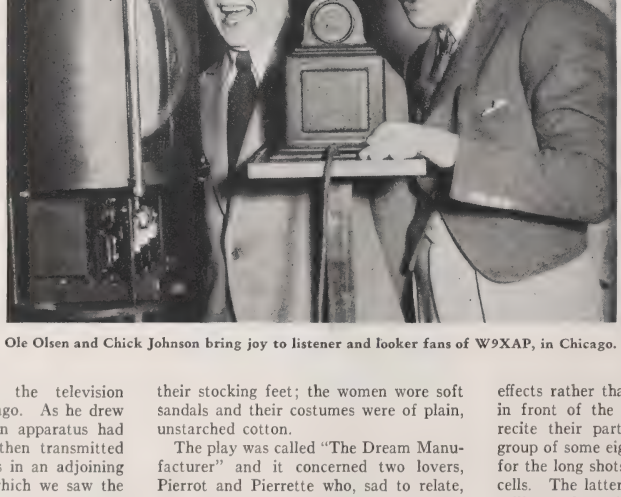
Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Television in Chicago

WE settled ourselves in a comfortable chair, our guide pressed a switch, and we found ourselves in darkness except for a square patch of pale pink light that glowed like a bit of ghostly ectoplasm through an opening in the opposite wall of the room. We watched. The image of a hand appeared in the square of light. The hand held a pencil and as we sat with our eyes glued on that ethereal bit of light the hand began to sketch a picture with bold, firm strokes. The drawing completed, the hand disappeared from the screen and in its place came a man's face. The lips moved, we heard his voice, as he told us that he had just drawn the picture on a sheet of paper placed in front of the television transmitter located in the television studio of W9XAP, Chicago. As he drew the picture the television apparatus had scanned the scene and then transmitted and reproduced it for us in an adjoining room. The screen on which we saw the image was about a foot square, the light was sufficiently brilliant to enable one to look at it for a long time without straining the eyes, and the detail in the picture sufficiently good to recognize the sketch as a likeness of Lincoln and later to recognize the artist after having seen his face on the television screen. We were, we admit, well impressed by the demonstration.

Not so very long ago a short play written especially for television was transmitted over the television system of W9XAP and the broadcasting station WMAQ, so that those with both television receivers and broadcast receivers saw and heard the actors and actresses in the play. During the play every effort was made to eliminate extraneous noise. The strings of the piano were muffled. To prevent noise from creaking shoe leather the men played in their stocking feet; the women wore soft sandals and their costumes were of plain, unstarched cotton.



Ole Olsen and Chick Johnson bring joy to listener and looker fans of W9XAP, in Chicago.

The play was called "The Dream Manufacturer" and it concerned two lovers, Pierrot and Pierrette who, sad to relate, were about to drift apart when the manufacturer of dreams finds them and brings them together again, to live (we suppose) happily ever after. Undoubtedly the closing scene (we didn't see the play) showed them, Pierrot and Pierrette, in blissful embrace.

MAKE-UP, so important in the movies, is just as important in television. Davis Factor, the son of Max Factor, who is the big gun among the make-up artists out on the lots of Hollywood, experimented with various effects. To date best results have been obtained by using a thick coating of grease paint on the face, with eyebrows and mouth outlined in brownish red. Seen in person the players with all their make-up in place look like some Holloween apparition; with the make-up a hen-pecked husband could recognize his wife.

But of more interest than the subject of the play was what we might call the stage technique. By means of a special arrangement of lenses in the transmitter and by the use of several groups of photo-electric cells, it was possible to obtain both close-ups or long shots, like in the movies. First the group of three players might be televised, then a close-up would show just the girl as she spoke her lines, then a switch to a close-up of the man and so forth. A further effort was made to add interest to the program by such effects rather than to just sit the players in front of the photocells and let them recite their parts. For the close-ups a group of some eight small cells were used, for the long shots there are two enormous cells. The latter are suspended from the ceiling and can be swung to any position in the room.

The demonstration we witnessed was especially impressive in three ways. First we were impressed by the brilliancy of the image, for the light was sufficiently strong to make the picture easy to look at; the light source for this demonstration was a neon tube producing a very strong pink point of light. The neon tube used in the ordinary home television receiver consists of a glowing plate about one and one-half inches square, but the light from the glowing plate being not very strong in the first place and since the process of scanning causes only a small portion of the plate to

of the Radio Arts

Owners of Television and Radio Sets in Chicago Hear and See Actors in Specially Written Skits

visible at any one time the image, in the linary home television receiver, is quite ll and looked at for any length of time quite tiring on the eyes. With the point irce type of neon tube, all of the light m the tube is available for each point the picture and, as a result, the image very much brighter. The point source e of tube has the disadvantage, how-r, that it requires the use of many lenses the scanning disc, which makes the cost such a television receiver so great as to ke it impractical for ordinary home use. so the present types of tubes require a nparatively large amount of power and ngerously high voltages for their opera-n. But we understand that new tubes this type have been developed that re-ire much less power to operate them and ey may finally be improved to the point ere they can be adapted to the ordinary me television receiver.

The second point which impressed us s the detail of the image. In considering e detail in a television image we must lize that the picture is composed of any small spots, the tensity of illumina-on of each spot rresponding to the nount of light re-cted from a given ot on the subject ing televised. The reater the number spots into which e picture is divided e greater the detail; is for the same ason that reproduc-ons of photographs this magazine are better quality than ould be reproduc-ons of the same hotographs in a ewspaper. Many ore dots of ink are sed to reproduce a hotograph in this agazine than are sed to reproduce a notograph in a news-aper. The picture hich we viewed at 'OXAP was divided vertically into some forty-five parts and divided horizontally into about one hundred parts and so, in effect, the image on the screen of the television receiver was reproduced by some five thousand spots of light. Since the system was arranged to transmit fifteen pictures per second, about seventy-five thousand distinct signals were picked up by the photo-cell every second, converted into electrical energy, transmitted through the system and reproduced at the receiver.

SEATED some ten or fifteen feet from the screen, as we were during the demonstration, the reproduction appeared to the eye to be somewhat better on the large screen than did the one and one-half inch image which we saw later in the small home television receiver. The apparently better detail on the large screen was due, probably, to the fact that the brilliancy and size of the image made it easier and more interesting to look at.

The third point that interested us was the absence of "flicker." Many readers will recall the early motion pictures and the horrible manner in which they flickered. Many television images flicker in just the same manner, but the image we saw at W9XAP was unusually steady. This is due, we are told, to a system of scanning which breaks up each picture into three parts so that the eye gets the impression that there are many more pictures being transmitted than is actually the case. Flicker is especially annoying because of the eye strain it produces.

The television receiver we have described was designed solely for demonstration purposes. The receivers being sold in the Chicago area for ordinary home reception use the regular small square neon tube that produces pictures about one inch square. The home receiver (and also the demonstration receiver) is synchronized by the use of a motor (known to engineers as a synchronous motor) which can only operate at one definite speed. To start the motor a handle on the front of the receiver is given a twist, after which it automatically turns at exactly the proper speed. There is nothing new about this motor or its use, for it has been utilized in television receivers at various times during the past few years. It has the advantage of simplicity and the disadvantage that when it is used it is necessary that both the transmitter and receiver be supplied with power from the same power company. It cannot be used with good results when the transmitter, located in one town, is supplied with power from one company, and the receiver, located in another town, is supplied with power from another company. But there are

(*Cont. on page 107*)



Presentation of a play over television station W9XAP synchronized with WMAQ, bringing to fans the visual Radio while simultaneous broadcasting furnishes the words. Irene Wicker, Vinton Haworth and Douglas Hope are the performers. Mr. Haworth is staging such shows regularly for sight and sound fans.

Broadcastor Oil

(*Continued from page 47*)

National Cavaliers, a quartette of four singers. He is also their coach and arranger. In fact he does everything for them except their washing. Wirges dissipated an otherwise normal mind on growing hairs. A pitiful example of social ambition, he spent hours raising a Tom Thumb moustache, hours that could have been more profitably spent in practicing demented seventh and prostate ninth chords on which he was particularly weak, as who of us isn't. He wanted a set of lip-feathers like Groucho Marx, but they turned out more in the Michael Arlen manner. So he compromised and tried to wax it like Adolphe Menjou. But ah my friends, note how such an obsession wreaks havoc with Art and stifles creative endeavor. (Neat phrase that.) Wirges got to twirling his moustache so that the wax came off on his fingers, and when he tried to play the piano his fingers slid all over the keys. His friends, thinking he was playing passages from the Niebelungen Ring, would invariably get up and go.

I am glad to say that Wirges now wears his moustache dry.

As the stout lady said to the size 16 pajamas, this sort of thing can't go on.

In conclusion I want to say that I am five feet seven and one half inches tall, with blue eyes, curly hair and a slight impediment in either foot. If notified, find owner. Last seen stepping into an elevator on the thirteenth floor of 711 Fifth Avenue, and boy what a good time we had that night. Dorothy wouldn't speak to me for three days—don't say anything to Charlie.

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 59*)

tists. Then he broadcasts from his night club on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Downey is married to Barbara Bennett, the film actress, and daughter of Richard Bennett. How he met his father-in-law is one of the tenor's best stories. He had been married about a year, but had never met his wife's father. One night he was singing at the Palace Theatre, when in the middle of his song there walked on the stage a distinguished looking gentleman.

Said the intruding gentleman, "Do you know who I am?"

"No," said Downey, half way between anger and amazement.

"Well," said the gentleman, "I'll tell you. I'm your father-in-law."

The audience had a good laugh over the unusual introduction, but Morton Downey hustled his parent-in-law off the the stage, saying it was his act and not Bennett's.

Downey is another singer who tried everything else first. He has sold phonograph records. He has sold insurance, or tried to. He has sold newspapers on railroad trains. He has run a little donkey engine in pursuit of freight cars. He says he failed at all these jobs, that there was nothing else to do but sing. His chance came when Paul Whiteman heard him singing in a restaurant and engaged him to appear with his orchestra, and from then on he has been a most popular entertainer both in this country and in Europe.

Downey has opened night clubs in Berlin, Paris, and London. He has sung comedy songs at a White House dir
He says he made Calvin Coolidge sm
He has helped the financier, Clar
Mackay, in entertaining the Princ
Wales.

Just now his song *Wabash Moo*
having a tremendous vogue. He als
tries to feature some late number in
broadcasts. He is blessed with a pho
graphic memory, and gets the melody
lyrics of a song at a glance.

When he retires—not that he int
to do it very soon—he says he's g
to travel. "Dogs and traveling," he
"they'll take up my time."

But just now, of course, his tim
all taken up being the world's bu
tenor.

Marriage

(*Continued from page 23*)

mind. The ladies all want to know
he married?' and then, after they
positively that he is, without a doubt,
another husband, they turn to new
more mysterious announcers to worsh

As far as announcers are concer
Patrick Kelly, of NBC's New York
dios, should be listened to, for Pat is
supervisor of announcers for N
Supervisors should, this writer op
know whereof they talk, so let's li
to what he has to say:

"In my opinion the less the pu
knows about an artist in a personal
the greater the admiration the public
for that artist. This applies to Radio
tists in particular. Listeners form me
images of the artists and often visu
an artist as a person of such perfec
that no living human being could live
to it!"

That totals fifteen opposed to the m

Last Chance to Vote For Your Favorite Station in Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct..	$3.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	6.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	9.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	12.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	15.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	$30.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

il publicity. Number sixteen is more or ss neutral. He is Don Bernard, NBC roduction man in charge of Empire uilders and other programs. As such he ets little publicity, so speaks impartially hen he says:

"The type of work one does should overn the policy. Romanticists should eep their audience in the dark. Singers f old-time ballads might gain by letting eir fans know of their marriage. It epends on the air role."

There are two more neutrals—Adele 'asa and Paul Tremaine, both of the 'BS network.

"Miss" Vasa, whose glorious soprano heard regularly on many programs, akes the stand that the general public not particularly interested usually hether the Radio singer is married or ot. She admits, however, that on concert tours it might be advantageous to et the public believe the artist is heart nd fancy free, and holds that a musiomedy star is dearer to her audience hen envisoned as a "happy bachelor naiden." Adele, notwithstanding, having been only recently married, wants the hole wide world to know that she has ound her "ideal man" and is "just gorgeously happy".

And Tremaine, the band leader, unmarried, says that if his orchestra can present an enjoyable program, it's all that is ecessary, and whether the listeners know is matrimonial status or not doesn't make a bit of difference one way or the other.

There you have it. Now, after you've ead what the stars think about your—he public's—reaction, sit down and write letter to "Mr. Editor," of RADIO DIGEST elling just what you think about it yourelf. I'm sure he'll publish the most interesting letters just to set the loud peaker favorites right—if they are wrong.

Marcella

(*Continued from page 62*)

Lindhe of WFAA, we thank you for the picture of these worthies.

* * *

FRANK KNIGHT received his Radio tutelage from Edward B. Husing and the late John Daniel, both of whom persuaded him off the legitimate stage and actually pushed him into Radio. He was born in St. John's, Newfoundland, May 19th, 1894, the son of the best known barrister and solicitor in that country. Graduated from St. Bonaventure's College and picked up some business training in the Canadian Bank of Commerce. War interfered and after that tried his hand at medicine at McGill University, Montreal. But the call of the stage was loud and alluring and he followed its beckoning tones —until Edward B. came on the scene and showed him the booming opportunities in Radio. And here he is now on CBS.

ONE could write volumes on the unusual dramas which life has played with Radio artists. There is Alma Wall, for instance—born with a diamond-studded spoon in her mouth and a background of ancestors that anyone would be proud of —earning her living through recitation of her own poems in a New York station. She is the lineal niece of Chief Justice John Marshall of Virginia and is related to Thomas Jefferson.

* * *

ANDRE BAROUCH deserted his palette for the microphone. He was born in Paris, August 20, 1906 and educated in the Beaux Arts School. He came to America some thirteen years ago and here he pursued his studies of art. At the N. Y. division of the National Academy of Art he won a scholarship which took him to Paris. When he returned to these shores some months ago he placed his application with the CBS. He came for a position as a pianist, but while filling out the application he wrote "announcer" instead. After the rgular round of auditions, confabs and interviews, he was accepted. He speaks several languages.

* * *

MR. AND Mrs. Morton Harvey—known otherwise as The Rolling Stone and Aunt Betty—have severed connections with Radio Station WBBZ of Ponca City, Okla. Does some station need this good act? Mrs. Wm. A. R. of Warm Springs, Ga. writes, "Please tell us about Dot and Dick." "They are the only truly young married couple," says Mrs. McConnell, Jr. of WMAZ, "who live their everyday experiences before the mike as though they were in their own home. Dot and Dick write their own skits out of a varied married experience that stretches back ten years. That's why they can give their listeners little human dramas that provoke genuine laughter and —sometimes a sympathetic tear." Edna Woodward wants to know who is 'Lizabeth Ann. Martin Campbell, Assistant Manager of WHAS, Louisville, and by the way I expect to get a picture of him for this column one of these days, says that 'Lizabeth until recently was a child impersonator at that station. She recently married, and left Louisville to make her home in Greensboro, N. C. where she hopes to continue her Radio work. I'll have some private correspondence with your secretary, Mr. Campbell and see if I can't wheedle a picture from her.

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

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Chain Calendar Feature

The heavy response from readers to our questionnaire indicates a need for Chain Calendar Features. As program changes occur frequently after press date, slight inaccuracies may appear here and there. In regard to the headings of Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific Time, readers are doubtless familiar with the division of time used by favorite stations. For location of station, see index to network kilocycles on page 96.

Throughout Week

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(daily except Sunday)

7:45 a. m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds.

8:00 a. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WEEI	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WCAU	WFIL
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WRVA	WPTF	CKGW	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	CFCF
WBEC			

PERTUSSIN PLAYBOYS—Brad and Al. (Mon., Tues., Wed.)

8:15 a. m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WSPD	WOWO

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WEEI	WFBW
WDRC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WDBJ	WADC
WWNC	WBT	WCHS	WSPD
WDOD	WLAC	WOWO	WBBM
KSCJ	KMOX	KLRA	KOIL
CFCF	KFJF		

CHEERIO—(daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WCKY	WRC
WCSH	WWJ	WHO	WOC
WDAF	WAPI	KDKA	WFI
WSB	WSM	WJAX	WPTF
WTAG	WOAI	WBEN	WRVA
CKGW	WJDX	WHAS	WFLA
WSUN	WTAM	WJDX	WJAR
WGY	WOW	WCAE	WGN
WKY			

THE VERMONT LUMBER JACKS—John Whitcomb. (Daily ex. Sunday)

8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

8:45 a. m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WEAF	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
CFRB			

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—(daily ex. Sun.)

9:00 a. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WDRC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WDBJ	WADC	WNAC	WLAC
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WOWO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTRH	KDYL	

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Sun. 10:00 a.m. —daily 8:30)

8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WEAN
WNAC	WBP	WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WMAL	WDOD	WLAC
WISN	WFBM	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KDYL	

MORNING MOODS—Nat Brusiloff. (Daily except Sun.)

9:30 a.m.			
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WDRC
WPG	WCAU	WJAS	WADC
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ
WADC	WAIU	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WJAC	WWNC	WHBM
KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	CFRB	WTAQ

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radio Home Makers. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

10:00 a. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WBP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WBAL	WADC
WWNC	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WISN	WHBM	KSCJ
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF

RAY PERKINS—Libby, McNeil and Libby Program. (Thurs. and Friday)

10.00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WBHO	WJW	KDKA	WSAI
WREN	KWK	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
WJR	WGAR		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(except Friday and Sunday)

11:15 a. m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WTAM	KSD	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WEEI	WGY	WMC
WBZ	WSAI	KYW	WOC
WHO	CFCF	CKGW	

PAUL TREMAINE—(daily ex. Sunday)

12:00 noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WBAW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKBN	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
KSCJ	WJAX	WBBM	KLRA
WDAY	KOIL	KFJF	KLZ
KOL	WTAQ		

COLUMBIA REVIEW — (daily except Sat. and Sun.)

12:30 p. m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WBAW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	WGR		

MUSICAL AVIATORS ORCHESTRA—Tom Truesdale, Director. (Daily)

1:00 p. m.	12:00	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WLBZ
WDRC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WBBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WOWO	KLRA	

AMBASSADOR HOTEL ORCHESTRA—(Mon. and Thurs.)

1:30 p. m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WGR
WDRC	WPG	WFAN	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WBRC	WOWO	KLRA

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—(daily ex. Tues.)

2:00 p. m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WPG
WFAM	WJAS	WBAW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WLAC	WISN	WOWO	WBBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KTRH	KLZ
KOL			

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—(daily except Sun.)

2:30 p. m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WBBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WWNC	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WJDX	WFBM	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	KOIL
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KVI
KOL	KFPY	KHJ	

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER—(Wed., Thurs. and Friday)

2:30 p. m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOC	WHO
WBZ	WSAI	KYW	CKGW
WOAI	WKY	WTIC	WTAG
WBEN	WTAM	KYW	CKGW
CFCF			

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Ernest Deutsch, Director. (Mon., Tues., and Wed.)

3:00 p. m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WBT	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WJDX	KSCJ	WMT
KSCJ	WMT	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KLZ	KVI	KOL	KFPY

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)

6:45 p. m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WBAL	KDKA	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WLW	WFLA
WSUN			

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—(Wed. Thurs., Friday, Sat.)

6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WTMJ	WSM
WEBC	WCAE	WGY	WTAG
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	WENR
WHAS	WBEN	CKGW	WMC

MORTON DOWNEY—With Freddie Rich and his Orchestra. (Daily except Sun., Mon. and Tues.)

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WWNC	WBCM
WDOD	WBRC	WGL	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KFRC

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent. (Daily except Sunday)

7:00 p. m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WBZ
WBZA	WRC	CKGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN	WLW	WJR
WGAR	CFCF		

TASTYEAST JESTERS — (Monday, Thurs., Sat.)

7:15 p. m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WCKY	WHAM	WBZ
WBZA	WEBC	KDKA	WRC
WGAR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD			

PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

7:30 p. m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WOAI
KPRC	WDJX	WFIIS	WFTF
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WHAM	KDKA	WREN
KWK	WTMJ	WEBC	KOA
KSL	WRC	WGAR	CFCF

EVANGELINE ADAMS—Astrologer. Forhan's. (Mon. and Wed.)

7:30 p. m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WAIU	WWNC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WFBM	WGL	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KSCJ	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	WRR	KTRH	CFRB

DADDY AND ROLLO—Congress Cigar Co. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WREC	WISN	WOWO
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 p. m.	7:00	6.00	5.00
WFBL	WGR	WADC	WHK
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WBRC	WDSU	WFBM	WGL
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	WMBC
KOIL	KEJF	WRR	KTSA

JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT—Blackstone Plantation. (Tues. and Thurs.)

8:00 p.m.			
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WHO	WDAF	WOW	WEBC
CFCF			

BARBASOL PROGRAM—(Mon. and Thurs.)

8:15 p. m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WBRC	WDSU	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

RADIOTRON VARIETIES — "Buga" Baer. (Wed. and Sat.)

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WRC	WLIT
WBEN	WTAM	WSAI	WIBO
WWJ	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WSM	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	WFAA	WOAI	KOA
KSL	KGO	KECA	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KFSD
WPTF	KPRC		

OLD GOLD CHARACTER READIN—Lorna Fantin.(Tues.)(Thurs. 9

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHE
WGR	WEAN	WJAS	WDR
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCA
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLB
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADI
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WWN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQA
WDBO	WREC	WXYZ	WBC
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLA
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WJJD
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMO
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNA
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
WRR	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEW—(Sun., Tues. and Thurs.)

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WNAC	WORC	WCAI
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTR—Robert Burns Panatela Progra. (Mon., Wed., Fri.)

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKB
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAI
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXY
WSPD	WWNC	WFBM	WMA
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRI DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues. Thu. Sat.)

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WCAE
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WTMJ	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	WOAI	KOA
KGO	WKY	KECA	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KFSD
WIBO	WDAF	WTAM	WAPI
WBEN	WOW		

CLARA, LU AND EM—(daily exc Sun and Mon.)

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WAL	WHAM	KDK
WJR	WLW	KWK	WRE
WGAR	WBZ	WBZA	WGN

RAPID TRANSIT—(Tues. and Thu 11:00 p.m.

WEAF	WEEI	WFI	WCAE
KSD	WWJ	WSAI	WOC
WHO	WIOD		

Sunday

MORNING MUSICALE—Emil Deutsch Conducting.

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WPG	WHP	WCAU
W3XAU	WBP	WCAO	WTAR
WWNC	WBT	WSPD	WDOI
WREC	WLAC	WISN	WFBM
WMT	KMOX	WNAX	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KDYL			

ROXY SYMPHONY CONCERT—

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WJZ	WBAL	KGO
WGAR	WRC	WTAM	WWJ
WOC	WHO	WFTF	WLW
WJAR	WGN	WDAF	WTM
WMC	WKY	KWK	WRE
KOA	KECA	KGW	KOM
KFSD			

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WLBZ	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WWN
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WDOI
WISN	WOWO	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KFJF	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY			

April 5—A high ecclesiastic on "Easte April 12—(From Paris)—Serge Voronof "Rejuvenation." April 19—The L Mayor of London and Lord Mayor's I Players and Singers: "Shakespeare and Boy Players." April 26—Speaker to announced. Subject: "Daniel Defo May 3—Miss Megan Lloyd George, M "Wales." (Beginning of Internatio Travel Series.)

Monday

Tuesday

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

TLE JACK LITTLE—
45 p.m. 12:45 11:45 10:45
JZ WKRN KFAB WJR
GAR WLW

THEDRAL HOUR—
:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
ABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
LBZ WJAN WDRC WNAC
ORC WPG WCAU W2XAU
HP WMAL WCAO WTAR
DBJ WKRC WKBN WWNC
BT WBCM WDOD WREC
LAC WBRC WFBM WGL
BBM KSCJ WMT KMBC
LRA WDAY KOIL WIBW
FH KFJF KRLD KTRH
TSA KLZ KVI KFPY

)NSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—
:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
EAF WTAG WJAR WRC
GY WBEN WTAM KSD
WJ WDAF WEEI WLIT
CAE KOA

P CONCERTS—
:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
EAF WJAR WTAG WRC
CAE WWJ KSD WOW
VDAF CFCF

W YORK PHILHARMONIC SYM-PHONY ORCHESTRA—
:15 p.m. 2:15 1:15 12:15
ABC W2XE WNAC WORC
RBW WJDZ WEAN WDRC
CAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
LBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
ADC WRKC WBRC WSJS
BT WBCM WDOD WREC
LAC WBRC WOWO WFBM
CCO WMT KMOX KSD
MBC KLRA WDAY KOIL
IBW KFH KFJF KRLD
TRH KLZ KDYL KVI
FPY KHJ

IFT GARDEN PARTY—
1:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
EAF WJAR WTAG WRC
CSH WLIT WRC WGY
BEN WCAE WTAM WWJ
EI KYW KSD WOC
HO WOW WDAF WSAI
KGW

U. S. PARKES CADMAN—
1:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
EAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
TAG KOA WOW WKY
OAI WSAI WJAX WHAS
DJX WSAI KPRC WOAI
DAF WWJ WFLA WSUN
KHQ WHO WOC KGO
OMO WCAE WEAC WRC
GW WPTF WMC WGY
SM KTHS WBAP WSB
API WBEN WRVA WIOD
GN KPO KHQ

RMON BY REV. DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
ABC W2XE WFBL WGR
EAN WDRC WNAC WJAS
MAL WADC WKRC WXYZ
SPD WOWO WMAQ KOIL
CAU WCAU WJAX KRLD WRR

VEY HOUR—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
EAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
EI WRC WGY WCAE
TAM KSD WOW WDAF
OC WHO WOW WDAF
CKGW WBEN WEEI WWJ

HE FRENCH TRIO—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
GR WDRC WJDZ WEAN WDRC
NAC WORC WEAN WHP
JAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
TAR WJAC WJAR WRC
KRC WWNC WBCM WSPD
DOD WREC WLAC WBRC
OWO WFBM WSCJ KMOX
MT KMBC KLRA WDAY
OIL WIBW KFJF KRLD
LZ KDYL KVI KFPY

)DENT CLUB—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
EAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
CSH WRC WCAE WWJ
SAI WLS KSD WOC
HO WOW WEBC WTMJ
BEN WFI WDAF

ARBOR LIGHTS—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
CKY KDKA WCAE WREN
WK KOA WGAR WGN
FSD WRVA KGO KPO
OMO

CA VICTOR PROGRAM—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
EAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WJ KPRC WBEN WRC
GY WCAE WTAM WSAI
YW WRVA WIOD WFLA
SUN WHAS KSD WDAF
TMJ WKY KOA KGO
SMB WJDX KTHS KVOO
OAI WKY KOA KSL
GO KFI KHQ KTAR
FSD KGW KOMO WFAA
WJ KPRC

AJOR BOWES' FAMILY—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
EAF WWJ WCSH KSTP WIOD
SB WJDX WJAR WCAE
RC WGY WWJ WSAI
FSD WFLA WSUN WOW
HO WTAM WOC

OLLIERS RADIO HOUR—
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
JZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
DKA WJR KDKA KYW
WK WREN KAO KSL
HQ KOMO WFI KGW
PO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KWK KYW WKY WJR
WREN WFAA KPRC WOAI
WHAS WSM WTMJ KSTP
KDKA WMC KOA WENR
WOD KTHS WSMB KOMO
KFI KGW KSL KHQ
WLW WCKY WSB WPTF
WRVA WFLA WSUN KFAB
KSD KTAR WDAF WFBC
KVOO KHQ WGAR WEBC
CFCF

MAURICE CHEVALIER—Chase and Sanborn
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJAR WTAG WCSH WRC
WGY WCAE WWJ WSAI
KSD WOW WIOD WIBO
KSTP WHO WOC WHAS
WEBC WMC WSB WSMB
WKY KTHS KPRC WOAI
WFAA WTAM WDAF WFLA
WSUN WDAF WTIC KVOO
WBEN WLIT

ARABESQUE—Desert Play
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WGR WLBZ
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WKRC
WKBN WWNC WBT WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WISN WFBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KLRA WDAY KOIL WIBW
KFJF KRLD KTRH KTSA
KLZ KDYL KOL KFPY

ATWATER KENT HOUR—
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WEAF WEEI WRC WFI
WGY WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI KSD WOW WSMB
KDKA KOA WOAI KSMB
KFI KGW KOMO KPO
KHQ WPRC WKY WHAS
WGN WSB WOC WHO
WMC WDAF KSL CKGW
WAPI WBEN KSTP

GRAHAM PAIGE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WBT
WSPD WTOC WDOD WBCM
WDAE WXYZ WSPD WREC
WDSU WOWO WBBM WCCO
KMOX KSCJ WMBD KFJF
KRLD KTRH KTSA KLZ
KDYL KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC

"WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS"—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK WREN
KYW WCKY WGAR

ROYAL'S POET OF THE ORGAN—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WNAC WCAU WORC
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WGST
WXYZ WSPD WLAC WOWO
WBBM KMOX KMBC KOIL
KLZ KDYL KOL KFPY
KOIN KHJ KFRC

BOSWELL SISTERS—Trio
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
WJR KWK WREN WTAM
WRVA WJAX WIOD WAPI
WSB WMC WHAS WFLA
WSUN WSMB WSCJ KOA
WKY WHAM WGAR WTMJ
KSTP WEBC KYW

THE GAUCHOS—(Vincent Sorey)
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WKBW WEAN
WNAC WDRC WJAS WORC
WJAS WLBW WMAL WTAR
WDBJ WKBN WBT CFRB

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
WHAM WJR WLW KWK
WREN WENR

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WEAF WEEI WCHS WRC
WGY WOW WDAF CKGW
KSTP WCAE WTAM WWJ
KYW WHO WEBC WJAX
WIOD WHAS WSM WDJX
KPRC WKY KOA KGO
KGW WSB KTAR KFSD
WRVA WBEN WFI WOC
WFLA WSUN KECA

THE MADISON SINGERS—Musical Program by Mixed Quartet.
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WPG WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WKBN WWNC WBCM
WSPD WDOD WHTC WOAI
WBRC WISN WOWO KSCJ
KMBC KLRA KOIL KTJF
KTSA

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM KSTP
WRVA WHAS WREN WFAA
WEBC WIOD WAPI WOW
WMC WSH WGAR KVOO
WKY WOAI WRC WHO
WDAF WJDX WBAL WSMB
KWK KOA WBZ WBZA
WOC KTHS WFLA WSUN
WJAX KFAB KPRC KDKA
WLW KFKX WPTF WSM

U. S. ARMY BAND—
4:15 p.m. 3:15 2:15 1:15
WABC W2XE WGR WLBZ
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WCAO WTAG WADC WKRC
WWNC WBCM WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WISN WGL
WBBM WDAE WXYZ KSCJ
KMOX KMBC KLRA WDAY
KOIL KFJF KRLD KTRH
KTSA KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY KHJ

MALTINE STORY PROGRAM—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WLW KYW
KWK WREN KFAB WJR
KOA KSL KGO KFI
KOMO KFSD

ANHEUSER BUSCH PROGRAM—Tony Cabooch.
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WEAF WJAX WJAR WHK
WAIU WXYZ WSPD WDOD
WREC WDSU WFBM WMAQ
WMT WMOX KSD KLRA
KOIL KFJF KRLD KTRH

"HOW'S BUSINESS?"—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WJAX WJAR WRC
WCAE KSD WWJ KOMO
WSAI WDAF WJDX KGO
KVOO KECA KHQ WFLA
WSUN WHAS WEBC WSMB
KGW TAR KSTP KSL
WMC WPTF WIOD

A. & P. GYPSIES—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAR
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY CAE WWJ WSAI
WGN KSD WOC WDAF
WTAM WOW WHO WBEN

THE SIMMONS HOUR—Metropolitan Opera Stars.
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WJAS
WLBW WMAL WTAR WDBJ
WHK WAIU WBCM WLAC
WBRC WISN WFBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
WDAY WNAX KFJF KRLD
KTSA KDYL KOL KFPY
WTAQ

THE THREE BAKERS—Leo Reisman's Orchestra.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHK
WKBW WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WCAU WJAS WORC
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WHK WKRC WNAC
WBT WGST WTOC WQAM
WDBO WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WOWO WFBM WMAQ WCCO
KSCJ WMBD KOIL KMBC
KLRA WDAY WNAX KOIL
WIBW KFH KFJF KRLD
KTRH KSL KLZ KDYL
KOL KFPY KOIN KHJ
KFRC

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK WLW
WREN KSTP WEBC KTHS
WKY WOAI KOA KSL
KGO KHQ KGW KSO
KOMO KVOO WLW WFAA
KPRC WGAR

GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WTAG WLIT WRC WGY
WCAE WTAM WWJ WGN
KSD WOC WSAI WMAQ
WDAF KSTP WHAS WSM
WMC WSB KPRC WJAX
WFAA WOAI WKY KOA
KSL KGO KGW KFI
KOMO KHQ WTIC WHO
WBEN WTMJ

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WLW KWK KYW
WREN CKGW WJR WGAR

SYMPHONIC RHYTHM MAKERS—Vauchn de Leath.
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG WRC
WCAE WTAM WLIT WWJ
WDAF WMC WSB WJAX
WBEN WGY WOC WHO
CFCF WEEI

EMPIRE BUILDERS—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR WLW KYW
KWK WREN WTMJ WOAI
KSTP WHO WOC KSL
KGO KECA KOMO KHQ
KTAR KFSD WKY WBAP
KPRC WGAR KGW

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JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WCKY KWK WSM
WMC WSB WAPI WSMB
WJAX WFAA WOAI WJDX
WJAX WIBO WREN KSTP
WEBC WRVA WIOD KTHS
KVOO WBAP KPRC WOAI
WHAS WJR WFLA WSUN

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—
2:45 p.m. 1:45 12:45 11:45
WJZ WHAM KDKA WREN
KWK KFAB CKGW KOA
WENR WGN WMC WSB
CFCF WTMJ

POND'S—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WRC KSD WTAG
WJAR WBEN WCSH WEEI
WAPI WTIC WJAR WSAI
WOC WTAM KYW WHO
WOW WDAF CKGW WSB
WCAE WSM

ADVENTURES IN WORDS—Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly.
5:15 p.m. 4:15 3:15 2:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WDRC WNAC WJAR WHAM
WMAL WCAO WTAR WKBN
WWNC WBCM WDOD WREC
WBRC WISN WFBM WGL
WCCO KSCJ WMT KLRA
WDAY KFJF KRLD KTRH
KTSA KLZ

NATURAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WDRC
WHP WLBW WTAR WDBJ
WWNC WBCM WDOD WREC
WREC WLAC WBRC WGL
WBBM KSCJ WMT KLRA
WDAY KFJF WFAA KLZ
KDYL KVI KOL KFPY

POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT—Frederic William Wile.
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WGR WJAR
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WTAR
WDBJ WHK WADC WKBN
WBCM WBRC WGL KSCJ
KLRA WDAY KOIL KLH
KFJF KRLD KOL KFPY
KHJ KFRC WTAQ

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WJEJ WJAR WTAG
WCSH WGY WBEN

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJMJ WJR WLW
KYW KWK WREN WRVA
WJAX KGW KOMO KHQ
KFSD WAIU WBCM KGO
KOA WBAP WIOD WHAS
WSM WMC WSB WJDX
WSMB WOAI KFAB KGO
KECA

FLORSHEIM FROLIC—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WTAG WJJ WRC
WGY WCAE WWJ WSAI
WGN KSD WDAF WEBC
WRVA KVOO WJAX WIOD
WSAI WFLA WSUN WMC
WSB WSMB WJDX KPRC
WOAI WKY KOA KSL
WBAP WBEN KSTP WOW

PREMIER SALAD DESSERTS—Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn.
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC WNAC LHL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WJAR WSAI
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WTAG
WWNC WBCM WCAU WDAE
WXYZ WSPD WLAC WDSU
WOWO WMAQ WCCO KMOX
KSCJ WMBC KOIL KFRB
KDYL KVI KOL KFPY
KOIN KHJ KFRC

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBAL WEEI WJAR
WHEN WCSH WFI WRC
WOW WTAM WSAI KSD
WMAQ WOAI WDAF WRVA
WSAI WIOD WFLA WSUN
WJDX WMC WSB WSMB
KOA WKY WOAI WHAS
KTAR KSL KGO KECA
KHQ KFSD KGW KOMO
KVOO WWJ KYW WHAS

HENRY GEORGE—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WFBL WGR
WLAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WKNA WHP WJAS WMAL
WCAO WTAG WDAE WKBC
WXYZ WSPD WBCM WISN
WFBM WHAM WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFJF

HAPPY WONDER BAKERS—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WJAR WCAE WWJ WSAI
KSTP WTMJ WRVA WMAQ
WTAM WWJ WSAI WHAS
WSM WMC WSB WJDX
WDAF WKY KOA KSL
KGO KFOA KGW KOMO
KHQ

Blue Ribbon Chain

Sunday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—Roxy Concert. A bright spot in Sunday's entertainment. Direct from New York's largest theatre.

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast. Get the best ideas notable Englishmen and women have to offer. Covers everything from spuds to politics.

1:45 p.m.—WJZ—Little Jack Little. Radio's connoisseur of piano keys sprinkles ether with well-loved tunes.

2:00 p.m.—WEAF—Moonshine and Honeysuckle. Touching drama of mountain life. Series by Lulu Vollmer.

3:00 p.m.—WABC—New York Philharmonic Symphony. Musical gems by old and young masters of the Muse. A short appreciation talk by Olin Downes, famous music critic.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Maurice Chevalier weed zee zharming manner-r-r zat zee French cavalier have—winning zee American ger-r-ls to him. (Chase and Sanborn.)

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—World Adventures. Floyd Gibbons—Master narrator enthralls with vivid tales of daring adventures.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Edgar Guest. Melody and verse trip hand in hand. Music by Detroit Symphony Orchestra—poetry by Edgar Guest. (Graham Paige.)

Monday

6:45 and 8:00 p.m.—NBC and CBS—Lowell Thomas. Radio Voice of Literary Digest culls best stories from fan mail—shares them with listeners. (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy. Andy in a perpetual picklement—low an' regusted—Amos untiring in lifting wrinkles. (Pepsodent.) (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

7:15 p.m.—WJZ—Tastyeast Jesters. (Thurs. and Sat.) Rollicking trio of singing jesters.

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook. Serving that never diminishing pile of Aunt Jemima's luscious, golden-brown pancakes. M-m-m. (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Evangeline Adams, famous astrologer. Tells how vibrations from planets influence human lives. Gets about 4,000 fan letters a day. Offers horoscop to listeners for Forhan's toothpaste cove (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK" Chain Calendar.)

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Tony Cabooch su mons any number of characters up from l voice box to make you believe a doz persons are talking. He's sponsored Anheuser Busch.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—How's Business, Me Thorpe; lowdown on economic conditio

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Real Folks. George Frat Brown and his ensemble from Thompki Corners brings genial atmosphere of sm town community. (Chesebrough.)

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Guy Lombardo. C ator of the slow-time dance music continu to grow in popular favor. The smok are on Robert Burns Panatela. ("S "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Cha Calendar.)

Tuesday

5:15 p.m.—WABC—Dr. Vizetelly, wo genealogist and editor of Funk and Wagnal Dictionary. Drills Columbia announcers pronunciation and gives the listeners earful.

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Daddy and Rollo. Go program for tired men. Nothing like havi a son ask all sorts of questions—why up up and if third cousins come under headi of relativity. (Congress Cigar Company (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK" Chain Calendar.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Julia Sanderson a **Frank Crumit.** Stage veterans bring y entertaining program—songs and here a there music by Jack Shilkret—Blackstо Plantation in **supporting role.** ("S "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Cha Calendar.)

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman's Pain ers. Nuf. sed.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—McKesson Music Magazine. A concert orchestra.

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Lucky Strike Dan Orchestra—B. A. Rolfe, conductor. Live full of novelty, zip and zest. Sometimes i hot—and toasted—but it's always kind your ears. (See "THROUGHOUT TH WEEK—Chain Calendar.)

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WCAO	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WOWO
WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WCKY	WREN
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WENR		

GRAYBAR'S—Mr. and Mrs.

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WKBN	WWNC
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KHJ	KFRC

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
KDKA	KYW	KWK	KPRC
WEBC	WJAX	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSMB	KGW	KOA
KSL	KGO	KHQ	WTMJ
KOMO	WREN	WRVA	WOAI
WSB	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
KECA	KSTP	KTAR	KFSD
WJR	WAPI	WGAR	WFAA
WHAM	WCKY		

RICHIE CRAIG, JR.—Blue Ribbon Malt Jester.

10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WTAR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WXYZ	WSPD	WBRC	WDSU
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFH	KRLD
KTSA			

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX RADIO PLAYHOUSE—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WMAK	WKBW	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDEL	WTAR	WDBJ	WSAZ
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WFIW	WIOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	WRR
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	KNX	CFRB

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

11:30 p.m. 10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF WFI	KOA	WRC
KSTP WOC	WHO	WOW
WJDX KSD	WTAM	WDAF
WBEN		

Wednesday

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD.

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WIBO	KDKA
KWK	WREN	WJDX	WSMB
KFAB	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSSH	WBZ	WBZA	WLW
WGAR	WHAM		

BEN AND HELEN—

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WTAG	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WISN	WOWO	WBBM
KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KDYL

EASTMAN SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WHAM	WJR	WREN
KFAB	WRC	CKGW	KSTP
WJAX	WMC	KOA	KGO
KECA	KTAR	WGAR	

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WDRC	WEAN
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KOL	KFPY		

GLORIA GAY'S AFFAIRS—(Kattorman & Mitchell)

6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WJZ	WGAR	WENR	WHAM

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

BOSCUL MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA—Frank LaForge, pianist.

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WLIT	WBEN	WCAE
WSAI	WRC	WTAM	WWJ

SMITH BROTHERS' ORCHESTRA—

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WGAR	KDKA	WJR
WIBO	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WLW			

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"—William Hard.

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WEAF	WRC	KOA	KECA
KGO	WCAE	WBEN	KOMO
KFSD	WSAI	WIBO	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WEEI	WJAR	WFLA	WSUN
KSTP			

THE SUNKIST MUSICAL COCKTAIL —Raymond Paige's Orchestra.

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WFAN
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO	WMAQ
WJDX	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KLZ	KDYL		

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

LISTERINE PROGRAM—
Bobby Jones, golf chats.

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WBEN	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WIBO	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WPTF	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WJDX	WFAA	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD	WGY	KPRC	

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WCAE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WFAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KLZ
KDYL	KOIL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	KMJ	KPBK

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WREN	WLW	KYW
WSBS	WRVA	WJR	KWK
WIOD	WJAX	WFLA	WSUN
WGAR	WOAI		

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	CKGW	WRVA	WJAX
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WWJ
WSMB	KVOO	KPRC	WOAI
KSTP	WTMJ	KYW	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WBB	KFI
WBEN	WTAM		

PALMOLIVE HOUR—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WSAI	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSMB
WTMJ	CKGW	KSTP	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WDAF	WHO
WSB	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
WFAA	KPRC	WWJ	WTAM
WBEN	KFI		

VINCENT LOPEZ—

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WRC	WCAE	KSD
WGY	WLIT	WOC	WHO
WWJ	WFLA	WSUN	

eatures

)0 p.m.—WABC—Mr. and Mrs. Graybar. ı know just who they are because you e seen people just like them. Homey ma with a laugh and a tear.

30 p.m.—WABC—Paramount Publix Ra- Playhouse. A variety program offering. rton Downey, Jesse Crawford, Marie ard, William Haines and a screen chat by ry Madison.

15 p.m.—WABC—Richie Craig, Jr. Blue bon Malt Jester. A time to be mighty eful what with buttons flying in all di- tions.

30 p.m.—WEAF—Rapid Transit tches of Metropolitan life with appro- ite background of jazz music. (See HROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain endar.)

Wednesday

0 p.m.—WJZ—Gloria Gay's Affairs. A dern girl's affaires de coeur—tender, ro- ntic and—impetuous—but they always t as per. (Sponsor—Katterman & Mit- ell.)

0 p.m.—WEAF—Bobby Jones. Golf mp leaves links long enough for net- rk chat on cherished game. Good chance corner golfer to learn some good licks. ambert Pharmacal Company.)

5 p.m.—WEAF—Radiotron Varieties. ugs" Baer as sparkling toastmaster—the ce with the schoolgirl complexion. Sup- rted by splendid cast. (See "THROUGH- JT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

0 p.m.—WABC—Sunkist Musical Cock- l. Direct from Golden State. Los An- es yields Raymond Paige's orchestra, Hal- ujah Quartet. Vocal Chorus and Sundry nkist Soloists.

0 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour. Fa- rite songs and melodies conveyed by ive Palmer, Elizabeth Lennox, Paul Oli- r and the Revelers; Messrs. James, Mel- n, Shaw and Glenn. Orchestra under di- ction of Gustave Haenschen.

30 p.m.—WEAF—Coca Cola Program. fers exceptional opportunity to get inside pe on sports from celebrities themselves— th Grantland Rice as hostmaster.

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

Thursday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Vallee—Idol and despair of feminine listeners. Voice brings up pictures of plumed knights, fair ladies, moonlight—romance! (A Fleischmann presentation.)

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Hamilton Watchman. When a minute counts for eternity. Palpitating dramalettes to tune of timepiece vibrations.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble. Good program—good music—good orchestra directed by Don Voorhees.

Friday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert with lovely Jessica Dragonette, Cavaliers Quartet and orchestra led by Rosario Bourdon.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Dutch Masters. Attractive program—wide range of variety—good songs and music. Lillian Taiz, Nelson Eddy and Jack Smart.

8:45 p.m.—WJZ—Arthur Murray—Natural Bridge Dancing Class. Lessons in modern Terpsichorean art.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Irvin Cobb presents side-splitting satire on silly art. Assisted by mixed chorus and orchestra. (**Chez** Armour.)

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air—a scintillating hour with stars from stage, vaudeville, pictures and ether.

Saturday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Webster Program. Good old Weber and Field team provides hearty laughs with fresh supply of humor. Not a bit rusty.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Alexander Woollcott. Fine opportunity to learn correct pronunciation of words you never looked up. Be surprised! And a barrel of fun.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Floyd Gibbons on the General Electric Hour. Symphony Orchestra under baton of Walter Damrosch—Floyd Gibbons takes you for jaunt to the "House of Magic."

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WMC WIBO WWJ
WHAS WOC WHO KOA
WBEN WCAE WTMJ KDYL

FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WJZ WBZ WHZA WBEN
KWK KFAB WHAS WSM
WMC WSB WAPI WSMB
WJDX WJDA WPTF WJAX
WOD WFLA WSUN KGO
KECA KOMO KHQ KTAR
KFSD WHAL KDKA WIBO
KOA KSL WGAR

RUDY VALLÉE—Fleischmann Hour.
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WLIT WTAG WJAX
WJDX WFBR WCSH WJAR
WRC WGY WHO WGW
WDAF WWJ WHAS KFAB
WSAI WSAI WSH WSMB
WEBC KOA WEAA KSL
KOMO WOAI WSM WOC
WAPI KGO KHQ KECA
KSD CFCF WTAM KGW
KSTP WGN KPRC WBEN
CFCF WFLA WSUN WCAE
(WTMJ KTHS WOD WBAP
WKY, off 8:30)

SALADA SALON ORCHESTRA
Nathaniel Shilkret.
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBZ WHZA WHAL
WHAM KDKA WJR WIBO
KWK WREN KFAB WGAR

THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC WZXE WFBL WCAU
WEAN WNAC WCAU WJAU
WJAS WIBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WJJD KMOX
KMBC KOIL

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WFBM WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI CKGW WRC
WGY WSB WSM WOD
WJAX WOAI KOA KSL
WKY WBAP WRVA WSAI
KSD WDAF KYW WCAE
WEBC WOW WSMB WJDX
WOC WMC WHO KGO
KECA KOMO KHQ KGW
WAPI WTAM WBEN WFLA
WSUN KTAR KFSD WWJ

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WJAR WWJ WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WCAE
WSAI WTAM WIBO WGY
WBEN

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WHZA WHAL
WLW WEX WTMJ WEBC
WHAS WSM WJAX KPRC
KOA WRVA WSB WBAP
KWK KWK WREN WJDX
WJR WSMB WOAI KECA
KGW KOMO KHQ WAPI
WMC WHAM KDKA KSL
KGO WJDX WSUN WFLA
KTAR KFSD

CERESOTA PROGRAM—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WFI WRC WGY WCAE
WWJ WSAI KSTP WRVA
WTAM WBEN WOC WHO
KFKX

THE LUTHERAN HOUR—
10:00 p.m.
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJAS WADC WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WDSU WOWO WBBM
WCCO WMT KMOX WMBC
WNAX KOIL KRLD KLZ
KDYL KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC

TOSCHA SEIDEL AND CONCERT ORCHESTRA—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WKBW WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WFAN
WHAM WJAR WJDW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WHK WKBN WBT WBCM
WSPD WJAS WBRC WISN
WOWO WCCO KSCJ WMT
KMBC KLRA WDAY WNAX
KOIL KFJF KRLD KLZ
KYDL KHJ WTAQ

BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WGR WJAX
WDRC WNAC WORC WFBG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WHAM WJAS WBRC WBBM
WLAC WBRC WISN WFBM
WGL WMT KLRA WDAY
WNAX WJJD KFJF
KTSA KLZ KDYL CFRB
WTAQ

RADIO ROUNDUP—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC WCAO WFBM KTSA
WJZ WTAR WGL KLZ
WKBW WDBJ WCCO KLPY
WEAN WADC WMT CFRB
WDRC WKBN WBRC WTAQ
WNAC WBT KLRA WORC
WBCM WDAY WPG WSPD
WJAR WJDX WJAC KOIL
WJBW WBRC KFH WMAL
WISN KFJF

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

CA COLA PROGRAM—
6:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
VEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WCAE WSAI WOC WEBC
WKY KYW KSD WRVA
KSTP WJAX WIOD WSM
WSMB KTHS KFRC WOAI
KOA KSL KGO KGW
KHQ KOMO KFSD WJDX
WDAF WHAS WTAM WHO
WOW WMC WSB WWJ
WAPI WBEN KFI WGY

OLUMBIA CONCERTS CORPORATION PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WKBN
WWNC WBT WBCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WISN WOWO WFBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KLRA WDAY WNAX WIBW
KFJF KTRH KTSA KLZ
KDYL KOL KFPY

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WADC WHK WKBN WWNC
WBT WBCM WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WISN
WOWO WFBM WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMBC KLRA WDAY
WNAX KOIL WIBW KFH
KFJF KTRH KLZ KDYL
KOL KFPY

JIMMIE JOY AND HIS ORCHESTRA FROM ST. PAUL—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WKBW WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WCAU
WJAS WLBW WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WKBN WBT WBCM
WLAC WBRC WISN WOWO
WFBM WCCO KSCJ WMT
KMBC KLRA WDAY WNAX
KOIL KFH KFJF KLZ
KDYL WTAQ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Thursday

MASTER GARDNER—
10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WEAF WGY WCAE WTAM
WOC WHO WFI WRC
WWJ WDAF WSAI WJDX
KOA WRVA WSM WSB
WJAX CKGW

FIVE ARTS—Radio Home Makers.
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WPG WCAU WJAU WJAS
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WKBN WWNC WBCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WISN
WOWO KSCJ KMOX KMBC
KLRA KOIL KFJF KTSA

PETER PAN FORECASTS—
11:45 a.m.
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WCAH
WGST WNYZ WSPD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WOWO
WMAQ WCCO KMBC KOIL
KFJF KRLD KLZ KDYL
KVI KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC CFRB

Friday

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—

Eastern 10:15 a.m.	Central 9:15	Mountain 8:15	Pacific 7:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WJAR	WEAN
WORC	WCAU	WSNAU	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WBK
WAIU	WSYR	WSAU	WIBU
WFBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFJF		

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

Eastern 10:45 a.m.	Central 9:45	Mountain 8:45	Pacific 7:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WCKY	WIBO
KWK	WREN	WTMJ	WSM
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WHAS	WMC	WAPI
WSMB	WFIS	WMBD	WKBP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	WJDX
WPTF	WSB	WJR	KDKA
WTLA	WSUN		

NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—
Walter Damrosch.

Eastern 11:00 a.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WJZ	WEAF	WBZ	WOAI
WBZA	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WJAR	WSAI	WWJ	WLW
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WEEI
WJAR	WTAG	WCSH	WLIT
WFI	WGY	WHEN	WCAE
WTAM	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	KYW	CKGW
WFMJ	KSTP	WDAF	WRVA
KFYR	WIAX	WEBC	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WIOD	WMC
WSB	WJDX	WSM	WJDX
KVOO	KPRC	WSMB	WKY
KOA	KSL	(WGN	WCFL
WFAA	KYW	on 11:30)	

EMILY POST—

Eastern 11:00 a.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WCAU	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WSAI	WOWO	WHAS	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	CFRB	

RADIO GUILD—

Eastern 4:00 p.m.	Central 3:00	Mountain 2:00	Pacific 1:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KGO
CKGW	WFTF	WJAX	KTAR
KFI	KOMO	WSM	WMC
KFAP	KSTP	WEBC	WBZA
WMC	WREN	WBZ	WJR
KSL	KOA	KYW	KWK
WGAR	WLW	WTMJ	WSB
WSMB	KVOO	WOAI	WKY
KPRC	WRVA	WRC	

CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC—

Eastern 4:00 p.m.	Central 3:00	Mountain 2:00	Pacific 1:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WSAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKRC	WWNC	WHT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WIAC
WBBC	WISN	WHBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KFBK	WDAF
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY
KHJ			

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—

Eastern 5:00 p.m.	Central 4:00	Mountain 3:00	Pacific 2:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WRVA	WKBN
WWNC	WBT	WHCM	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WIAC	WBRC
WISN	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 6:00 p.m.	Central 5:00	Mountain 4:00	Pacific 3:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WDRC
WEAF	WJAS	WLBW	WDBJ
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WIAC
WBBC	WISN	WHBM	WGL
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY
KHJ			

BROWNBILT FOOTLITES—

Eastern 7:45 p.m.	Central 6:45	Mountain 5:45	Pacific 4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WREN
WHAM	WFAA	WMC	KWK
KFAB	WTMJ	WEBC	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WSAI	WSM	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	WOAI	WIBO
KOA	KSL	KDKA	WSB
WLW	KSTP	WGAR	

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA— Jessica Dragonette

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WEAF	WREN	WTIC	WLIT
WRC	WCAE	WJAR	WCSH
WOW	KYW	KSD	WDAF
WFBM	WTMJ	WKY	WOC
WEBC	KOA	WOAI	KOMO
KGO	KGW	KHQ	WTAG
KSL	CKGW	KECA	WHO
WSAI	WTAM	WBEN	WWJ

THE DUTCH MASTERS—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
WABC	WJAG	WNAC	WGH
WBBM	WKRC	WHK	WXYZ
WOWO	WDRC	KMBC	WABC
WJSV	KOIL	WFAA	W3XAU
WJAS	WLAN	KMOX	WFBL
WSPD	WMAL	WCCO	

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WIBO	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WJR	WLW	KDKA	WGAR

NATURAL BRIDGE DANCING CLASS —with Arthur Murray.

Eastern 8:45 p.m.	Central 7:45	Mountain 6:45	Pacific 5:45
WJZ	WBAL	KSOA	KWK
WREN	WJAX	WIOD	WIBO
WBZ	WBZA	WFLA	WSUN
WRVA	WJR	WGAR	WCKY

INTERWOVEN PAIR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WJZ	WHAM	WMC	KDKA
WJAX	WBZ	WREN	WTRC
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	KGW
WSMB	WIOD	WFAA	WJR
WTMJ	KSTP	WHAS	KYW
WEBC	WCKY	WSM	WRVA
WSB	WAPI	WOAI	KOA
KSL	KFSD	WKY	KOMO
KHQ	KFSD	KTAR	WGAR
KFI			

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WOW	WJAR	WSAI	WIBO
KSD	WWJ	WDAF	WOC
WHO	WGY	WBEN	

TRUE STORY HOUR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WMAL	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WXYZ	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	WFBL		

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

Kc.		Kc.
CKGW..960	WFAA....800	
KDKA....980	WFI.....560	
KECA....1340	WFLA....620	
KFAB....770	WGAR..1450	
KFI.....640	WGN.....720	
KFSD....600	WGY.....790	
KFKX....1020	WHAM....1150	
KGO.....790	WHAS....820	
KGW.....620	WHO.....1000	
KHQ.....650	WIBO....560	
KOA.....830	WIOD....1300	
KOMO....920	WJAR....890	
KPO.....680	WJAX....900	
KPRC....920	WJDX....1270	
KSD.....550	WJR.....750	
KSL.....1130	WJZ.....760	
KSTP....1460	WKY.....900	
KTAR....620	WLIT....560	
KTHS....1040	WLS.....870	
KVOO....1140	WLW.....700	
KWK.....1350	WMC.....780	
KYW.....1060	WOAI....1190	
WAPI....1140	WOC.....1000	
WBAL....1060	WOW.....590	
WBAP....800	WTIC.....680	
WBEN....900	WRC.....950	
WBZ.....990	WREN....1220	
WBZA....990	WRVA....1110	
WCAE....1220	WSAI....1330	
WCFL....970	WSB.....740	
WCKY....1480	WSM.....650	
WCSH....940	WSMB....1320	
WDAF....610	WSUN....620	
WEAF....660	WTAG....580	
WEBC ..1290	WTAM....1070	
WEEI....590	WTIC.....1060	
WENR....870	WTMJ....620	
	WWJ.....920	

Columbia Broadcasting System

Kc.		Kc.
CFRB.....960	WEAN....780	
CKAC.....730	WFAN....610	
KDYL.....1290	WFBL....1360	
KFH.....1300	WFBM....1230	
KFJF....1480	WGR.....550	
KFPY....1340	WGST....890	
KFRC....610	WHEC....1440	
KHJ.....900	WHK.....1390	
KLRA....1390	WHP.....1430	
KLZ.....560	WIBW....580	
KMBC....950	WISN....1120	
KMOX....1090	WJAS....1290	
KOH.....1380	WJJD....1130	
KOIL....1260	WKBN....570	
KOIN....1940	WKBW....1480	
KOL.....1270	WKRC....550	
KRLD....1040	WLAC....1470	
KSCJ....1330	WLBW....1260	
KTRH....1120	WLBZ....620	
KTSA....1430	WLAK....900	
KVI.....760	WMAL....630	
WABC....860	WMAQ....670	
WACO....1240	WMT.....600	
WADC....1320	WNAC....1230	
WAIU....640	WORC....570	
WBBM....770	WOKO....1440	
WBCM....1410	WOWO....1160	
WBRC....930	WPG.....1100	
WBT.....1080	WQAM....560	
WCAH....1430	WREC....600	
WCAO....600	WRR.....1280	
WCAU....1170	WSPD....1340	
WCCO....810	WTAQ....1330	
WDAE....1220	WTAR....780	
WDBJ.....930	WTOC....1260	
WDBO....1020	WWNC....570	
WDOD....1280	WXYZ....1240	
WDRC....1330	W2XE....6120	
WDSU....1250	W3XAU...9590	

IRVIN COBB—ARMOUR PROGRAM

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WJR
KYW	WREN	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WMC	WSB	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	WKY
WHAS	KGW	KHQ	KOMO
KDKA	WJAX	WIDX	WIOD
WTMJ	WAPI	WHAM	KWK
WSM	WLW	WSMB	KFI
WGAR			

ENNA JETTICK SONGBIRD—

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WLIT	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
WENR	WGN	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	CKGW	WTAM
CFCF			

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
KYW	KWK	WHAM	KPRC
WJR	WTMJ	WEBC	WHAS
WSB	WSM	WOAI	KOA
WSMB	KSL	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	WMC	WBAP	KFI
WRVA	KTHS	KSTP	KVOO
WKY	WREN	KGO	

NIT WIT HOUR—

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WBCM	WRBC	WWNC	WBT
WBRC	WSPD	WDOD	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WCCO	KSCJ
KMOX	WCAE	KLRA	WDAY
WNAX	KOIL	WIBW	KFJF
KTRH	KTSA	KDYL	

KEYS TO HAPPINESS—

Eastern 11:30 a.m.	Central 10:30	Mountain 9:30	Pacific 8:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WOAI
KFKX	KSTP	CKGW	WRVA
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	WSM
WAPI	WSMB	WJDX	KVOO
WSAI	WEBC	WHAS	

SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA — Rudolph Bochco, Director

Eastern 1:30 p.m.	Central 12:30	Mountain 11:30	Pacific 10:30
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WAIU
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WLAC
WBRC	WOWO	KLRA	CFRB

SPANISH SERENADE—

Eastern 4:30 p.m.	Central 3:30	Mountain 2:30	Pacific 1:30
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WMAL	WJAS	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKRC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBBC	WISN	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KDYL	KVI	KOL	
KFPY			

TED HUSING'S SPORTSLANTS—

Eastern 6:00 p.m.	Central 5:00	Mountain 4:00	Pacific 3:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WFAN
WAP	WLBW	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WAIU	WBT
WBCM	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KVI	KOL
KFPY	KHJ	KFRC	CFRB

Saturday

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY SOCIETY CHILDREN'S CONCERT—Ernest Schelling.

Eastern 11:00 a.m.	Central 10:00	Mountain 9:00	Pacific 8:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WDAY	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	KOH	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KDYL
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KHJ

RISE OF THE GOLDBERGS—

Eastern 7:30 p.m.	Central 6:30	Mountain 5:30	Pacific 4:3
WJZ	WHAM	KWK	WRI
WIBO	WSB	WJDX	WBA

SNOOP AND PEEP—

Eastern 7:30 p.m.	Central 6:30	Mountain 5:30	Pacific 4:3
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WBE
WSAI	WOC	WHO	WO
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WIO
WFLA	WSUN	KGO	CFC

"THE HIGHROAD OF ADVENTU — Gilbert E. Gable—"

Eastern 7:45 p.m.	Central 6:45	Mountain 5:45	Pacific 4:4
WEAF	WTAG	WBEN	WC
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WO
WHO	KSTP	WEBC	KG
KGW	KFSD	KTAR	

WEBSTER PROGRAM — featu Weber and Fields—

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7:00	Mountain 6:00	Pacific 5:0
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WT
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WG
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WW
WSAI	KSD	KSTA	WO
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WT
KSTP	KOA	KSL	

THE SILVER FLUTE—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:3
WEAF	WTAG	WBEN	WC
WSAI	KSD	WDAF	WIC
WJAR	WBEN	WOC	WH

BEN ALLEY—Ann Leaf at the O

Eastern 8:15 p.m.	Central 7:15	Mountain 6:15	Pacific 5:1
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WOI
WPG	WFAN	WHP	WJA
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WT
WDBJ	WADC	WKBN	WB
WBCM	WSPD	WLAC	WBI
WISN	WMAQ	WFBM	WM
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLI
WDAY	WNAX	KOH	KFI
KFJF	KTSA	KDYL	KFI
KHJ	KFRC		

FULLER MAN—

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:3
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WB
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WL
KWK	WREN	KFA	CK
WHAS	KPRC	KGO	KE
KGW	KOMO	KFAB	KH
WIBO	WKY	WTMJ	WM
WEBC	WSB	WAPI	WS
WJDX	KSTP	WBAP	

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT — Bookworm

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:3
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WD
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WJ
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WT
WDBJ	WADC	WKRC	WW
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WR
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WO
WMAQ	KSCJ	WMT	KM
KLRA	WDAY	WNAX	KO
WIBW	KFJF	KFH	KR
KTSA	KLZ	KFPY	KH
KFRC			

FLETCHER HENDERSON AND ORCHESTRA—

Eastern 8:45 p.m.	Central 7:45	Mountain 6:45	Pacific 5:4
WABC	WJAG	WEAW	WI
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WO
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WL
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WD
WADC	WKRC	WKBN	WW
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WD
WREC	WMAQ	WISN	WI
WOWO	WMAQ	KSCJ	WM
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WD
WNAX	KOIL	WIBW	KF
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KT
KLZ	KDYL	KFPY	KH

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:0
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WT
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WG
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WW
WSAI	WOC	WHO	WO
WOW	WDAF	WTMJ	WK
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJ
WHAS	KPRC	WSB	WA
WSMB	WBAP	KPRC	WO
KOA	KSL	KGO	KF
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KF
KTAR	WHO		

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:0
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WD
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WJ
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WC
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WK
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WR
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WB
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KM
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WN
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KL
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KH

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:0
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WK
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WN
WORC	WPG	WCAU	WJ
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WC
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WK
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WR
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WB
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KM
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WN
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KL
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KH

Stations Alphabetically Listed

The following list has been corrected from latest issue of the official U. S. Federal Radio Commission bulletin in effect at the time of going to press (February 28, 1931).—EDITOR

K

TM.....Paragould, Ark.
w.—1200 kc.
RC.....Enid, Okla.
w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
w. until local sunset.
RJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
w.—1310 kc.
B...Santa Barbara, Calif.
w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
FN.....Casper, Wyo.
w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
00 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
LR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
VL..Salt Lake City, Utah
0 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
CA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
0 w.—1000 kc.—209.7 m.
JK.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
w.—1170 kc.
LW.....Burbank, Calif.
w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
X.....Portland, Ore.
0 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
AB.....Lincoln, Nebr.
0 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
BB.....Great Falls, Mont.
w.—1360 kc.—234.2 m.
BK.....Sacramento, Calif.
w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
DM.....Beaumont, Texas
0 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
DY.....Brookings, S. D.
00 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
EL.....Denver, Colo.
0 w.—940 kc.—325.9 m.
EQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
00 w.—560 kc.—440.9 m.
GQ.....Boone, Iowa.
w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
H.....Wichita, Kans.
00 w.—1300 kc.—230.6m.
I.....Los Angeles, Calif.
00 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
IF.....Portland, Ore.
0 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
JB.....Spokane, Wash.
0 w.—1230 kc.—267.7 m.
IZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
0 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
JB...Marshalltown, Iowa.
0 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
JF...Oklahoma City, Okla.
00 w.—1470 kc.—202.6 m.
JI.....Astoria, Ore.
0 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
JM....Grand Forks, N. D.
0 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
JR.....Portland, Ore.
0 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
JY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa.
0 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
JZ.....Fort Worth, Texas
0 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KA.....Greeley, Colo.
0 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
00 w. until local sunset
KB.....Milford, Kans.
00 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KU.....Lawrence, Kans.
00 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
KX.....Chicago, Ill.
0000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
LV.....Rockford, Ill.
0 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
LX.....Galveston, Texas.
00 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
MX.....Northfield, Minn.
00 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
NP.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
00 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
00 w. until local sunset
OR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
00 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
00 w. until local sunset
OX.....Long Beach, Calif.
000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
PL.....Dublin, Texas
00 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
PY.....Spokane, Wash.
00 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
QD.....Anchorage, Alaska.
00 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
QU.....Holy City, Calif.
00 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
QW.....Seattle, Wash.
00 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KFQZ.....Hollywood, Calif.
250 w.—860 kc.
KFRC....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.9 m.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas.
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KFUM Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—710 kc.—299.8 m.
KFVS....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFWI....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—740 kc.—404.8 m.
KFWM.....Richmond, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFXF.....Denver, Col.
500 w.—940 kc.—325.9 m.
KFXM..San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
5000 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
2500 until local sunset
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1360 kc.—225.4 m.
KGBU....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—228.9 m.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KGCI.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGCR....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KGDA.....Mitchell, S.D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGDE....Fergus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGDM...Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1370 kc.—220.4 m.
KGEW....Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGFG...Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGFI...Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—249.9 m.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
KGGC....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGGF.South Coffeyville, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
250 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
500 w. until local sunset

KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
KGKB....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGKL....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGKO....Wichita Falls, Texas
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
500 w. until local sunset
KGKX....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGMB....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGNF....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
KGNO....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
KGRC....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—1500 kc.—208.2 m.
2000 until local sunset.
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KIDW....Lewiston, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KJBS....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
100 w.—1370 kc.—214.2 m.
200 w. until local sunset
KLPM.....Minot, N. D.
500 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KLRA....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.—249.9 m.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KMBC....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KMMJ....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—1340 kc.—348.6 m.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
KMPC....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
KMTR....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.
50,000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
KOAC....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KOB.....State College, N. M.

20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
500 w. until local sunset
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa
10000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KONO....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—421.3 m.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KPRC.....Houston, Texas
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—220.4 m.
KPWF....Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KREP.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KSAT.....Birdville, Texas
1000 w.—1250 kc.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KTAT....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
750 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
KTHS...Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KTLC.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.4 m.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.

2000 w. until local sunset
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KUJ.....Longview, Wash.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
750 w. until local sunset
KUT.....Austin, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—199.9 m.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWCR....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
KWKC....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
1000 w.—1200 kc.—249.8 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
KWWG....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1200 kc.—238 m.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KYWA.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—1020 kc.
KZM.....Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

W

WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—1070 kc.—319 m.
WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WABC.....New York City
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263.7 m.
WASH....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.

WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WBIS.....Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WBNY.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBOQ.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBRL.....Tilton, N. H.
500 w.—1430 kc.
WBSO.....Wellesley Hills, Mass.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WBTM.....Danville, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
250 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
WCAD.....Canton, N.Y.
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WCAL.....Lincoln, Nebr.
500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn.
7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WCDA.....New York City
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—970 kc.—301.9 m.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.6 m.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCLO.....Janesville, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
500 w.—1120 kc.—223.7 m.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCSC.....Charleston, S. C.
250 w.—1310 kc.— 228.9 m.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WCSO.....Springfield, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—245.8 m.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Texas
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WDAH.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
1000 w.—1280 kc.—319 m.

WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—267.7 m.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
350 w. until local sunset
WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WDRC.....Hartford, Conn.
500 w.—1330 kc.—226 m.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WDWF.....Providence, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
250 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WEAR.....Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1070 kc.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis.
2500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WEBE.....Cambridge, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.
WEBO.....Harrisburg, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
200 w. until local sunset
WEBS.....Beloit, Wis.
350 w.—600 kc.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WEHC.....Emory, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—249.9 m.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—211.1 m.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WEMC.Berrien Springs, Mich.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.5 m.
WEPS.....Medford, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEVD.....New York City
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WFAA.....Dallas, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WFBG.....Altoona, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFBJ.....Collegeville, Minn.
100 w. 1370 kc.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—220.4 m.
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFDV.....Rome, Ga.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WFDW.....Talladega, Ala.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WFJC.....Akron, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WGBS.....New York City
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGHP.....Fraser, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.
WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.

WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
WHAP.....New York City
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
500 w.—950 kc.—348.6 m.
WHBC.....Mt. Orab, Ohio
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WHDH.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WHDI.....Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—211.1 m.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215 m.
WHN.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
500 w.—1210 kc.—234.2 m.
WIBG.....Elkins Park, Pa.
50 w.—930 kc.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—570 kc.—535.7 m.
1500 w. until local sunset
WIBS.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas
1000 w.—1300 kc.—516.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
100 w. until local sunset
WICC.....Bridgeport, New Haven, Conn.
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1.s.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—560 kc.—230.6 m.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C.
1000 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WISJ.....Madison, Wis.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.4 m.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
1000 w.—1240 kc.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
400 w. until local sunset
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
1000 w.—1260 kc.—333.1 m.
WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—620 kc.—491.5 m.
WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.2 m.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
1000 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WJBT-WBBM..Glenview, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
1000 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill.
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1250 w. until local sunset
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
WJSV...Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJZ.....New York City
30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WKAR....E. Lansing, Mich.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WKBQ.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
150 w. until local sunset
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
WKEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—1040 kc.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—204 m.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WLBF.....Kansas City, Kans.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLBL.....Stevens Pt., Wis.
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WLEA.....L. I. City, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLBZ.....Bangor, Maine
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
500 w.—1360 kc.—212.6 m.
WLEY.....Lynn, Mass.
100 w.—1420 kc.—218.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLIB.....Elgin, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—235.4 m.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WLSI.....Cranston, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
WLWL.....New York City
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WMAC.....Cazenovia, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMAF..S. Dartmouth, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—288.3 m.
WMAL...Washington, D. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—670 kc.— 447.5 m.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
250 w. until local sunset
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WMBD.....Peoria Hts.,
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WMBF....Miami Beach,
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WMBG.....Richmond,
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMBH.....Joplin,
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WMBI.....Chicago,
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg,
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBO.....Auburn, N.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBR.....Tampa,
100 w.—1210 kc.—218.8 m.
WMC.....Memphis, Te
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WMCA.....New York C
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMMN....Fairmont, W.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WMPC.....Lapeer, M
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMSG.....New York, N.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WMT.....Waterloo, I
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WNAC.....Boston, M
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WNAD.....Norman, O
500 w.—1010 kc.—269.9 m.
WNAT.....Philadelphia,
100 w.—1310 kc.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. D
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WNBF....Binghamton, N.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WNBH...New Bedford, M
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WNBO....Silver Haven,
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBR.....Memphis, Te
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WNJ.....Newark, N
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WNOX....Knoxville, Te
2000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WNRC....Greensboro, N
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WNYC....New York, N.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WOAI.....San Antonio, T
50,000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WOAN....Whitehouse, N
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WOAX.....Trenton, N
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WOBT....Union City, Te
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WOBU....Charleston, W
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WOC.....Davenport, Io
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WODA....Paterson, N
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WODX....Mobile, A
500 w.—1410 kc.—214.2 m.
WOI.....Ames, Io
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.3 m.
WOKO...Poughkeepsie, N.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WOL.....Washington, D.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WOMT....Manitowoc, W
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WOOD...Grand Rapids, Mi
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WOPI.....Bristol, Te
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WOQ.....Kansas City, M
1000 w.—610 kc.—230.6 m.
WOR.....Newark, N
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
WORC....Worcester, M
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WORD.....Chicago,
5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.2 m.
WOS.....Jefferson City, M
1000 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WOV.....New York C
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WOW.....Omaha, Ne
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WOWO....Ft. Wayne, I
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WPAD....Paducah, K
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WPAP.....Cliffside, N.
250 w.—1010 kc.—266.9 m.
WPAW....Pawtucket, R
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WPCC.....Chicago,
500 w.—570 kc.—535 m.
WPCH.....New York C
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WPEN.....Philadelphia,
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WPG.....Atlantic City, N.
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.

S.....Patchogue, N. Y.
—1420 kc.—218.8 m.
R.....Norfolk, Va.
—780 kc.—384.4 m.
?.....State College, Pa.
—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
P.....Raleigh, N. C.
w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
M.....Miami, Fla.
w.—1240 kc.—335.4 m.
N.....Scranton, Pa.
—880 kc.—340.7 m.
O.....Palisade, N. J.
—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
C.....Vicksburg, Miss.
—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
V.....Tupelo, Miss.
—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
P.....LaPorte, Ind.
—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
W.....Reading, Pa.
—1310 kc.
X.....Philadelphia, Pa.
—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
Q.....Greenville, Miss.
—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
T.....Wilmington, N. C.
—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
U.....Gastonia, N. C.
—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
X.....Roanoke, Va.
—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
.....Washington, D. C.
—950 kc.—315.6 m.
O.....Augusta, Maine
—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
W.....Augusta, Ga.
—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
C.....Memphis, Tenn.
—600 kc.—499.7 m.
w. until local sunset
W.....Lawrence, Kans.
w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
IM...Minneapolis, Minn.
w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
N.....Racine, Wis.
r.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
.....Hamilton, Ohio
—1310 kc.
NY.....New York City
r.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
t.....Dallas, Texas
r.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WF.....Gainesville, Fla.
w.—1470 kc.—361.2 m.
A.....Richmond, Va.
w.—1110 kc.—270 m.
I.....Cincinnati, Ohio
r.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
J.....Grove City, Pa.
r.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
.....Allentown, Pa.
r.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
R.....Fall River, Mass.
w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Z.....Huntington, W. Va.
w.—580 kc.—517 m.
.....Atlanta, Ga.
w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
IC.....Chicago, Ill.
w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
T.....South Bend, Ind.
w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
DA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
IN.....Columbus, Ohio
w.—1210 kc.—
A.....Montgomery, Ala.
w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
X.....Springfield, Tenn.
w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
S.....Winston-Salem, N. C.
w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
M.....Nashville, Tenn.
w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
WB.....New Orleans, La.
w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
MK.....Dayton, Ohio
w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
DA.....Chicago, Ill.
w.—1480 kc.—
A.....Spartanburg, S. C.
w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WD.....Toledo, Ohio
w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
W. until local sunset
WH.....Boston, Mass.
w.—1420 kc.—212.6 m.
w. until local sunset
UI.....Iowa City, Iowa
w.—580 kc.—340.7 m.
UN.....Clearwater, Fla.
w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.

WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW..College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WTNT.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—204 m.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258 m.
WXYZ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—434.8 m.
CFBO.....St. John, N. B.
50w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CFCA-CNRT...Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFCF.....Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
CFCL - CKCL - CKNC
Toronto, Ont.
500w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFCH.....Iroquois Falls, Ont.
250w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CFCN.....Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFCO.....Chatham, Ont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFCT.....Victoria, B. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CFCY..Charlottetown, P. E. I.
250 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CFJC.....Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CFLC.....Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFNB.....Fredericton, N. B.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CFQC-CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CFRB-CNBX, King, York Co.
Ont.
4,000 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.
CFRC.....Kingston, Ont.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
30 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHCS.....Hamilton, Ont.
10 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CHMA.....Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—580 kc.517 m.
CHML.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHMS-CNRH..Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CHNS.....Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CHRC.....Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHWC.....Pilot, Butte, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHWK.....Chilliwick, B. C.
5 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CHYC.....Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CJCA-CNRE, Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.

CJCB.....Sydney, N. S.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CJCJ-CHCA...Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CJGC-CNRL....London, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CJGX.....Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CJHS.....Saskatoon, Sask.
250 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CJOC.....Lethbridge, Alta.
50 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CJOR.....Sea Island, B. C.
50 w.—1030 kc.—291.3 m.
CJRM.....Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRW.....Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRX.....Winnipeg, Man.
2000 w.—11,720 kc.—25.6 m.
CKAC - CHYC - CNRM
St. Hyacinth, Quebec
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCD-CHLS Vancouver, B.C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCI.....Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKCK - CJBR - CNRR
Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CKCL.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CKCO.....Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKCV-CNRQ....Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKFC.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKIC.....Wolfville, N. S.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKGW - CJBC - CJSC - CPRY
Bowmanville, Ont.
5000 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CKLC - CHCT - CNRD
Red Deer, Alberta
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CKMC.....Cobalt, Ont.
15 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKMO.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKNC-CJBC.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CKOC.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKPC.....Preston, Ont.
25 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKPR.....Midland, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKSH.....Montreal, P. Q.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKUA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKWX.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKX.....Brandon, Man.
500 w.—1340 kc.—555 m.
CKY-CNRW Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
CNRA.....Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CNRO.....Ottawa, Ont.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CNRV.....Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.

Cuba

CMCB.....Habana
150 w.—952 kc.—315 m.
CMCD.....Habana
15 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMCE.....Habana
100 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMCF.....Habana
250 w.—643 kc.—466 m.
CMCG.....Guanabacoa
40 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMCN.....Habana
100 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCO.....Marianao
50 w.—660 kc.—455 m.
CMCQ.....Habana
1000 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMCR.....Habana
2 w.—1285 kc. —233 m.
CMCT.....Guanabacoa
5 w.—1487 kc.—202 m.
CMCU.....Habana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMGA.....Colon
300 w.—834 kc.—360 m.
CMGC.....Matanzas
30 w.—1063 kc.—282 m.

CMGE.....Cardenas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMGF.....Matanzas
10 w.—1050 kc.—286 m.
CMHA.....Cienfuegos
200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m.
CMHB.....Sagna la Grande
10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMHC.....Tuinucu
600 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD.....Caibarien
250 w.—923 kc.—325 m.
CMHE.....Santa Clara
20 w.—1429 kc.—210 m.
CMHF.....Camajuani
20 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMHH.....Cifuentas
10 w.—870 kc.—345 m.
CMHI.....Santa Clara
15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m.
CMI.....Habana
500 w.—815 kc.—368 m.
CMJB.....Ciego de Avila
10 w.—1333 kc.—224 m.
CMJD.....Ciego de Avila
15 w.—1561 kc.—192 m.
CMK.....Habana
2000 w.—730 kc.—410 m.
CMKA.....Santiago de Cuba
20 w.—1450 kc.—205 m.
CMKB.....Santiago de Cuba
15 w.—1199 kc.—250 m.
CMKD.....Santiago de Cuba
40 w.—1100 kc.—273 m.
CHMC.....Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMAA.....Guanajay
30 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
CMAB.....Pinar del Rio
20 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
CMBA.....Habana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBC.....Habana
150 w.—1130 kc.—265 m.
CMBD.....Habana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBE.....Habana
15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBF.....Habana
7½ w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBG...Santiago de la Vegas
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBI.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBJ.....Habana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBK.....Marianao
15 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMBL.....Habana
15 w.—1487 kc.—202 m.
CMBM.....Marianao
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBV.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBP.....Habana
15 w.—1487 kc.—202 m.
CMBQ.....Habana
50 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBR.....Habana
35 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBS.....Habana
150 w.—790 kc.—380 m.
CMBT.....Habana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBW.....Marianao
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMBX.....Habana
15 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMBY.....Habana
100 w.—1405 kc.—210 m.
CMBZ.....Habana
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMC.....Habana
500 w.—845 kc.—355 m.
CMCA.....Habana
100 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMKC.....Santiago de Cuba
150 w.—1304 kc.—231 m.
CMJC.....Camaguey
15 w.—1041 kc.—327 m.
CMQ.....Habana
250 w.—1130 kc.—265 m.
CMW.....Habana
1000 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
CMX.....Habana
250 w.—900 kc.—333 m.

Mexico

XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal.
100.2 w.—1199 kc.—250 m.
XEB.....Mexico City
1000 w.—895 kc.—450 m.
XEC.....Toluca
50 w.—1333 kc.—224 m.

XED.....Reynosa, Tamps
10.000 w.—961 kc.—312 m.
XEE.....Linares, N. L.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax.
105 w.—1132 kc.—265 m.
XEFA.....Mexico City
250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
XEFE...Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
100 w.—980 kc.—306 m.
XEG.....Monterrey, N. L.
2000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
XEH.....Monterrey, N. L.
100 w.—1132 kc.—265 m.
XEI.....Morelia, Mich.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEJ.....C. Juarez, Chih.
100 w.—857 kc.—350 m.
XEK.....Mexico City
100 w.—990 kc.—303 m.
XEL.....Saltillo, Coah.
10 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
XEM.....Tampico, Tamps
500 w.—841 kc.—357 m.
XEN.....Mexico City
1000 w.—717 kc.—417 m.
XEO.....Mexico City
5000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
XEP.....Tamaulipas
200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
XEQ.....Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000 w.—750 kc.—400 m.
XER.....Mexico City
100 w.—674 kc.—445 m.
XES.....Tampico, Tamps.
50 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
XET.....Monterrey, N. L.
1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XETP.....Vera Cruz
500 w.—680 kc.—441 m.
XEU.....Vera Cruz, Ver.
100 w.—800 kc.—375 m.
XEV.....Puebla, Pue.
100 w.—1035 kc.—290 m.
XEW.....Mexico City
50000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
XEX.....Mexico City
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
XEY.....Merida, Yucatan
100 w.—547 kc.—549 m.
XEZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—580 kc.—510 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.
XFA.....Mexico City
50 w.—977 kc.—343 m.
XFC.....Aguascalientes
350 w.—804 kc.—373 m.
XFD.....Mexico City
50 w.—6667 kc.—45 m.
XFE.....Villahermosa, Tab.
XFF.....Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—923 kc.—325 m.
XFG...Villahermosa, Tabasco
350 w.—804 kc.—373 m.
XFH.....Mexico City
250 w.
XFI.....Mexico City
1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m.
XFX.....Mexico City
500 w.—880 kc.—357 m.
XFZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.

Television Stations

Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.
W3XK.....Wheaten, Md.
5000 w.
W2XBU.....Beacon, N. Y
100 w.
W2XCD.....Passaic, N. J.
5000 w.
W9XAC.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.
W2XAP.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.
W2XCR.....Jersey City, N. J.
5000 w.
Channel 2100 to 2200 kc.
W3XAD.....Camden, N. J.
500 w.
W2XBS.....New York, N. Y.
5000 w.
W3XAK...Bound Brook, N. J.
5000 w.
W8XAV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
20,000 w.
W2XCW...Schenectady, N. Y.
20,000 w.
W9XAP.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
Channel 2750 to 2850 kc.
W2XBC.....L. I. City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XAA.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
W9XC.....W. LaFayette, Ind.
1500 w.
Channel 2850 to 2950 kc.
W1XAV.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.
W2XR..Long Island City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XR.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.
W9XAO.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.

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Tuneful Topics

(*Continued from page 65*)

ten by an Italian and a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee. Edgar Leslie is the Yankee, and Harry Warren is the young Italian, whose songs have put him up among the top-notchers of Tin Pan Alley.

The song has appeared at an opportune time, and the thought is entirely different. Warren has done an excellent job on the melody, and there is no reason why the song should not become a fair-sized hit. One of its advantages is that it may be played strictly up to tempo without losing any of its lyrical or melodic value, which is unfortunately not the case in the majority of songs published today; therefore the bands that play all tunes at a bright tempo cannot injure the qualities of this one.

We play it at about fifty measures a minute, and it is published by the Robbins Music Corp.

Love Is My Master

"THE Old Maestro," as Ben Bernie enjoys being called, has picked this song for a hit, and it is the darling of his heart at the present time. A visitor to the College Inn will hear the song three or four times during the course of the evening, and the rich Irish quality of Pat Kennedy's voice invariably will make the diner prick up his or her ears as the song is being sung and played by Ben Bernie's band. It was written by two Chicago boys, Walter Hirsch, and Frank Magine, both of whom are really great song writers. Magine I have known for some time; he it was who wrote the melody of *Baby, Oh Where Can You Be,* and many other fine songs. Hirsch is a comparatively newcomer, even to Chicago, but is doing such fine work that his recognition has been quick and sure.

The song has a delightful change of key right in the middle of it, and although there is a slight possibility of a resemblance to *Body and Soul,* the song is all the more beautiful for the resemblance. I was going to introduce it on the last half hour of our Fleischmann hour, when the line trouble ended our efforts for the evening.

On that particular evening I was Ben's guest at the College Inn, and I cannot recall when I have had a more delightful evening in that capacity. I am happy to know that I made many friends there; I had the pleasure of meeting Rod La Rocque and his very beautiful wife, Vilma Banky. Many were the celebrities present, and everyone took a turn at doing something; we carried on until 5:30 in the morning. A night long to be remembered.

Love Is My Master should be played at about forty-five measures a minute, and is published by the Remick Music Corp.

You're Never Too Old to Go Back to Mother's Knee

BENEE RUSSELL, who seems to have a flair for winning prize song competitions, which he evidenced in his winning of at least two competitions which have given him trips abroad, has written this number very beautiful and commercial. His first was *Song Without a Name,* which the reader probably knows well, and has enjoyed many times over the air. His second song with the same firm of Leo Feist is to be published by them shortly.

This song, which is written in waltz time, is one which he played for me at the Brooklyn Paramount some four or five months ago, and which I emphatically suggested that he have published at once. I was glad to give a warm recommendation to any publisher who felt such a song would be welcome in his catalogue.

As its title implies, it is a typical "mother" song, but the treatment of the subject, and the melody, are extremely well done, and I only wish that I could hear Henry Burr sing this in the same way that he sang that beautiful "M-o-t-h-er" about fifteen years ago.

I am introducing it on the Fleischmann Hour this coming Thursday, and I think by the time this article appears the song will be well on its way to popularity. It is published by DeSylva, Brown & Henderson.

I'm So Afraid Of You

THE TWO writers of the quickest hit of the past few years, *Three Little Words,* Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, have given us what they term in Tin Pan Alley a "follow-up" song, meaning a song they hope follows the sensational hit in which they have exulted. Rarely does the second song really follow-up the first. Walter Donaldson's *You're Driving Me Crazy* is the best example of a follow-up song. In fact, to my mind it is an even greater song than *Little White Lies,* though evidently the public does not agree with me, in that *Crazy* will not reach the peak of sales that *Little White Lies* did though there may be something in the fact that *Crazy* has come out during the worst period of depression in music buying.

I'm So Afraid Of You is in certain respects just as simple in its notations as *Three Little Words.* The notes are all either quarters or halves, as were the notes of *Three Little Words.* The range is extremely simple, and it is a song that grows on one. My first reaction was one of apathy, but I have grown to enjoy its rendition above that of many other songs. In fact, I am pleased to give it a prominent place in this list of the first

It may be played brightly, which I said before, something in its favor. play it at about forty-five measu minute. It is published by Harms,

King's Horses

SOME of the old veterans of Tin Alley, especially the publishers bemoaning the fact that novelty are no longer in demand. Many of t in a certain way, blame me for th parent general trend of the public t appreciation and buying of the love lad type of song.

Time was when such songs as *Ban Speech, Wobbally Walk, Wooden Sol I'm Wild About Automobile Horns,* so on *ad infinitum,* were extremely lar and sold into the hundreds of sands. The *Stein Song* may be call renaissance of popularity of novelty s as it is really just that. Although it written in 6/8 time, and was a so march, it was really a novelty being neither—strictly collegiate, ing, military, or what have you. T fore it is surprising that one of the popular songs on the air is the *K Horses and the King's Men.* It wended its way over from England, v I suppose its writing was inspired b annual Lord Mayor's Parade in Lo It was my pleasure during my ye London at the Savoy Hotel, to witnes annual feature, which is a parad pomp and splendor, as the Lord M wends his way down through the st of London, although I am not very just what the reason of the functio

The song was written about the K horses themselves, the beauty of trappings, and it attempts to make see the parade in all its glory. It s impossible for me to mention the without referring to Ben Bernie, and I be accused of favoritism, I must again explain that Ben's band has the means for me to see the desig features of most of the songs I discu this issue.

He has made a Columbia record of *King's Horses,* which, for a make recording, as it really was, is a Very often we who record are force record a song with no rehearsal or sp arrangement of it, just a mere slap together of the verse and the chorus, a few impromptu and extemporan ideas therein. Sometimes these rec turn out to be our finest. The *Stein Song* was one of these. In fact, I hav little time for rehearsing that nearly our recordings have been very, very promptu. Ben and his men certa made an extremely clever record in *King's Horses,* Ben affecting the

d English accent which most English ple I met over there did not have. y seconded by a vocal chorus by all men in the band, he shows himself e extremely versatile in making this rd.

hil Spitalny's band does a great job t, with various men in the band tak- choruses in their own particular style way. Although I received the orches- ion from London several months ago re it was published in America, it re- ned for the Chicago bands to show the cleverness of the piece. Unfor- ately four and five shows a day at the amount give me so little time to re- rse and to get the meat out of various gs sent me, that sometimes I must wait il other bands play them for me.

he song should be played brightly, al- st like a march, although it is written 4/4 time; it is published by Leo Feist.

Dream A Little Dream Of Me

HIS is one of the purest examples of a song which, on its own melodic ue, arrested my attention. During the rse of the evening after my five ws, I visited Johnny Hamp at the Con- ss Hotel in the delightful Balloon om with the myriads of lights going and off, the beautiful room in black vet against the red glow of these ts. Johnny's band is down at the l, in their very smart attire which is nny's own conception of how an or- estra should be dressed.

As we were talking the band played a lody so fascinating that I asked Johnny name, but he is so rarely on the stand it he himself did not know its name. being told its name I realized how ich I was missing by being out of New rk on tour. New York unquestion- ly is the music publishing center, and bands there are fortunate in being le to get tunes the minute they come the press, and then are way ahead of her bands throughout the country in ing able to play them first.

The melody writers are newcomers to e, the lyric writer being the most fa- ous writer of lyrics in the entire music ofession, namely Gus Kahn. I doubt yone would care to vie with him for is particular honor. Gus makes little no claim to melody writing, although am not so sure that he wouldn't do ually well in that sphere, but as a lyric iter he is second to none, and is the ghest paid lyric writer in the profes- on.

Although, as I say, the melodic value the song was such that it captured my ncy, Gus has done a beautiful job with e lyrics, and the entire thought of the hole song. Personally I think it is one the most danceable songs I have ever eard.

We would play it brightly, at about rty measures a minute. It is published y Davis, Coots & Engle. All indications oint to a big run.

Little Joe

DURING my visit as the guest of the evening at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, at which Phil Spitalny and his Chicago orchestra are featured, the rendition several times throughout the evening of a very clever song led me to believe that it was going to be a very popular dance tune. Unfortunately its melodic key changes are so intricate that I doubt if it will ever fascinate the little girl who sits at the piano and plays from the sheet copy. Like *Body and Soul* it is bewildering in its sudden key changes, but it is going to be a great record song, and one that will be extremely popular to those who listen to Radio and so forth. In fact, I may be surprised by a big sheet sale; one can never accurately predict what the piano-playing lovers of popular music will buy.

I was very happy to meet, that night, Phil's pianist, who is the composer of the melody of the song, namely Jules Stein. He is a very clever pianist, and if *Little Joe* is any indication of his writing ability he is going to produce some great songs!

Ted Miller, another Chicago boy, is responsible for the very clever lyrics. For the song he has taken the idea of *Mighty Lak A Rose*, and put it into a fox trot, naming the little rose, Joe. The song is the story of the love of a colored Mammy for her little pickaninny, regardless of what the rest of the world thinks of him. Phil has a banjo player who rendered the song so excellently that I instantly qualified it as one of my "Tuneful Topics."

The song should be played fairly brightly, at about forty measures a minute. It has a pretty high range, though people who sing high will have no difficulty in rendering it. It is published by Irving Berlin, Inc.

When the Silver Moon Is Shining O'er the Hills of Dear Old Maine

HERE is a song whose history is somewhat akin to that of the *Stein Song* As a very young boy I can remember the singers who used to sing with slides in our local movie theatre, singing a song about the silvery moon shining o'er the hills of dear old Maine. The song, very much like the *Stein Song*, has stuck in my memory over a period of almost fifteen years. It is a melody that has been used in many songs. The layman may be surprised when I say that unintentionally, or intentionally, certain strains of melodies have been used in sometimes as many as twenty songs, and *there is no such thing as a really original song*, because if one cares to take the trouble and go back through the list of songs written over the past twenty-five years, nearly a counterpart, or a similar melody will be found somewhere, or at least parts of it will resemble the new song.

When I first heard *When The Organ Played At Twilight* I thought for a moment that it was *Silvery Moon*. There have been several other songs that have recalled this song to me. In the middle of the song is introduced the old, familiar strain *Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight*, and those professional musicians who are wont to scorn the hilly-billy, and what we term "corny," type of song, would lift their noses up contemptuously at this one, but it is a song that the masses would probably enjoy hearing because it is down to bed-rock simplicity, and its melody is extremely catchy.

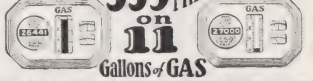
A resident of Portland, Maine, a city six miles from my home town, wrote it some fifteen years ago. Although he does not pretend to be a professional song writer, he has written several songs.

As in the case of the *Stein Song*, I have revised the song considerably, to make it just a bit more palatable for the public of today, and I am curious to see whether people of other states will enjoy hearing about the silv'ry moon of my own state. It is a waltz, and is going to be published by Leo Feist, Inc.

Walking My Baby Back Home

ROY TURK and Fred Ahlert crash through again with one of the most danceable tunes of the season. You re-

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member, they are the boys who wr *I'll Get By, Mean to Me*, and whose fi tune when they arrived back from M. G. M. studios where they had b writing, was *We're Friends Again.*

They played *this* tune for me in back of the Villa Vallée one night, its possibilities were apparent to me once. In my review of *We're Frie Again* I laid stress on Roy Turk's t dency to write slangy lyrics. Roy wri in the wisecracking—Winchell—Bro way—Times Square sort of vein, and though I flatter myself that I can do t type of song full justice, as critics I did in my recording of *St. Louis Blu* or *How Come You Do Me Like You Do, Do?*, in this particular instance felt that I would feel uncomfortable singing the song.

Rhythmically the piece has few equ for a stimulus to dancing and tapping feet. It makes a fine rhythmic contr on our Radio programs, and the crow love to sing it with the organ, when it played in organ fests. I am happy to these boys crash through with anot hit, because they are two of the fin song writers in the profession.

We play the tune at about forty m sures a minute, and it is published DeSylva, Brown, & Henderson.

Don't Shoot! Snap!

(*Continued from page 11*)

with his head pointing precisely in o direction. He got up on his little hi legs and with his little brown nose swi ing excitedly in the breeze just for moment; he dropped down and start racing back to break up little "Apr Strings'" tea party just as fast as could. Even stranger, he had not co ered more than half the distance wh Mrs. Murphy and "Apron Strings" we on their feet and then on their hind l looking in our direction. They cou not smell us but somehow "Little Roug neck" managed to tell them all about for by the time he was almost to th the old lady started for the alder thick just as fast as she could go.

I have never in my own mind be able to make a satisfactory explanati and while I don't propose to say th Mrs. Murphy had gathered her t youngsters beside her before they l the home den and told them terrible be time stories about their one great enem man, I am inclined to accept this as explanation until someone gives me better one. All in all, bears are by f the most fascinating wild creatures th it has ever been my good fortune meet and again I repeat, I am not pro but sorry of the fact that I have kill any of their species.

* * *

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The Minister Who Doesn't Preach

(*Continued from page 25*)

er, made with these men impressed I believe, more than anything else npressed him throughout his life. an sense it in his speech and action

There's a simplicity, sincerity nmistakable directness about him. m sure that this Bowery experience he reason why, years later, when is preaching at the First Presby- church, here in New York City, ened up a personal contact bureau. id learned that New York—outside e Bowery perhaps—did not lend to human contacts, and he knew human contacts were vital to him were to do his job well. For Dr. ck, at all times, must be mid- n in the current of life. He can- reach to a congregation of people he knows the problems confront- hem and, multiplied numerically, urse, the problems that confront us. And that brings me to the way rks today.

s in his office in Riverside Church ht-thirty every morning. He works ut interruption, until noon. The ngs are his own. He never makes ntments during the forenoon. He s those three and a half hours for g and study and thus he is work- directly or indirectly on a sermon. luncheon he usually lectures, sev- lays a week, at the Union Theolog- Seminary. Other afternoons, how- are devoted to personal conferences all kinds and types of people on nal problems. These are the con- ces that bring him his richest re- —his understanding of life.

r rest and relaxation he likes to read walk and occasionally play golf. He's derate smoker—one cigar a day is th. He's married and has two daugh- –both students at Smith College, his favorite reading, I should have you, is biography. His residence ound the corner from the church.

cannot deliver a sermon on an act theme. He has to have some ion or problem of life, and he tries terpret it in terms of the individ- He doesn't try to be oratorical or ent. He thinks the ideal of preach- is animated conversation.

e favorite story of his family—that ory concerning him—has to do with cident at his first parish, which was Montclair, New Jersey. There was iderable discussion of Dr. Fosdick e home of one of his parishioners finally an old colored woman, work- for this family, expressed a desire ear the preaching of this man that yone in the house was talking about. mistress said, "Well, why don't you o church and hear him?"

, off to church went the old colored an and, oh yes, bear in mind what I told you at the outset about Dr. Fosdick's most distinguishing physical characteristic—his shock of curly, wavy hair. Well, when the colored woman returned after the services, her mistress asked her what she thought of Dr. Fosdick, and this was her reply:

"Fo' de lawd, ma'am, his very hair do declare him to be a man of Gawd!"

But those of you who know him, and know his work, can go far beyond that description. I wonder just what it is that makes him great; for he is great, I think. Is it because he knows life? Is it because he can interpret it so honestly to the rest of us? Is it because of the quality of sincerity in his voice and the fact of its existence in his soul? One could answer all of these questions in the affirmative, but that would not be the entire story. You have to go deeper.

He has, I believe, one outstanding quality and that is, the power to give. He gives of himself. There's a steady stream of persons—men and women—to that little reception room on the eighteenth floor of the Riverside Church.

And these troubled wayfarers find in him a receptiveness to hear them—to hear their stories and, having told them, they are conscious of a receptiveness within themselves to hear him. And that's when he gives! He gives, out of himself, all that he has to help others. And that, I am sure, is his greatness.

Are American Women Happy?

(*Continued from page 16*)

before he joined D. W. Griffith's company in Hollywood. It was when his interest turned to the writing of scenarios that he was introduced to Anita Loos and they entered upon their famous writing partnership which led to marriage.

Miss Loos attributes courtesy and respect for each other's opinion as a personal recipe for her happy marriage.

"If husband and wife would treat each other with the same courtesy and consideration as they do to strangers", she said, "it would pay them greater rewards and give their marriage a better chance of enduring. The necessity for living in small apartments these days, causes them to get on each other's nerves very quickly. They lose respect for each other's privacy and before you know it, they become rude to each other. They say things which they don't mean, but which nevertheless draw them further apart.

"If husband and wife would insist upon courtesy from each other right from the early days of marriage, it would help tremendously to smooth the course of their matrimonial bark."

* * *

Do you agree with Miss Loos that American women are unhappy? Read what Cosmo Hamilton, famous playwright and author, has to say about it in the next issue of RADIO DIGEST.

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High-Hatting Hollywood

(*Continued from page 46*)

Martan arrived just a moment ahead of Jack Benny, who was to be master of ceremonies.

The minutes sped past. It seemed that the hour of nine o'clock, like a living, conscious thing, was sweeping upon us. Finally a warning "Two minutes!" was shouted from the cage. There was a bustle of last minute activity. Like sailors at a life boat drill everyone hurried to his post. "Thirty seconds!"

Thirty seconds and we would be on the air! You'd think the Kentucky Derby were about to start. Everyone was tense . . . Charlie King, Blanche Sweet, Jack Benny and all of them, from the boy with 'phones clasped over his ears and with his arm upraised ready to give the signal from the cage above, to the world prominent stars themselves. Sam Wineland, with his baton raised above his head, kept his eyes glued on the boy at the table. The moment was fascinating.

Suddenly the boy's arm jerked. Sam Wineland's baton came down with it, as the orchestra broke into the pulse-quickening strains of the Metro-GoldwynMayer "signature song". The spell was broken. We were on the air.

The orchestra swung into a fast jazz number. A moment later the doorkeeper opened the stage door quietly to admit a diminutive young lady in a smart tan sports suit. It was Bessie Love, big as . . . or, to express it more aptly, little as . . . life. She was accompanied by her husband, the popular young business man, Charlie Hawks.

The pair tiptoed across to the broadcasting set, smiling greetings to numerous friends. But the jazz music was too much for Bessie. She retired behind the huge screen and went through some dance steps the like of which never graced screen or ballroom.

Later in the hour Charlie King was singing one of the famous songs from *Broadway Melody*, assisted by the orchestra and chorus.

There is a gripping fascination to these "movie" programs that is individual and entirely unlike anything else on the air.

But that is enough of this program. When we had gone off the air the entire group, even the few of us who were non-participants, relaxed with a sigh that showed the tension we had been under and of which we had scarcely been conscious.

What has all this talk about the Hollywood sound stages and the studios to do with the Radio program? It unquestionably is a vital part of the broadcast . . . perhaps solely through the romantic appeal of hearing something direct from Hollywood. There is magic in the name.

Puppy Love

(*Continued from page 49*)

has happened to his playmate and relative.

He misses Lobo during the play hours in Central Park; he misses him in the country, for then Lobo used to jump over high fences and bark a challenge to the younger dog, as if to say, "Let's see you do that." And he misses the harmless bites and nips Lobo used to torment him with at their home. Professional jealousy never crept in.

Only once did Moore resent the presence of Lobo. A couple of years ago, more or less, Moore was courting a college co-ed in sunny California and Lobo became jealous of his master's a tions. The girl became equally an Lobo's impudence; he would dec and it is the one instance of disobe —to leave his master while he was ing with the girl.

When Lobo's death was anno tributes came from far and wide, the Radio audience, friends and rities. Murray Roth, vitaphone p tion man; Miss Eva Clark, operat prano, and Rudy Vallee, all consolatory messages. Moore say he received some 500 telegrams ar ters.

Moore himself was so grief-st that members of the orchestra wer pressed to keep the ball rolling. master preferred a quiet, solemn f for Lobo, a funeral that did not witness the playing of a single Lobo's orchestra. So Lobo was in a New York dog cemetery—an there is a movement on foot to p fitting marker over his grave.

He was a famed dog, second o Rin-Tin-Tin in the eyes of the Am public. Had he not amused many —to say nothing of frustrating do cats—by his barks over the air played the roles of an Eskimo mal and a bloodhound, and, furtherm is a fact that he won the favor President of France and American bassador Walter Edge in Paris. A was photographed in several movie

When Lobo won the favor of the dent of France he saved a delicat ment for Horace Heidt and his C nians. The scene was the stage fashionable Parisian theater, the was up. But the orchestra was not and a superimposed platform was veniently small. For a moment con reigned in the hearts of the orc members, all men with college educ but Lobo, with the mind of a ch nine, stepped forward and bowe wagged his tail. The French like and Lobo had saved the moment.

There was nothing Lobo liked than a good big bone. Likewise ished raw meat, and it was that led to his death. Lobo and Lo were both fed raw meat one Th night and Lobo II immediately to but recovered in a few hours. Lo not become ill until the following

During that night and up to th Monday morning, when he finally six veterinarians were in atten Lobo suffered four hemorrhages failed to sleep during the length illness.

Nick Kenny, a New York Radio and columnist, wrote a little ver titled *The Empty Chair*, at the ti Lobo's death. In conclusion, he

"But if there's a dog's heaven
Up there in the skies,
We know good old Lobo is the

No, Moore did not have any ance on Lobo.

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Whether it's the latest Broadway melody, an old folk-song, or a haunting "blues" interpretation, there's something about the Apex Travelers you can't resist.

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Thompkins Corners

(*Continued from page 19*)

MATT: He ain't a tramp, Bill. There's somethin' fine about his mind. He can do us some good, if we'll listen to him.

BILL: Well, I'll hurry along and git everybody out.

And Thompkins Corners forthwith is a-hum with telephone calls, door bell buzzing, street corner confabs in preparation for a scintillating session with Shakespeare. The whole town is in a fervor of artistic uplift under the ministering hands of Mr. Worthington Mitchel.

Mr. Mitchel, revived and invigorated by food and drink, deplores the fact that his wardrobe is missing. But Matt is undismayed as he says:

MATT: That's all right. I've got a Sunday frock coat you can use, along with a shirt and some studs for the occasion.

MITCHEL: Ideal. Just the thing for an informal reading. I shall do my utmost to make the excerpts wholly understandable.

MARTHA: You men go ahead and I'll get things straightened up here.

MATT: Come on, Mr. Mitchel. We'll get ready for the show.

MITCHEL: Lead the way, mine host. Once more doth Worthington Mitchel tread the boards for the multitude.

(*Band is heard in distance*)

MARTHA: Heavens, Mr. Jones. Here comes the Firemen's band. I wonder how they're managin' without all the instruments playin'.

MRS. JONES: Sometimes I think, my dear, that there is nothing our menfolk can't do.

(*Crowd enters*)

MRS. STEVENS: Say, Marthy, what on earth has Matt Thompkins dug up now?

WATTS: Well, Bessie, maybe he's goin' to exhibit one of the family skeletons.

MRS. STEVENS: When I picked up the receiver and heard that telephone operator, I rushed right over.

MRS. JONES: I understand Mr. Thompkins has a Shakespearean reader as guest of the evening. I wish I had brought my unabridged edition as reference. Oh, I do hope he reads nothing from Othello.

MRS. WATTS: Oh, is that what we're here for? Good 'eavens, that's the most excitin' thing that's happened to me fer a long time. Readin' from Shakespeare! Oh, I'm all a-flutter.

MATT: Now, folks, if you'll all get yourself a seat—wherever it's most comfortable for you, we'll go ahead with a little treat we got tonight. First of all, I want the band to play a fanfare to announce somebody who's comin' in from the parlor. All right, boys . . .

MITCHEL: Why, Mayor Thompkins, this is overwhelming.

MATT: Folks, that fanfare was in honor of our guest here who's got a little surprise for us tonight. I was goin' to save it till tomorrow night, but our guest has to be off to another city by mornin' and I thought we could listen right here and get just as much good out of it as anywhere else, providin' we all listen. Our friend is a distinguished Shakespearean actor and he will read us some of the speeches from his plays . . . that is, Shakespeare's plays.

(*Applause*)

MITCHEL: Kind friends, your tribute is appreciated.

MRS. WATTS: My ain't he elegant . . .

MRS. JONES: He reminds me of Sir Henry Irving . . . that marvelous man . . . whom we saw in London at the beginning of the century.

MATT: Now everybody be quiet . . . Mr. Mitchel will address us now.

MITCHEL: Dear people of Thompkins Corners, I stand before you tonight in this quaintly lighted room, a servant of the art of the theatre. I hope that my offerings fall upon receptive ears. The first excerpt will be that famous example of logic and philosophy, the advice of Polonius to his son Lærtes who is returning to France after coming to Denmark for the coronation of the dead king's brother.

Give Worthington Mitchel credit, he did know his Shakespeare. He swept into majestic cadences; he moaned, he thundered, he wept and stalked across the slightly creaky boards between the cracker barrel and the end of the counter that supported the cheese case. His audience listened in rapt admiration. He bowed and they burst into wild applause as Mrs. Jones stepped forward with outstretched hand.

MRS. JONES: Oh, that was charming . . . charming . . . perfectly charming.

MATT: Mr. Mitchel, I can't tell you how much we have enjoyed your recital. I know each and every one of us got a heap of pleasure and thought out of it. That Shakespeare sure did know how to use his words—no wonder he's considered the greatest play writer.

MRS. STEVENS: My, I like to cried durin' that last speech.

MATT: Now, folks, these two fine readings complete the program for the evenin'. Mr. Mitchel will visit us again in the near future. He'll bring a company of fine actors with him and put on a regular big production for us. While the band is playin' another tune I want everybody to leave some offerin' on the counter so's to show Mr. Mitchel a little concrete appreciation. All ready, boys.

(*Band plays*)

MARTHA: Why, Matt, we got fifteen dollars and twelve cents here.

MATT: Well, that's real nice—more'n I expected.

MRS. JONES: Oh, Mr. Thompkins, I want to leave this check for ten dollars—I didn't bring my purse with me—the one I keep my money in. He, he. And Mr. Mitchel must be invited to bring his company here as soon as possible.

MATT: Thanks, Mrs. Jones. That sure is a fine total . . . twenty-five dol and twelve cents. The spirit must h moved all of us up several notches.

MITCHEL: It was a very atten and . . . er . . . appreciative audience Reminds me of a reading I did at Scra some years ago.

ELMER: (*Interrupts*) Gee, U Matt, am I late? I didn't mean t . . . honest.

MATT: My goodness, I forgot about you. You get right in there at homework. You got away with it time, but you won't do it again.

ELMER: Aw, Uncle Matt . . . S and me was—

MATT: Never mind Sneed and . . . get right in there.

MITCHEL: A . . . twenty-five do and twelve cents . . . er . . . very g very good . . . and there wasn't a si line of advance publicity. Very goo

The Gallant Art of Gambling

(*Continued from page 82*)

her husband succeed and frequently second wife acquires the comforts w the first wife deserved. When you into such cases, however, you often that the first wife could have made happier for her family and for herse she had been willing to shed her ma complex and do a little justified gamb

You know women, too, who refus gamble on beauty. They lack the sp ing instinct to take a chance even "sure thing". They will not wager few minutes each day required for preservation of beauty in spite of the that their rejection inevitably makes t come in losers.

Beauty, business, marriage, life itse all are gambles and judicious gamblin after all, only another term for com sense. If you would win a prize in lottery of life, you must occasionally a chance When the time comes, a does to everyone, when you must gam or go down to certain defeat, gamble lantly—bet on yourself.

Free booklets on the Care of the Skin by Frances Ingram will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. *Send your requests to Miss Ingram, in care of* RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York.*

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American Friendship Society
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ıdon Salutes Lincoln

(*Continued from page 29*)

incoln was a fool, and that the prob- as how to make his folly as inop- e as possible.

e at night he called on his Secretary ate. McClellan, then Commander ef, is out. They wait, and at length eneral returns out of humor, hears he President is waiting for him, oes straight to bed. Lincoln re- home, and his Secretary remon- with him. It seems to Lincoln be a time for making points of tte and personal dignity. He adds, ll hold McClellan's horse if he will ıe victories."

re are two characteristics that we clearly to realize if we would under- Lincoln. The first is at the very of his essential greatness. A les- which history teaches us with un- ing patience and one which is yet ded by many active members of y, is that the truly great man is he extremist, however devoted his ge or picturesque his personality.

other characteristic of which we is Lincoln's loneliness of mind, a worthy of the Greek tragedians. In ıistrative affairs he was anxious, even ıes unduly anxious, for advice, and routine of office he could sometimes little careless in the choice of depu- ıut in the formation of principles he lted nobody. When a decision in- ıg fundamental principle had to be the period of Lincoln's speculation l be a long one, and while it lasted ıost intimate associates could tell ıg of what he was thinking. Then ıly his intentions would be stated ıequivocal terms, and that was an f the matter. This gave easy play tractors and the opportunities were and not always scrupulously taken. Lincoln's justification was that his ıusions truly were founded upon prin- , and that his intellectual under- ing of principles was in the sphere tion the finest in the country. It justification that has now made a and durable impression upon man- and America has given a hero to world.

elevision in Chicago

(*Continued from page 89*)

methods of synchronization that do ıave this disadvantage although they ısually more complicated; in any event ıes not seem that synchronization is of the major problems of television we feel the engineers at W9XAP were to use the simplest system so that could spend their energy on more ırtant phases of television.

ıese home television receivers are be- old, we are told, by about one hundred ıs in Chicago; at Marshall Field & Company, the largest department store, a television room has been constructed and is open to the public during all the television broadcasts. It appears that television has taken hold in Chicago more strongly than in any other part of the country. Those to whom we talked stated, however, that the experimenter, the Radio fan, still composed the major part of the television audience. But the regularity of the television programs from W9XAP, the variety of the programs, the definite efforts being made by the station personnel to make them entertaining, and the direct tie-up between W9XAP and WMAQ have all made the programs interesting.

Without being derogatory and without desiring to underrate in the least the excellent work being done at W9XAP, for we feel that they have done an unusually complete job, especially in the organization of interesting program material, we must give consideration to whether the methods being used represent distinct advances or are matters of detail. Though we wish it were otherwise, careful consideration of the results being obtained indicate that no really new important ideas have been incorporated in the television transmitter or receiver the features of the system are matters of detail, refinements in the transmitter and receiving equipment.

We do not mean that refinements are not worth while, but we do feel that refining our present methods of television will not bring it any closer to realization.

But the history of science exhibits torch-bearers all the way down through the centuries. So let us hope that out of the tremendous amount of thought being devoted to television someone will find the missing link needed to solve its problems.



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KESTER

RADIO SOLDER

Ben Bernie

(*Continued from page 7*)

his duties the task of watching German acrobats on the Orpheum circuit.

While in New York, and while the war was still being waged and the German acrobats were still tumbling around unsuspiciously, Bernie became very interested in a certain violinist by the name of Paul Whiteman, then leading an orchestra in a night club and well on his way to national fame. After work, Ben would go to the night club and watch the famous leader and his orchestra and at times they would hold long conversations together. Bernie was interested in orchestra work and became more so steadily. Whiteman encouraged him greatly and gave him many pointers which Bernie has not forgotten.

The new train of thought in Ben's mind took root and developed into a resolution and then into fact. At the height of his career as a vaudeville performer, Bernie left the stage and organized a dance band par excellence. (Half of the men he chose at that time for his first band are still with him.) Then back to the Keith Orpheum circuit with his band went Ben Bernie and made of himself a very, very passable maestro beloved of thousands. It was the beginning of the Bernie we know now.

His travels took him hither and yon through the country and finally back to New York again. Fate again loomed great on the horizon and as usual, Bernie met the great lady half way. The Hotel Roosevelt was just on the point of opening a new grill room where there was to be dancing and entertainment. The worthy managers of the hotel bearded the lion in his den and pleaded touchingly for the services of Ben Bernie and his orchestra for opening week. Bernie had never played for the dance before but he thought that it would do no harm to try for a week.

Needless to say he was a success. He was the type needed and he was remarkably resourceful when it came to the entertainment. In fact—it was at this time that Bernie used to introduce his numbers from the floor and post-script them with a suave, smooth—"I hope you like it." And he was most sincere about it. He hoped the patrons of the Roosevelt did like it. And they did, for it was not until five and a half years after the opening of the room that Bernie again was assailed with the itching heel and departed bag and baggage for London.

Of course, many things happened in those few years. In the first place, Ben quickly became a diminutive orchestral "Big Shot" in New York. Don't take me too literally—Ben is not a really little man—but tho' in stature he is quite normal, he somehow has not become deflated with egotism and self importance. He is modest, quiet and self-effacing to the extent that one thinks of him as little. But to go on—

Save for Vincent Lopez, Bernie was the only other orchestra leader in the city of any really great fame or importance. It was before the advent of Radio, of course. And then the maze of twisting dials, hoarse static and aerial cluttered roofs became evident. Bernie was immediately placed on the air at WEAF and the name "Old Maestro" became as common a name as bread, butter or salt.

It was but a little time after this that Bernie took his tunes to London and put the dancing shoes on the British. He was so popular there that the Islanders paid him the compliment of asking him to be the first American orchestra leader to broadcast his band over an English chain.

Back in the States, Bernie continued on his way, crossing the continent and coming back, always finding new friends and few enemies. Radio advertisers paid as high as they could for his services as master of ceremonies on their programs of dance music. Rudy Vallée and Guy Lombardo, now "big shotting it around" as Bernie puts it, looked on the happy Old Maestro with thankful eyes because it was he who more or less gave a boost where a boost was needed. Vallée had gone through his apprenticeship already and Lombardo was in debt for the success of one song.

Out on the West Coast Bernie and his band created a sensation that other eastern orchestras have been to accomplish. In fact, most eastern go out to the Golden State, play o two months and then pack up the struments for a warmer climate. Bernie had a warmer welcome an only because a previously made ar ment called him East to Chicago.

There we find him now, in the s est dance place in Chicago, the C Inn. Wielding the same wicked cracking the usual wise cracks and ing the usual friends among both and Radio fans. And, speaking of fans—your writer was privileged to a wire that came to Ben one night— ing—"Why didn't you say good to-night? I can't sleep until you *Au Revoir, Pleasant Dreams.*" Of the lady was a perfect stranger, but how, once we have heard Ben say night in that pleasant crooning voi his—we, all of us—strangers no cluded, wait for the good night.

Coming now to what is responsib Bernie's rise to fame and fortun lay greatest emphasis on his cha personality and good fellowship. primarily a showman, of course, bu too, a poor orchestra with a good would not make much headway stands in front of one of the most p organizations for the dance that c found. Their method of playing outgrowth of one of Ben's pet th A theory for which almost every dance orchestra leader in the count been hailed. Perhaps Bernie doesn very much where the credit goes. your writer believes in being just.

When Bernie was playing on the with his band he used the new slow to his music that made it more ada to singing than the half ragtime so lar in those days. Bernie tried it dance floor and found it good. But were difficulties. The young caught on to the new time as people have a way of doing. I sweeping the country. The middle couples looked their dismay an older people, used to lovely old w seemed more pleased than not to fox trot that was as slow as a wal

Bernie allowed himself to worry the middle aged couples and finally out the reason for their antipathy t music for the dance. They had beer and bred in ragtime. "But," he ex "as the young people are really th cers, I continued with the slow t It was new and different to them pleased them."

Let us sum up the story with th most important features of Bernie's —the two new feathers in his ca is Brunswick's leading orchestra. r ing at least a record a month and two. And he has just placed on th ket two of the loveliest new son the day, one, his theme song, *Lon Old Town*, and the other, his signi song, *Au Revoir, Pleasant Dreams.*

HOW I STARTED *by Seventy Stars*

Radio Digest



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THE RISE OF CAROL DEIS



False teeth are a great invention BUT *keep your own as long as you can*

HUMANITY

HAS GOOD REASON TO FEAR PYORRHEA

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May, 1931

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LUCILLE WALL. Once she made up h mind to be a nun. N she's known to millio as the Love Story Girl Collier's! Somethi changed her mind for h we don't know what, b "Mike" says he's gl she's acting faithful for his sake, anywa



RUTH HULS NELSON . . . An other tiny little girl play ing the great big organ At four she played pian by ear. Now havin grown up, she decide the KMOX (St. Louis piano hasn't enoug keys and takes a leas on the big console

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Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

DID you have the good fortune to attend the Radio début of the sensational new diva, Lily Pons, of the Metropolitan Opera? She sang for Radio listeners for the first time over the NBC network last Easter eve. Nellie Revell, our "Voice" on the National net, told you about Miss Pons' simple unaffected manner. The item appears in Miss Revell's *Gabalogue* in this issue. Now our inveterate interviewer, Miss Lilian Genn, has had an enjoyable afternoon with Miss Pons in her apartment. As the interview was in French many of us would not have been able to make much out of it. But Miss Genn is equally facile with her English, as you well know, and she is going to tell you all about it in the June issue.



* * *

IF YOU are unfamiliar with the "Bishop of Chinatown" you may still have the pleasure of meeting one of the Radio classics of New York. The "Bishop of Chinatown" or Tom Noonan, brings hope to the outcasts. He puts them on the WMCA mike, sometimes. And it's many a tragic tale you are apt to hear when these underworld characters take the air. A vivid story of the "Bishop of Chinatown" will be presented you next month by Miss Dorothy Thomas.

* * *

ANOTHER matter of great interest to Radio listeners and readers of RADIO DIGEST will be the announcements of the winners of our State Championship contest in the next issue of RADIO DIGEST. See whether the stations for which you voted win the medals to be awarded the four most popular stations in your state.

* * *

MR. PLUMMER in these pages begins his story of how Seventy Radio Stars had their beginning. The most of them that you know so well were humble American citizens and quite like the rest of us. But there is one great favorite who began his career in that dark and mysterious land of the Russians. David Ewen will introduce Toscha Seidel to you as he appeared at the time his mother took him, a little boy in a sailor suit, to meet the great Leopold Auer in Petrograd, and you will read what the famous master said to the faltering mother and her little boy. His life is a thrill of human adventure. And that comes in June, too.



* * *

JACK STANFORD ALLMAN sauntered in to see us one evening and called our attention to an item in a newspaper concerning Robert M. Crawford, director of the Newark Symphony Orchestra and prominently identified with many other important musical organizations. "I hea his name over the air a few evenings ago," said Jack, "a just about dropped dead when I discovered him in all th æsthetic glory. The last time I saw Bob Crawford he w decked out in a rough woolen shirt, short ragged breech hanging outside his boots, an old slouch hat and a bag camping truck over his shoulder. The neck of a uke sticki out of the top. It was up in Alaska where he was born. simply could not imagine him down here in soup and fi leading an orchestra of 82 pieces. But sure enough it w Bob—the same old Bob, so far as fine character is co cerned." You're going to read all about it next month.

* * *

ATTENTION, you fair admirers of Jean Paul King! M King, one of the newer idols of the NBC announci staff has turned author. He is writing for RADIO DIGEST a several other magazines. We have be successful in bringing you the person writings of Rudy Vallée, who co tributes to this magazine regularly, a now we know you are going to l pleased to read what Mr. King has say about some of his fellow artist Don't know how long it's going keep up but anyway we have his fir story which happens to be about tho two intrepid "females" of domest wisdom, the Sisters of the Skillet. Whe they put away their aprons, hang up their bungalow blouse and attire themselves in their natural habiliments they a known as Ed East and Ralph Dumke. What they don know about household economics is plenty, but they are not in the least lacking in advice on the subject. It's a roaring skit. Jean Paul King gives you the low-down about these rotund Skilleteers next month.



DUMKE



EAST

* * *

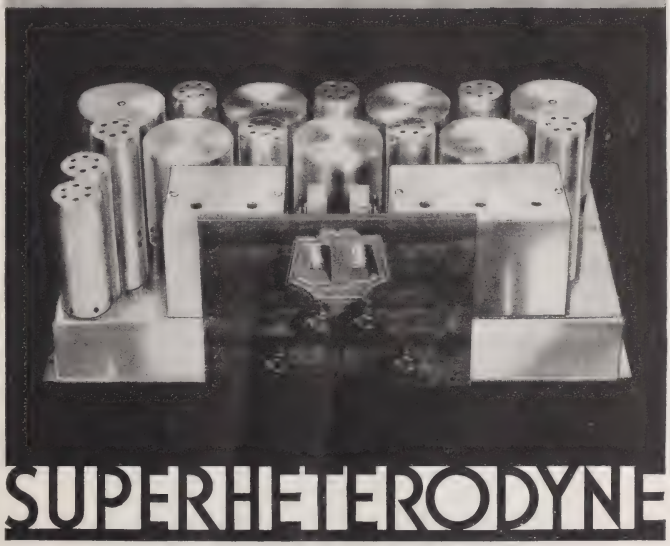
"HITTING the crest in Radio," is an expression that applies to a person who is sweeping to a high wave of popularity. Entertainment rolls along in a gay and fairly even tenor and then suddenly it is observe that someone is sailing out ahead of the rest. He is attractin unusual attention. The fans are deluging him with letters He is discussed in private homes and public places. Storie are told about him. His background looms up in a glamorou mystery. When RADIO DIGEST spots an individual or an ac in this position it hastens to inform its readers *first* a thoroughly and completely as possible—just as it was firs to tell the world about the personal side of the individual who became internationally famous as Amos 'n' Andy Now we have the spot light on Morton Downey of CBS He's sweeping to the crest. We are going to tell you al about him in a series of three articles, the first of which wil appear in the next issue of RADIO DIGEST.

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Tune the new Scott All-Wave alongside of any other receiver in existence today. See for yourself how it tunes the whole broadcast band without concern for the miles that may exist between broadcaster and receiver, and with equal unconcern for proximity to local stations. Thrill to real 10 Kilocycle selectivity over the whole band! Thrill to the *fact* that there's a station at *every* dial point! Then cover the 15-250 meter band. Listen to stations in Europe, Asia, South America, Africa, Australia. Enjoy a tour of the entire world, in your own living room. Then, and only then will you fully realize why all major world's records are held by Scott receivers and that the new Scott All-Wave is, in all truth, the greatest achievement in modern radio engineering.

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"OLD SIG", as he known to many has had a finger i all kinds of Radi pies . . . has bee musical director sports announcer spot news broadcaster Now he is M. C. o the Happy Wonde Bakers, NBC

Sigmund Spaeth

A Learned Ph. D. and a Jolly M. C.

Sigmund Spaeth

He has Three Unique Achievements to his Credit. He is Doctor of Philosophy in Music, Master of Ceremonies, and a Hero to his Stenographer! She tells here many Amusing Anecdotes of this Radio Pioneer's early Experiences

By MARCHA KROUPA

I FIRST heard the voice of Dr. Sigmund Spaeth while pinch-hitting one day at the switch-board of a big piano company in 1920, when he had just been appointed an educational director of that organization. He talked so long on the telephone and as there were only two trunk lines available, I exclaimed in a very exasperated manner, "Ye Gods, this man ought to talk for a living!"

And much to my surprise I later found out he did. I did not know then that the title of "doctor", which the whole piano trade used with a reverential awe, was actually a Ph.D. from Princeton University, and that "Old Sig" as his friends invariably came to call him, had won his degree in English, German and Philosophy, with a very learned yet very readable thesis on "Milton's Knowledge of Music! Its Sources and its Significance in his Works".

He later became my boss and always insisted that clearness was the one and only object of all writing, talking and thinking. "If you find that you have written a sentence that is not entirely clear," he would say, "it probably means that your thought is not entirely clear in your own mind. First find out exactly what you really mean, and then put it down on paper so that other people will understand it also."

His business letters were the envy of all his colleagues, and still are. So far as personal letters are concerned, he never wrote me more than a picture postcard, so I can't qualify on that subject. But Dr. Spaeth did teach me a lot about the English language, especially punctuation. He insisted again that there were no rules of punctuation except the demands of clearness. That elusive little atom known as the comma was to him a mere indication of where the voice would naturally pause in a spoken sentence. "Say it out loud", was his rule, "and then you'll know where to put your commas. There are too many commas anyway". (And I am still hoping that letters will eventually be written like telegrams.)

Now that Sigmund Spaeth is known all over this country and in parts of Europe as a writer, a speaker, a teacher and a pioneer of Radio, it is rather good fun to try and put down, as clearly as he himself would wish, some of the impressions of ten years spent almost entirely in his employ. (I might have said "in his service," but that is a little too full of humility. After all, every man of ability needs a lot of managing.)

It was Dr. Spaeth's Radio work that always interested me most, and I still feel that this is his most important field of activity, both as a propagandist for good music and as an effective entertainer of the general public. He has taken part in practically every branch of Radio except the mechanical.



Marcha Kroupa, who writes this, has been Dr. Spaeth's secretary for many years

In the early days of the broadcasting stations, the Ampico reproducing piano was often used to fill in on a program, or even to accompany a singer or a violinist. Dr. Spaeth made many interesting experiments in this connection and also introduced the actual artist on the air, in direct comparison with his own piano recording.

Many of the pioneer programs of station WJZ, in the old Newark days, were arranged by Dr. Spaeth, and he likewise acted as musical adviser for the Atwater Kent programs before the big international artists came into the picture. Roy Durstine, another Princeton man, whose advertising firm has been closely identified with Radio from the outset, had Dr. Spaeth write a booklet on "Music in the Air", and later he prepared a similar pamphlet, "Listening", for the Kolster Corporation, which was widely distributed.

It was at WOR, then also in Newark, that Dr. Spaeth gave the first series of talks on music appreciation ever presented on the air, and this proved very successful and ran for a long time. It came about through a modest program in the piano salon of the Bamberger store, on which occasion, incidentally, Dr. Spaeth introduced to broadcasting a very fine violinist, Godfrey Ludlow, who shortly afterward joined the forces of WJZ, where he became a great success both as a performer and as an announcer. This was only one of many similar cases.

So far as I know, Dr. Spaeth was also the first to make a success of the "ad lib" style of announcing, which eventually became the bad child of the studios and is still looked upon with some dis-

(*Continued on page 101*)

Diamond Horseshoe

Takes to the Air

Millions Now Share . . Golden Circle w . . Society's El . .

New Simmons Program Brings Darlings of Opera to Radio



Sigrid Onegin, noted concert artist

By Richard Spencer

MIGNON picked up her hoop-skirts and Norma her flowing priestess' robe, and in one leap crossed the great gap between the Metropolitan Opera and a Radio studio. Carmen, with a click of castanets and a swirl of shawl trod on the toes of the bedeviled Faust, and jostled the stately Rhadames escorting his Aida along the same road in oriental pomp.

In other words, opera has come to Radio.

A current and recently inaugurated series of programs on Columbia's air offers to music lovers under the sheltering and sponsoring wing of the Simmons Company much of the finest in music and the most famous of names known to the operatic stage today, and at that under a plan of program setup tending to make for very delightful listening.

Under the baton of Wilfred Pelletier, conductor of French. Russian and English opera for the Metropolitan, a picked symphony orchestra of thirty-two pieces provides the instrumental background for the artists, among whom may already be numbered such as Beniamino Gigli, Rosa Ponselle, Giovanni Martinelli, Marie Jeritza, Sigrid Onegin, Queena Mario, Lily Pons, Grace Moore and Tito Schipa.

The program gives every indication of being a distinct step in the welding of opera and Radio, which until very recently have been so deplorably far apart. Be that as it may, it is assuredly a big step in the right direction so far as Radio presentation of this type of entertainment is concerned.

OF course certain aspects of the plans made for Radio City in New York are another thing again. If, and as seems at the moment highly probable, the Metropolitan Opera is housed in one branch of that gigantic project, it goes almost without saying that the wedding bells for opera and Radio will ring out over the broadcast channels. But—as I said—that is another thing again—and is still much of the future.

Today it is still rather a goodly jump from the glittering galaxies of the "diamond horseshoe" at the Metropolitan to the arid atmosphere of a broadcasting studio—so far indeed that when for this or that reason operatic stars have been heard over your loudspeaker—it is an even chance they gave beauty or fashion hints, tips on what the well-dressed man will wear—or won't—or if you were very lucky, thrilling moments from those other dramas enacted in the grimy, canvas-encrusted chasm "backstage"—thin that the diamond bedecked dames in t audience never dreamt of, and would r be interested in beyond a polite boredo if called to their attention.

This does not mean that opera st have not been heard singing on the air no indeedy—there has been a distinct a growing tendency in that direction, thou hindered chiefly by, er—"contractual o ligations"—I think is the term usua dragged in by the announcer of the m ment.

Of reasons there are plenty. One the quite natural desire of the artists cash in on an additional and highly r munerative field. Another perhaps, pressure brought to bear by those behi the principal broadcasting corporatio an effort to cater to that large air aud ence which prefers music of the voc order, and which has suffered at lea long and in varying degree, if not exact silently.

THEN, too, we must tal cognizance of the attributes of big bus ness—of interlocking directorates—ar this and that. So not to be overlooke is the natural desire of one angle of suc a combination to make capital of th good things enjoyed by another and com plimentary one.

To get down to concrete cases, consid



GRACE MOORE. Mr. Ziegfeld hired her for beauty, but later Mr. Gatti-Casazza of Metropolitan Opera liked her voice. A Simmons star.

for a moment the Victor people, with oodles of opera stars under contract. What more natural than that their affiliated corporations, the RCA and National Broadcasting, should look with desirous eyes on those selfsame artists? Nor is it strange that in view of more recent events such as that of present consideration, we should see a sudden and unprecedented rush of these same artists to the microphones of said affiliated corporations, they being for the most part under contract to Victor for recordings.

Of course there have been various and sundry operatic hours, perhaps among the most notable being those which have been picked up from the stage of the Chicago center.

These, however, have been only in part, fault number one; and as far as Radio engineers have gone toward the ultimate perfection of broadcasting, pickup of a program direct from the stage during the play never has been, to be kind, wholly satisfactory. Fault number two.



Giovanni Martinelli; another Simmons star

Of what you hear at home nothing need be said here. Those who like this type of program have most assuredly heard those Simmons hours which have become Radio history; and hearing, were content.

In makeup the hour is unique. The artist around whose famous numbers the individual program is built has full scope in which to offer his or her best. The one selection given over to the orchestra is just enough to lend pleasing contrast to the hour.

But enough of that! Have done!

Here I would tell you of the scene presented recently in the studio at Columbia at the Simmons premiere on a Monday night at 8:30 o'clock.

Sit in a corner near the control room and half close your eyes, just sufficiently to shut out the confining walls of the studio—to lend distance to your perspective—and it is a very easy matter to be moved mentally to that lobby at the opera which gives onto the lavishly publicized diamond horseshoe.



Maria Jeritza of Metropolitan Opera fame

Even the flowers are there, the bouquets, great vases and baskets of them, more probably than when the opera star was enthusiastically accepted by an audience at the Metropolitan.

Surely were one actually at the opera but little more of brilliance could meet the eye, no more fastidious display of the ultra-smart in gowns—no more prodigal parading of fortunes in gems. Look where one will, it is a keen eye indeed that can spot aught but full evening dress. And if finally discovered it is more than likely to be none but the control engineer seated behind his panel full of dials and doodads. Even here if one gets close enough so that more than a head is visible, it is an even wager a dinner kit will move into view.

Yes, there has been a deliberate attempt to make the program a high hat one indeed.

The Simmons people have had an urge to go on the air for some time, but were unwilling to take the step until they could secure that which they felt was of an order fine enough to be known as the "Simmons Program".

It is known that more than a year ago negotiations were under way to present Fritz Kreisler under their sponsorship, but for one reason and another that dream never materialized. But now they have secured the type of program material they want, on the air they are, and it is to be hoped, for a good long time.

A DEAL of care and thought was expended to make the offering as perfect as possible. The hour of presentation was chosen as being—not too late for the younger set before they start out on their nightly quest of venture and adventure—and early enough for the old folks. Thought is given to the listener who is congenitally against advertising on the air, a very brief opening bit, and the closing announcement is made prior to the last offering of the singer—leaving a very pleasant taste withal.

In naming Wilfred Pelletier to direc the orchestra, which by the bye is com posed largely of Philharmonic musician they chose well indeed. Besides h duties at the Metropolitan, where he wa made a conductor at the surprising age c twenty years, he is director of the Sa Francisco Opera and of the Ravinia Par concerts at Chicago in the early summe

The idea has been to make the pr grams in the nature of a studio soci event, and to that end attendance at th Simmons hour has been by engraved in vitation only—with the old R.S.V.P. an all that—to a selected few. To get i without one of these cards is about a hard as crashing a star's dressing roon and I am still wondering how I turne the trick.

Of just how this scheme of thing making a Radio broadcast a social even has worked out, there will be more to b said later.

As one sits in a corner of the studi doing one's best to hide a sack suit behin



Wilfred Pelletier, the orchestra conducto

a harp, the while reveling in the wealt of melody which floods the place—an taking more or less for granted th smoothness and perfection of the pres entation—it is rather difficult to visualiz the many trials and obstacles that had t be overcome in the very beginning befor the programs could ever be presented.

Such things as conflicting or limitin contracts, and prior professional engage ments of the artists, were but a few c the barriers that had to be successfull hurdled. The date of appearance of th singers had to be set so as to cause n conflict with their scheduled appearance in opera. Opera companies, even th Metropolitan, have a habit of going o tours, and this fact alone sprouted mor than one gray hair in the harassed hea of the program director.

Just to give you, who have nothing t do but sit back at your ease and drin your emotional fill of these offerings, som idea of the minor points that had to b

(*Continued on page 98*)

Friend Husband

"I Have To Feed His Pet Oysters, Buy His Neckties, Shoo Him to the Studio on Time—There's Nobody Like Him"

By Mrs. Graham McNamee



Friend wife—Mrs. Graham McNamee

I HAVE been trying to think of the things I might tell you about Graham, and do you know, the first thing that comes to mind is that he ces apple pie better than almost anyiing else to eat. And, I don't mind lling you it must be apple pie that I bake. But I suppose we had better start at ie beginning of a day: Graham usually is his breakfast some place between the ning room and the front door. Inasuch as it is seldom more than a glass of ilk—he never has time for anything else -I don't have much trouble getting it to im before he is gone. I am not sure what e has for lunch because I rarely see him ien. I do manage, however, to see that e eats a good dinner. It's keeping that inner good that is occasionally difficult, as the hour for dining in our apartment is just about what it is in a first-class hotel. From six o'clock on.

Also in checking up with my friends I find that Graham, like most other husbands, is under the impression that the best place to practice golf putting is on the living room rug. In our house the game usually starts about midnight after he gets home from work.

As husbands go I can't imagine anybody just like Graham. When he gets a new necktie it is because I have bought it for him. His favorite color is blue. I usually remember where he put his key ring, what particular shirt he wants, where the collar buttons are kept and when to have his hair cut. At some time in his life he may have arrived at some railroad station two minutes before the train left. But usually I land there first with his bag, and those important papers he forgot to take when he left the apartment.



From a pastel by Howard Chandler Christy

Graham McNamee

With Graham working as he does, and not knowing just when he will be free, our social life is necessarily difficult. I make it a point to keep the hours he keeps, and to entertain our friends when it is convenient for him. Many a time I've made pancakes and fried egg sandwiches at four o'clock in the morning.

Although Graham's work takes him away a great deal, I have one advantage over most other wives. I can always hear him. And no matter where he is the first thing he does when he finishes a broadcast is to telephone me and say: "Did you hear the program? Well, how was it?"

Living in a pent house on top of a skyscraper we cannot have the pets Graham would like to own—a couple of dogs, for instance. He doesn't feel that it is fair to keep a dog in a small apartment. But as many other people think differently, he gets a lot of fun playing with the neighbors' puppies. Once this caused great excitement. He was late leaving the house for a very important broadcast. I think he drank his glass of milk that morning while waiting for the elevator. It was some time after that that the telephone rang and a frantic voice asked: "Where's Graham?" "Why he's gone. Left here fifteen minutes ago," I said. Five minutes later I answered it again, and five minutes after that. Doing a little detective work of my own, I discovered that Mr. McNamee had stopped in the lobby to play with a terrier puppy while the broadcasting company was considering sending out the police to locate him.

LIKE most people associated with public events, Graham has many souvenirs, of which he is extremely proud. For my part, I'm proudest of the phonograph record made when he broadcast Lindbergh's return. Graham has in his study nine autographed baseballs, a chunk of coal which he mined himself, keys to several cities, a commission making him a Kentucky Colonel, loving cups of various sorts, lots and lots of pictures, and oh yes! his police record—finger prints and all. I must admit that the record was done as a joke. But Graham didn't know that until it was all over.

Being the wife of an announcer is fun, but it also has its difficulties. I wonder if any of you women ever tried mothering a hundred pounds of oysters or a live wild turkey. I've had to. The

(*Continued on page 105*)



Ex-sheep herder + ex-book salesman = Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the Interwoven Pair

Seventy Radio How They

There's a Chance for You if you hav Salesmen, Cowpunchers, Stenographer

By Evan

PART ONE OF A SERIES

HOW DID the big air favorites get started? Is there any set formula or rule by which you or I can get the "break"? Perhaps this study of some of Radio's most notable artists and entertainers may help. But first—take a tip from an old-timer who has been watching Radio grow since twelve years before KDKA and WJZ blew their first tubes. Here's the tip:

Good voice, dramatic ability or musicianship does not mean success in Radio.

There are many better voices, actors and musicians outside the studios than the stars within. But they've something missing. Call it "X" if you will. That X means the difference between Radio success and failure.

Radio, like the movies, stage and vaudeville, is looking for "trick" voices, acts, instrumentalists, stunts, bands—something that is different and something that has an uncanny appeal to the public when pumped through a microphone into millions of blind loud speakers. We'd all like to think we are Amoses and Andys, but most of us, except perhaps one out of a million, never will be.

That sermon may be a bit off the original subject, "How They Got Started", but nevertheless it may save many a mike-struck lass and lad a whole flock of heartaches later. How did the big favorites get under way? Well, here is a study of many stars of varying magnitude and brilliance all of whom are living room topics to most of you.



Being a traveling salesman didn't exhaust Jimmy Wallington's capacity for telling stories so he became an NBC announcer.

Few of the present stars trained themselves especially for Radio, for when they were young there was no such thing as hurling voices and music through space. So the microphone drew much of its entertaining personnel from stage, opera, vaudeville, concert hall and movie lot. Yet many of the big names today came by none of these routes. They accidentally went before the microphone and became successes practically overnight, much to their utter astonishment.

In their various pasts, Graham M Namee, James Wallington and "Old To per" Ray Perkins were traveling sale men. "Roxy" Rothafel and Wallace Bu terworth clerked in department store and Roxy also was once an America Marine. Of the Landt Trio and Whit Karl Landt taught chemistry, Dan was house painter, Jack was still in scho and Howard White ran a bakery. Wil iam Merrigan Daly was editor of *Ever body's Magazine*. Elizabeth Davenpor Vee Lawnhurst and Giovanni Siragusa, recent find, were accomplished pianis before their voices were discovered b Radio directors. David Ross had widely varied career including even beir an orphan asylum supervisor. Lou Katzman was a "jack" of twenty trad before Radio. James Stanley, Mer Johnson, Ben Bernie and Nat Shilkr started out in life to be civil, electric or mechanical engineers.

BUT probing farther int the mikesters' backgrounds, one unco ers many interesting facts.

Freeman F. (Amos) Gosden served i the Navy during the War, then becam a tobacco salesman. Returning to Rich mond, Va., he danced a clog dance in "home town" talent show staged by Ch cago professionals. He did well enoug to earn a job coaching similar shows fc that outfit. Thus his life converged wit Charles J. (Andy) Correll. The latte sold newspapers as a boy in Peoria, Ill laid brick for his family's constructio company, and in his evenings turned ou to be considerable of an entertainer, play ing the piano, acting, dancing and sing ing. He was hired as a coach by th home town show production company

Stars *Tell*

Started

X"—air "It"! These folks were id Whatnot before Taking the Air

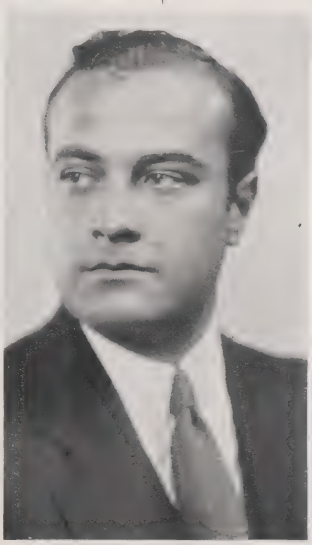
. Plummer



Here's one phase of Lowell Thomas' multi-colored career—Chicago newspaper reporter.

rrell met Gosden when the former was igned to teach the latter the busi- is. Six years later, made office mana- s in Chicago for the company, they k a joint apartment. For fun they nt to WEBH, Chicago, in 1924 and ed out as a harmony team. They were en a job—without pay.

Stage appearances and a small pay job another station were next. Then that tion wanted a daily comic skit based a famous strip appearing in the news- per owning the station. Correll and sden tried to write it but gave up. stead they proposed a blackface turn, am 'n' Henry". Almost from the art it was a success. Two years later 928) they took Announcer Bill Hay ong to another Chicago station, higher y, and to avoid legal troubles, the mes Amos 'n' Andy. Transcriptions ade them nationally famous and NBC d the rest.



Henry Burbig could have been catcher of Detroit National League Team but chose to put 'em across instead—as CBS monologist.

LOWELL THOMAS dn't train for Radio—it trained on him. homas, in his thirty-eight years, has en Chicago newspaper reporter, col- ge professor, and discoverer of news ents in strange and difficult lands all ver the world. The latter work made m friend of kings, sultans, premiers, enerals and mandarins; turned him into famous author and caused him to give ctures to standing-room-only audiences the world's largest auditoriums. His oice, trained for public speaking by his ather, was a Radio "natural". The mag- zine for which he newscasts nightly sought im out.

Phillips Lord, creator of *Sunday at eth Parker's* and *Uncle Abe and David*, raduated in '25 from Bowdoin College. as a teacher and strived to become a magazine editor. Tuning in one night to a rural sketch on his Radio, he recognized some discrepancies as a result of his early environment. He hied himself to the Radio studios and showed them how it should be done. The Seth Parker sketch, first of his creations, paved the way for the second one in which Yankee humor mixes with shrewd bargaining.

Arthur Allen, past the fifty year mark now, wanted to be an organist but the lure of the stage won him. He played years in stock and on Broadway and finally entered Radio with character parts in the Soconyland and Schradertown programs. Now you hear him four nights a week as the mean "David" who plays opposite good-natured "Uncle Abe" as enacted by Phillips Lord.

"ROXY" (S. L.) ROTHAFEL, native of Stillwater, Mich., after department store clerking and a "hitch" in the U. S. Marine Corps, found himself in early movie days a successful pioneer in presenting stage shows and other entertainment along with the feature films. New York soon claimed him, and when broadcasting began, it was only natural that a mike should be placed in the Capitol Theater, where Roxy was then located. His method of announcing and quality of programs made him an early favorite and he still stands his ground. In checking, incidentally, on where many of the present musical air favorites had their first "break", I learned that Roxy was responsible for launching many of them on their way to fame and futures. Roxy has probably started off as many Radio vocalists as Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink has operatic proteges.

"Tony Cabooch", or Chester J. Gruber, climbed from ragged newsboy to vaudeville success. For eighten years he did his more than half a dozen dialect impersonations to the encore cries of vaudeville patrons in England, France, Germany and his own United States. Then, by reason of a friend's recommendation, KMOX, St. Louis, tried him out. In fourteen

weeks of applause-weary 1929 he pulled 42,000 fan letters! A commercial chain contract soon followed.

Jones and Hare wandered about in many jobs. Billy Jones was government clerk, bank clerk, sheep herder, miner, telephone and telegraph lineman, carpenter and blacksmith before he discovered he could sing. Ernie Hare only sold books, pianos and baking powder until he learned likewise. They met in a phonograph recording studio, tried a double act, and merged. Much vaudeville acting and singing followed after that and before Radio dawned in 1921. The pair were selected to become "The Happiness Boys" way back when on what was one of the first toll (meaning commercial) programs, and it looks as if they will beat Weber and Fields yet on their partnership duration.

"OLD TOPPER" Ray Perkins was in turn a college student musically inclined, an army captain, an advertising salesman, a music critic, a song writer, a vaudeville performer, early Radio performer (as "Judge Junior"), once more a vaudeville star, and three years later, again a luminary of the air. Wendell Hall, air pioneer, started writing songs and singing them as he strummed one of the first ukuleles, when he was still in high school in Chicago. KYW drafted his talents to fill its hours when it was the first station in town. His tours, songs and vaudeville work have made him internationally known.

Gene and Glenn made air debuts on separate teams before they made network fame together. Glenn Rowell ran away from his Pontiac, Ill., home at the age of thirteen to join a tent show, eventually became a song plugger in a ten-cent store, next elevated himself to be music publisher's representative, and then became a theater organist. WLS attracted him in its early days and there he teamed with Ford Rush. Gene Carroll at the age of seven carried a crown in a play at Hull House, Chicago. His fate was sealed. He likewise teamed with a pal as Jack and Gene at WLS at about the same time Ford and Glenn were going over great. WLW and WTAM engagements followed and the two teams melted into simply one of Gene and Glenn. In Cleveland the networks found them the toast of the town, and so you hear them every week morning—with your toast.

Brad and Al, the Senator and Major, or whatever name a sponsor wishes to call them, also traveled many roads before Radio. Bradford Browne was a stenographer for the government in Washington, a successful cemetery lot salesman, a realtor on a larger scale till his assets shrunk, and a lawyer. Al Llewelyn watched an open hearth steel furnace in Pittsburgh until the plant and his job burned down. Brad and Al met in a Newark, N. J., boarding house as both reached for the hash simultaneously. Becoming pals, they wrote a musical act, formed the Radio comedy team of "Ham and George, the Cellar Knights", and as such were discovered by WABC and CBS.

"DAD" (Obediah) Pickard and his family got into financial difficulties and Radio with their old-time and hill-billy songs in Nashville, Tenn., at practically one and the same time. "Solemn Old Judge" George Hay, WSM's director, found their talents just as Dad Pickard's commercial credit business blew up. Confident of himself, Dad loaded mother, Bubb, Ruth and four-year-old Anne into the family flivver along with their fiddle, jews-harp, harmonicas, guitar and banjo, and rattled on to New York. Parking at 711 Fifth Avenue, the family took their instruments and asked to be shown to

Al Llewelyn (right) once stirred up things over the open hearth in a Pittsburgh steel factory. Brad Browne, lawyer, gave his opponents some awful pannings. Now they're both cooking up programs for CBS



M. H. Aylesworth, the president of NB
Just to show you that it can be done, t
big chief saw them. Dad told his ta
of financial woe and Aylesworth ask
him what they could do. In one minu
the family had their instruments out
their cases and were playing the fir
music that ever had been played in t
office of the head man of the Nation
Broadcasting Company. They we
booked, too, as you well know.

Phil Cook, the man with half a doz
characters in his voice, started out in li
as a commercial artist. As a sideline
began to write songs. Books for music
shows followed from his pen. Vaudevil
audiences soon enjoyed his comic cha
acterizations and songs, his guitar a
ukulele playing. Early in WJZ's day
tried it on the listeners. They liked hi
and there at the mike he stayed.

Jesse Crawford's first job was pla
ing the piano in a nickelodeon for fi
dollars weekly. He worked at that thr

Phil Cook was commercial artist before b coming the big pancake and syrup ma



years, doubling his pay, and th
took a cut back to the original fi
to work in another theater as
ganist. He learned the organ on th
job! As one of the best pione
movie organists he initiated ma
successful ideas, was one of the fi
to broadcast, and now he's on top
New York at the Paramount Th
ater.

Henry Burbig, the burlesqui
monologist, at fourteen had evolv
his first act, "Abie Goldstein's We
ding." It won $5 in an amate
contest. An eighteen-year-old frien
who was dancing on skates in vaud
ville, encouraged him to see
vaudeville manager. Burbig did. T

nager listened and booked him be- the piece was finished. Sixteen weeks vaudeville followed. He continued his ool studies. At one time, just eleven rs ago, he almost turned ball player. was offered the catcher's mask by h the St. Louis and Detroit National gue teams. He didn't accept. Instead kept up his vaudeville work, and, with dio's coming, he donated his services to microphone. The networks discovered n as a result of his tremendously suc-





Civil engineering supported Merle Johnson before his saxophone did.

ene and Glenn rose from vaudeville to the chain gang NBC). Now they're thinking of going higher—but hey're cautiously testing a Zeppelin part before flying.

essful broadcasts from a New York sta- ion. He's been on the air eight years.

Charles W. Hamp, remembered by Eastern fans as last year's "Early Bird", nd who is one of the greatest stars on he Pacific Coast, played first in a dance rchestra, thumped a piano at twenty in vaudeville theater's pit, trouped for two ears in musicomedy, invaded Italy with jazz band and excited the olive-skinned Verdi lovers enough to win the Dal Verme nedal in Milan's Teatro Dal Verme, en- ered Radio via the audition route as an nnouncer, and then evolved his piano- playing, singing and chatting act.

"DOBBSIE", or Hugh Barrett Dobbs, every bit as big as Amos n' Andy on the West Coast, walked into he studios of KPO six years ago and applied for an audition. In four and a half years he had accumulated over a million letters attesting to his popularity. A commercial sponsor signed him for three years at a salary higher than President Hoover's. Back of Dobbsie's air success, we find him attending Johns Hopkins at Baltimore to become an instructor in physical culture, graduating and taking a world tour, next teaching physical training, and then promoting the building of outdoor playgrounds in New York City. Judge Ben Lindsay sent for him to do the same for Denver; Seattle was next to call. Then, in 1905, he became associated with the U. S. Government Survey and aided in establishing the boundary between Alaska and Canada. Commercial movies occupied his attention after that, and in 1924 he came to San Francisco to sell musical instruments. His Radio tryout followed this varied career.

ANTHONY WONS, of "Tony's Scrapbook", is a born philosopher. Working his way through college by making automobiles, beds and punching cows, he probably would have continued fishing, hunting and thinking in the Eagle River country of Wisconsin, but that he felt the air was short on philosophy. So he went to WLS and proposed to start a philosophical period, communing with kindred spirits among the fans. His scrapbook, a collection of bits of poetry and philosophy submitted by his listeners and gathered also by himself, sold 80,000 copies in nine months. Going to WLW, he sold 90,000 of its next edition in a like period. CBS scouts were watching and had him sign the dotted line.

Little Jack Little, whose right name is Leonard, wrote a lot of college songs at the University of Iowa, so turned to song writing when he was graduated. He was given a job as song plugger in Chicago eight years ago and told to use the Radio stations. He worked with a partner in his earlier days. Then he went on alone, crooning in his inimitable way as he played his own accompaniments. Tours playing every principal station in the country followed along with vaudeville engagements. In the past several years he settled in Cincinnati to make WLW his headquarters, but NBC finally awakened and signed him up early this year.

Ohman and Arden, the duo-pianists, didn't know one another when they both were looking for work and food in New York. Phil Ohman was hired by Wanamaker's and Vic Arden landed with Ampico. Ohman first met Arden when applying to him for work making player rolls. When Arden went to Q.R.S. to make rolls he took along Ohman to work out the duo piano recording scheme. Their first work of this type brought society, club and musical show engagements. Friends persuaded them to embark on a Radio career.

ROBERT L. RIPLEY, whose unusual syndicated "Believe It or Not" cartoons brought him his Eastern network contract, sold his first drawing to a humorous magazine for $8 when he was fourteen years old.

JUST folks after all—these people who entertain you on the air. No royal Radio antecedents in this field. It shows that we are interested in people who know us and belong to us from all walks in life. That's why you are going to enjoy the next installment wherein Mr. Plummer will tell you how other successful Radio celebrities got their start. Don't miss it in the June RADIO DIGEST.

Stand



The Muezzin, calling all good Mohammedans to pra

OUR Radio station at Algiers was really a birthday gift for the Centenary year, 1930, the year of Algeria's hundredth birthday as a French colony. It is an appropriate present, for after one hundred years of development under French rule Algeria may be said to have attained its majority, and is now important enough to make its voice heard among the nations.

The Radio station is some ten miles from the town of Algiers on the road from Maison Carrée to l'Arba, and was opened by His Excellency The Governor General of Algeria. It is a simple and dignified building, gleaming with oriental whiteness under the African sun, and well suited to the Algerian landscape.

Technical details of interest are as follows:—Wave Length, 364.50 metres, feeder power, 100 kilowatts, aerial power, 13 kilowatts, and modulation percentage 100 per cent. The station has a high frequency emittor of three circuits, and there are six automatically cooled valves, the cooling being done by an ingenious water system. The pylons supporting the antennae are about 250 feet high. The calculated radius of action is nearly 3,000 miles.

The Algiers Radio is fitted with the most modern apparatus, and with a five valve set and a loud speaker it has been clearly heard west of the Azores, and letters reporting good reception have been received from Newfoundland and from Tonkin in French Indo China.

The writer of the present article has received hundreds of letters from va ous parts of England and Scotland a Ireland, as well as from Euprope countries, commenting on the clearn with which Algiers can be heard. A f letters have also been received from t U. S. A. In fact, several writers wish to know if they had been hoaxed wh they heard an English voice announc as speaking from Algiers, and one wri said that he had been told by his frien to whom he related his experiences, t the Algiers station did not exist.



Arabian musicians address their love songs to the mike as to some houri of a Mohammedan paradise when they broadcast.

The actual broadcasting studio is Algiers itself, and the programs transmitted from there to the bro casting station and then relayed ba again to a loud speaker in a room joining the studio, so that the stu staff can judge how the program sour to listeners. The principal progra is given in the evening from 7 p. to 11 p. m. Greenwich mean tim While of course for the most p the French language is used, there also items in Arabic, and English a Esperanto.

Among the interesting regular items the Arab music and singing, and ta given by natives. It is amusing to wat the native musicians in front of t microphone—they address their lo songs to the instrument as to some ho

By *for* Morocco!

By Le Capitaine

(*Special Correspondent to* RADIO DIGEST)



from his balcony was one of the first "broadcasters".

of a Mohammedan paradise. The Arab stories, too, are often really humorous; they are told first in Arabic and then translated into French.

The English talks have been for the most part descriptive of the scenery and the life in Algeria.

It will readily be realized that a powerful Radio station is of especial benefit to a country like Algeria where farms and estates are far-flung over wide areas, and communications not so numerous as in America or Europe. It is also a powerful means of propaganda and publicity, and as the natives are already taking an interest in wireless it will help to spread French culture throughout the whole of French North Africa.

At the fourth Algerian wireless exhibition held at Algiers last November many of the visitors were puzzled by one of the exhibits. It was a safe, just like any other safe, but when one put a hand near it or approached it, or even when any object at all came near it there was a loud ringing which warned the owner that some unauthorized person was near his safe. This is a scientific application of the principle underlying the phenomena of capacity variation, so well known to wireless amateurs.

It was most interesting to watch the large groups interested in this exhibit, and to hear their comments while there.

In the campaign launched against malaria by the Algerian Government General one of the most important weapons is the Algiers Radio. This reaches not only distant colonists and farmers in North Africa but also many of the native population.

Last Autumn the first of an important series of lectures was broadcast from Algiers by the medical officer in charge of the anti-malaria service. In addition, at all the concerts of native music and singing which are regularly given every week from Algiers practical advice on the prevention of malaria is broadcast in Arabic.

The Algiers wireless station is adopting a novel method to find a new announcer. There are thirty applicants for the post and a committee will select the three most suitable speakers. Afterwards, three special concerts will be given at which the three selected candidates will act as announcers, and listeners will be invited to send letters voting for the candidate they prefer. Prizes amounting to francs 10,000 are offered for the best letters.

"WHY don't you give the DX hounds something to chase?" demanded a caller at RADIO DIGEST. *"We are picking up distant stations all over the world practically every night. Come on out and we'll prove it." A day or so later the article and pictures on this page chanced to come from a correspondent in Algiers. Let's see if some of our DX fans can pick up this station. Next month we are going to give the DX friends an article by Charles J. Gilchrist, secretary of the Chicago Daily News DX Club.*

WIRELESS is becoming increasingly popular among the native population of North Africa, owing, in great measure, to the excellent propaganda work on behalf of Radio-Alger and Radio-Maroc, which was done earlier in the year by "The Giant's Voice," a travelling wireless installation and loud speaker. The installation consists of two motor vehicles, one for the actual broadcasting and the other containing the power plant. The plant has a modulated output of more than 600 watts derived

(*Continued on page 99*)

The RISE of



CAROL DEIS traded her typewriter
for a grand piano and $5,000 cash

Carol Deis

She Hitched Her Wagon to the Bell Song
And They Heard Her Round the World

By Anne B. Lazar



Mr. Atwater Kent presents a $5,000 check each to Carol Deis and Raoul Nadeau, audition prize winners.

JUNE skies, fleecy clouds floating daintily in the blue heaven. A robin cheering lustily in a maple shade tree at the corner. Green lawns and hedges. Children idling homeward from school their books tucked under their arms. A farmer with long red beard seated in his horse drawn cart, homeward bound from a successful morning in the public market.

Carol Deis was going home, too. She had finished her second year of high school—and she would not be going back. She was not very happy and the world suddenly assumed prodigious and inconceivable proportions. Next year she would be in a business college. And what would that lead to?

Certainly she had no great interest in business. She wanted to be a singer, an artist; oh if some kind fairy would wave a wand and make her an opera star! But how could a girl win artistic fame and success in Dayton? A bumblebee droned dizzily over her head. She glanced upward through the tree tops. Far above an airplane was circling upward and upward. The Wright brothers had won fame in Dayton—and there was the great flying field of the army at the edge of the town. But a girl—what could a girl do?

Well, there was no other way for the present. She must go to business college, and watch for opportunity. For a girl just finishing second year high the outlook for any rise of consequence appeared remote. All she could see was just another stenographer in an army of thousands. But anyway she would be the very best stenographer possible, and earn enough money to achieve ways and means for better things.

Before she entered her home she heard her mother singing. She adored her mother's voice. It was clear and true and sweet. Her father could also sing well, and her brother. Carol imagined that if she could only get the right sort of training she might find her future with her voice. But her dream of a grand piano suddenly turned into a typewriter—she would be playing a typewriter—a tuneless clicking typewriter!

Carol was just fifteen when a great event happened in Dayton. The famous Galli-Curci was announced for a concert. Mrs. Deis had promised Carol she would take her to hear the great diva sing some "real music".

Never had there been such a treat. Carol floated in ecstasy as the incomparable coloratura appeared on the stage and poured out the perfect notes of the revered classics. She came to the *Bell Song* from Lackme—and as Carol listened some great and wonderful thing was born in her soul. Some day she too would sing the *Bell Song*. Some day—

ONE must be inspired, and hope and strive onward and upward, even as the circling airplanes ascend into the azure skies beyond the vision of earth bound mortals. Carol was inspired. The *Bell Song* as she heard it that day lifted in angelic sweetness by Amelita Galli-Curci summoned and called up the something within that would never die as Carol followed her course through business college.

The *Bell Song* was the Star of her life toward which she would arise surely and certainly even if she did have to take her first job as a stenographer for the law firm of Estabrook, Finn and McKee. It was rather a cold prosaic world, but then she would do her best at whatever it was best for her to do.

TWO weeks after she had been assigned to a desk and a typewriter there came a call from the office of a member of the firm.

"Miss Deis!"

"Yes sir," she answered somewhat of a tremble and wondering what terrible blunder she may have committed in her tyro ignorance. Perhaps she was going to be fired. The boss looked up from his desk. His face seemed cold and expressionless.

"I believe you have been with us two weeks, and that this is your first job," he said.

"Yes sir, but I'm beginning to get onto things bet-better now," she said with a catch.

"You seem to be getting on very well, young lady," he replied. "So I thought I would let you know we have decided to raise your pay—er-beg pardon, what's the matter——"

Carol sat down in a heap on the nearest chair.

"Didn't think you'd take it that way, Miss. But if you'd rather not have the raise, why, er——"

Well, Carol recovered and mentally she began to hum something from the *Bell Song*. She had already acquired a record and had begun playing it over and over.

You see Carol had already begun to rise.

Now she was in a position to take vocal lessons. Her family joined to give her every possible advantage. She sang in the church choir—and that helped to give her poise before an audience. Ralph Thomas, now conducting an opera school in Los Angeles, was her first instructor and he held for her the most ambitious hopes.

And now let us skip over eight years during which Carol became Miss Deis.

She had been gaining ground as a singer. But still she did not feel justified in surrendering her secretarial job.

There came a day only a few weeks ago when your interviewer was called upon to see this same Miss Carol Deis in the studios of the National Broadcasting Company, 711 Fifth Ave., New York. We found her comfortably seated in a green tapestry chair, and her smiling blue eyes grew reminiscent as she leaned back and told me of some of the things that happened up to the time when she had been awarded the Atwater Kent first prize scholarship and $5,000 in cash, last December.

She was no longer the little girl with school books under her arm, but a grand young lady dressed in the latest style with black velvet gown and her abundant hair, almost typical in its auburn shade, was neatly coifed in the mode of the hour.

"I can scarcely realize it yet," she smiled. "It seems almost too good to be true. Nothing like that has ever happened to me before. Still, as I sit here in the very Radio heart from which flows such marvelous and wonderful music to all the country and the world beyond it seems an incredible dream from which I must presently awake at my little desk in the law office of Estabrook, Finn and McKee at Dayton."

INDEED it did seem unbelievable that this luxurious young pet of the musical world had only six months ago been one of the millions of young women who find their day beginning and ending in a humdrum of office detail with little hope of ever finding a way out. She fanned the edges of a little folder she held in her hand—an announcement of a new Atwater Kent contest, I believe.

"Life was so colorless, such a grind, almost as far back as I can remember," she continued. "Of course I was busy, always busy, but it was all such a deadly routine. Every girl who works in an office will understand what I mean. There was just a spark somewhere within that seemed to whisper, 'If you will keep trying, keep up your faith in me I will transform your life.' I believe that, if we recognize it, that spark of our better innerselves is in every one of us, and we can accomplish much if it is nurtured and developed to the best of our ability.

"Mother had great hopes for my voice. She had wanted to be a great singer. As I grew up she hoped I would achieve some of the things of which she had dreamed. What can be more wonderful and inspiring than a mother's love! I would have wanted to strive for success if only to please her. But it was hard to bring myself to believe that singing could ever be more for me than just an extra bit of good fortune to relieve the deadly monotony of making a living."

Then she told me something of the



"Never give up even if every day seems as hopeless as the other," says Carol Deis.

romance that blossomed into her life...an experience that did much to change the whole world for her. There was a seamy side that has no place outside the confidence through which one woman may speak to another. Her marriage did not end happily as a romance but it left her a mother and spurred her on to accomplish things she might have missed otherwise.

"AS a matter of fact," she said, "my voice really was never anything much until after little Donnie came. What happened? I cannot explain. I only know that when I resumed my vocal training I discovered new tones at my command which I had never known before. And there was distinctly more power back of my voice."

"You recommend marriage, then?" I asked in some surprise.

"Yes," she replied simply and hesitated a moment before she added, "even though it should end tragically as mine did. No girl should forego this greatest of all experiences. It calls forth the best that is in her, expands her capacity for love and compassion; and through some kind of process it changes the worst side of selfishness into a broader sense of things."

Disillusioned by the one she had loved, her ideals shaken by the breaking of lightly taken vows, she returned with h child to her mother's arms, and resume her maiden name, Carol Deis. Onc more she took up her duties in the la office from which she had stepped out ir to a heart-wrenching interlude of tw years. Again she took up the dry trar scription of legal proceedings from note book to typewriter paper.

Seeking the old paths she soon disco ered her new advantages of voice an power. She felt new courage. Some how, some way she would find a way t achieve. Her mind was alert. Oppor tunity, she felt, would be found. Sh earned more money now. Her serv ices were decidedly more valuabl Where would this new trend of am bition take her, toward business o toward a profession?

NOW she was mother, a daughter, a student—and business woman. Her life had fille out considerably, and she was near ing twenty-five. No, she did no neglect her voice culture; she fol lowed it more vigorously than ever She reasoned within herself sh must make the most of these pre cious years of youth. She had goo instruction.

"I feel that I owe almost every thing of this new turn in my life t Ralph Thomas, my teacher," sh said reminiscently. "It was the fou years he took to build into my voic the important fundamentals of sing ing that counted. He had previously wanted me to enter this contest of th Atwater Kent Foundation. But I felt in adequate—lacked the courage to matc my voice against the many, many other who, perhaps, had been better privilege than I.

"When I realized that it had to b done in 1930 or never, because of th age limit, I decided to make the try."

During all this time she never had for gotten her great ambition to sing th *Bell Song* as she had heard Galli-Curc sing it. She had never been encourage to attempt it by her teachers becaus even the best of singers fear that open ing cadenza, sung without accompani ment. Disaster is inevitable even if yo are a very little off key.

When Mr. Thomas had finally per suaded her to try for the contest he first thought was to put all her chance on that one song. Eight months befor her first local audition she began rehears ing it. Her success with this intricat song would be sure to win the favorabl notice of the judges. She applied hersel diligently. To acquaint herself with th Radio technique she was one evening per mitted to sing a few songs over WSMK at Dayton. She conquered her tendency to mike fright and took a posture about two feet behind the microphone, hands clasped behind her head. This, she

(*Continued on page 96*)

"Yes, You American Women Are Happy"

Says Cosmo Hamilton

LAST month Anita Loos, author of "Gentlemen refer Blondes," stood on the negative side of the fence and told RADIO DIGEST *readers she doesn't believe American women are happy. Here's an Englishman's answer:*



Cosmo Hamilton

Reported by Lillian G. Genn

NOWHERE in the world do you find women so vivacious, so ambitious and so enthusiastic as here in America. They walk swiftly up the street of life like beautiful Dianas, turning its corners with an adventurous and youthful spirit. And the zest that they derive from it comes as near to happiness as it is possible for anyone to achieve on this earth."

Thus summarized Cosmo Hamilton when he was approached for his opinion on Anita Loos' challenging statement that the American women are not happy. The famous English novelist and playwright is a sophisticated cosmopolite who has lived in many countries of the world. He has a house in London and a villa at Mentone on the French Riviera, but of late years he has been living for several months in this country where he has a very large and admiring public. Recently he engaged in a series of public debates here with Gilbert K. Chesterton, another brilliant and witty Englishman of letters.

Mr. Hamilton comes from a distinguished literary family. He is the brother of Sir Philip Gibbs and Major A. Hamilton Gibbs and the uncle of Anthony Gibbs, all of whom are well known to readers in both England and America. Lady Mary Agnes Hamilton, Member of Parliament, whose transatlantic broadcast a few months ago received considerable attention, is also a member of this renowned family.

Mr. Hamilton began his career at an early age and was under thirty when he became editor of one of London's most fashionable and clever of society journals. He took an active part in politics, served as Captain in the Legion of Frontiersmen and was commissioned in the Royal Navy Air Service in the World War. Nevertheless he found time to turn out such successful works as "The Blindness of Virtue," "Scandal," "The Rustle of Silk," "Caste," and "Parasites." Oddly enough, his new novel, "Damned Little Fool," an entertaining, romantic book, has as its basis a young woman's search for happiness, so that the discussion for RADIO DIGEST was of particular interest to him.

THE author is a tall, handsome man with the military bearing and gracious, charming manners that are so typical of the cultured and aristocratic European. His apartment in New York is a delightful and cosy place, filled with books and colorful paintings which he brought from his London house.

Lighting a cigarette in a long holder, he relaxed in a large, comfortable chair, and thoughtfully gave his views on why he believed the American women to be happy. His conclusions had been deliberate.

"I believe that Anita Loos' diagnosis was a correct one," he said in his slow, crisp voice, "but only of a certain class of women. It does not hold for American women at large. Similarly, when she declared that the European women

are happier, it applied to only a select class. When it comes to the mass of women in Europe, you do not find them to be anywhere nearly as happy as the American women are.

"FIRST of all, Europe has worn itself out. It has long been decaying, and whatever spirit it had, was effectively killed by the World War. We therefore find that its people are cynical and disillusioned. They are critical of each other and of themselves. They have no ambition or enthusiasm. And no one can be happy without them. For they are the only things that give meaning to life and make it worth while.

"When one goes to a party abroad, the thing that impresses the observer, is that there is no gayety about it. You do not see people laughing or indulging in banter. They are rather serious and solemn and talk in undertones. Their one object seems to be not to be entertaining at any price, so that it is hard to believe you are not at a funeral. Even groups of men, like the Rotary clubs here, are very quiet. There is nothing boyish about them like the American men.



Cosmo Hamilton (from a sketch by James Montgomery Flagg)

"Why is this so? Simply because these people have no spirit; they have lost their zest for life. They have no hope of anything; nothing to look forward to. Thus the atmosphere of Europe is a gloomy one.

"On the other hand, the rhythm and the vibrations of this country pulsate with youth and vigor. This naturally affects the people so that everyone here is full of life and ambition. Even the stranger who comes to these shores is influenced by the atmosphere so that he too soon falls in with the gay, quick pace. Life suddenly becomes an exciting affair.

"What I have particularly admired about the American woman is the knack she has for getting enjoyment from even small things. If she is president of her club and has an opportunity to introduce one of the literary lions of the day; if she gives a dinner and it runs off smoothly; if she wins some sort of social success in her set—these things make her exuberantly happy.

"The women here have a delightful naiveté and are very easy to please. So much so that they at times seem childlike. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why they keep youthful even when they are grandmothers.

"When an American girl starts off to a party, there is a sparkling air of anticipation about her. Her eyes and her manner tell you: 'It's going to be a marvelous party. I'm sure I'm going to have a grand time.' Just the other day, when I was leaving a woman who was going to an afternoon party, I said: 'I hope you will have a nice time.' 'Of course I will,' she laughed. 'I'm going to raise mischief!'

"It would be hard to imagine any English girl going to a party with such a spirit. She goes bored and indifferent. At the party she makes no effort to relieve the gloom. Indeed, she doesn't seem to have any capacity at all for fun.

"American women are happy in some form of achievement. If they can organize a movement, or do their share in bringing about social reforms, or hold down a position in the business world, they are enjoying life.

"English women are not interested in doing anything, while the French women are primarily concerned with their complexions and their beauty. Those who do have jobs are apathetic about them and they have no ambition to advance themselves. They work merely to mark time or to get some liberty of action which they could not otherwise obtain. The European business girl is carelessly and unattractively dressed and she has a rather hang-dog look about her.

"BUT watch the American business girl when she goes to work in the morning. She walks quickly and briskly, and glows with health and vitality. She is smartly dressed and well-spoken. She takes an intelligent interest in her job and always has her eyes on a better one. Any number of them hold important and responsible positions.

"What is more, in this country, there are no dividing lines between the classes, as there are in Europe. The business girl has as much of a chance to marry a big executive or a banker's son as the girl in a better social circle. The knowledge of these limitless business and social opportunities that are open to her and the freedom she has to make any choice that she wants, make her keen, high-spirited and ambitious.

"As for the women who are at home and who have considerable leisure, I find great numbers of them devoting themselves to the job of being better wives and mothers by improving themselves culturally, and also serving humanity in whatever way they can. For they are the ones who are chiefly bringing about worthwhile social reforms and who are undoing many hideous and unfair laws. Men grumble about laws, but they do nothing to change them. The women p pressure on politicians and statesm and work energetically in peace mo ments. They investigate and establ new methods of child training and ec cation. They sponsor cultural societ and serve on innumerable charita boards. At their clubs they discuss a analyze anything from world politi birth control, to labor conditions a crime prevention.

"All this work is tremendously i portant, for it shows that women contributing to human progress and pa ing the way for a better world. At t same time, these women are living th lives fully and intensely, finding a co plete outlet for their energies and en mous enthusiasm. To my mind, th is the greatest happiness and experien any human being can get."

Mr. Hamilton pointed out that Eur pean women, on the other hand, co not be happy because they have not mu that they want nor are they looking f ways to gain it. They are neither acti nor constructive.

"It is because the modern Americ woman has the opportunity to live h life creatively," he continued, "that s is happier than her grandmother was. do not feel, with Miss Loos, that t women of other days achieved happine by merely working for their families. W may think so simply because they did n complain. They bore the cross of li stoically.

"But life was really a dreadful affa for them. They worked like slav merely to exist. They had no time get any satisfaction from life. Th had no freedom of thought or of actio Women in those days had to depe solely upon their husbands for happ ness. The tragedy of it is that wh their husbands died, they were l stranded, with no interests in life a with no ability to support themselve

"BECAUSE a girl was n trained to earn a livelihood, it meant th she had to marry the first man who pr posed to her, no matter what sort person he was. For the same reaso she could not leave him, if he made li intolerable for her. Imagine the sadis that went on in marriage because of t woman's inability to free herself.

"If she did not marry, she had to e dure the stigma of being a spinster. S was on the shelf so far as life was co cerned. The only way she could mana to support herself, if she had no relativ to live with, was to take boarders in h home, sew for the neighbors or be a go erness. The bachelor girl of today c get into almost any field of work. S can have her own apartment and her m friends without losing her reputation. S has freedom to travel and to enjoy li in any way she wants.

"Since she does not have to depen

(*Continued on page 99*)

The Play's the Thing

By Harriet Menken



Harriet Menken, author, authority on matters theatrical, and conductor of a weekly air-column on Station WOR.

SUCH an infant is the Radio script art in the dramatic firmament, that the leading men who are responsible for the Radio dramas that come to you over the ether waves do not even agree on what material goes to make up a good Radio play, so "you pays your money and takes your choice".

C. L. Menser, for instance, who directs the RCA half hour dramatic broadcasts you hear weekly over the National Broadcasting Company chain, as well as other airy playlets, says, "a good Radio play must have two things,—an elemental dramatic situation and structural simplicity. By the former I mean that we cannot have a play about a man who can't swim, out in a lake in a canoe that turns over, for there is nothing dramatic about this; the man is doomed. Put another man in that boat and we immediately create a dramatic situation. Is it his younger brother, perhaps, to whom the inheritance would come? If so, will he save him? Any number of situations might arise. This is drama."

In speaking of simplicity of structure, Mr. Menser explained that he was almost inclined to think that the real values exist in the old definition: "2 actors, 2 boards and a passion!" He thinks simplicity particularly important on the air because it is not what happens in the studio that counts, but in the minds of the listeners. Mr. Menser believes that two examples of perfect Radio plays illustrating both his points are George Kelly's "Finders Keepers" and Sir James Barrie's "Rosalind", which you heard recently with Billie Burke in the title rôle.

Menser's Motto is: "fewer and better Radio dramas!"

Upon discovering that this talented director was also Chairman of the Play-reading Committee at NBC, I pressed him for his reasons in turning down scripts as impossible material for Radio drama. He admitted to finding some too long, some whose themes were too sophisticated—or shall we say immoral—some with too many characters in the cast, and many plays whose whole point and crux turned on some business that required visualization. Other scripts "C. L.", as studio folk call him, simply found needed too much adaptation, "something that takes too much time. I only added twenty-five words to "Rosalind" for the Radio version", the 37 year old director commented.

But Mr. Menser thinks on the whole that a good play is a good play on the air or elsewhere, a bad play a bad one anywhere. "All this talk about a new medium, and spiritual qualities is just a lot of hooey, if you ask me", the former dramatic director at Knox College, ejaculated.

On the other hand, Vernon Radcliffe, who directs NBC's Radio Guild, one of the best dramatic hours on the air, says, "In a word, we must almost have a certain Radio shorthand. We must have plays that can be reduced to that shorthand, which means plays that have a definite structure, like Pinero's and Fitch's dramas. Then we must have actors who can read, can interpret such a script, who are constituted and trained to read our Radio shorthand."

When Mr. Radcliffe chooses a weekly vehicle for his broadcasts, he tries to select a play he says that has both the right dramatic calibre and Radio adaptability.

By the calibre of the play, Mr. Radcliffe says he means that it must have proved its worth at the time of its run, that its author must be well known, that the play must be of highly dramatic content, and that it must have an idea.

Mr. Radcliffe is not interested in plays

(*Continued on page 106*)



Don Clark, Columbia continuity chief, ponders over the merit of a script.

Keeping up with the March

TWO years of writing and researching in the offices of *Time;* one year of broadcasting weekly electrical transcriptions of dramatized news events over a nation-wide group of 110 Radio stations; three months of rehearsals and auditions in the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System—these are some of the major actuating elements behind *The March of Time.*

Three years ago at WLW I arranged a daily broadcast of news events which included paragraphs from *Time,* The Weekly Newsmagazine. It occurred to me that other broadcasters also would be glad to present a professionally prepared daily news release. I submitted the idea in a letter to the publishers of *Time* and was subsequently asked to syndicate for them a daily news release, called "NewsCasting", to Radio stations. During the summer of 1928 I visited major stations in practically all states east of the Rockies and we began the release of NewsCasting the following September over a group of 34 stations. By the spring of 1929 we had 80 stations.

I THEN began to work on the idea of dramatizing major news events. Specimen scripts were submitted to the editors. Interested, but cautious, they decided that I should test out these novel dramatizations over a period of several weeks to determine if each week would provide sufficient news for dramatic interpretation to warrant the preparation and broadcast of a first-rate Radio program.

In December of 1929 we made our first electrical transcriptions of broadcasts along this line, sent them to a small group of 20 Radio stations as an experiment, and requested comment. The approval was unanimous. From that small initial group of 20 stations, the feature spread—under the revised title, "NewsActing"—to 110 leading United States stations—from Florida to Hawaii and Alaska and from Halifax to New Orleans.

In December of 1930 we approached the Columbia Broadcasting System and said that we might be interested in transferring and expanding our 5-minute recorded feature into a half-hour chain program—if Columbia could prove to us that such a feature could be artistically and authentically presented. And Columbia's answer was: "We'll prove to you that it can be."

Then the CBS production department and Artist Bureau set to work with our scripts, and Georgia Backus, Charlie Schenck and Harry Browne directed and presented the experimental shows to small—but critical!—audiences listening in audition rooms. One major audition was presented in the evening, "piped", by telephone lines, to the home of *Time* Vice President and General Manager Roy E. Larsen and there was listened



Illustrated by

Broadcasting *the*

SURROGATE FOLEY reserves decision on the application for sale of the New York *World.* Dynamic little Publisher Roy Howard, of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, chafes at the delay . . . The 2,867 *World* employees know that only a few of them can possibly find employment on the prospective *World-Telegram.* They band together in a last-minute desperate attempt to buy the *World* properties for themselves. The call sweeps through the *World* Building, out into the city to old employees, and to friendly bankers; to newspaper men in other cities throughout the country and throughout the world. Pledges mount to $650,000. Surrogate Foley, touched by the deadly seriousness of the employees, again delays decision. *(clatter of typewriters, chatter, etc.)* In the City Room of the *World,* at 2 A.M., 200 nervous, tense employees—writers, artists, reporters, compositors, pressmen—are waiting for the Surrogate's final decision.

BARRETT: Here is a telegram from the Houston *Texas Chronicle*: " . . . a pledge to buy stock in the New York *World* if put under employees' ownership was circulated here this afternoon. $500 was subscribed in ten minutes with much more in sight. We believe there are thousands of newspapermen all over the United States to whom the *World* has been the law and the prophets and who would pawn their last shirt to help keep the paper as a liberal-independent."

FIRST REPORTER: *(rushing in)* Any word yet from the Surrogate?

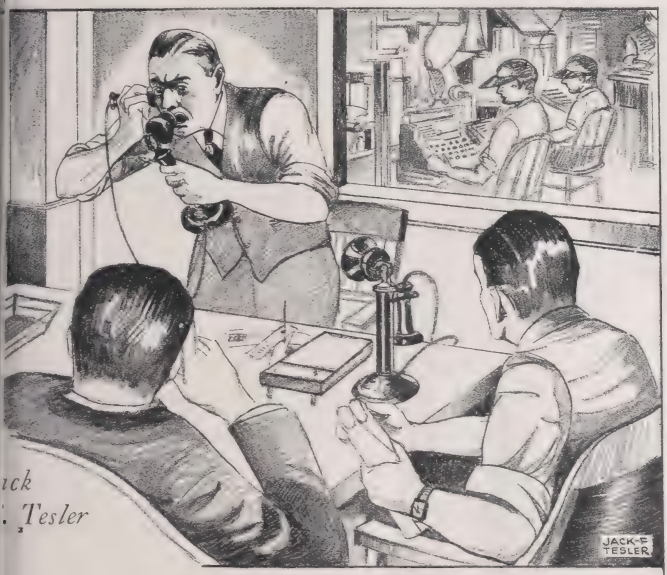
SECOND REPORTER: No. Expecting it any minute.

of Time

By Fred Smith

r other executives and the *Time* staff. the end of three months of cease- work—constant molding and revision he dramatic formula—the feature, r the title of *The March of Time*, ready for the air. On the afternoon eding the initial broadcast CBS pre- ed *The March of Time*, by piping program via telephone lines, to sta- tions in the basic network where Radio editors had assembled to listen to that. the *first* nationwide Radio preview. In Columbia's New York WABC studios representatives from leading newspapers, The United Press, the Associated Press, the International News Service and the National Enterprise Association listened to the preview and then unanimously acclaimed the new Radio program to be revolutionary in its technique, amazing in its power to clarify and graphically portray the memorable events of current times.

In the meanwhile, *Time's* Radio account had gone to Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, and into the picture stepped efficient Arthur ("Son-of-famed-bandmaster Pryor") Pryor, Jr., who is manager of that agency's Radio department, with capable assistant James H. Wright. The exigencies of this complicated program were so intricate that Director Pryor elected himself to personally take charge of production, went after the 14-hours-per-week rehearsals with kinetic enthusiasm. Within a week, actors had become so interested in the fascinating quality of *The March of Time* that they said to Pryor: "Don't hesitate to call on us for extra rehearsals—this show deserves and must have extra rehearsals!"



End of the *World*"

FIRST REPORTER: How about the pledges? nat do they total now?

SECOND REPORTER: Nearly a million, and I ar that a big banking house is willing to ck us.

BARRETT: Here's another telegram, boys— m H. V. Kaltenborn. He pledges a thou- ad dollars to the fund.

THIRD REPORTER: Good for him!

BARRETT: And here's another. The Nash- lle Tennesseean has raised $200. But I'm raid we're too late—

(*Telephone rings*) SECOND REPORTER: I'll t it, chief.

BARRETT: The decision!

SECOND REPORTER: (*answering telephone*) es, City Room.

ANOTHER REPORTER: (*whispering to Bar- tt*) Well, what do you think it is? Yes or no?

SECOND REPORTER: (*telephoning*) All right —go ahead.

ANOTHER REPORTER: (*whispering*) It's the decision, all right. Look at Joe's face.

SECOND REPORTER: (*telephoning*) I have it —thanks.

ANOTHER REPORTER: Let's have it, Joe. What's the answer?

SECOND REPORTER: Sold to Scripps-Howard!

(Silence)

BARRETT: All right, boys. It's tough, but we're still newspapermen and we've just got time to get the decision into the last edition!

REPORTER: "Last edition" is right.

(Sound of presses comes up with a roar.)

PRYOR gathered in a nucleus of Radio's finest actors, supplemented them each week with a large variety of actors. Included among the regulars are Bill ("Collier's Uncle Henry") Adams, who impersonated in the inaugural program Mayor Thompson of Chicago and Speaker Longworth of Cincinnati so authentically and so differently that, in both instances, Radio audiences complimented *The March of Time* on its selection of voices so closely imitative of Mayor Thompson and Speaker Longworth. In the second *March of Time* program, Harry ("Show Boat") Browne played The Voice of Fate in the Vivian Gordon melodrama and followed immediately in the hilarious interpretation of Wilbur Glenn ("The World is Flat") Voliva.

Versatile also are regular *March of Time* actors Frank Reddick, Charles Slattery, Herschel Mayall, Pedro de Cordoba—whose "King Alfonso" was a sensation—and Alfred Shirley. Also Lucile ("Collier's Love Story Girl") Wall, who starred as the Spanish telephone operator in the program of March 20th. Announcer for the hour is famed Ted Husing—and *The March of Time* is the only program on which Husing does not sign off by announcing his own name.

For, in Ted's own words—"in this program I am just a Voice—the Voice of *Time!*"

Howard Barlow, musical director of the 23-piece symphonic orchestra which provides the musical atmosphere for *The March of Time*, says he has never seen his men—and all of them have been with him half-a-dozen Radio years—so interested in a program. As individuals they come from many European countries and naturally when a news drama from Roumania, or Russia, Germany or Italy is being enacted, Howard's Roumanian, Russian, German or Italian musicians jump out on the edges of their chairs. Barlow himself, scoring special music for *The March of Time*, frequently sits up until two o'clock in the morning, writing musical atmosphere to surround colorful news dramas.

We who prepare the script work at research and writing seven days a week—and often far into the night. It is frequently necessary to search through histories, encyclopædias and special reference books to discover a single pertinent fact necessary to the clear exposition of a particular news drama or scene. Sometimes we must telegraph or cable our representatives in isolated or far distant spots of the country or world to obtain more complete details of a story we wish to dramatize and to get exact information concerning kind and quality of voices.

Sometimes the news story itself is so replete with dramatic moments that we must select only one or two episodes out of six or eight in the actual story. Such was the case with the passing of the New York *World*. That story ran in the newspapers for a week or more, was continually exciting, constantly dramatic. Eventually we selected for dramatic exposition the court scene where Herbert Pulitzer explains to the judge why the paper must be sold; and the 2 A. M. scene in the old *World* offices when 200 employes, who had been campaigning for three days to raise sufficient money to purchase the *World*, learn that the paper has been sold to the Scripps-Howard interests.

At the other end of the scale, where the news story is very short but contains valuable dramatic elements, we build up the dramatization from the actual brief but significant news story. Such was the case with the story of King Carol of Roumania who visited a Bucharest police station, found the jailer third-degreeing a petty criminal by stringing him up by his thumbs, ordered the prisoner liberated and the cruel jailer dismissed.

In all cases, the advice and cooperation of the magazine's highly specialized staff of writers is invaluable in bringing the half-hour production to the state where it becomes a well rounded and precisely balanced program. Active advisor on script and production is Vice President Roy E. Larsen. In reality, behind *The March of Time* are the personalities behind *Time*, the Newsmagazine. They contribute ideas, counsel and enthusiasm for this new kind of news-reporting: Henry R. Luce, president; Managing Editor John S. Martin; Foreign Editor Laird S. Goldsborough; National Affairs Editor John Shaw Billings; Music Editor Elizabeth Armstrong; Mary Fraser, head of research; Managing Editor of *Fortune*, Parker Lloyd-Smith. Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne, intensely interested in the success of the program, contribute much editorial and production advice of great value through Vice Presidents Roy S. Durstine and Paul Hollister.



Fred Smith, producer and author of the "March of Time" broadcasts.

As a result of this concentrated flow of ideas and interpretations from many sources, the program finally goes out on the air and into the homes of America's millions as free from bias and prejudice as *Time* itself. Never can we tell a week in advance what stories will be ours to dramatize. In a large sense, the author of this produc is—Destiny! Back of all the sonal artistry expended upon week's performance, a greater any human hand is writing the ies and dramas which finally their way into *The March of T*

* * *

One of these days s great philanthropist will pos worth-while prize for the pe who creates a new kind of prog that will add new zest to R listening. We have had Amos Andy with their program w stands out in Radio like Ch Chaplin in the movies, and we l had the Atwater Kent, and Vi Ware Murder Trial and other standing events. With the pre tation of *The March of Time* a contemporary magazine Radio gest believes a new and bold has been brilliantly developed mark a new epoch in broadcast

Mr. Fred Smith, managing tor of *The March of Time*, at various times been an ac contributor to Radio Digest. has been a pioneer of new id When Bob Casey wrote the serial s *Step on the Stair* for Radio Digest years ago, Mr. Smith was asked dramatize the story for broadcasting. was at that time director of the Cro station, WLW, at Cincinnati. Sixteen the most powerful stations in the Un States then presented the *Step on Stair* in weekly episodes from coast coast. So popular and unusual was program that several of these stat have repeated the series two and t times.

Later Mr. Smith took a hand in p ducing the notable Majestic progr featuring Wendel Hall, the Red Hea Music Maker. He worked out ne sound effects to illustrate highlights the program. Realism is Fred's mid name.

These experiences have gradually up to this last grand departure— *March of Time*. To him the concep is not new but only the realization crystallizing of an idea that has long b in process of evolution from a fur mental thought. *The March of Tim* the ultimate product of a caref worked out laboratory experiment.

We would vote to award Mr. F Smith the season's Gold Medal for tinctive achievement in the presenta of an outstanding Radio program.

—*Editor*

* * *

Next month. Readers of Radi Digest will learn something abou an evolution in broadcasting from M Merlin H. Aylesworth. It is an artic especially written for this magazine b the president of the National Broadcast ing Company. Be sure to read it.

Broadcastor Oil

Our Columnist Greases the Skids—Slides out a few Pearls of Great Tripe and some True Defective Stories

By Ray Perkins

WHEN you buy a magazine entitled RADIO DIGEST, I suppose it's reasonably fair to assume that you expect get printed matter having something whatsoever to do with Radio. The ulation department of this handbook microphonetics claims for its readers overwhelming interest in Etheriana. I e therefore been coaxed and wheedled the Editor into a promise, tly given withal, not to go tering off into such subjects true defective stories or the life of the herring.

Vell. If you want to be con- ered an intellectual heavy- ght on the subject of Radio. re are three noncopyrighted rls of wisdom you can scat- hither and thither. Pearls of at tripe. They should be said while you cock your head one side and squint one eye r so slightly dill-pickle fash- , a gesticulatory combination ived from the Movies denot- deepness of thought. These ee cover-alls are: (a) "Ra- is still in its infancy"; (b) Ve have hardly scratched the face"; and (c) "Television is st around the corner."

PUT them all to- ther and they spell horse- athers.

The trouble with Radio today that there isn't anybody who nows what's the trouble with adio today. Except I. (Don't owd. I will not be bullied.) he secret is too many songs of ne I-Love-You school. They're aking the good old microphone icky as a wet lollipop. That's hy we have a new wealthy class the country today—million- ire megaphone manufacturers. lot of singers have to use meg- phones so the songs won't spill ll over them and get their lothes gooey. Unquestionably he present overproduction crisis n the sugar industry can largely be traced to the vogue of Sweetness in Song.

My old friend Lew Conrad, the verse and chorus man, has such sweetness of tone, that he rarely takes sugar in his coffee, contenting himself with singing a few bars of *Just a Gigolo* into his cup. It's non-fattening too. I know a crooner whose voice is so sweet that I'm laying odds that by summer time it will draw flies. He'll have to have an assistant standing by the microphone with a Flit gun.

Problems like that do not bother me. My voice fortunately is just a teeney-weeney bit sour and I aim to keep it that way. No megaphones for this little man. I wouldn't even use a funnel.

Another difficulty we are experiencing at the studios these days is the matter of mixed quartettes. A mixed quartette is a very delicate thing to handle. They say the best thing to do is put a barrel under its stomach and roll it back and forth. If that doesn't work you should send for the fire department or a visiting nurse.

I remember in my student days at dear old Milkstool University we had a mixed quartette of six chemistry students. And you know how chemicals mix. Well, the annual spring concert always came the night following the big ring-around-rosie contest between dear old Milkstool and the State College of Taxidermy, even on years when the contest was cancelled. Incidentally we usually licked the stuffing out of the taxidermists.



It's hard to snap Ray Perkins because he's always wiggling his ears, but this piano is so grand he doesn't dare.

WELL, one time just as the quartette was bracing itself for their second number, one of the singers—(I think it was the second tenor, or no, I guess it was the assistant cashier)—came down to the footlights and said "Is there a Doctor in the Audience?" Well it seems that old Doc Hairoil had been sitting in a box, so that his good ear was nearest the stage, which allowed him to hear the first number. So the Doc stood up and said "Yes, there's a doctor in this audience but from now on there's no audience in this doctor"; and with that he got up and left the hall on his good ear.

But getting back to some-

(*Continued on page 105*)

Illustrating the method used by the Radio cruisers. One car strives to intercept and block escape, another will follow and corner the bandits. The big yellow Chicago police car on the right is manned by Sergt. Burbach and Officers Will, Chap and Kelsey.



Especially posed for RADIO DIGEST *by NBC Actors Peter Dixon and Aline Berry. Harold Stein, Photographer.*

Three Police Commissioners Reveal How Radio is Cutting the Cost of Prosecution and Preventing Crime

Caught in

A DARK, cavernous alley behind a bank in the Highland section of Detroit. An hour after the last homeward-bound talkie fan has turned in. No moon, so Police Radio Cruiser No. 8 slides unseen into the black alley.

Four armed patrolmen jump out of the car even before it stops, guns drawn, ready for action. Two race to the rear of the bank. Two run for another throbbing car parked in front of the bank. No lights on this big car either, but its powerful motor is panting, ready to go.

Then Police Cruiser No. 10 races up from the opposite direction at forty miles an hour. Brakes squeak. A give-away.

Action! From out the shadows before the bank darts a watcher, who jumps into the driver's seat of the suspect car. A raucous horn—the signal—and the bank's door opens. Satchels are flung into the get-away car, and two dark figures follow, leaping into the tonneau. They are off with a grinding of gears.

"Stop, or we'll shoot!" A yell from the occupants of Cruiser No. 10. But the big car zooms on. Then, aid from the alley! Car No. 8, first on the scene, is back on the job again. It is out of its hiding place, the crew of four picked patrolmen on the running board, shooting as they go.

Bullets go wild, ricocheting from neighboring houses. It looks as if this will be one more getaway in Detroit. Then . . . flash! An explosion louder than that any pistol could make. A tire is pierced. Into the curb jumps the big car, completely out of control.

Pistols in hand, Detroit's Radio cruiser police close in to capture three desperate men. One is severely wounded, one is bleeding from slight wounds, but the third surrenders and then turns to his captor with a slightly dazed look, "How the hell did you get here?"

Yes, how had the police gotten to the scene so quickly? Before the robbery was perpetrated, before the loot had been disposed of, the robbers were "caught in the act."



Detroit Commissioner of Police, Thomas C. Wilcox

Experienced bank thieves, the three had be careful not to set off any alarms. Their ace lene torch worked noiselessly. But they l made the error of leaving their getaway parked at the curb with a purring motor i neighborhood where all good householders ha garages. Edward Hight, an astute young m returning home on foot, had noticed it.

HE KNEW the building wa bank. Racing home, he phoned police he quarters. In *fifteen seconds* Police Stat WCK was on the air. The dispatcher nounced, "Cruiser No. 8, go to 1234 Bl Street. A bank robbery suspected. Cru No. 8, go to 1234 Blank Street. A b robbery suspected." And then, "Cruiser 10, go to reenforce No. 8 at 1234 Blank Str A bank robbery suspected."

Riding around in their precincts in neighborhood, the Radio patrolmen heard t instructions via the loud speaker placed o their heads. Instantly they were on the They caught the robbers red-handed. No t to establish alibis was given. There was opportunity to dispose of incriminating l



Courtesy Western Electric Co.

...the Act!

By Janet A. Dublon

Trapping Criminals Red-handed by Fleet Johnny-on-the-spot Police Cars, equipped with Radio Receivers

...e three criminals were sentenced. No clever ...minal lawyer could find an out for them.

This is an actual case report of an arrest ... the squad of Cruiser No. 8 of the Detroit ...lice. It is just one example of the many ...strations of hold-ups and criminal acts ...ich have been brought about by the opera... of the new Radio police system which ...kes the law "Johnny-on-the-spot" every-...ere this device is installed.

In Detroit, pioneer city in this able method ... giving wings to the law, Commissioner ...omas C. Wilcox reports a yearly decrease ... the number of crimes committed. Total ...micides, armed robberies and cars stolen in ... 29 were 11,284, but in 1930, when Detroit's ...dio cruiser force was increased in size, but ...138 of these crimes had been committed, a ...crease of 28 per cent.

Criminals are staying away from Detroit, ...t they are fast finding it difficult to locate ... many of the other large cities. Chicago has ...ed of acting as the butt for all gangster ...kes and has installed the largest police Radio ...stem in the country; Washington, D. C.; ...ffalo, N. Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Rochester, N. Y.; ...ttsburgh, Pa., and Cleveland, Ohio, in the east are operating police Radio stations. Following the trail west and south we find Louisville, Ky., Atlanta, Ga., Minneapolis, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Pasadena and Tulare, Cal. State police in Pennsylvania and Michigan have State-wide patrols. Every day the Federal Radio Commission is presented with new applications from wise city officials who are anxious to use this new, modern method of crime detection. Many of the cities mentioned have had Radio patrols for so short a time that the police, ever cautious in publicizing, are wary in giving figures and divulging methods of operation, but our correspondents all over the country, who have seen the systems in operation, report amazing progress.

LET'S pay a visit to one of the police Radio stations and take the wheels apart . . . see how it works. The Federal Radio Commission authorizes the use of short wave transmitters to broadcast "emergency communications from central police headquarters to squad cars or other mobile units." So unless you have a special short wave set you can't hear squad instructions on your receiver, which is tuned only for the longer wavelengths. Give up the idea of getting your vicarious thrills that way, for you'll have to drop in on one of the Radio stations with us.

Here, in any of the wide-awake cities mentioned, you'll find a switchboard where incoming calls for help are received. In Chicago, with its squad of 100 cars, you'll find ten men on deck at telephone number "Police 1313," pencils poised, ears alert to catch names, addresses, details. In smaller cities, like Tulare, Cal., with its two patrol cars, one man can handle all the incoming pleas for assistance. But the system is the same. On the instant the telephoned details are down in writing, the man at the broadcasting set is handed the information slip. With amazing rapidity, he barks into the microphone on the desk before him,



Austin J. Roche, Buffalo Commissioner of Police

"Squad 141, go to Blank Street and John Avenue. Two negroes are holding up a white woman." His announcing must be crisp, clear and couched so that there is no possibility of misunderstanding.

Simple, isn't it? And the method of receiving is just as easy to understand. A car has been equipped with a special short-wave receiver tuned in on the Police Broadcasting Station. A squad of four or five husky policemen with a sergeant or other officer in charge, hops in. They proceed to their "beat" and cruise around the streets waiting for a call, and watching, too, for unreported violations and stolen cars. Suddenly the loud speaker over their heads inside the tonneau roof speaks. "Squad 141, go to Blank Street and John Avenue. Two negroes are holding up a white woman." The police car siren goes into action. A path is cleared, for every motorist knows enough to get out of the way of this screeching speed demon. The squad arrives while the hold-up is still in progress, arrests the surprised criminals and the good citizen who has seen it from some window or doorway, has the satisfaction of knowing that his telephoned report prevented a robbery.

With the old system of police on foot reporting to patrol boxes every half hour, it might have been more than thirty minutes before one lone policeman could receive a report and hurry, unaided, to the spot. In the meantime, bandits have escaped and the hysterical victim may even be unable to describe them. Everywhere in the country criminals have become more and more audacious. They have taken advantage of every advance of science and every method of increasing the speed of escape.

Machine guns have been called into play, new methods of opening hitherto uncrackable safes have been devised, tear gas and other chemicals have been used, and last and most important, increasingly speedy cars have been used for get-aways. Police were badly handicapped by these high-powered cars. Many times before a report of crime was relayed to its patrols, the crooks were miles away from the scene on the open road. But now, with police on the air instantaneously, escape is becoming increasingly more difficult. In Detroit, where the system has been polished to utmost precision, it takes only fifteen *seconds* for a report to go on the air, and one of the 100 cruisers reaches the spot in an average of ninety seconds. One hundred and five seconds doesn't offer much opportunity for a getaway, does it?

But let ex-commissioner Rutledge, originator of the idea for Radio equipment for Detroit cars, tell the story in



John R. MacDonald, Chief of Police, whose progressive methods in small Tulare, Cal., might set the pace for many a metropolis.

his own words. "Snaring criminals in a Radio network, woven by broadcasting to Radio-equipped cars, has become a matter of seconds," declared Mr. Rutledge in an interview with one of our correspondents.

"Seconds are precious to the lawbreaker. They spell the difference between escape and capture. The wider the margin of time, the better his chances to escape. By the use of Radio the Detroit police department has pared this margin to a minimum, and they are catching the criminal red-handed. And too, Radio is cutting down the cost of law enforcement. One hundred fifty men on duty in Radio cars are equal to at least 400 men on foot."

But there's a funny side to this police Radio tale as well as the serious side.

Originally police Radio sets were ordinary receivers, and they could be tuned in on any station. Many a squad call went unnoted because the police were too busy listening to Amos 'n' Andy to tune in on the police headquarters! But there is no temptation to stray from duty now because the new sets are permanently and unchangeably tuned in on the police wave length.

Then, too, originally police reports were broadcast over the regular broadcasting channels through some local operating stations. In 1929 Chief [illegible] operated by that method with WGN functioning as intermediary. A woman saw burglars looting an apartment across the way, under her very nose. She phoned a report to police headquarters. The police called WGN which stopped the entertainment. Clang! Clang! "Squad Attention!" barked Quinn Ryan who then directed certain squad cruisers to speed to the scene. But when they arrived the birds had flown. In the looted apartment a Radio was going merrily, and on the table was this note, "Thanks for the tip-off."

But that, too, doesn't happen today because police have their own short-wave lengths now. However, they are making use of the entertainment-broadcasting stations, too, in the unique field of crime prevention.

Arthur B. Reeve, author of the Craig Kennedy detective stories, was one of the first to see the value of Radio as a crime deterrent. He conceived the idea of a "Crime Prevention series" and brought about its production over the National Broadcasting Company chain. And Austin J. Roche, Buffalo Police Commissioner, in addition to maintaining a police station for broadcasts to police cars, presents a weekly "crimelogue" over Station WGR of the Buffalo Broadcasting Company.

Many a reader of this story will remember having heard these stirring police dramas from Buffalo. The unique feature is that they are based on fact. Cases are taken from police records and dramatized by Herbert Rice of the broadcasting station. And the able dramatic staff of the station is assisted

(*Continued on page 108*)



A Radio cruiser in Detroit captures two fleeing bandits with their loot.

The Royal Maestro

King Paul

Whiteman is growing Thinner! Two Chins remain firm of his famous Trio. But he's Losing none of his Mastery of Jazz

By Ann Steward



Paul Whiteman, dapper and smiling, as ever

DOES Paul Whiteman deserve the title he wears so gracefully —the King of Jazz? Is he in reality the king—or is he the ure head letting some one else do the ork for which Whiteman gets the glory? Both of these are legitimate questions, ten asked, and why not? Our only op- rtunity to see Whiteman has been on e concert or vaudeville stage or in his cent picture, *The King Of Jazz.* We ve never seen him as he is—minus his age manner—minus his glamorous set- ng we all know so well.

But at last there comes a night when e are privileged to see the real White- an—the Whiteman devoid of all pre- nse—the Paul Whiteman who is not the ing of Jazz, but rather the business man, ie brains of a world famous organiza- on. He is to be found in a Chicago night ub. We go hopefully because we under- and that here is to be found a new and n impressive light on the great maestro.

As we enter the cafe we are reminded hat it was in this place that a now amous band made its start to stardom nd New York. But what a changed ight club it is now. There are two ooms, one large, for the guests and one mall, used for the Whiteman broadcasts nd where only the privileged may enter. Ve stand at the entrance of the larger, ewer room where lanterns bearing the ace—the familiar, caricatured face—of 'aul Whiteman light the way for the lancers.

The band is playing. As we near the tand we see the greatest of all living naestros—Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz. He is not smiling.

He is listening to his band and his rhythm-conscious hands are beating time at his sides. The number is smooth and new. The dancers crowd by in a great merry group. They stop a moment beside Whiteman, almost near enough to touch him, and undoubtedly they thrill at the proximity, for after all, it is not every one who can boast that they might have touched Whiteman had they wished. That is enough description of what meets our glances when we first enter Paul Whiteman's night life.

THE band plays on smoothly, grandly, majestically. One that didn't take the time to analyze it might say, he has a very good orchestra —he must have, for is he not Paul Whiteman? But one who knows would say—he has power, he has finesse he has rhythm, he has melody. It all goes to make a perfect band that cannot be described in colorless words. It is like a great ship steered by the firm hand of one lone man. There is a feeling of mightiness there, whether one wishes to admit it or not. He has well earned the title of King, Paul Whiteman.

And then of a sudden the music stops. The crowd claps and whistles because this is college night at the cafe. Whiteman bows and smiles. His men bow and smile. They leave the stand and go into the next room, the broadcasting room. It is time for the evening broadcast of Paul Whiteman's Paint Men over an NBC chain. The men take their places solemnly, some of them smiling quietly. Whiteman says something audible only to his men. They laugh out loud and make fun of one another. They relax.

Paul, the great, moves a mike, moves a chair, talks to the boys, looks at a sheet of paper, he holds in his hand and then steps to the front of his orchestra. "Let's go over that tune again, boys." An upraised right hand. A sudden hush falls over the room. It is only practice but it might well be a finished performance. The hand descends and softly come the full notes of a bass clarinet.

The song rises, swells, pauses for a vocal chorus and flows on to fade and end abruptly in an unruffled silence. It was only a commonplace dance number, but Paul Whiteman had glorified it and made it as beautiful as one of the popular classics.

A TELEPHONE bell rings. It is time for the broadcast and Whiteman raises a plump finger to his lips. Then his hand goes into the air, three fingers upheld. One finger comes down. The second follows. The third finger falls and the hand swings down in a graceful motion. The *Rhapsody in Blue* comes out of a pregnant silence and the half hour show is on.

The Whiteman we now see in front of his orchestra is not the Whiteman the

public knows. His face is stern and set. His eyes are fixed straight ahead of him in deepest concentration. His body sways to the music but there is no comedy in it now. This is grim, hard, earnest work by one of the greatest living artists. Suddenly he turns and hurries into another room where a receiving set is turned on. He listens to see if his band is coming through properly. then he is back again. The program continues on.

Some one whispers—makes a sound in the audience. Whiteman turns and frowns slightly, his hand still swaying in motion. guiding the rhythm of his music. The whispering has stopped. He is nervous. this King of Jazz. He doesn't want talking and whispering in his private place of business. The cafe out there in the other room is the place to go if one would be social.

IT IS time for a solo. A youngster scarcely out of his teens steps up to the microphone. Whiteman grins and tweaks the boy's ear as he passes. It is a moment of kindliness. of relaxation. The boy begins to sing.

Whiteman watches him, beckons a trumpeter forward, a saxophonist back. The solo has stopped and Paul is again waiting for the signal. The air in the room is motionless. The silence is tense and drawn. We are tempted to scream just to relieve the awful lack of sound. The signal comes. Down goes the hand. We are saved from making a severe mistake.

A chair must be moved. Whiteman moves it. A music stand must be put to one side. Whiteman puts it there. He acts as stage hand in between his periods of leading his band. He waves to a friend and smiles. He goes across the floor to speak to some one. He makes no sound. The round, chubby man is incredibly light on his feet. He, as well as all of his men, is a shadow. Their music is the only tangible thing in the room, that and the breathless silences in between. Not a sound, a cough, a sneeze —nothing but music. Whiteman is on the air.

AND at last the broadcast is over. We go back to the main cafe and the band goes directly to the stand and begins to play a dance tune. After that comes a concert, solo numbers, the whole *Rhapsody in Blue, When Day is Done*—the Whiteman repertoire.

We look at the leader. He has changed somehow. He is thinner—much thinner than the man we knew as the King of Jazz in the talking picture. True, Paul has traces of the three magical chins, the same tiny black wings on his upper lip. But is it Whiteman? He smiles, he chuckles, he laughs quite frankly—and then we know it is Whiteman. a thinner Whiteman, it is true, but a merry, dapper man who is just shaking off the spell of the hardest part of his daily work—his period of broadcast.

He is on and off the stage where the band is. He sways with the music whether he is leading or listening. He talks to an acquaintance. He listens to the music from every corner of the room. It must all be perfect. He darts back with a friendly pat on the head for one of his saxophonists. His funsters make a great deal of merry. Some of his performers go through a floor show. And at two o'clock Whiteman and his band are still on the stand, still entertaining, still working. Their last period of rest came at a quarter of twelve, two hours and fifteen minutes before. It reminds one of a marathon and when they do stop finally, the crowd lets out a mighty cry, "More!" But there is no more for the present.

One more dance and then Whiteman and his orchestra are through for the night. The crowd does not disperse immediately. They gather around and eat a little or else talk to some one in the band. They wander out slowly—a little loath to leave the place where they spent those happy, intimate hours with Paul Whiteman. And then too, the King of Jazz has not yet left. He sits in a chair and looks at the people around him. He talks just a little to your writer. "I have a bad 'code id da dose.'" His upper lip crinkles in a characteristic smile. His eyes dance merrily. "But I feel all right now." He laughs to prove it. "You don't want to ask me anything? Very well, but I'll answer anything you want me to, providing, of course—" and he walks off chuckling to himself. We suspect him of being just a bit weary.

IN a moment he is back again. "Let's go home. I've had an awful day. Let's go." We get ready to go. We stop and look at pictures in the lobby. We chat, and then finally your writer screws up enough courage to ask just one question—"When will you give up your work, Mr. Whiteman?"

"Stop leading my orchestra? Oh, my goodness, you can't expect me to answer that. I'll never stop as far as I know. Sousa's still going and he's only seventy some. I have a lot of time to keep going. When will I stop? Never, I hope."

And when I asked a close friend of Mr. Whiteman's the same question, he replied, "Whiteman will never voluntarily give up his band and his work. I am convinced that when the end comes for Whiteman it will surprise him in his boots with a baton in his hand."

So much for the evening with Paul Whiteman. It was interesting, awe inspiring and happy. We heard the Whiteman concert. we heard the broadcast from its source and we danced to the Whiteman band. Could humans ask more? But, in addition, we found out some things about this mighty charact that his followers would undoubtedly li to know. One little instance that sho just how big a really big man may be.

Whiteman recently gave a free conc at one of the Universities in Chicago. I wanted to be charitable in the name musical education. And everyone kno that he was just that. He played l concert in the name of charity to crowded hall at the University when might have charged and collected dollars for each seat in the house. It w just one of the numerous gestures, o more generous gift to music lovers a those who would like to know more abc music.

PEOPLE ask, "Wl wouldn't want to go with Whitema band?" Truth to tell, there are plenty musicians who could not and would n stand the gaff for more than a we Before a man joins Whiteman's staff he asked two questions by the maestro hi self. "What pay do you want?" a "How many hours a day are you willi to work?" Whiteman never tells a m how much he will pay him. The m sician states the price at which he w automatically become a happy man. it is too steep for Whiteman he will n pay it, nor will he take the man at lower price. "I want you to be hap with me. If I pay you less you won't happy." If the price is all right, Whit man says, "You'll probably work twen hours some days, my boy. You may g very little consecutive sleep for weel Do you want the job bad enough to into it and stick?" Whiteman nev forces a man. If he wants them to cor with him and they are willing, they mu be perfectly happy in the bargain or th are lost as far as Whiteman is co cerned.

AND speaking of t twenty hour a day schedule, that is n the exaggeration it seems. Of cours not all days are that long. But there a times when Whiteman knows his ba needs practice, and when they need they get it. For a local broadcast alon he sometimes practices for hours. Oft after the cafe is closed, Whiteman and h orchestra stay until six or even eight the morning, working. I said Whitema and his band. That means that eve hour that the band works, Paul Whit man, the King of Jazz is working als working for each man in his band, hol ing each one in his power, his power leader over many units.

That is all your writer can tell yo To see for yourself is to feel the might ness of Whiteman. He is not merely a orchestra leader, an artist or a celebrit He is the man who is responsible for o modern music. He is the man who back of compositions such as his then

(*Continued on page 100*)



"THE find of a decade," chorused New York critics after her recent appearance in Metropolitan opera. "Mikes a million dollars," said the man in NBC control room when she made her Radio debut. She's a French coloratura. U-mm, let's see, ten years back—? She's booked CBS now. Think of Spanish lace and pearls—and EYES—when you hear her!

Lily Pons



Alma Ashcraft

CRINOLINE GIRL of WCKY—typical Kentucky beauty, in a state famous for beautiful women, fine horses and other excitement. She goes crinoline because of the sweet sentimental songs she sings that were popular in the Victorian era. "In the gloaming, Oh my darling."

Margery Maxwell

"FIND of a lifetime," say we of Miss Maxwell, coloratura of the Chicago Ravinia opera. She began in a church choir, studied under Daddi in the City-by-the-Lake, made her debut in opera with Galli-Curci at 19. She has appeared in concerts from coast-to-coast, and is now sponsored on one of the Swift programs over NBC. Her hobby—singing for the Off-the-Street Club urchins of Chicago.





Paul Whiteman

BIG Glorified Jazz and Paintman from Chicago—at least for the present. And that's Niles Trammell with his eye on Paul's pen. Mr. Trammell is V. P. of the Chicago branch of the NBC and Paul has a five year contract with artist's bureau before him. Will he sign it? Will Whiteman's band ever play Rhapsody in Blue? Don't be silly.
(See story in this issue.)



Ginger Rogers (left)
Lorna Fantin

SHE'S got your number, Ginger. Both are Columbia artists. Miss Fantin is famous numerologist and calculates your destiny according to the letters in your name. Ginger walked in on her and wouldn't you love to know what she made out of the name "G-i-n-g-e-r R-o-g-e-r-s"? Must be good because everybody knows Ginger took her audiences by storm from the day she entered a Texas Charleston contest.

Ted Maxwell (left) Charlie Marshall

JUST a coupla hard-working Vermont Lumberjacks gone West. That is, they do their vocalizing in the San Francisco NBC studios. How their backs must ache! Look at that big pile of sawdust under the log where they struck a knot! No joke fiddling logs all day. Guitars are better. Sound your A, Ted, and spare that tree!





Jolly Bill and Jane

"SURE," says Jolly Bill (Mc) Steinke, "'tis a foine time, Jane, for the two of us to be takin' flight over the Emerald Isle." Little (Nora) Jane Harbater gazed up wistfully. "Oh Jolly Bill, I'd be so plazed ef you would." And whizst —away they wint in their magical airship dressed in their very best. You must have heard them on their NBC Cream of Wheat program.



Grand Duchess Marie

SUZERAIN of Style. Grand Duchess Marie left her European Duchy and palaces to broadcast to American housewives through the Columbia system the last decree in fashions for dress. She is regarded as one of the world's highest authorities in this realm. And plaids, my deah, are quite the mode.



Dorothea James

PRINCESS CHARMING, Good News—Strike Up the Band —ta-taTA-ta! That's Dorothea all over. She's a sparkling bit of femininity in all of these great musical shows. Yeah, and she's been in motion pictures ever since she wore pigtails (if any). She gave the Radio listeners a treat in the CBS Radio Roundup.

Batter Up!

DIAMONDS are trumps and the American sporting world is in the pitcher's hands for another thrilling season of baseball. Where will these two famous stars be when the 1931 pennant is in the balance? France Laux of KMOX (center), introducing Jimmy Foxx (left) and Bing Miller of the champion A's to St. Louis audience.





Mickey Walker

WHEN Mick meets Mike it's a round of interesting ring chatter; at least so thought the fans listening in while Mickey Walker was interviewed by Don Hix at WFBR, Baltimore. Don jabbed questions right and left until Mickey hauled off and tucked Mike a sock on the ol' push button.



Rosaline Greene

IT'S tough to be a punching bag when Rosaline gets down to action. But a girl who goes in for Radio dramatics as she goes on the NBC New York staff must keep in trim—and boy what a wallop she carries in that left! Miss Greene is an all around athlete. Uppen atum, Rosaline!



Mario Chamlee

HE takes the cake and well, you know, this is the famous tenor of the Metropolitan Opera in his character as Marcuf. It was the character that made him supreme in his success. Radio listeners heard him during the Swift Garden Hour. Alas, Marcuf, 'tis said you cannot eat your cake and have it too. (On NBC.)



Parker Wilson

"HEE he he he ha ha h-rrr!" You have heard that terrible mysterious laugh of Yu 'An Hee See during the broadcast of the Collier Hour on Sunday nights. Here is the villain who does it. It's one of Sax Rohmer's most weird characters. Pardon, Yu, a good manicure would do you good.



Richard Crooks

FROM palette to palate Mr. Crooks applies his art, insomuch as a palate functions in the control of a voice that is said to most nearly rival that of the late Caruso. Mr. Crooks is famous in opera and concert. He was recently guest artist on the NBC network on a program heard from coast to coast.



Marion Marchante

WHEN lights are low and you have 570 kc on the dial it may happen you will be listening to this charming damosel, for Marion is one of the sweet voices you hear during the Shubert programs at WMCA, New York. She is usually identified with one of the current musical shows. Marion, please, step up here to the mike and—that's a good girl.



FOR nice look-see-hear you gotta have a nice look-see-hear girl and that's why Columbia began look-seeing around for a perfect type for their new television experiments. Hundreds of girls were given photo tests before Natalie was chosen. She is on record as the first artist selected by a national chain especially for television.

Natalie Towers



Irene Dunne

ONE by one the great stars of the sound pictures are becoming more closely identified with Radio. And here is the lovely Irene Dunne in her famous character of Sabra of the Radio Keith Orpheum picture, Cimarron. Radio folk attended a large reception in her honor at the Sherry-Netherland. You hear her on the NBC-RKO broadcast features.

GABALOGUE



Nellie Revell, "The Voice of RADIO DIGEST"

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network.

HOWDY, friends. Now before I get started on the Old Settlers, I've got a lovely task of hand-shaking to do, and some new-omers to welcome, because we've got ome new neighbors moving into Radio-ille. * * *

This job of welcoming people to adio port, or should I say air-port, nd presenting them with the dials to he city makes *me* feel I ought to have pair of spats, a cane and a gardenia, ke Grover Whalen. * * * (Don't rowd, boys, make way for the camera-ien). * * *

Let's begin with music. * * * Wasn't hat Deems Taylor concert last Sunday n inspiration? * * * The composer of he Peter Ibbetson opera, certainly has ound a way to relieve Sunday traffic ongestions. * * * Everyone will stay ome to listen to Mr. Taylor's concerts. * * * And by the way, *Mrs.* Taylor is in professional life, Mary Kennedy, an actress and also a playwright of distinction. * * * They have a very interesting little daughter, who calls her parents "Deems" and "Mary". * * * A friend recently asked the child what she wanted to be when she grew up. * * * 'Oh, I want to be a writer like Mary," she said. * * * "Well, what are you going to be before you grow up?" the visitor inquired. * * * "Oh," she replied, "I—I—guess I'll be just a musician like Deems." * * *

And speaking of opera suggests that Radio's Easter gift to opera lovers is Madame Pons, of the Metropolitan. * * * Zanitella, the tenor, and his wife, Marie Gay, heard her in a provincial theatre in Europe and two years ago sent her all the way to America for an audition with Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera House. * * * Gatti sent her back to Italy for another year. * * * She returned to New York last fall unheralded and almost unknown. * * * But one Saturday afternoon last January, she made her début in "Lucia," and was immediately a blazing, breath-taking success. * * *

AND strangely enough, this wonderful lady, Lily Pons, is a *singularly naive person.* * * * The morning of her début, she was serene and utterly unconcerned. * * * She strolled down Broadway, bought two dresses and walked home to Washington Heights (which incidentally is *some* walk). "I don't see why everybody is so nervous," she said, "all I have to do is to go out there and sing." * * *

The Madame's English vocabulary is limited to two words, "Okay" and "Thanks"—both handy words. Her triumph at the Metropolitan recalls one I witnessed some years ago when the incomparable Fritzi Scheff made her début there. I don't believe I've ever seen such a radiant creature as she was that night. * * * One critic described her as a piece of bric-a-brac aflame that electrified the audience. * * *

I REMEMBER she was nicknamed "The Baby of Grand Opera." * * * After deserting opera, Miss Scheff appeared under C. B. Dillingham's management. * * * Victor Herbert wrote four operettas for her, among them, "Mlle. Modiste." * * * still regarded among our American classics. * * * Mr. Herbert told me shortly before his death that he hoped to live long enough to write one more opera, and that Fritzi Scheff would sing it. * * *

I had the pleasure of exploiting Miss Scheff oftener perhaps than any other press agent of the theatre. * * * In the many years I have known her, and travelled with her . . . (and through some one-night stands, too) . . . I can't recall her ever being unfair or unkind. * * * She was the wife of the late John Fox, Jr., the novelist. * * * And unlike many other celebrities, no breath of scandal has ever touched her name. * * *

Many spectacular stunts were attributed to Fritzi Scheff and she has never been able to live down such stories told about her temperament. * * * But most of them were inventions of over-zealous press agents. * * * I am talking about Fritzi Scheff because she is coming on the air next *Wednesday* night. * * * No

(*Continued on page 98*)

Tuneful Topics



The original Connecticut Yankees and their leader, Rudy Vallée. From left, Mannie Lowy, Jules de Vorzon, Harry Patent, Ray Toland, Rudy Vallée, Cliff Burwell, Joe Miller, Charles Peterson.

Winds in the Willows

Rudy's May Choice of "Hits of the Month" Leads to Reminiscences about Boyhood Days, Working in Father's Drug Store

ENGLAND, or London, to be more exact, has again contributed to America's Tin Pan Alley with a song that I think is perhaps one of the most beautiful things I have ever heard, although like *Body and Soul* and so many other musically excellent songs it will not fascinate the hard-working masses who want simple rhythms. I have rarely been satisfied with my own work and the work of my band on Victor records; maybe because I am super-critical, or that by the time the record gets to me I have lost my taste for that which I once enthused about, but this is one song that I feel we did full justice to in our Victor recording of it.

It begins with yours truly playing a baritone saxophone. The verse which follows has the most melancholy quality about it, and is played by Del Staigers, featured trumpet soloist with Goldman's band, whom I am very happy to be able to engage for our Victor recordings. Del does full justice to the exquisite melody line of the verse. I was in fairly good voice on the day we recorded *Wind in the Willows,* which was preparatory to our leaving on our tour of Paramount-Publix Theatres, and although it has an odd range I am quite satisfied with the record as a whole.

To the average person the first playing of *Wind in the Willows* will lead him to believe that the orchestra is either playing out of tune, or that one half the band is playing one song, and the other half another. This is due to the fact that certain melodic phrases are played in whole tones. Nothing can express the various sounds of nature as well as melody written this way, and the effect of the wind in the willows has been conceived by these whole tones. Upon the second and third rendition of it, the haunting and unusual qualities of the piece should grow upon even the layman, to make him like the composition. The thought is very pathetic, beautiful and sad—the fact that the girl is gone and only the wind in the willows left to remind him of her.

I doubt if this season, or any other season, will see a song so really beautiful and deserving of a three star rating in composition as *Wind in the Willo*

We play it very slowly, abo thirty-five measures a minu which produces an effect qu in keeping with the theme. T song is published by Harms, I

When Your Lover Has Gone

MOST people have only a vag idea of what the word *"arrange* really means with reference to mus They read that "So-and-So *arranged* t piece," or that "So-and-So is an *ranger,"* but just what his function is music very few people actually kno The arranger takes the simple melo and harmony and puts the chords in c tain formations with passing notes a many tricks of harmony against melo to bring out the true beauty of the pie if it has any. You have only to listen the Chase and Sanborn Hour on Sund night to hear the very fine and color methods that Rubinoff uses to bring o the simple composition like a beauti flower. This is perhaps the acme of a rangement.

There are many fine arrangers—Whi man had one of the greatest, Fer Grofé, to whom Whiteman owes mu of his fame, especially for his work

By RUDY VALLÉE

Rhapsody in Blue. Rubinoff's ar-er is a man by the name of Salti, is one of the finest. There are many r great arrangers along Broadway. is rare that an orchestral man, es-ally a saxophonist, turns arranger and omes a great success at it; usually ngers are pianists. Years ago when as at Yale, an occasional appearance public ballroom in Bridgeport brought into contact with a young man who ed himself "Swanee". After being as-ated with the Paramount Theatres, n time to time I heard the name of anee" mentioned in connection with utiful arrangements. I never dreamt this could be the same young saxo-nist against whom we used to play at ballroom at Bridgeport on several gala asions, but it turned out to be none er, and he is considered one of the atest arrangers in the country.

And now he has turned composer, writ-the melody and lyrics of one of the st beautiful, haunting, and unhappy ughts in songs I have ever heard. ose of you who listen in on our ischmann Hour have already heard sing it, and I think you enjoyed it. called it *When Your Lover Has Gone.* We do it in what I term semi-slow npo, or at about fifty seconds for a rus, in order not to destroy the beauty is very fine composition. Swanee certainly to be congratulated. It is published by Remick Music Corp.

Whistling in the Dark

ONE of the pioneers of the music in-dustry, who has been associated th many very fine firms, being the New ork head of one for the past three or ur years, a man for whom I helped to rite *I'm Still Caring*, namely Abe Olman, s finally gone into business, like a great any others, for himself.

That his judgment is most unusual has ways been a recognized fact in Tin Pan lley, and he certainly justified it in the lection of his first song, *Heartaches*, hich, peculiarly enough, was partly ritten by the same young man with hom I collaborated on *I'm Still Caring*, ohn Klenner.

Now Abe Olman has another song, ritten by Allen Boretz, and Dana Suesse. They called it *Whistling in the Dark*, and it is a real whistling song. That is, it lends itself well to that gentle art. As I said in my Radio broadcast recently, it is a long time since we have had a song which dealt with the idea of whistling; *Meadow Lark* by Ted Fiorito, I think was the last that was really popular, and that was way back in 1926.

There was a very unusual reaction after the broadcasting of this song, which I had the audacity to whistle very much as I did on my Victor record of *Huggable, Kissable You.* One old, boyhood schoolmate of mine wrote me to do it again, as it brought to him a mental picture of me walking down the tracks after finishing work in my father's drug store late at night, and whistling as I came home.

In fact, our rendition of it proved so popular by requests which poured in, that we are going to do it again this coming Thursday, as I write. I think Abe has a potential hit in the song, and all the bands seem to be playing it.

We take about a minute and five seconds for the chorus.

You're Just A Lover

THERE seem to be a lot of "lover" songs on the market, song-writers believing in the formula of love, and lovers, and loving. This one, however, is by a master, and is really a very beautiful type of song, perhaps too beautiful to achieve a sensational popularity.

Nacio Herb Brown, writer of a long list of hits, *Pagan Love Song, The Doll Dance, Singing in the Rain, The Broadway Melody, When Buddha Smiles,* and a great many other tunes, writing now for the Radio Music Co., with his own subsidiary publishing company, Nacio Herb Brown, Inc., offers this as one of the current songs for the month. Phil Spitalny's rendition is beautiful, as vocally rendered, by his able banjoist-vocalist. It showed me the charm of the piece, and I have delighted in playing it on our *Fleischmann Hour.*

We take about fifty seconds for the chorus.

Oh Donna Clara

BACK in 1920, when I lay in a bed in Westbrook Hospital, recovering from an appendicitis operation, one of the Victor records which I played by my bedside all day, and which gave me the greatest pleasure, was a recording of *Go Feather Your Nest*, by Henry Burr, who has a most agreeable voice. It was a very popular song, being distinctly of a different melodic twist.

When I first heard this famous German composition, *Oh Donna Clara*, which I was told by a publisher (who didn't even have the song!) would be a tremendous hit, I thought that it was a revival of *Go Feather Your Nest.* The similarity is only apparent in the opening strain, however, and there is no plagiarism. Just another proof of the fact that two melodies, even as the Darwinian theory, may spring up in two minds, situated many thousands of miles apart.

The song was the rage of Germany and Europe in the musical sensation *Die Wunder Bar*, in which it is featured. *"Wunderbar"*, I believe, means "wonderful", and it is the German expression for that superlative. But Germany has adopted the English word "bar", so the title of the musical comedy really has a double meaning. When the Shuberts decided to produce *The Wonder Bar* in New York, featuring that great comedian, Al Jolson, it became necessary for the lyrics of all the songs to be translated. Irving Caesar, one of our most able lyric writers, was chosen for the task. I think he handled it excellently.

Donna Clara, however, is a sort of contradiction in itself, being in the pseudo-Spanish vein, rhythmically speaking; the lyric is also in that vein, telling of one who sees a young Spanish senorita dancing, and falls in love with her. And yet the song is from a German show, produced in Germany. Not having seen *The Wonder Bar*, I am at a loss to understand the connection between *The Wonder Bar* and *Donna Clara.* However, as I intend to take an evening off very soon in order to see this masterpiece, which I am told takes place right in the auditorium amongst the audience, and not on the stage as usual, and which, I have also been told, gives Al Jolson unlimited scope for his great ability, I am looking forward to it, and will probably understand more about *Donna Clara* after seeing it.

It is published by Harms, and we play it at about thirty measures a minute.

Charlie Cadet

EVER since the unusual success of *Betty Co-Ed*, which song gave me the privilege of writing with one of Chicago's most charming young song-writers, Paul Fogarty, with whom I later collaborated on *She Loves Me Just the Same*, there has been a demand for another similar type of song. We hit on the idea of introducing Betty's male counterpart and rather than have him a mere member of a typical college campus, we chose to have him a young, gawky lad who becomes transformed by the training at West Point, hence the title *Charlie Cadet.*

The alliteration of the two "c's" is good, and I have hopes that the song will do at least somewhat as well as Betty did. At the present time we feel that we are too close to the rhythm and melody of *Betty Co-Ed* and are making a supreme effort to get away from that trend. This is more difficult than you would think at first, because the lyrics of *Charlie Cadet* lend themselves exceptionally well to the same melody and rhythm as *Betty Co-Ed.* By the time this issue of RADIO DIGEST goes to press, I believe we will have attained our ob-

jective and *Charlie Cadet* will be flaunting you from every sheet music counter. It will be published by Carl Fischer, or Radio Music, which is the same thing, and will be played in brisk, snappy 6/8 March tempo.

Were You Sincere

IT IS getting impossible for me to write this column for RADIO DIGEST without bringing in the name of that genial and extremely likable little Italian, Vincent Rose. In mentioning his composition, *When You Fall in Love, Fall in Love With Me,* I forgot to credit him with the song by which he is best known —*Whispering.*

He visited me in Buffalo, on my tour, to play a very unusual song, but it was back in my dressing room at the Brooklyn Paramount, before we left on the tour, that he played for me the song of which I am now writing.

The opening strain pleased me from the moment I heard it, but the middle part, it seemed to me, needed a little "fixing". The revision was subsequently made, and now I get a great kick, as I hear the song everywhere. The opening phrase has a sort of running start which builds up into something of a climax near the end of the first phrase, with a seven note drop, at which point the dropping *glissando* may be beautifully employed. By "glissando" I mean the dropping of the voice from a high note to a low note, with no particular note standing out in the drop—a sliding down from the higher note to the lower in one smooth sound. I picture it like a waterfall. It is the use of these *glissandi,* in going from low notes to high notes, and especially from higher to lower notes, that is the distinctive feature of the type of singing that the public calls "crooning". My belief is that the word "croon" originated from the fact that on the double "o" syllable the word "croon" seemed the best noun to describe it.

Anyway, *Were You Sincere* is one of the most popular songs of the day, and the lyric job was admirably done by Jack Meskill, who is collaborating with Vincent Rose on all of his new songs.

It is published by the Robbins Music Corp., and we play it taking one minute and ten seconds for the chorus.

Hello, Beautiful

EVER since his Radio début on the Chase & Sanborn Hour, that great master of personality, Chevalier, has been casting about for the hit songs he needs for the broadcast. He seems to avoid the beautiful ballad type of songs, evidently believing his forte is the rough, comical, risqué type of song. Consequently he has had a hard time finding a means of expression for his vibrant and buoyant personality, since this type of song is very scarce.

This song certainly affords him the opportunity to express it. When I first heard it I thought of Maurice at once, and I was not a bit surprised when I found out that he was going to feature it on the Sunday night hour. And I am not a bit surprised to find it climbing up the list of best sellers, for which he himself may certainly take credit, although that old master of song-writing who crashes through every now and then with the hit of the year, Walter Donaldson, may take Part Of The Bow.

It is nowhere near the hit that *Little White Lies* was, or *You're Driving Me Crazy,* but it does not pretend to be that type of song. Walter certainly did a great job on this type. When Mose Gumble, director of Donaldson's firm, just mentioned the title I knew that it was going to be a lilting, lively, catchy melody, and that is just what it turned out to be. It is a great dance tune.

It is published by Donaldson, Douglas & Gumble, and when we play it we take forty-five seconds for each chorus.

Out of Nowhere

JUST before leaving on my tour of Paramount-Publix theatres, I received a delightful surprise in a visit from John Green and Edward Heyman. They are the two boys who wrote *Body and Soul* for Gertrude Lawrence to take back to England with her, before it returned to become the rage of American society, and one of the most talked-of songs of of the year. Heyman, incidentally, wrote the lyrics for one of the songs of my talkie, namely the song I sang near the end of the picture, *Then I'll Be Reminded of You.* Green is the young scion of Westchester society whose father temporarily disowned him because of Johnny's refusal to go into a stock brokerage, but which stern father has now become an exceedingly proud one since his son has been made one of the musical directors of the Paramount Movie Studios out at Astoria, L. I.

There, all day, Johnny fits music to all sorts of scenes, writing music on the spur of the moment for any particular situation, directing the orchestras in the recording of these musical scenes. His *I'm Yours,* which he did not write with Heyman, was one of the best musical tunes of the season.

Both Green and Heyman played at least fifteen tunes for me on the piano which I have tucked in one corner of my miniature suite at the Brooklyn Paramount. All of them were beautiful musical comedy pieces, much too beautiful not to be in a musical comedy; both boys being of fine, aristocratic family stock write in that particular vein. In fact, they have no intentions of writing the corny type of tune, and I doubt if they could, unless they tried very hard.

The fourth week of my tour, New Orleans, to be exact, I received from the publisher of their song, a rough manuscript of a tune which he rightfully boasted about. It took only a cursory glance to see that the boys had come through with another very beautiful class song, and I don't know which one deserves the most credit. I am always happy to see the perfectly balanced type of song in which the lyrics and melody are both equally contributive toward the final popularity of the song; and this is certainly a classic example of a beautiful thought wedded to a beautiful melody.

Although this song will not be the gossip rage that *Body and Soul* was, I think it will sell more; at least the boys are hoping that it will, as *Body and Soul* was far from being a great financial success, but gave them more prestige than money. There is a beautiful high drop in the song right near the end, on the word "nowhere", where the same dropping *glissando* of which I have just spoken may be employed enchantingly.

The song is published by Famous Music, and we play it at thirty measures a minute.

Moochi

IF YOU have ever glanced at the bottom of a song to see whether the copyright is an original American one, or whether it has been assigned from some foreign country, as in the case of *Just a Gigolo, Donna Clara, When the Organ Played at Twilight, King's Horses,* and so forth, and if you are a keen observer, you must have noticed that there is an increasing number of foreign songs being taken over by American publishers and published here with great success. In fact, little by little it would seem that the English publishers are losing faith in the ability of American publishers to publish hit songs, with reciprocal increase of confidence in their own judgment. And the American publishers are learning to respect that confidence.

The fact is, were it not for some fine English songs which have wended their way across the sea to small and large American publishers, some of the Tin Pan Alley heads over here would be in a fine quandary. Of course that does not mean that everything that was a hit in England becomes a hit over here, because that has been shown to be a fallacy many times. However, it seems quite logical that any song which was a hit, especially in England, where the temperaments and tastes are so parallel to those of the American song-buying public, should at least become quite popular over here and usually in a certain proportion it has attained the same great popularity throughout our forty-eight states.

Several months ago, before leaving on this tour, one of the biggest of American publishers, Chappell-Harms, which represents the English firm of Chappell, notified me that they were going to take over a very odd type of dance-rhythm song called *The Moochi.* The odd story

(*Continued on page 100*)

Beauty Challenge

WHICH station in the U. S. has the most beautiful staff members? That's a moot question, Radio Digest feels, what with the election of the 1931 Radio Queen coming on . . . so we're holding an elimination contest in these pages. See February, March and April issues for previous challengers —and here's the staff of WTIC, in Hartford, Conn. Reader, which station do you choose? Write—remember your choice may help pick Radio's Queen.



Laura G. Gaudet (above) is staff pianist of Station WTIC; a French-Canadian miss who won a scholarship to study in Paris and has been at WTIC six years.



Anna Kaskas (left), Lithuanian blonde with a contralto voice well known to New England fans; for three years a member of the national grand opera company of Lithuania.





Thelma Adams (right), obliging young miss who is in charge of the daytime information desk at the studios of the popular Connecticut station.



Pearl Hill (above), is pianist in the classical "Musique Intime" programs heard under the direction of Christiaan Kriens, Dutch-American composer.

Marion Jordan Bridgman (above), red-headed flutist of the studio concert orchestra, also a member of the Springfield Symphony Orchestra of Massachusetts.



Jane Dillon (left), talented character actress of the WTIC staff, who for seven years toured vaudeville as an impersonator in America, England, Australia and Africa.





Mildred Godfrey Hall (right), staff harpist; formerly with the distinguished Carlos Salzedo harp ensemble and with the McQuarrie Harpists.



Florrie Bishop Bowering (above) director of "The Mixing Bowl" of Station WTIC; author of many cookbooks and household authority.

Malvina Samolis (above), assistant to the program manager, in charge of the making up of all WTIC schedules.

Betty M. Ryan (right), in charge of all fan mail received by WTIC.



Martha E. Dixon (right), assistant to Florrie Bishop Bowering of "The Mixing Bowl," domestic science broadcast from WTIC.





Jest

Richy Craig, Jr. Wisecracks His Way to the Wav Lengths from the Footlight

By STEVE TRUMBULL

Studios resound with merriment from his entrance to his exit—Richy Craig, Jr., irrepressible new Radio jester.

"BORN in a dressing room, cradled in a trunk."

That phrase, borrowed from the profession, describes, figuratively, the origin of Richy Craig, Jr., the Blue Ribbon Malt Jester and one of the latest additions to the firmament of Radio stars.

Richy, Jr., who, at the age of 27, has peddled his wisecracks over the footlights of most of the variety houses in the United States, over the tables of most of New York's night clubs, from the stage of many a musical comedy and who, withal, has found himself with a surplus of humor to sell to other actors, is now appearing each Tuesday over a coast to coast hook-up of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Craig's humor is the humor of sophistication, a sophistication bred of a lifetime in "the profession". The son of Richy Craig, veteran musical comedy producer, and Dorothy Blodgett, musical comedy prima donna, young Richy cannot even remember the circumstances surrounding his first stage appearance.

"I suppose I just strolled on while Dad and Mother were out there doing their stuff," Richy said. "Dad saw there was no use interfering with the inevitable, so it wasn't very long before he was touching me up with a little make-up and costume, and even giving me a line or two to say. Audiences love tots."

When Richy was six years old the Craig family went into conference and decided he should stay behind with relatives in New York and attend school, and there's where Richy's difficulties started.

The change was too abrupt. Teachers found it impossible to convince him that the same antics that had made the audience roar in Ithaca, merited a vigorous spanking when attempted in the class room.

School teachers were unappreciative. The snappy come-backs with which young Richy had panicked the gang backstage drew the most severe of penalties when addressed to these dour gentlemen.

Richy couldn't understand it; he didn't like it, but there was the consolation of summer vacations with dad and mother, back in those old and familiar surroundings, the world of footlights and merriment. And so life went until Richy had reached the ripe age of thirteen.

THE previous summer Richy's family had decreed that he should remain in New York in a summer school, so young Richy promptly stepped out on his own and found a job dispensing peanuts with a carnival. It was a glorious summer, and young Richy, ev the mimic, learned by heart all of the "lin of the "spielers." In the fall he turned to school with his newly acquir information.

One day, shortly after the resumpti of classes, the teacher was summoned fr the room. Returning, ten minutes lat he found young Richy standing on desk, a snake skin wrapped around neck, shouting in the approved style the carnival barker all of the lures of t "amazing spectacle inside for ten cen a dime, only a tenth part of a dollar!"

Twenty-four hours later, Mother a Father Craig, in the midst of a perfor ance in Buffalo looked into the wir and saw Richy, Jr., a grin spread acr his face.

"THAT was my first re break," Richy said. "That very eveni the juvenile had been taken sick. D was desperately in need of another a there I was. I suppose if he had been sh a chorus girl, I would have been a chor girl.

"After that I was everyone in t cast who took sick. Dad encouraged in taking dancing lessons, perfected technique and kept me going. I ke at it, and finally struck out on my o in a vaudeville act, *Sixteen Sunshi Girls*. At the age of nineteen I achiev that ambition of every variety actor. played the Palace, New York.

"Phil Goodman's show *Dear Sir* ca next. It was a colossal flop, lasting t weeks, or twenty minutes, I forget whi Anyhow, it was back to vaudeville f yours truly.

for Fun

long about this time I made a dis-ry. Up to then I had been playing ukulele, singing, dancing and wise-cking. I now discovered that in ieville the less you did the more you cted. First, I threw away the uke, I quit dancing and singing.

"THE act went over. With a pse of real money I wanted to make e of it, lots of it, and fast. I figured that the more times I could do my act, more I could collect, and there was York, full of night clubs paying good ey for anything that would make laugh.

Before long I was ducking into Texas an's for a fifteen minute skit, grab-a cab for the Moulin Rouge for her fifteen minutes, and from there, in the same evening and in turn, to Monte Carlo, the Chantee, the Twin s and the Studio Club. Between es I filled engagements at Loew's e and at the Winter Garden.

It was great while it lasted, but quite denly, I found myself in a physical akdown. The doctor ordered me to a ntry sanitarium. I'd been doubling in s so long that instead of going to one itarium I went to two of them.

My health improved (I believed), I de all arrangements for a tour of glish theatres when I was called to w York and offered a contract that tered anything I had ever received. s walking on the clouds, when my m again failed."

And the remainder of Richy Craig's ry is the story of a "never-say-die" rit. Banished again to the mountains aig refused to sit idly, brooding and moaning his fate. He couldn't peddle wisecracks along Broadway. He uldn't, personally, go on in this laugh-king business—but the sense of humor s unaffected. It was still there.

Richy started writing. While convaicing from that illness he turned out, d sold, twenty vaudeville acts, several arious scenes for Broadway revues and en some "talkie shorts." Richy was still aking them laugh, even from his sick bed. In Radio, as he was on the stage, ichy Craig, Jr., is a fountain of wise-acks. He refuses to regard anything as olly serious. In the midst of an im-ortant business conference he will burst it with a remark that will completely srupt the entire proceedings. The art-ists' reception room at WBBM, key station for this broadcast, rings with laughter from the moment he enters until he leaves.

Jack Nelson, associated with Richy in this program, is a Midwest Radio favorite and proof of the statement, "Radio fans never forget their favorites."

Back in the early days Jack was director at WJJD, then broadcasting from the Mooseheart home for orphans. The microphone open, Jack would hear the youngsters' prayer, at 9 P. M., and then hustle them off to bed. Until far into the night he would stage a one-man Radio show. In 1927 he retired from the microphone end of broadcasting and went into program building. Nearly four years had passed when his name was announced on the Blue Ribbon program, but his old friends remembered and showered him with letters.

Nelson is, incidentally, co-author of *Remote Control*, first a Broadway success, then a "talkie."

It is a unique combination, this act — stage veteran and Radio fledgling Craig, supported by stage fledgling and Radio veteran Nelson.

CRAIG'S shafts of humor often wing their way toward Nelson, but Jack shrugs them off, because he knows they're "jest for fun." Here's a sample of what he has to grin at and bear:

"I sincerely hope that you liked that last song, as immediately after this broadcast Mr. Nelson is to rush right over to St. Luke's Hospital. He is going to have his nose lifted so he can sing to people living above the tenth floor.

"And next Tuesday night at this time, Mr. Nelson is going to sing the same song in Greek for the benefit of the bus boys in Thompson's restaurant. I think we are very fortunate in having Mr. Nelson with us on our programs as he is a thorough musician—his grandfather for many years was a first violinist on a ferry boat. He knows music from A to Z and has just published a book on music entitled, 'From Bach to Beethoven and Back to Bach Again'.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am going to take this opportunity to say a few words about a man who was and still is the idol of our country. I thought it would be nice to say something about Abraham Lincoln. It is an old saying and a true one that history repeats itself. Lincoln freed the slaves in 1863, and Hoover is doing the same thing in 1931. Nobody is working now either. But I guess you can't blame it on Hoover, as the unemployment situation is by no means anything new. My father thought of the same thing twenty years ago. In fact, he's been practicing it for longer than that. If I'm not mistaken, he was the originator of the whole thing. He just sits in his rocking chair and says: 'What is to be, will be,' and naturally nothing happens. He is waiting for a job that fits his personality. He wants to be a floor walker in a telephone booth.



Jack Nelson, Chicago Radio Pioneer who sings between the halves of Richy's rapid-fire barrage of wisecracks.

"But getting back to Lincoln—there was a great man. He was born in a little town in a log cabin that he built himself.

"Well, to get off the subject again, it's getting so now with these short hair cuts and the smoking that the women are doing, you can hardly tell the boys from

(*Continued on page 105*)

Cuckoo College

Van and Don, Professors of Drollery, WHAS, Transfer Allegiance from Kentucky—Take Post Graduate Classes at Dear Old NBC

BELIEVE it or not, but "Cuckoo College," that mythical center of learning whose insane doings are chronicled through the Pacific Coast NBC network each morning by Van and Don, the Two Professors, was founded over a luncheon table recently.

The waitress who used to serve Don McNeill and Van Fleming in a Louisville, Ky., restaurant really should be one of the trustees of dear old Cuckoo, for she it was who abetted its future pedagogues in their foolery. The hilarious Radio act they present each morning grew out of Van and Don's inability to be serious, even while eating.

FROM the "gags" they tossed across the table at each other to make the waitress giggle, developed a comical duo which is unlike any other on the air. Whether it be in their tense description of a knitting tournament between Cuckoo College and some rival university, or a "drammy" class lesson in which they put on a deep "drammy" to show the students how to act, Van and Don present perfect teamwork in their nonsense act.



There was the time the Two Professors set fire to Cuckoo's school buildings, to test the efficiency of their fire-drills — and the time they ran against each other for the job of janitor of Cuckoo, because as professors they were unpaid, and as a janitor, one of them could "clean up"—and the big football game in the Nose Bowl of Washalfornia—the boys themselves have to smile when they discussed some of the side-splitting situations in which the Two Professors get entangled all the time.



By Louise Landis



Called on by the League of Nations to settle an international boundary dispute, the "Two Professors" take a short cut and do a little globe-splitting. Left, Don McNeill, B.V.D., T.N.T., and right, Van Fleming, P.D.Q., O.K., D.F., Q.E.D.

"We have more fun than the a dience," confides Don, and it's easy believe him.

He started a career which includ newspaper work and Radio announci when he was graduated from Marque University. His first job was Radio edi of the Wisconsin *News*. Fr there he went to the Milw kee *Journal*, and from there the Louisville *Courier Journ* still steeped in the tradition "Marse" Henry Watterson. acted as announcer at N station WHAS there. And t is where he met and renew acquaintance with Van Flemi guitarist and singer of sw songs, whom he had known Chicago.

FLEMING h been soloist with various le ing dance orchestras of t country. He was a member the NBC artist staff in S Francisco before he went Chicago, where he was hea with an orchestra conduct by Jean Goldkette. He w singing at NBC station WH Louisville, when he and D became partners and inau rated their Cuckoo College over the NBC network fr there. It was an immediate

So su cessful w it that t Quaker O Compan which sp sored th program brough them to S Francisco broadcast over t NBC ne work fr there wh the co pany open a Pacif Coast ca paign.



Sergeant "Doc" Wells

Commander of the Smiling Army

Sergeant "Doc" Wells of KROW Came Through the War Shell-scarred, One-armed, but with Courage to lead 8,000 Listeners to Happiness

By Mary V. Roeder

THIS is a success story.

A story of a man who has been successful, not at making money, but at making happiness—a much ore difficult accomplishment.

Sergeant "Doc" Wells, commander-in-ief of more than 8000 members of the ROW Smiling Army of the air, is a ccessful philosopher. He went through terrific life battle during the World r and has come out with a wealth of miling ammunition" which he gives adly to those of his many listeners who e ill, discouraged, and heartsick.

Few have the pleasure of watching oc Wells work before the microphone. 's a picture worth seeing—he stands rmly on two feet, every inch a soldier, ne arm gone, his face glowing with the lory of his wonderful message of "smil-ig ammunition". His camp fire meet-igs over KROW, Oakland, Calif., Tues-ay and Thursday nights at 9 o'clock, and aturday nights at 8:15, are an inspira-ion to thousands on the Pacific Coast. he Members of the KROW Smiling rmy are scattered from Alaska to Mex-co.

The evening I chose to get this inter-iew with Doc Wells will always remain n my mind as one of the most inspiring happenings in my life. I stood looking hrough the plate glass window into the tudio where he stood before the mike. Questions crowded close in my mind. Would he tell me how he escaped from the German prison? Would he be willing to discuss the horrors of the World War as he had seen them, as one of the first Canadian soldiers at the front, back in 1914? Would he talk about himself, or about his work—you see I know Radio personalities!

He came out of the studio and greeted me with one of the most wonderful smiles I've ever seen . . . it seemed to warm me clear through. And then followed two hours of an intensely interesting story of a soldier, a journalist, a lecturer, and lastly a Radio personality. He gave me an autographed copy of his new book *Sunshine and Shadows of Life* which recently came off the press, a collection of stories of France, along with dough-boy poems that anyone would treasure. For example, an anonymous contribution by one of the Smiling Army members, an ex-soldier:

I was only a buddy in khaki,
A pawn in the game of chess.
And I am saluting your smiling army,
In honor of those gone West.

I've wallowed in mud to my ankles
Read the shirt of the Poilu in blue.
Missed pot shots that cost me a helmet.
And bummed fags from a guy like you.

And tonight, coming over the ether,
You brought back those days again,
Of carefree frolic and laughter,
Yet so often garnished with pain.

You ask me if I'm still smiling,
Sure, Doc, and I'M mighty proud
To be sitting here dreaming, and thinking
Where the guy is, that laughed out loud.

And tonight I am with you a million,
As Commander in Chief of the air.
Of the army of smiling doughboys
Who came back from Over There.

You are welcome in Castle and cabin,
You are followed by Gentile and Jew,
And here's hoping the sunshine you're spreading
Brings sunshine and smiles back to you.

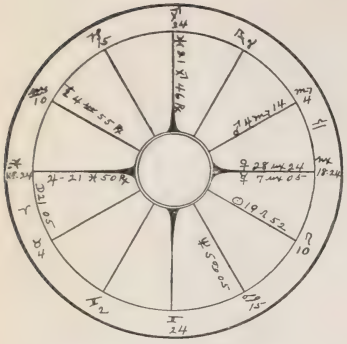
A Vagabond Trooper.

DOC WELLS, a native of Boston, Mass., was working on a newspaper in Vancouver, B. C., when Europe declared war in 1914, and he was the first man to volunteer for active service from Canada. When he went up for final medical examination at Valcartier, P. Q., it was only through his life-long friendship with the examining doctor, that he was passed as physically okay. So he was able to go on to France with the first Canadian Contingent.

I had heard about the famous "Tin Can Band" of the Canadian Army, which Doc Wells had originated, so I was curi-

(*Continued on page* 104)

The Countess *and* Her Stars



Horoscope of Countess Olga Albani

"Go West, Young Woman—to Hollywood!" That's advice to Countess Albani Relayed from Moon by our Astrological Reporter

By Peggy Hull

MILKY WAY, April 20th—The Moon, in an exclusive interview today declared that the Countess Albani, Barcelona Beauty and Spanish emigré, who has made a name for herself singing over the NBC chain, is destined for greater fame via the motion pictures. "If she is a wise little girl," said the Moon, "she will go West. The farther she goes from her birthplace the greater will be her success and prominence."

In looking over the aspects which surrounded her birth in Barcelona, Spain, one August 13th not so long ago, the Moon pointed out that Jupiter, the great benefic, is in a position to assist her materially in California. She will receive the full force of his fortunate rays in the West, and as all the other indications in her horoscope point to a dramatic career, the Moon, as spokeswoman for the other heavenly bodies, asked specifically that she be informed of the greater possibilities which await her out there.

It was a good thing for the Countess that she came to the United States, according to the stars, for she is one of the natives of the earth planet who must shake off the family ties and home surroundings before she can adequately express herself. She had established herself as a singer in Spain before she came to the United States, but through the Radio she has reached millions of listeners who would never have heard of her otherwise, and now it seems that she can still further add to her fan following by taking up a screen career.

JUPITER, that planet whose position in our natal charts indicates the degree of success we will achieve, was in a most fortunate position at her birth. Posited in the sign Pisces and on the ascendant he promises her great fame and prosperity. He also stands by like a guardian angel to protect in times of difficulty. No matter what happens to her; no matter how many arguments, quarrels and disputes she has; no matter how many times she stubs her toe and falls down, Jupiter will come along like an indulgent father, pick her up, dust her off, and put her on her feet. This position also adds strength to the location of Uranus near the mid heaven.

"THIS unusual arrangement of these powerful planets," remarked the Moon, "establishes beyond all question the extraordinary life she will have. This is not an ordinary horoscope by any means. No one with a fire trine could be anything but an exceptional person. The trine, very unusual I want you to know, gives her an inexhaustible supply of energy. These people are always doers. They make history, nations, new records of achievement. And the Countess is at heart a pioneer. If she takes up a motion picture career she will doubtless contribute some thing entirely new and different to motion picture history."

Some of the intimate facts which her chart reveals are her love of animals, insatiable desire for travel and her generosity to people. She has a deep, profound, philanthropic nature. She is quickly sympathetic and no matter how lowly the individual's position, the Countess is ready and eager to help. Nothing of snobbery here, all gentleness, warmth and sweetness. She will give of her own substance until she has nothing for herself, so genuine is her charitableness. She is tolerant, broad-minded and easy to get along with, but she is not easy to amuse or entertain. She has great mental depth and unless a subject can hold her interest she is quickly bored.

She is subject to moods. The Moon explained that it was her own position in Aries. The Moon's rays directed through this sign gives the Countess sudden enthusiasms and varying moods. She can be the life of the party one moment and the next, quiet, sad, remote.

Three planets in water signs make her very adaptable. They give her rhythm, a love of music, flexibility and instinctive sense for the dramatic. And another thing they are going to do for her is to make her change her mind about a lot of ideas she has concerning life at present.

"There's no doubt," the talkative Moon told me, "that the Countess Albani has already reached a higher degree of prominence than any of the people in the circle in which she was born. Uranus near the mid-heaven is responsible for this."

She will meet many interesting men and have lots of admirers among the members of the opposite sex. As a matter of fact, she'll have admirers right up to the day she dies. Is there a woman on earth who wouldn't like to hear that?

THE Moon, who helps Venus out on all love affairs, confided to me that there were plenty of romances in the Countess' chart. That is, the romances are there if she wishes to turn her pretty head in their direction.

She is intuitive, psychic, has a pioneer spirit and oh my word! . . . what's this? Why it is nothing more or less than that she'd make a wonderful astrologer! I'll wager that's something the Belle of Barcelona never thought about, although she

(*Continued on page* 97)



COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI, NBC song star, is fond of apple blossoms, according to her horoscope and the photographer. Peggy Hull charts her future across the way.

Broadcasting from

The Growing Political Power of Radio

THERE is ever accumulating evidence that the influence of broadcasting is growing rapidly in political arenas throughout the world. In a recent issue we published an article by Harry A. Mackey, Mayor of Philadelphia, whose use of Radio is so extensive and so constant that he is known by many as "The Radio Mayor." Quite a few of our cities own stations outright or lease time for local broadcasts. As this issue goes to press Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York has threatened to appeal to the public via Radio if a certain amendment is not withdrawn from a pending bill affecting the water-power interests—the amendment being of a type which Governor Roosevelt maintains usurps purely executive functions of government for the legislative branch. In England there is much talk about the advisability of broadcasting the proceedings of Parliament so that British subjects at large may know exactly what the government is doing. Over in Russia and in some other foreign countries broadcasting stations of great power are being erected for purposes which are largely political. Sometimes the objectives are strictly national; in other instances, they are international.

Our own federal government is not paying for broadcasting time, but in the United States the leading chains make a point of broadcasting news from Washington with great regularity. Virtually all of the important political figures up to and including President Hoover have been granted frequent microphone "appearances" before the American public. In short, every phase of our political life—community, county, state, nation—is being affected more and more through the medium of Radio. In fact, much of the broadcasting which is not ostensibly of a political nature, such as the international broadcasts now exchanged between the United States and various foreign countries, is of a quasi-political nature. All of these things, moreover, are going on at rapid pace in sizable volume during what might be termed peace times, *i. e.,* times when no major political battles are being fought out in our country.

Of course, when we get close to the actual election periods, double, triple and sometimes even quadruple emphasis is placed upon the influence of Radio. In other words, like it a little or like it a lot, the American people are certain to find that Radio is playing an increasingly important part in their political life directly and in their social life by reason of the effects of political government upon national business economics and the national habits of living. There are many Radio enthusiasts who will accept this knowledge with anything but personal relish. They have heard so many very poor orations via the microphone that at times they have bee truly bored. Hence, their attitude toward the political in fluence of Radio is largely premised upon impatience and in tolerance. However, even this element of American citizen will grow to see it all from a different and more welcom viewpoint. They will find that to an increasing extent Radi has served as a purifier of political practices, as an improve of the quality of men who run for public office, as a develope of wiser political platforms, and as a liberalizing factor i helping the public at large to understand and be sympathet with viewpoints other than those which are highly partisan

Radio is destined to do all these important things in th field of American and international politics because of it ability to do certain things which cannot be accomplishe equally well by any other means. In the first place, th politician can talk *in person* to his audience so that *his or he* voice is heard as he actually speaks. By any other mean this type of contact is relatively limited in so far as the size o a single audience and the time factor are concerned, becaus it takes time to travel a state or even to tour about one larg city. Not even the enterprising speed which characterize the modern metropolitan newspaper can accomplish so muc circulation of what is said with such tremendous rapidity.

Radio presentations also prevent the opposition party fro garbling, extracting or editing the speaker's copy in such way as to misinform the readers, a practice which is ver common with the opposition press. Political speeches ove the Radio prevent the partisan press on the affirmative sid from overdoing the case and misinterpreting what is actuall said. Again, because of the space limitations Radio broad casting permits of a completeness which is almost never pos sible in a considerable number of newspapers and in relativel rare instances complete in any. Again, Radio broadcastin insures an accuracy of what is said which eliminates th occasional errors that creep in on account of faulty reporting or prejudiced reporting or typographical errors.

In other words, Radio is winning a powerful position i political fields because of its ability to do a *faster,* mor *accurate,* more *widespread,* more *intimate* job than is possibl through any other means.

The Editors of RADIO DIGEST believe that the Radio audi ence should adopt an attitude toward political broadcast which is much the same as the one they should hold as re gards advertising on the air. Individual ability to turn th dial and thereby tune out any and all objectionable talk should provide a type of censorship which will enable th public to tell politicians how to talk when they are on th air, both as regards the length of time consumed and th character of facts, information and ideas presented.

Mayhap one of these days, because of its ability to ge politicians to place themselves in a position where thei constituents can hold them strictly accountable for what wa

The Editor's Chair

ally said, we will find the genesis of a new party, which, sense, will be "the Radio party." If this happens, as is likely, we can be sure of one thing. The Radio party everlastingly have to premise not only platforms but performance on the principles of *honesty* and *fair dealing*.

Film Recordings for Broadcasting

RADIO fans have probably already had a chance to read quite a bit about the experimenting which is being done at Station WLW with programs that based upon film recordings instead of flat records of the type. In the near future undoubtedly much more will ear in print about this relatively new method for broadcasting programs and, no doubt, many of the DX enthusiasts other long-distance and novelty hunters will get quite a out of tuning in for the first time on this new type of orded program.

Here are a few fundamentals to keep in mind when reading about or listening in to film recordings. In the first place, recording of sound on film is not fundamentally new. the moving-picture business it was developed to a practical nt several years ago, and since that time has been in active npetition with the disc method of recording, which also is d extensively in silver-screen production. Up to this time nion is considerably divided among moving picture executives and engineers as to which is the best method for handling the sound factor, namely, films or discs. From the ndpoint of the quality of results, there is little to choose ween the two, but from the standpoint of flexibility and having specific measures of sound always in the quickest ssible physical association with the stretch of film for which y are the accompaniment, it appears that the film method the most practical and convenient. There are many moving ture men who feel that it is only a question of time when cordings on discs will be eliminated entirely, and certainly age as regards the total volume is evolving definitely toward e practice of putting sound on film.

In reportorial work such as the news reels, the portability equipment where the sound for pictures is put on films s been developed to a much better point than where news porting is done via records.

Turning now to the Radio industry proper, we venture to y that the film method of recording will prove to have me very definite advantages. Most of these advantages, owever, will relate to such flexibility as the re-use of parts a given recording, the "patching" of portions of several cordings to make one complete broadcast, the editing t of defective portions, the condensation of certain types of recordings through the editing process, the insertion of certain kinds of announcements subsequent to the making of the original recording. Very few of the advantages, however, will relate directly to the quality of result achieved, because at the present time there is very little actual difference between the best in recorded broadcasting and direct broadcasting. The prime difference lies in the psychological effects upon the listener, and as long as broadcasters are forced to announce "electrical transcription" the public is bound to be a little prejudiced in its judgment of the quality of the result achieved.

Popular approval for electrical transcriptions, film or wax, will depend primarily on the individual merit of the program rather than on the quality of the result. Broadcasters will favor film because of its larger adaptability—easy to edit, cut, patch and revise; convenience for recording timely events, special speeches and historic incidents. Owing to the fact that most stations are now equipped for disc transcription film may be temporarily retarded. Two years more and television will make its Radio position secure.

RAY BILL



RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

"WELL," said Mr. Johnstone, "in the first place he's a human dynamo. He's working eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, and accomplishing in that time more than any three men."

"He," of course, means Merlin H. Aylesworth. President of the National Broadcasting Company, and Mr. Johnstone is G.



Merlin H. Aylesworth

W. Johnstone, "Johnny Johnstone, Assistant to the President."

We were talking in the beautiful executive offices of NBC.

"He's down here every morning at nine o'clock," Mr. Johnstone went on, "and before that he's read all the morning papers. Just once was I able to show him a clipping he hadn't seen. (Here Mr. Johnstone smiled a little proudly.) That was the day after the Pope's broadcast.

"'Here are the clippings, Mr. Aylesworth.' I said to him when he came in.

"'Seen them all,' was his reply, as usual.

"'No, you haven't.' And then I showed him Il Progresso Italo Americano, the Italian newspaper. He hadn't seen that. But that's the only time I ever got ahead of him.

"Besides reading the papers before he gets down, Mr. Aylesworth has collected the impressions of last night's programs from everyone he has met—elevator boy, doorman, barber. Then he's ready to start on a day that lasts usually until seven o'clock at night. And even then, it is rare that his dinner engagements are not partly business.

"Take today for instance. It's typical. He was in at nine. Something had come up that demanded an immediate conference of the Vice-President, General Manager and the Program Director. He'll be in that conference until ten-thirty. Then he has an interview with a representative from *Editor and Publisher*. At eleven-fifteen his car is outside to take him to a meeting of the board of directors of the Irving Trust Company. Incidentally he is also on the board of directors of four other companies—RKO, Victor-RCA, City Service, and, of course, NBC. At one o'clock he is at a press luncheon for Amos and Andy. At two-thirty he has an appointment with—well, just call him a man from Chicago. At three he must be at the Graybar Building for a conference with the architects of Radio city. At four-thirty he has an interview with a special writer from *Redbook Magazine*. He'll be in that until five-thirty or six. And then somewhere in the day he has to get in a couple of hours dictation, answer the telephone, see all the people who drop in to see him.

"Oh, yes, they drop in. There's hardly a day that five or six persons don't drop in whom Mr. Aylesworth has casually invited. And he sees them, too, although they may have to wait. Sometimes his secretary gets a little frantic when his schedule is already jammed full. She says she could get along better if Mr. Aylesworth were twins and days were twice as long.

"He has a finger in every departmental pie. He'll jump on a train to Chicago, come back and call up the sales department. 'I've sold a program for you,' he'll say nonchalantly. Or if something has gone wrong mechanically, he's as likely as not to go over to Bellmore and investigate the trouble right at the source.

"He's the sort of man who inspires de votion. We love to work for him. Bu he doesn't spare himself or anyone else Holidays don't exist for him. I remembe one day a friend called up and asked hi if he didn't want to get out of a luncheo engagement—a business luncheon, c course—because Monday was going to b a holiday. 'Mr. So-and-So,' Mr. Ayle worth said, 'the National Broadcastin Company works eighteen hours a day, 36 days a year. We entertain the public da and night. We have no holidays. I'll b at that luncheon.'

"And," grinned Mr. Johnstone, "any o us who had been making plans for Mon day, cancelled them forthwith."

All in all the impression gained by th Radiograph Editor of Mr. Merlin H Aylesworth was that NBC's chief execu tive does earn his salary.

Here are some brief biographical detail He was born in 1886 in Cedar Rapid Iowa. He graduated from the Universit of Denver in 1908. He married Blanch Parrett in 1909. He has two childre



Lula Vollmer

on Jerome and Dorothy. He prac-
ic law in Colorado until 1914 when he
e into public utility work. In 1919 he
ne managing director of the National
ric Light Association. In 1926 he
ne president of the National Broad-



David Ross

ing Company. He lives at 812 Park
nue, just around the corner from his
e.

Lula Vollmer

HE wrote *Sun-Up*, that Southern folk
drama which has had such an inter-
onal success. She wrote *The Shame
man*, *The Dunce Boy*, and *Trigger*.
n she turned to Radio. *Moonshine
Honeysuckle* is the title of the serial
ch comes to you every Sunday after-
at two o'clock (EST) over the NBC
work. The episodes center around
m Betts, a boy of the Southern moun-
ns. Louis Mason takes the part of
m. On the legitimate stage, he was in
ss Vollmer's *The Dunce Boy*, and *Trig-*
.

As a little girl, Lula Vollmer wanted to
a moonshiner. Well, maybe not a moon-
ner, but she wanted to be as unre-
ained and carefree as were the little
untaineer children with whom she was
ught up.

For Miss Vollmer's father was in the
mber business and she was born in a
rth Carolina lumber camp. She early
w how much luckier the mountaineer
ldren were than she was. They could
y in the woods all day; she had to go
school. They could be sewn into their
thes for the winter; she must be always
ssing and undressing. They could fight
d swear and chew tobacco; she must be
perfect little lady.

It was with a shade of envy that she learned to know and love these simple mountain folk. But she did learn to know and love them, and her first play about them, written at the age of sixteen, was made into a successful vaudeville sketch. *Sun-Up* first produced at the Provincetown Theatre in 1923, has been playing ever since, both in this country and in Europe. *Moonshine and Honeysuckle*, originally scheduled for thirteen broadcasts has gone on for thirty-two, and will probably continue indefinitely. The reason for her success is summed up in one word—authenticity. Her characters are real, her background is real. She writes as if she were a mountaineer herself, which she says, sometimes she thinks she is.

"Of course, occasionally I should like to come back to civilization, but I could be happy for months at a time among the mountain folk. Life is so simple with them, in contrast to the complexities of the city."

She does not find writing for the Radio very much different from writing for the stage. She thinks working on Radio programs has given her more facility. "You know writers are notorious dawdlers, but with actors waiting for scripts at a certain hour every week, you just have to get busy and produce them. Rain or shine, in sickness or in health, the script must be in. Sometimes it is quite a task. A half hour of dialogue is thirty pages, as long as an act in a play. I once wrote one when I was sick in bed with the grippe and had a temperature of 102."

Miss Vollmer tries to write every afternoon from one to six. Sometimes the actors will make suggestions as to how she may do a part for them, but mostly she carries on by herself.

"Fortunately," says Miss Vollmer, "in Gerald Stopp I have an excellent director. When I turn a manuscript over to him I know the drama will be produced exactly as it should be, and that I have nothing to worry about except getting out next week's program."

David Ross

"The knights are dust,
Their swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints,
We trust."

DON'T know if I'm giving that quotation correctly, but if David Ross, CBS announcer and dramatic reader, had lived back in the days before knights were dust and swords rust, he undoubtedly would have been one of those wandering minstrels who came to the great castles to play and sing for the lord and his family.

It being, as it is, prosaic 1931, he stands before a microphone, and his beautiful resonant voice goes out not to one family but to hundreds of thousands.

For David Ross believes that poetry should appeal mainly to the ear, that just as a piece of music is to be played, a poem is to be voiced. And Radio, he says, is establishing something that was almost lost from our modern life—the intimate contact of the poet with his audience.

We were talking up in that little room on the twenty-third floor of Columbia that they call "Siberia" and the "Dog Watch". It is the room—barely furnished with a desk, two chairs, and a microphone—from which local announcements are made.

Every fifteen minutes David Ross would lean forward in his chair and say into the microphone on the desk, "WABC, New York." "W2XE, New York." Even with that short announcement the surprising beauty of his voice was apparent. And more than its beauty you were aware of the character of the man behind the voice. Here was poise and serenity and understanding. Somewhere—and I don't know whether I have this quotation right either—there's a line which says when a cup is full it runs over, but the real fullness stays within. That is what you feel about David Ross, that whatever he gives out, there is much, much more within.

One can be crushed by an unfortunate environment or one can rise above it. Certainly there was much in the early life of David Ross to kill in him all love of beauty.

He was born in New York on July 7, 1894. Before he was old enough to go to school, he was selling newspapers on the



Georgia Backus

street. All the way through school and college he had to work to earn enough to eat. Out of college he did all sorts of things to make both ends meet. He waited on table in a restaurant. He was a mail clerk in a wholesale dress house. He acted with Eva Davenport. He was a supervisor in an orphan asylum. He was a social director in a settlement house. He was a dramatic coach at a summer camp. He was secretary to a Russian baroness.

(*Continued on page 102*)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

"WELL, you needn't look at me like that," blinked Toddles (who is, has been and always will be Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court). At this we both regaled ourselves with another smack of cracker and honey. "I suppose," I retorted as coherently as a mouthful of cracker and honey will allow, "*I'm* to blame for it." "Well," said Toddles, with her own homely philosophy, "whoever is to blame, an apology is necessary." So here we are *Jeff* Sparks, as humble as two birds of a feather can possibly be for getting things a little twisted about you and *Harold* Sparks of KFJF. There is a vast difference between the two. So everyone please get out the March copy of RADIO DIGEST and compare. Jeff Sparks is 25, has an altitude of five feet eight and a half inches and a predilection for blondes. His favorite hobby is Boy Scouts. You must all, and Clara D. of Davenport, especially, have seen him in Marcella's department in April. Thanks, Jeff, for the tip on the blondes. Toddles and I shall be off in a jiffy for some hair dye. Toddles' noodle is of a deep maroon and Marcella's locks are of an old rose gray, but that wouldn't do, I suppose, would it?

Girls! A discovery! John S. Young was classmate of Rudy Vallée in Yale! Now what d'ye think about that, Sally, Christine and Elsie? His success is entirely due to taking his job seriously. Enjoys most announcing Rudy's program. Studied playwrighting at Yale and worked as actor at WBZ-WBZA but is now recognized as among NBC's best announcers. Also fine uke player.



John Young

A musical genius and a prize fight fan! How do you account for that? Hugo Mariani was born in in Montevideo, Uruguay, S. A., of Italian parentage, Bob, and learned the rudiments of music from his father, one of the best violin teachers in that Republic. At the age of eleven, on a tour of South American countries, he was hailed the "Wonder Child." As solo violinist at the Rialto Theatre in New York he became very popular with the audiences, and as orchestra director with the NBC, where he has been ever since the organization started, he has won for himself a great reputation. He is an exponent of jazz and believes that this type of music will eventually become complete expression of America. Mariani is married to a Rumanian artist, Nella Barbu. Mariani, though a musical giant, is small in stature, very modest and has keen, searching black eyes—always searching for the hidden beauty in things. He is invariably well tailored but his gaudy shirts are the distraction of his associates. He makes a hobby of collecting shirts of extraordinary hue. But the enigma—prize fight lover!



Hugo Mariani



Above: Al Cameron and Pete Bontsema
Below: Russ Wildey and Billy Sheehan

Bee of Rockport, Texas, pleads, "Marcella, please tell me something about my favorites, Al and Pete, and why don't you give us their picture?" Well, my dear, here's your comedy team. Al Cameron née John B. Brodhead, might have been an M.D. had not injuries sustained in football game diverted his interests to music. While in vaudeville he met Pete, at that time leader of an orchestra. Pete Bontsema, the team pianist, is tall and blond, and was born on Holland soil. He has a penchant for contests of any and every variety. Just can't resist it. When he's not busy answering his young son's questions, which are legion, he can be seen working out or creating cross word puzzles. Al spends his leisure time writing short stories and has a drama on the fire, I understand. He hopes some day to spend all of his time in writing. In four ye they've amassed 10,000 old-time songs s by their admiring audience. I don't thi Al is married, Loraine. And, by the w they are NBC artists.

* * *

OH, WHERE, oh, where are the Ray-vac Twins—oh, where, or where can th be. I've looked up and down throu the Radio waves, but oh dear, I'm still at sea. And if anyone tells me where th are I'll make up another little song. R Wildey and Billy Sheehan, the Twins person, have not been on NBC for so time and some Marcellians are ve anxious about them. Their pictures here so that they can be identified, for possible they're broadcasting under so other *numb de prune*. Reward—one Marcella's own prepared compositions.

* * *

THE female partner of "Mr. and Mrs the striving young couple who air th domestic difficulties over CBS each we was busy on her Westchester farm wh RADIO DIGEST's photographer sallied for So we are able to present only the liken of "Mr." "Mr." was presented to parents in 1902 by the long-billed bird a Thanksgiving gift in t city of Philadelphia. A school boy he refused study — and his artis temperament cost many of his earlier jo After trying his hand advertising, selling, sh eling coal on a lake b and other similar executi positions, he developed noble aspirati for the stage. Played in vaudeville a made pictures. Appeared in stock co panies and managed them. In Septemb 1929 Jack Smart, alias Joe, alias "Mr became husband, radio-ically speaking, to Jane Houston, the "Mrs.", and the way they both rave on, one would think they were actually married—but they're not. Jack was also the Radio dad of Lillian Taiz in the late lamented Dutch Masters program.



Jack Smart



Chas. Tramont

A[27, Charles Tramont is one of
I's popular announcers, Mrs. L. K. A.
dianapolis. He started out with an
as his goal, but during a summer
ion, faced with the responsibilities
arriage, he applied with forty-nine
s for job as announcer and he has
at it ever since. Obtained his edu-
n at Canisius College in Buffalo.
a twinkle in his eye he said baby
was his hobby. Interested in Ro-
ce languages.

Here they are," calls Bill Hay, and
s 'n' Andy's banter flows into a mil-
homes. That introduction has a history all its own. Way back in the days when Amos 'n' Andy, then known as Sam 'n' Henry, made their first broadcast, Bill Hay attended the rehearsal just before the act went on the air. He was in stitches, but managed to get through the opening announcement. Just as

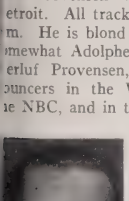


Bill Hay

boys were supposed to come on, Bill nded to say "here they are" just as or I would say it, when he became rcome with mirth, and the phrase bub- l out as you hear it today. Hay made Radio debut at KFKX, Hastings, Neb., re he was everything from chief cook ottle washer. Thence to WGN. And rtly after that to WMAQ, where he been even since. He was born at mfries, Scotland, and got his musical ication at an early age. During his y in Hastings he conducted the largest rch choir in Nebraska. He ad libs all nouncements on musical programs be- se he feels a closer contact can in s way be had with the Radio audience. s hobby?—Golf, of course, and gen- ously indulges his taste in baseball, imming, squash and—bridge. As Sales nager for WMAQ, he can hold his n in any battle of wits.

* * *

[HE last that has been heard of Mar- in Provensen was when he was in etroit. All track has since been lost of m. He is blond and tall and resembles mewhat Adolphe Menjou. His brother, erluf Provensen, is supervisor of an- nouncers in the Washington studios of ie NBC, and in this capacity introduces President Hoover whenever the latter talks on the air. The Provensens have been making history for many years. One of their ancestors, Ansgar, the famous missionary, is reputed to have brought Christianity to the north of Europe. In 1917 the father of



Marthin Provensen



Harry C. Browne



Edith Thayer

Marthin and Herluf accepted from King Christian of Denmark a post in charge of three churches in Jutland, Denmark. Herluf was born in Racine, Wis., on July 10th, 1908, and although an American citizen he spent ten years in Denmark, the family's native land.

Interested Mother and Mrs. Lucey are terribly interested in Hank Simmons' Show Boat, a CBS presentation every Saturday night. Harry C. Browne is the guiding spirit behind this very popular river boat feature. No, Mrs. P. R. S., the programs are broadcast direct from the studios in an imaginary show boat. It is one of the oldest programs on CBS wavelengths, and its success is entirely due to Mr. Browne's versatility as an experienced actor and director. The cast is as follows: Harry Browne is Hank Simmons; Edith Clinton—Lettie Simmons; Edith Thayer—Jane McGrew; Elsie May Gordon—Maybelle; Lawrence Grattan—DeWitt Schuyler; Frank Readick—Happy Jack Lewis; Harry Swan—Joe Carroll; James Ayres—George Morris, and Brad Sutton takes the part of Frank Miller. Edith Thayer, the charming Jane McGrew is known as the world's smallest prima donna, reaching the magnificent height of four feet eleven inches. Theatregoers will remember her in the leading role with the original company of *Blossom Time*. After this three-year engagement she appeared in Chicago theatres under the management of her husband, Howard Butler, who is now stationed as announcer at WMCA.

* * *

"WISH the whole RADIO DIGEST could be devoted to WTAM's staff," writes Janet Hart of Punxsutawney, Pa. "WTAM is my favorite station," says Al of Pennsylvania, and in this Carolyn F. of Cyclone concurs with him. "Let us have something about WTAM," is the cry of E. J. H. of Warren. Well, my dears, with so many readers on my neck for WTAM, guess the safest thing is to say a kind word about that station. Here are Doc Whipple, Helen Bucher and Tom Manning, all WTAM-ickers. Doc, or Clark Whipple, played the piano for years at the Golden Pheasant Restaurant. Then he toured on the road with a dance combination of his own, and in 1929 joined WTAM's forces as leader of the dance band. Miss Bucher is soprano, composer and pianist all rolled in one—a sweet roll—and it's not just a Jack of all trades with her. She is skillful in each of these callings. Tom Manning, my dears, is all of 28. He started on his athletic career as a boy on the baseball diamond and is well known among baseball fans. During the winter he announces all dance bands and any hockey, basketball or indoor games taking place.



Doc Whipple, Helen Bucher and Tom Manning



Jean Paul King

* * *

I'M JUST about knee deep in letters asking about Jean Paul King. Mrs. S. of Dayton writes, "Here I come with a burning question about Jean Paul King. Won't you publish his picture. He rates high in this household." A. F. P. of Rockford, A. E. G. of Reading, Phyllis of Jackson, Mich., Miss Fogan, Mrs. C. J. Williams of Ottumwa, Iowa; Lucille Bolinger of Kankakee, Mrs. A. M. Beach of Earlville; Mrs. Bert Myers of Bloomington, Ill., Helen of Peoria, Mrs. Lyle of Marseilles, Ill.; Marie Hummel of Detroit; and MCRK, all swell the grand and noble chorus for a picture and some dope on Jean Paul King. Well, Jean was born at North Bend, Neb., on December 1st, 1904, the son of the Methodist pastor there. In 1928 he married Miss Mary Cogswell, a Radio writer, who was graduated from the U. of California. Sorry to disillusion so many hearts, my dears, but he *is* married and from all appearances, Mrs. J. P. King is terribly healthy. Some Radio fans think that Jean's voice is second to none in the field (I wonder what would happen if we took a vote on that), but there is no doubt that he is entirely individual in his work. Jean has now taken pen in hand to write his "imprints" of the Sisters of the Skillett for our next RADIO DIGEST. He was educated at the University of Washington, where he was active in the University Players, the glee club and the varsity baseball, wrestling and track teams. Member of innumerable fraternities. Believes in wide general education for announcers and is quite opposed to specialization.



Francis MacMillen

Francis MacMillen, whose $30,000 Stradivarius is known to NBC audiences, began meddling with the fiddle when just three. He was born at Marietta, Ohio, and at seven was taken to Europe for musical training. At 16 he won first prize at the Brussels Royal Conservatoire, with a purse of five thousand dollars. When Gamba, musical writer of London, heard MacMillen at his debut in Brussels, he proclaimed him a genius. The Stradivarius violin now in his possession once belonged to the Spanish crown and was used by Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, and other famous musicians. Hobbies are baseball, football, and a good punch at the heavy and light bag. (See his picture on previous page.)

* * *



Harold Stein

HAROLD STEIN may be a photographer but he's a character and a personality in himself. He has snapped the picture of more than 57 varieties of celebrities and these include kings, princes, presidents and Radio stars. He doesn't just turn these "celebs" out of the door when he's through with the flashlight; he likes to discuss things with them. And so that he may know about these personages, and about Radio stars especially he has equipped his car with an auto set and tunes in on half-hour programs when the red traffic light is turned on. There is a story that Harold Stein loves to tell about Rudy Vallée. The Prince of Photographers sent his young new assistant to the Paramount studios to get some good shots. The youngster arrived with his camera at the studios but being less experienced was unable to place the instrument in the right place. A bystander seeing the awkwardness of the lad, took the camera from him, snapped the necessary pictures, patted the boy on the shoulder and whispered, "Tell Harold that Rudy was glad to help him out." It seems as if I hear deafening applause from the Rudy fans. And while we're on Rudy, I might say that we really ought to establish a Rudy corner right here in Marcella. Here we go: Elizabeth Trayner, Rudy never broadcast the Heigh Ho Club from WOR. Difficult to estimate how many songs he has written. February 22nd was WOR's ninth birthday. M. C. Miller of Pleasantville, Rudy has no steady lady friend—can you imagine how many suicides there would be if he had! I. T. H., you can buy Rudy's book, *When Vagabond Dreams Come True*, at any book store. The volume is published by Grosset & Dunlap. F. V. H., over 35,000 copies of Rudy's book have been printed. Sorry, Therese Meyer, I can't give you his home address. Rudy is at work on another book and he *is* Master of Ceremonies at the Villa Vallée, New York. Would like to answer your other



H. Studebaker, B. Congdon, Don Parker

questions, but I mustn't answer queries that are too personal. I. T. H., Rudy was married to Leonie Choif but the marriage was annulled a short time after that. He studied French and Spanish at college. Agnes, and the dinner was swell! Mary Hanlon will find a picture of Rudy and the original Connecticut Yankees in this issue. He comes back from his tour just today, as I am writing this, my dear. Sorry. Ann Smith of Philadelphia, but Rudy does not broadcast more than twice a week. Rudy announces in Spanish, Robert Longnecker, just to lend a little variety to his program, don't you know.

* * *

HERE you are Ruth Adams and Agnes. At last! Two more in the Happy Hollow Group at KMBC. Hugh Studebaker, who takes the part of the *villyun*, Harry Checkervest, and Bertina Congdon, the romantic Annie Laurie Blackstone. Versatility is Hugh's middle name. He is organist in "Between the Book Ends" and "Midnite Muse" programs; is dignified announcer and dramatist in the Salon Hour and in between these acts he is heard in character songs. Outside of that he has nothing else to do. Bertina, or Chic as she is better known to her friends, my dears, is just five feet tall, has yellow hair and blue eyes. Outside of her Happy Hollow role she is heard as Jane in the Town Crier Dramalogues and when she is not all of this she acts as secretary to Dick Smith, KMBC's Program Director.

* * *

DON PARKER, popular crooner at WMCA, is a study in brown, Beatrice Butler of Pleasantville, N. J. And because, perhaps his eyes and hair spell such color harmony, it is just natural for him to get it over in his songs. He is just twenty-one and has been on the air now for two years. Drives hither, thither and yon in a dark gray Chrysler roadster.

* * *

LEE SEYMOUR, formerly with the Majestic Hour, is now connected with a New York Insurance Company, Patsie, and Arthur Snyder left WCCO a year ago last fall to go with the NBC in its production department. He left there about two months ago and has not been seen or heard of since.

Mum's the word about Enna Jettick songbird, R. E. D. Mustn't tell who it is. And Milton J. Cross is not of t Tribe of Israel.

* * *

STAN LEE BROZA of WCAU is one the best known Radio personalities Quaker Town. Way back in 1923, wh WCAU was just a wee bit of a babe only 500 watts, Stan broke in as an a nouncer. He worked his way up and now Director of Programs of WCAU, t largest station in Philly. He was bo reared and educated in this city. H his hand in real estate, advertising a now Radio. Hobby is his Sunday Mo ing Children's Hour. And what d' know about this? Stan discovered Bob Dukes, four-year-old screen and stage st

* * *



Stan L. Broza

MY DEARS, am simply embarrassment. am blushing to t very roots of r feathers. First put my foot into by calling Martin Campbell of WH an artist. Then had to get my oth pedit in by calling him an announc But, my dears, he does not belong either of the species! He is *Assista Manager* of the station and is very mo est about his accomplishments, as witne his letter, "Dear Marcella: Your apologi for calling me an 'Artist' are accepte Now, what are you going to do abo calling me an announcer? I do not kn whether to smile or to cry . . . I am t assistant manager of the station and such try to stay behind the scenes." not having had any success with M Campbell himself, I turned to his se retary, Catherine Steele, who says th one of her boss' pet aversions is givi out personal information for publici purposes. However, I did get some in about Mr. Campbell and you can gu for yourselves who gave it to me. T hero of this sketch is a native of Ash ville, N. C. Took up show business f a time, then dropped it to take up h pen for the Louisville *Times* as Rad Editor. Took a decided interest in t ether business and three years ago becam assistant manager of WHAS. Mr. Camp bell is very good looking (no pictu available to bear me out, but, my publi you'll simply have to take my word for it In his late thirties, has black hair an black eyes. Quite reserved, but withal h cheery disposition and fine personalit A wife, a six-year-old boy and daughte four years older, complete the famil circle.

See you subsequently.—Your own Ma cella.

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Writ her a letter, ask her any of the burnin questions that are bothering your minc



" Wilson, NBC impersonator.

Chinning *with the* Chain Gang

By Jean Dubois



Therese Wittler NBC actress.

Graham McNamee, Walter Damosch, Major Bowes, Rudy Valée, or ny one of a long list of NBC celebities should be held up in traffic n day, there's some one in the stu- who could hold the fort until the arrival. He's "Hack" Wilson, newnd up at National. He was and s one of their best engineers, but ay news of his remarkable gift for ry percolated through to the powat be, and he went on the air. I him in the April Fool broadcast, as "Graham McNutt" he introl himself as "Walter Gotmerung", "Major Bellows" "Rudy Chevrolet". Tone ty, mannerisms, even inflecwere perfect imitations—lls me long hours spent at controls when the celebs on gave him a swell opnity to get their little idiorasies down pat. H. Wars Wilson is the name on the oma he received from the neering school of the Uniity of Pennsylvania in 1929. nits to twenty-seven years, is six feet tall.

* * *

OLUMBIA'S newest quick-change artist doesn't do onages like Wilson, she (yes, female) does types. Elsie e Gordon takes off ragaffins, chorus girls, seri--minded clubwomen or whate-you in great style on the llace Silversmith program urday nights. She worked r way through dramatic ool, and one of her first jobs s in a "five and dime" store. at gave her a good chance to dy character, visited as it s by everyone from cooks to nd duchesses.

* * *

DID he commit a murder, or was he listening to the well Thomas broadcast on the night of January 6th when the attack was made? That's the question before a court in Norfolk, Va., which is trying a man who tells of listening to the broadcast in the home of friends. Affidavits support him and tell the subject matter of the broadcast. NBC officials have rushed a copy of the continuity to Norfolk to prove who's right. As this is written, the court has not yet made decision. With the new vogue of program murder trials what could be more apropos than a real murder hearing being identified with a broadcast?



Elsie Mae Gordon, Columbia's quick-change artist, as (from left) a tomboy, a French dancer, a small-town clubwoman and herself.

ANOTHER popular local act has been grabbed by the networks. Buffalo's WKBW bids a cheerful but envious farewell to F. Chase Taylor, alias Col. Stoopnagle, and Budd Hulick, who have been signed up by Columbia for a Green Brothers program to go on coastwise waves beginning May 24th. Six years at it makes Taylor a real Radio veteran, but Hulick has been in Radio just a year. Louis Dean, Columbia announcer, once was Taylor's partner, and thinks it would be grand if "they" will let him announce the new program.

* * *

PUT this in your Album of Funny Coincidences. Not long ago Columbia announced the building of a special audition room where Big Business executives could listen to prospective entertainers. Furnished like a living room, to make Mr. Executive feel at home. A month later NBC announces a living room in its quarters, too —but this one is for "timid Radio speakers" who find the big bare studios too much for their nerves. Not being a Big Executive, I haven't been in Columbia's sanctum, but I hope it has more ash trays than NBC's. I have heard complaints from gentlemen that the big NBC living room has only two! Every well-equipped living room should have at least six.

* * *

THIS month's milestone . . . May, 1931, is exactly one year from the date of Therese Wittler's arrival in New York with the Morse Players of St. Louis, who competed for a Little Theatre Cup. She decided to stick in the metropolis and contrary to tradition, got a dramatic job. She plays "Gypsy Carter" in NBC's *Moonshine and Honeysuckle* on Sundays.

(*Continued on page 97*)



Mr. and Mrs. H. Felton Williams, of the studio staff, whose marriage ceremony was broadcast over WPTF.

Met in Studio, So They Broadcast their "I Do's"

IT WAS a complete surprise to WPTF staff members when Margaret Fussell and Felton Williams announced their engagement and early marriage. And it was more of a surprise when H. K. Carpenter, manager of the Raleigh station, invited the young couple to use the studios for the ceremony and asked their permission to broadcast it to the thousands of listeners to the North Carolina station. On February 28th the nuptial knot was tied.

The studios were a mass of flowers, and the broadcast lived up to all the traditions of a simple home wedding. It was one of the most solemnly beautiful half hours ever placed at the service of WPTF listeners. Kingham Scott at the organ, played the Lohengrin *Wedding March*, while the Blue Bird String Ensemble contributed several romantic selections. Mrs. Williams is a pianist and popular "crooner", while Mr. Williams is one of the members of the engineer's staff. Both have been with the station for over a year.

* * *

TWO renowned artists of the concert and operatic world are now heard regularly over the air from WBAL in Baltimore. Mabel Garrison, who retired from the Metropolitan Opera to devote herself to her home (she is the wife of George Siemonn, conductor of the Baltimore Symphony) sings on a Tuesday evening program sponsored by the McCormick Company. And Frank Gittelson, eminent American violinist is on the air every Sunday morning. He made his concert début abroad in Berlin under the direction of Conductor Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and appeared with Nellie Melba as co-artist when that famous singer gave a concert in London. While not all of the WBAL artists have such brilliant public appearances, the station is noted for the high calibre of its entertainment and the genius of its musical staff.

* * *

JAMES JOHNSON is only seventeen years old, but he's already one of the most popular staff members of CHML in Hamilton. The young Canadian xylophonist and pianist appeared recently in a local picture house. He admits to becoming confused at the end of the performance . . . tried to leave the theatre through a fire exit . . . then made for another door, which he thought led to the stage, only to be met by a shower of brooms and dust-pans. To the audience's amusement, the soft-soap pail fell down and spattered on his manly chest. That's why he feels more at home in a Radio studio.

A Circle Tour *fro*

NEWS from Boston . . . Ben Had of the WNAC staff recently brated the fifth anniversary of his d as a Radio announcer. Ben was on stage, when he heard the call of the n He is still with his first love and has longer service than any other W announcer. . . . Hazel Story, assis program director at WEEI is goin for physical culture. She has let i known that in June she will marry I Fernald, physical director of Wallingi Conn., High School. . . . It wasn't Patrick's Day, at all, but all in one WLOE offered: Francis X. Rooney, or; Fahey Brothers in *Emerald Ge* Edward J. McQuillon, tenor; The Blackwell, *Irish Colleen* and M O'Leary, singing and whistling! Next, l ton will substitute spuds for baked be



Left, Frank Gittelson, emi American violinist, and M Garrison, former soprano the Metropolitan Opera. H appear regularly at WB

Below. There are many p of twins making their app ance before the microph but Station KTSA claims have presented the only of real Siamese twins on air. They are pretty Mi Violet and Daisy Hilton. the mike with them is P Spor, well known master ceremonies for air celebrit



ast *to* Southwest

IXIE, the famous talking cat, is ck on the air again, with Jack on, taking the part of Trixie's mis- Mrs. O'Hara. Marie Stoddard, the ile character actress, as the snoopy Gaddle, is the third member of the f *The Gossipers*, which is the only cast that has the distinction of popular on both NBC and CBS. however, this rollicking, funny trio s its bow on electrical transcriptions. are already a popular feature at S in New York, and are appearing large number of local stations ghout the country. . . .

* * *

IE star of KDKA's new broadcast- ng station is not a human performer. It's an airplane danger sign perched on top of a 100 foot antenna pole. Since KDKA is located within a few miles of two Pittsburgh landing-fields, it was thought necessary to mount this obstruction marker at the highest point in a barrage of antennae poles. The ball of red light, resembling a spread umbrella, can be seen from a distance of five miles on clear nights.

* * *

Wouldn't you know that it would be the tiniest member of the WGY staff who would present the *Musical Miniatures*. Marian Brewer, soprano of the Schenectady station, is just five feet tall, but she's a little girl with a big voice! The program, which she originated herself, tells a short story by means of the group of songs which she sings.

* * *

Down in the Lone Star State . . . . KTRH celebrated its first anniversary recently, while Milt Hall, program director of the Houston station, announces an addition to his family . . . a bouncing baby boy whom his dad calls "Skipper" . . . . Two pretty Siamese twins, Violet and Daisy Hilton, are appearing regularly over KTSA in San Antonio.



The flying plane of WPEN, with (left to right) Wes Smith, pilot and Lou Jackobson, announcer.



—Actress Eliz- Love of *Strictly norable* made tadio debut over AU in Philadel- With her are ers Gouraud, ace Leigh and Douglas of the station staff.

w—They tried to serious but dn't! You see the lt. James Jef- s, WFAA, Dallas, r, and Edward n, announcer.



WPEN Announcer Speaks From Bellanca Plane

LOUIS JACKOBSON, who is known to the Radio world as program manager and organist at WPEN, has now added to his titles that of "flying announcer." He uses the big Bellanca plane owned by the station to convey to the neck-craning public on the streets below the latest programs featured over the station. The plane is equipped with an amplifying unit, permitting Jackobson to sit behind his mike thousands of feet in the air and talk to the crowds below.

This is but one of the three airplanes owned by WPEN, the other two being used to promote the station through the medium of the press. The ships, another Bellanca and a monocoupe plane, are at the disposal of the local papers, who have covered many major stories by using the planes to fly photographers and reporters to the scenes.

* * *

Another of the collegiates who will join the Radio world after graduation in June is Miss Marcia Feinberg of Thomasville, Ga. All during her college course at Brenau College she has been broadcasting, and has appeared on WSB, Atlanta; WJAX, Jacksonville, and WQDX in her home town. She has a soprano voice of exceptional range and quality and is a talented violinist. She writes "College and education came first, now my music comes into its own."






Handsome men and beautiful women seem to gravitate to Western studios. From left, José Bohr, KFI and KECA Argentine Tenor, Agatha Turley, Pacific NBC soprano, Pinkerton "Pinkie" Day, a former theatre headliner now at KEX; and Hélène Tourjee, who is accompanist, singer and organist at KFWI . . . she also does comic and serious monologues.

Pacific Coas

THE "Andy and Virginia" team are now up at KOIN, Portland, but they have appeared on a half dozen other coast stations from Los Angeles northward. Virginia Lee hails from Covington, Kentucky, which of course accounts for the tinge of southern accent in her speech. One of the cast of the original New York company of *China Rose,* she has studied vocally in several parts of the country, to say nothing of practical experience on the Keith Albee circuit and a few records for Victor.

Andy Mansfield studied at Penn State College, Cornell (New York State) and worked in various orchestras composing, making arrangements and playing the piano. The Andy and Virginia program features piano and song and pianologues in happy, informal mood.

* * *

JEAN CHOWN (Williamson) becomes prize contralto for the enlarged United chain on the west coast. Already music circles of the Southwest know her through various recitals and broadcast programs. Gene Inge, who dispenses information from the chain, writes that she studied in England and that . . . "her last appearance before an English audience was at a musicale held under the patronage of Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyle, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Somerset and Dame Margaret Lloyd George" . . . which, of course stamps Jean as somewhat of a highbrow. But she seems to have dropped any ritzy idiosyncrasies by the wayside.

* * *

BLONDE, petite Kay Van Riper, KFWB lady impresario, writes the series of French miniatures, directs it, and takes three or four different roles. This is quite some task for the 95 pound energetic Radio girl.

* * *

DR. LAWRENCE L. CROSS, doing a coast NBC program of an inspirational nature, mornings, is tall and lean and has wavy blond hair. Pastor of the North Brae Community church in Berkeley, college town, he was born in Alabama and was graduated from a college in Tennessee. Dr. Cross married a Yankee girl and is the father of five small children. During his "cross-cut" talks his little birds chirp . . . Alabama and Louisiana mockers and a pair of German rollers.

* * *

STUART BUCHANAN, now directing drama for the United chain out on the coast, achieved considerable fame as a member of the Pasadena Community Playhouse Players but, even before that, he was with Stuart Miller in Indianapolis and in stock at Denver. Before entering Radio, Buchanan played football at Notre Dame; taught in the Universities of West Virginia and Florida.

* * *

NELSON CASE, suave blonde announcer for KFWB . . . son of Managing Editor Walter Case of the Long Beach (Calif.) Morning Sun, once had his own college band . . . and had a composition of his own, *Waiting in the Rain* . . . hot dance tune which gallops unrestrained up and down the piano keyboard.

Dorothy Warren, once of the Pacific Repertory Company and several seasons with the Pasadena Community Players, is doubling up on drama parts for KFWB this spring . . . with the *French Miniatures* and the *Romancing Racketeer* weekly continuities.

* * *

BARON KEYES, creator of the air castle family over sundry stati… most recently KFI, has published *V… of Broken Dreams* . . . first played… Ray Van Dyne's orchestra.

"Aunt Missouri," in the person… Bettie Sale, news-scribe, now helps … Big Brother Don (Wilson) over … twice a week on his tour for the kid…

* * *

DAVID HARTFORD and Fra… Nordstrom (Mr. and Mrs.) … turned to Radio as a dramatic med… with weekly skits through KMTR. H… ford is an old-timer in western theatr… circles. He has directed Lewis St… Florence Reed, Marjorie Rambeau, … Richard Bennett and directed Los Ang… Belasco and Morosco stock compan…

The Three Co-eds, vocal group f… KECA, has never changed personnel si… it started in '26 over vaudeville and l… on Radio . . . Marian Peck, sopra… Meredith Gregor and Theresa Aezer, c… tralto and pianist.

Bebe Daniels said she'd accept $… for one shot on Sunkist Cocktail hou… expenses for herself and secretary … New York and back were paid. No…



Carrie Jacobs Bond, composer of *At the End of a Perfect Day,* vi… KPO and Hugh Barrett Dobbs (Dobbsie). They are looking o… the 2,000 letters received by Mrs. Bond when she appeared recen…



Talent and good looks are attributes of these stars. From left, Harriet Pool Branham, KROW organist, and Announcer (also KROW) Frank Killinger, who has been cameraman, electrician and world traveler in the past. Winnie Fields Moore, KFI and KECA travelogue artist, and Ronald Graham, KFRC baritone . . . born in Scotland but likes America.

Pick-ups

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

RL TOWNER goes back to his first Radio love . . . KFRC. Some four ago he was singing basso with the ers male quartet. Then he went other fields, but came back early this with the Buccaneers. another male et. Others: Elbert Bellows, and Nelson, tenors, and Morton Gleason, one.

arion Boyle, KHQ's 21-year-old st, was born in Vancouver, but she ived in Seattle since the tender age iree. Just now she is studio accom- t for KHQ and is also an amateur er. Eyes of blue, stylishly thin, hair—Marion is one of those ener- girls who are the "life of the party."

* * *

MA MORROW, of KPO, has just written *Lyrics in Lavender*, off the s early this year, with some of her nal poems. She does the continuity in e for "harp harmonies", once-a-week- ram of the San Francisco station.

ot many Radio entertainers have ever e their act for the Duchess and Grand hess of Luxembourgh. In fact, lots broadcast folks never even heard of 'em. But Elbert Bellows, KFRC tenor, has. Serving with the 5th division, A. E. F., Bellows went with a troupe of A. E. F. players after the armistice touring the various units. The royal duo witnessed a performance where the young soldier sang. Later he went into Germany with the American army of occupation.

* * *

PAUL BERGMAN, KMTR's trick saxophone player, wrote *Wild Fire*, usually played as a sax solo . . . three years in this country, he is a robust German.

Sam Hays leaves the climate of Oakland (KTAB) and goes to Los Angeles to announce for the new United chain. A year or so ago he played the male lead in the only open air performance of the *Peer Gynt* suite given in this country . . . at Mt. Tamalpais, California.

* * *

TWO Southern California stations planned to do spring house-cleaning by moving completely very soon. KMTR, early in June, plans to move its studio to the United Artists lot in Hollywood, while KMCS (formerly KMIC, Inglewood) figures on moving to inside the gates at the Metropolitan studio.

KTAB's newest tenor, Paul Hammet, is another auto salesman gone Radio. By day he goes up and down the well known peninsula selling America's popular family car, and at night he does his song act for KTAB. Married; two children.



nother one of those trick photos, for Tom and Wash are both Tom reneman of KFWB. In his noonday sketch he announces "matmonial bureau, insurance, divorces arranged for, janitor work."

KJR believes in playing golf the year round . . . that is, its staff does. Jean Kantner, tenor, headed the list at the last accounting, and some of the fellows at the Northwest Broadcasting System hope to get in good enough shape to challenge the boys at the United chain in Los Angeles pretty soon.

* * *

RANCH HOUR at KTM gets a new recruit in the form of Dan Cypert, cowboy singer from the range lands of southeastern Arizona, where he worked on the Lazy Y ranch near Wilcox, tiny cow town. Cypert is an old-time friend of Cactus Mac (Curtis Mac Peters) also on the station's ranch program nightly. The new Radio ranch hand, lean and lanky, is in his late twenties and has also been an exhibition rider at rodeos and country fairs, while his musical efforts have been gleaned from the ranch bunkhouse and around campfire gatherings.

* * *

EILEEN ROBERTSON is now staff pianist for CKWK up in Vancouver. Born in London twenty-three years ago, her family moved to Salem, Oregon, the next year and to Vancouver in 1917.

Besides a talent for the piano, she is likewise a professional dancer and commercial artist and, as such, made a number of vaudeville tours . . . Pantages and Capitol circuits . . . and several years ago won the pianoforte gold medal at the British Columbia music festival.

* * *

MAURICE KOEHLER, director of the new KGFJ little symphony, hailing originally from Verviers, Belgium, drops his violin for the time being to direct the group for the station which operates some 24 hours a day.

The bushy haired, bespectacled musician has been studying since the age of eight when he came to this country, although he returned to the continent to study in the Royal Academy in Munich and under Christian Timmer, Amsterdam.

Betty McGee Broadcast

HERE'S a blow to many tender feminine hearts among WLS listeners—the Maple City Four bids fair to become a double mixed quartet. "Pat" Petterson, basso, started it. In January he was married to Miss Helen Kiff of La Porte, Ind. This inspired Fritz Meissner, first tenor, to join the ranks of benedicts so in February he took as his bride Miss Dorothy Davidge, Cairo, Ill. And now Al Rice and Art Janes, the other two quartet members, report some progress. Incidentally, this aggregation of singers claims the world's record for early morning broadcasting. During the last two winters they have broadcast programs from 6:30 to 7:00 a.m., six days a week, without missing a single engagement.

Al Rice, who is also a "lead" in many WLS plays, is another one of those people who has done his bit toward entertaining the Prince of Wales. It seems that Al once directed a popular orchestra chosen by His Royal Highness to accompany him on a two months' Canadian trip. It was in Vancouver that the Prince heard Rice's band in a large hotel and was so pleased with their American style of playing that the tour was arranged. In 1929, when Rice was passing through Chicago to join a western orchestra, he met the three original members of the Maple City Four in search of a lead tenor,—so that's the "how" of that story. By the way, he sold his saxophone and bought a 10-cent flute which is now known as his "shower-bath wheeze".

* * *

AS RADIO goes into deeper dramatics, we are told, the need for realistic sound effects grows most important.

Urban Johnson, xylophonist extraordinary and member of Leon Bloom's studio orchestra for WBBM, is their newly appointed Director of Sound Effects. . . . His job it is to figure out the means of reproducing anything from a rattlesnake's ominous buzz to a baby's whimper or an elephant's sneeze.

Recently, Urban was suddenly called upon to make a noise like a chain and padlock. Nothing in the usual sound equipment would do. With a flash of inspiration he grasped a string of beads from one of the actresses and dangled them over a plate. And the drama's realism was preserved!

* * *

THE hurdle from society teas to the microphone is a short one for Dorothy Peffer of Battle Creek, but on the way she masks in the anonymity of Miss Melody. For four years she has been the outstanding entertainer of WELL, Battle Creek, but never disclosed her identity in any of her broadcasts, steadfastly refused to have her picture appear in the paper and declined to consider personal appearance offers. RADIO DIGEST is the first publication to publish her picture. In recent months she has appeared in a daily morning program *Shopping With Sally*, over her home station, during which she describes smart things to wear and bits of gossip about the smart places of the community. Although these talks are essentially for women, she recently received a request from a man "just over from England who wants to know something about men's fashions over here." She is a member of the Hunt and Saddle club, exclusive organization, and not only does she ride well but is an excellent dancer.

* * *

THERE'S a new member in the Gordon Van Dover family (yes, Gordon is a member of the Tom, Dick and Harry Trio, WGN). The little newcomer arrived in town on Lincoln's birthday and his name is Marlin Arthur—you guessed it—after Marlin Hurt, also of the famous trio. Little Marlin Arthur has brown eyes like his daddy and red hair like his mother—and a brother, Gordon Jr., 4, and a sister Lila Mae, aged 2 years.

* * *

IRENE WICKER, petite star of numberless roles originating in the studios of WBBM, consulted a numerologist, who suggested that she add another "e" to her name. It may spell more success, anyway, she's had plenty of that in numerous Daily *Times* dramatic skits and is fa



First published photo of the mysterious "Miss Melody" of WELL, Battle Creek, Mich., now revealed as Dorothy Peffer, society girl, fashion authority and expert equestrienne.



WLS Maple City Four may soon become eight. From left they are Pat Petterson, already wed, Art Janes, on the verge, Fritz Meissner, also wed, and Al Rice (?).

From the Great Midwest

red in *Story In Song*, *The Carnival* and *he Band Concert*, which are WBBM offrings to the Columbia Farm Community etwork programs. Irene, or rather eene, was in the University of Illinois ass of '24 and was a member of Chi mega sorority.

* * *

THE secret's out now! "Homesteader Budge" who has been mystifying Farm and Home Hour" listeners has en discovered to be none other than one arry J. Budinger, whose scintillating ncopation has attracted notice on the *east Foamers* and other NBC productons. Budinger is also featured on KYW rograms as a member of Rex Maupin's *ces of the Air*.

* * *

FRIENDS of "The Smith Family" are tuning in on WMAQ on Wednesday ghts at 8:30 since WENR was purchased the NBC and this program became a ature of the Daily *News* station. They ent to WMAQ with the wind-up of an ection for mayor of the town (Glendale ark, a suburb of any city) in which Mr. nd Mrs. (Smith) ran against each other. . . When the race for mayor was being m the station on which they appeared. 'ENR, received almost 600,000 votes. atistics show this is without a doubt the rgest return from any weekly feature aged on any single station in the county.

Admirers of Marion and Jim, who do ketches and songs, will find them also at WMAQ. They are presenting "Smack Out" at 6:00 each night over that station. The program finds Marion and Jim in a country store with an old New England character who always has plenty of wagon tongues, plasters and what not.

* * *

SOMEONE is always wanting to know if "Herr Louie's" accent well known on the popular WGN "Hungry Five" feature is real, and the answer is that he certainly comes naturally by it. For although Henry Moeller, which is Herr Louie's honest-to-goodness name, was born in Davenport, Iowa, his parents were born in Germany. Henry not only directs the "leetle German band" but writes the continuity for the feature.

Coming to Chicago after finishing school in Davenport, Henry met Hal Gilles, the famous Weasel. Hal hails from Evansville, Indiana, and has been a black face principal, a singer of Negro dialect songs and an ace of sentimental ballads. He is also a clarinet player and a hoofer of no mean ability.

Henry and Hal used to play together in musical comedy, and some seven years ago these two enterprising young men entered into partnership as producers and stagers of home talent plays. And it was in March, 1928 that the two first appeared as Radio entertainers over WGN as the principal characters in *Louie's Hungry Five*. . . . Last October Moeller and Gilles began making electrical transcriptions of their Radio act. Today the feature is heard over more than forty stations in the United States, Canada and Hawaii.

* * *

THE latest addition to the dramatic and announcing staff of WHK, Cleveland, is Victor Dewey Lidyard, who claims to have gotten away with a one-man dramatic sketch featuring no less than 22 individuals. His picture appears on this page. Although Lidyard has been doing dramatic work for quite a long time in Akron, he made his first bid for Radio fame not many years ago by giving a most impressive interpretation of Ida M. Tarbell's "He Knew Lincoln".

Lidyard is somewhat in doubt as to what his Radio nom-de-plume should be. He has answered variously to Dewey, Victor and Duke. In stature he is rather slight with hair inclined to an auburn tinge; a very pleasant microphone voice and manner, and a smile that is contagious. WHK listeners have heard him frequently of late on remote dance programs and he will be featured soon in dramatic offerings from the Studios.

* * *

MENTION interest to listeners and we bring to mind Helen Wyant,

(*Continued on page 97*)



Cumberland Ridge Runners of WLS National Barn Dance. Standing: Gene Ruppe, Hartford Taylor, Ed. Goodreau. Lower: John Lair, Doc Hopkins and Karl Davis.



Victor Dewey Lidyard plays Punchinello. He's the newest addition to WHK, Cleveland, dramatic and announcing staff and claims to have done 22 characters in one skit.



William Braid White

The Enjoyment of Classical Music

Lovely Chamber Music vs. Bang-Bang Rhythm—
"Those Trembly Singers" Are a Menace

By
WILLIAM BRAID WHITE
Doctor of Music

ALMOST any bright student who has taken a few terms of lessons in harmony and counterpoint under a clever teacher, can write music for one hundred and twenty instruments or thereabouts. But when it comes to writing significant music for four or five instruments, then our clever youngsters are simply nowhere. Music for the small ensemble is of all kinds the most delightful, the most elusive and the most powerfully appealing to refined tastes.

Every one of the greatest composers, save only Wagner, who devoted himself entirely to the composition of music-dramas (operas), has written trios, quartets, quintets or sextets, that is to say, music for three, four, five or six instruments. Beethoven wrote a septet (for seven) and both Mendelssohn and Schubert octets (for eight). Schubert wrote several quartets, a trio, and an octet for four stringed and four wind instruments which has been played in every part of the western world by enthusiastic musicians during a hundred years. Columbia made a beautiful phonograph recording of it, a few years ago, which has sold very well. Beethoven wrote eighteen quartets, besides trios and the famous septet. Mozart delighted in chamber music. So did Schumann. So did that little giant Brahms. Chamber music, in fact, has attracted and fascinated the greatest musical minds during the last two hundred years.

I have said something in previous articles about the meaning of the terms, "trio", "quartet", etc., as these are used in describing chamber music. Let me now add that the distribution of the instruments in these small ensembles is not a matter of chance, or even to any extent of the composer's fancy. Long experience has shown that the combination of two violins, one viola and one violoncello is well-nigh perfect for the purposes of chamber music, and this particular grouping has therefore become universal for the performance of what are called "quartets".

Unhappily we use the same word to describe both the music written for four instruments in the grouping mentioned, and for the grouping itself. This is of course illogical, but like a great many other illogical customs it survives. One has to judge by the sense whether the reference is to the music itself or to the group of instruments, when one speaks of a "quartet" or a "trio".

Chamber Music in Electrical Transcriptions

Happily for us lovers of chamber music, the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System are steadily giving us more frequent opportunities to hear the playing of first class ensemble groups, especially of quartets and trios. And a good many performances of chamber music on local stations are from phonograph records, but I think no one need worry about that. Recorded music has been produced in conditions the most nearly perfect that can be imagined. The music has been played again and again until each of the artists has proclaimed himself entirely satisfied with the result. Only then has it been published.

I have two thousand phonograph records and am adding steadily to their number. In fact I have to keep a card index record of them. Among these are some four hundred records of chamber music. I have often compared the recorded playing as given out by my big electric phonograph with the same music played direct into the microphone at the broadcasting studio by the same artists. It is not usually easy to decide which one likes better. At any rate, whether from records or directly, we are getting a fair amount of chamber music these days through our Radio sets and I think we all ought to be happy for so great a privilege.

Trios, quartets and quintets, in fact, are, so to speak, sonatas for ensemble, or to put it in another way, they are symphonies in little. A symphony for orchestra, a quartet for four instruments, a trio for three or a sonata for two or for one—all are founded upon the same fundamental plan. All alike have (usually) four movements of the same general character. All depend in the same way upon the development of distinct musical themes. A symphony written for a great orchestra is powerful, large and complex to an often extraordinary extent, while a quartet or trio will always in comparison be short and simple. Of course, you cannot get out of four instruments, or three even when one is a piano, the sonority and power of a symphony orchestra. So the composer, writing a quartet or trio or quintet, knows that he must depend upon clarity of plan, clean-cut ideas and masterly working out of them, to capture the imagination of the players and of the hearers alike. Chamber music is never noisy. It is usually not even exciting. But it is pure beauty. And that is what counts.

I am all for persuading my readers to listen at every opportunity to all kinds of chamber music, especially to trios and to quartets. More and more the opportunity is being given to you to listen to this greatest of musical styles. Chamber music is the finest of all music because it is music stripped of meretricious trappings, music which comes to you in stark simplicity of lovely sound where that to which you listen is the sheer beauty of the tone patterns quietly and simply weaving themselves before your ears, free from blare of trumpets or thunder of drums.

Of course if music is to you nothing but noise, glitter and bang-bang rhythm then you won't like string quartets. But if you have begun to sense the divine beauty of musical pattern-making as it is done by a master musical mind, then you will more and more like chamber music and you will less and less be thrilled by mere bursts of sound, no matter how magnificent.

I have just had a most interesting letter from a most interesting man, one of the oldest piano tuners on the North American continent. He is Mr. Joseph

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Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York.*

Whiteley of Moncton, N. B., and he has ...tten on a question which must have ...acted the attention of a good many ...lio listeners. He refers to the prev... ...t and detestable practice among ...lio singers of producing excessive ...rato". Why so many singers should ...k it necessary to make their tone ...duction sound like a wheezy church ...an with the tremolo stop pulled out ... going full blast, is something I do ... pretend to explain. Yet the thing ...pens continually.

Those "Trembly" Singers

...n fact, most of those Radio singers ... are not merely crooners, whisperers ... similar vocal criminals seem to think ... point of necessity to impart a con... ...ous and senseless tremolo to their ...es. I suppose that this is done by ...n for either or both of two reasons. ... first reason undoubtedly is found ...ad tone production, brought about by ... teaching. There are probably more ...mples of bad teaching among singers ...n among all other musicians put to... ...er. The second reason probably lies ... belief that the public likes this sort ... singing. If this be the case, then of ...rse nothing can be done about it, ...il the public changes or rather, im... ...ves, its taste.

...At any rate, this can be laid down as ...ule: A singer who makes every tone ...o a tremolo is not a good singer.

...Mr. Whiteley makes another point. ... says that Radio listeners who hear ...s sort of tremulant vocal tone all the ...e will fall into the error of supposing ...t it is actually correct. If so, thinks ... they will suppose also that the piano ... the living room, which has not been ...ed for years, and which because of that defect gives out an excruciatingly complete tremolo whenever a key is touched, is really sounding just as it should.

Well, this may be the expression by Mr. Whiteley of a somewhat excessive fear, but when one considers how few pianos are ever in tune, and how the masses of the people seem to have hardly any idea of the difference between intuneness and out-of-tuneness, it is easy to see that his fears may be justified after all.

Which brings me to another matter. Radio and pianos in the home are drawing together. A very interesting new project is under way. Probably most of my readers have already heard about it and no doubt very many of them have begun to listen-in. At any rate the thing is so tremendously interesting to all who really care for music, and it carries such great possibilities in the way of helping to develop latent musical talent, that I consider myself quite justified in talking about it here.

Piano Lessons for a Nation

Of course, I am referring to the Saturday and Tuesday broadcasts which were led off on March 28th, and to the first of which Dr. John Erskine made the principal contribution. In these programs, which are going on regularly each week, noted musical amateurs, men and women of affairs who play the piano as hobby, relaxation, fun, are joining to demonstrate to the millions of Radio listeners how easy it is for any person who has a piano at home and a little stock of common sense in his or her head, to learn to play tunes and accompaniments for personal pleasure and satisfaction.

This is a very fine piece of work which President Aylesworth of the National Broadcasting Company has started. He, like other men who think and look ahead, realizes that the art of music would simply curl up and die if the time should ever come when no one should take any longer an interest in personally producing music. Should this time ever come, which God forbid, music as a living, growing art would come to a standstill and the millions of listeners would find that their greatest pleasure and standby, music on the air . . . was dying on their hands. Now, I am not an alarmist, but the truth is that we have been traveling a good deal too fast for comfort or safety along this line of passivity and apathetic absorbing.

We, and I mean to include the millions of Radio listeners, have shut up our pianos, have banished music lessons from the home and have said, "Oh, why bother when we can get all the entertainment we want by turning a button?" What has been the result? We have begun to find . . . and that this is true evidence accumulates daily to show . . . we have begun to find that merely to listen without ever trying to take part, is a sure way to boredom. No one would sit for hours, day after day, looking on at others playing bridge or go out to the golf links just to watch others playing golf. Occasionally, when a Bobby Jones comes along we are willing to go and watch his play, but that is largely because we hope to pick up a few hints towards improving our own play. Just so, music students will crowd to hear a great pianist or violinist or singer; because they will be learning while they are listening.

If some one could only start the fashion of cultivating an amateur acquaintance with practical music! After all, the thing is neither impossible nor necessarily very difficult. There are communities by the score all through this great land of ours where little groups meet to sing and play music together. Just think for a moment of that marvelous movement which has produced the bands and, still better, the orchestras of our High Schools. I have listened with astonishment and genuine admiration to the playing, under Professor Maddy's baton, of five hundred boys and girls, drawn by competition from high school orchestras all over the country, playing in one great symphony orchestra under Professor Maddy's baton; and playing with amazing freshness and enthusiasm. Again last Fall I had the delightful experience of hearing almost as many youngsters of both sexes drawn from the school orchestras of one single state, Iowa, playing after just a few days' rehearsal at the meeting of the Iowa State Teachers' Association. It was, I tell you, a wonderful experience to see pretty young girls playing the big bull-fiddles, the French horns, the trombones, the clarinets, as well as the more usual violins. It was as wonderful to see fine

(*Continued on page 98*)



Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is also a fine pianist.

A Post-Script on ETIQUETTE

P. S. Musts and Mustn'ts of Convention Should Be Observed. They're Signs of Good Breeding

By Emily Post

WHEN I joined Mrs. Blake's column, which broadcasts over the Columbia network every Friday morning, I promised my Radio listeners that I would try to point out which rules of etiquette are vitally important, and which are not quite so important.

Every rule to be of importance must have for its object the smoothing of the social machinery, or the considerations of taste or of courtesy. Rules for social machinery include all details of dining-room service, table manners, introductions, leaving cards, the unending details such as when to sit and when to stand, and the conventional—practically mechanical—thing we do and say on various occasions. The purpose of this class of rules is best illustrated by a church service.



Emily Post, Author of popular book, *Etiquette*.

It would be shocking to have people trotting in and out of pews, talking out loud or otherwise disturbing the dignity associated with church ritual. For this reason, we have set rules of procedure for all ceremonial functions, so that marriages, christenings, funerals, as well as Sunday services shall be conducted with ease and smoothness.

Among the conventional forms for instance, that allow no deviation we must include introductions and greetings. The formal introduction is, and has always been, "Mrs. Stranger, may I present Professor Brown?" The semi-formal introduction, which is the introduction in general use, and equally correct (whether on formal or informal occasions), is the mere repetition of two names: "Mrs. Stranger, Mrs. Neighbor." Both names said exactly alike. When introducing a man to a woman her name is said first. A woman is never introduced to a man—not even if he be eighty and she eighteen.

When you have been introduced, you say "How do you do?" Once in a while, if introduced to some one you have heard much about, and who has also heard about you, you perhaps say "I am very glad to meet you", or "I've heard so much about you from Mary". But you must never say "Pleased to meet you" or "Charmed" — both of these are socially taboo! Nor do you cooingly echo "Mrs. Smy-uth". Best Society says "How do you do?" Nothing else.

A hostess always shakes hands with her guests when they arrive an when they leave. She should never shak hands at face height or in any other awk ward or eccentric fashion. A proper han shake is at about waist height. After introduction you merely clasp hands ar after a brief raising and dropping mov ment, let go. Of course, if you a shaking hands with a friend—especial one whom you have not seen for a lo time, you shake hands with a warm pressure and for a long time. A hoste greets her guests with the inevitab phrase "How do you do?" to which s adds "I'm so glad to see you," or "M Older, how good of you to come".

When you say good-bye to your hoste you say "Thank you for a very pleasa evening," or "Thank you so much f asking me," or a young girl says "Go night, I've had a wonderful time!" "It's been a wonderful party!" Hoste answers "It was a great pleasure to s you" or "I'm so glad you could come," "How nice of you to say that"—whatev naturally answers what her friends ha said.

At a dance, a man asks a girl "Wou you care to dance?" She says "Yes, like to very much," or if he cuts in, says "May I have some of this?" H present partner releases her. She s nothing. When they finish dancing, always says "Thank you." Or he p haps says "That was wonderful". either remark she answers "Thank yo

AND now let me say few words about another and even m important division of etiquette, which s that of courtesy. In a nut shell, court means unfailing consideration of the f ings of others—it is the very spirit good breeding—the outward expression innate kindness. The only example discourtesy that has threatened po society in over three hundred years that of the hostess who helps herself o the untouched dishes first, and then her leavings passed to her guests. T example of unknowing, or at least thinking, rudeness cannot be over phasized, because it is spreading around the outskirts of society, and



w to set a table for tea. This ow Mrs. Post prepares for her sts. Photo taken in Mrs. ost's New York apartment.

n invaded the homes of certain few well-bred but elessly absent-minded hosses who fail to notice at their improperly trained vants are doing. And as se of highest position are . to be those who pay least ention, Mrs. Nono Betta icing that Mrs. Richan reless served herself first, ls her butler or waitress to the same. Others in turn by Mrs. Nono Betta and it s on—except, of course, the houses of those whose rtesy is innate, or those whose ial position is founded on the traditions culture. The only occasion when the ditions of courtesy permit a hostess to p herself before a woman guest is when has reason to believe the food is poied. It must otherwise be remembered t the dish of honor is the perfectly garhed untouched dish, with fresh unched serving implements laid upon

And the guest of honor, or whoer is the oldest woman guest pres-, has the honor of breaking into s dish. For the hostess herself to op out a hollow, or to cut a gap, or to ak a crust—cannot be defended; since bite into an apple and then hand it to guest would be no greater breach of rtesy. Imagine a child at his own party ng allowed to help himself to the pieces likes from the dish of cakes or in the of candy and then hand the dish or box his guests!

A THIRD division of etitte is that of taste. This naturally indes the clothes we choose, and where wear them, the house we build or buy furnish, and of still greater importance (since choice of home or clothes is limited by money) is the taste with which we choose our words and their pronunciation. In short, our standing as persons of cultivation and social distinction (or the contrary), is determined in the first few sentences we speak. In making the briefest list of mistakes to be avoided, one might put at the top of the list all characteristics of sham and veneer. A would-be-elegant pose, a mush in the throat voice, and any such expression as "I beg you will partake of refreshment before retiring," or "I will be charmed to attend" are all to fashionable people, taboo. By fashionable I mean those who have for generations known widest cultivation. Such people as these would say "Will you have something to eat before you go to bed?" "I will go with pleasure", and all other Anglo-Saxon expressions.

Pronunciation taboos include flattening and perversions of the vowels. "Jest" meaning "just", "ben" for bin or—pronounced by the very high-brows "bean" but by most of us, "bin". Foreign is right—Foureign is wrong. We drink water—not watter. Thought should be "thowt" not thot; film—not fillum; athletic—not athaletic. And no one with the least pretention to cultivation could ever say "girlie", "little woman", "in the home", "pardon me", "gentleman friend", and so on.

As for subjects of conversation, society might discuss pathology, but it taboos physiology. Any abstract subject could be admissible but should any one mention blemishes on toes by actual name he would find himself outside the barred door of every society that could possibly be admitted as Best.

QUESTION CORNER *for Women Readers*

THE Woman's Feature Editor of RADIO DIGEST *is opening this Department with a desire to assist women readers in solving problems, large or small, which arise in daily life.*

SHE will be glad to answer any questions that may be troubling you from some domestic problem to the latest in fashion hints. Address your letter to Woman's Feature Editor, RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.*



Mrs Miriam Finn Scott

The

He Always Has Something Valuble to Offer to the World and Must Be Given More Than Ordinary Consideration

By Miriam Finn Scott

THE following article is one of a series of broadcasts which Mrs. Scott gave over the NBC. If you have any problem with your child, write to Mrs. Scott in care of RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, and she will be pleased to advise you how to handle it. Mrs. Scott is the author of several books on the care of the child and is a recognized authority on children's problems.—Editor.*

THE most difficult type of the unusual child to handle is the child with the original, inventive mind, great mechanical ability, an insatiable curiosity and an almost ruthless urge for experimentation. A child with these qualities is on the one hand utterly fearless, recognizes no physical limitations either within himself or outside of himself, goes to any extreme, stops at nothing in order to attain his ends. But on the other hand he finds it almost impossible to conform to the necessary routine of daily life. This kind of the "unusual child" is, of course, a very trying, disturbing member both in the home group and in the school, but parents and teachers must realize first of all that the child of this type cannot be held responsible because he is endowed with powers beyond his physical control; he cannot be blamed. He must be helped to acquire control of the driving forces within him so that they will become a constructive and not a destructive contribution to his development. But such control cannot be taught to a child by mere words, by threats, by punishments or by rewards. It can be achieved only by taking an interest in the child's deeply rooted interests. He requires the most thoughtful, the most sympathetic and at the same time the most definite training. It is very important for parents as well as teachers to realize that from this type of child perfection in the commonplace details cannot be expected. If he gives a reasonable amount of cooperation, if he learns to understand and admit his thoughtless conduct, if he shows a willingness to do better—these efforts, however weak, should be appreciated and encouraged. It is a slow, a most difficult task to help this type of the unusual child to get command of himself. It takes time, patience and endless courage, but in my opinion no child is more worthy of the best thought and training than the unusual child, because it is invariably out of this child that the man or woman springs who makes a worthwhile contribution to society.

To the parents who believe that the school can and should do everything for a child, I wish to say from a rather wide experience that no school can undertake this almost overwhelming responsibility of training the unusual child. The school should certainly give understanding cooperation; it should give special attention, in so far as it is able; but it has neither the time nor the facilities to give to the unusual child that individual, intensive training which must be done at home, in all the hours that he is outside the school.

THE story of Bob will illustrate the problems the unusual child presents from various aspects—it will also show how he has been handled, how his unusual qualities are being developed, but not at the expense of the comfort and happiness of others.

Bob started to show his adventurous spirit at the early age of two and one-half years. He was for the first time sitting on a float, carefully watched by his father. Bob was apparently quietly enjoying the new experience when he saw his sister (ten years old) dive into the water. Before the father could move, Bob jumped up and dived into the water. There was a momentary scream of terro from those on the beach who saw th incident. To be sure, there was littl danger of the child's drowning, with hi father right there, but Bob needed n assistance—he bobbed up, caught hold o the rope and pulled himself up on th float. This little incident is typical o the way Bob never misses a chance o trying a new adventure.

FROM his earliest yea Bob was interested in boats. He carve them out of wood with a knife, fitted ther out with sails and sailed them. Storms an winds made no difference to him, much t his mother's discomfort and anxiety. The began his engine creating period, whe fire explosions and short circuits kept th household in a turmoil. From that h went into the building of aeroplane Whatever happened to interest Bob at th time, that interest held him almost spell bound from the moment he opened h eyes in the morning until he went to be at night. Every scrap of wood, met and string that he came across he save for his inventions. School had no a traction for him, although he learned read and write, or print, at the age five. His eldest sister was his teache Learning to write interested him becau it helped him to understand the advertis ments of the things which he loved, a at a very early age he began to correspo with various concerns requesting cat logues and illustrated pamphlets.

At the age of six Bob's mother decid to enter him in a school. She chose o of the foremost modern schools. T mother was very frank. She told t principal of the school that she did n understand how to handle Bob, that was too much for her. The principal e amined the child, found him very int esting, admitted him, and in accordan with the ideals and methods of the sch Bob was given full freedom for self- pression. This ideal freedom for se

Unusual Child

pression played havoc with Bob. The ool, as such, was just a fifth wheel to b's wagon. He almost took the school rt! After one year in that school he was hattered, thoroughly disorganized child.

THE second school he ented was a school of high academic standd and splendid discipline. Bob passed intelligence test with flying colors. He s admitted with the school's full knowlge of his past history. This school nd Bob a willful, wild, undisciplined , behind in all class studies and terri- anti-social. The amazing skill of his nds, his keen interest in all scientific l mechanical devices, was not even iced by his teachers. He was intering with the routine of the class work l the parents were requested that he be noved from the school because he could make the necessary adjustment.

The discouraged parents were vised to enter Bob into a very all school where he could have ensive individual attention. was taken to a school that d only about a dozen pupils. had been founded for the ecial purpose of developing the ritual nature of the child and give particular attention to unusual child. Here Bob nd himself among a group of ildren, the majority of whom re definitely deficient. Some the children, although two or ee years older than Bob, were a much lower mentality. The hool held nothing for Bob exot boredom. Since nothing was ovided for him by the school keep his keen mind legitiately interested and his skillful hands sy, he was driven to find an interest for nself. During his play periods in school b spent the time building aeroplanes. work the propeller he needed rubber nds. In his eagerness to finish the plane went searching around in the schoolm for the rubber bands. He found ne in the supply closet and took them. was caught and pounced upon by one his teachers—was lectured on the subt of honesty—was practically branded hief. Not until it was too late did the chers realize with what outrageous stulity and injustice they had handled a all boy. The parents, in despair, reoved Bob from this school, and it was at s point that he was brought to me.

I found Bob fascinating—alert, intered in everything, keenly observant, and th an almost uncanny skill in his ten gers. He had brought some of the models of the aeroplanes that he had built. Designers of aeroplanes have pronounced these models to be extraordinary work for a child of ten. But with all his skill and intelligence, I found Bob nervously worn, chaotic in all his habits, absolutely irresponsible, thoughtless in his contacts with others and cruelly demanding.

I REALIZED that here was an unusual child who was the victim of almost vicious handling. What he needed was freedom to express his valuable powers, but he also needed definite discipline to help him get control of his powers. He had to be aroused to a sense of responsibility; he had to learn to conform to certain rules of conduct for the benefit of others, and unless he did so he could not have the things that were most precious to him. His parents were made to understand that in his physical habits



A child at play in the quietude of the Children's Garden.

they had to deal with him as though he were six years of age. He had to learn to dress himself properly and quickly; to be willing to take his bath on time; to come to the table promptly and observe good table manners. For a while he was tutored at home to get a solid foundation for his school work. All this training was given Bob with regularity, with definiteness, but in a spirit of sympathy and true consideration—it was never overdone. At the same time he was given a reasonable opportunity to experiment and adventure.

Bob gradually learned to appreciate that, hard as it was for him to conform to the routine of every-day life, conforming brought him release from being nagged and tormented all the time for doing this and for not doing that. In the spring he entered a school at the head of which is a man of true insight and fine feeling. It is now two years that Bob has been at that school. He is taking a genuine interest in his school work; he is physically stronger than he has ever been; he is more considerate and responsive; he is entirely self-dependent as to his personal care. Because he has gained better control of himself, his unusual gifts express themselves more fully and more accurately and bring him and those about him greater joy.

Here is one case of an unusual child where his wings were not clipped while he was learning to gain control of them.

From my rich experience with children of all ages and under all sorts of conditions, I was brought to the realization that the education of the child does not depend on the period the child spends in school, nor for that matter does it depend upon any one particular period or factor in his life, but that his development, his education depend upon all factors in his life. Every contact, every influence, every impression—whether the child registers it consciously or unconsciously—is a basic influence in his entire development; the very commonplaces of his everyday existence, his eating, his dressing, his bathing, his playing, hold the greatest riches for his growth and progress.

THE parent who has not learned the importance of allowing the child to express himself freely in order to understand him better, but who always dominates, directs, corrects, nags and admonishes, will reveal himself by such innocent interruptions as, "John, be careful!", or "Mary, have you seen this beautiful game?", or, "Don't do that on the table—you will scratch it!", and so on.

When parents with their children come to The Children's Garden, they enter a very simple home, but they all can at once sense that whatever advice I might give is based on a first hand knowledge on my part of practical living conditions.

In The Children's Garden, there is one room set aside which is my laboratory. In appearance it is just an attractive playroom equipped with the simplest furniture —different shaped and different colored tables and chairs which comfortably fit the body of any child from the age of two to fourteen years. Materials, games and toys are attractively arranged on the shelves. Every motion of his in this Children's Garden reveals his physical, mental and emotional capacities and weaknesses.



How men and women listeners responded to WTIC's invitation to attend a public cooking demonstration by Miss Bowering at The Mixing Bowl.

POT LUCK?

No! You Can't Say to Food Ingredients "Come on Seven 'leven" and Expect an Ideal Angel Cake

"THERE is no such thing as luck in cooking."

Such is the contention of Florrie Bishop Bowering, director of "The Mixing Bowl" of Station WTIC of Hartford.

"A cake does not 'come out well' because the cook had good luck, nor does it 'turn out poorly' because she had poor luck," Miss Bowering maintains. "Much of cookery depends on chemistry, and in chemistry certain ingredients act upon others in the same way every time. A pharmacist wouldn't dare concoct a prescription without accurately measuring each ingredient to be sure it was in proper proportion to the others. And neither should a cook, if she desires success."

A half-teaspoon more or less of baking powder than is specified in a recipe, or too much beating or stirring, or just ten degrees more or less heat than called for, will frequently spoil a cake. The three important factors of the art of cooking, according to Miss Bowering, are: first, the effect of one ingredient upon another; second, the method used in combining the ingredients; and third, the application of heat to the mixture or plain food.

In order that she may put her theories into actual practice, a model experimental kitchen has been built for Miss Bowering adjacent to the studios from which she transmits her programs. In this kitchen she tests every recipe she imparts to her listeners and tries out recipes and hints passed on to her by members of the Mixing Bowl audience.

The WTIC kitchen is in keeping with Miss Bowering's ideals of efficiency. The tables are adjusted to the "working level" best suited to her and are equipped with rubber casters so that they may be rolled silently and swiftly to any part of the room. The surface of every piece of furniture that would lend itself to such treatment is covered with porcelain to make it easy to clean, and almost every bit of metal is plated with chromium, rendering it immune to rust, tarnish and stains.

AT THE right of the sink stands a kitchen cabinet, and directly above it another cabinet with sliding doors, containing the soap, scouring powders, dish mops and other articles used in washing. The kitchen cabinet is equipped with outlets so that the electric mixer, toaster, waffle iron, coffee percolator and other appliances may be plugged at this convenient point. The ran is the last word in electric stove being equipped with units that he with triple speed, an automat clock that turns the heat on at a temperature and shuts it off wh desired. The refrigerator is hous in a steel cabinet, is equipped wi a temperature control, contains special compartment for vegetabl and—wonder of wonders!—is high enough from the floor to all "broom-room" so that the linole underneath may be mopped easily as the rest of the floor.

"It must be borne in mind," s the charming mistress of the Mix Bowl, "that my kitchen at Stat WTIC is not supposed to be model for the ordinary home. It is l out on a rather large scale because th is so much research work done in it to accommodate visitors. The princip involved in the arrangement, howe may be applied to any home. The sa convenient compactness could be int duced into a smaller room with e better effect."

"The aim of the Mixing Bowl is help women to live more beautiful says the charming director of home e nomics for Station WTIC, "to per more leisure time for culture, entert ment and companionship with their f ilies; to show how, with modern labor time-saving equipment and food produ they may find short-cuts to efficient m agement of their homes."

Dispatched over the ether by a tr mission power of 50,000 watts, the Mi

George Malcolm-Smith *Reports WTIC Mixing Bowl Activities*

is the domestic forum of
keepers throughout the
of New England. It has a
audience in the southeast-
Canadian provinces, New
State, Pennsylvania and
Jersey. Recently Miss
ring received thanks for a lemon pie
heard by a housewife in Pueblo,
ado. She has entertained in her kitch-
ousekeepers who have listened to
n several western states, including
is, Ohio and Wisconsin. Recently
ttained a record for fan mail. The
nse to one broadcast totaled 1,032
s requesting a certain recipe. This is
ved to be the largest bundle of mail
received for one domestic science
am transmitted from a single station.
ss Bowering's personality is a rare,
t paradoxical, combination of charm
efficiency. Reared in Nova Scotia,
e men are men and demand good
ng, Miss Bowering's training for her
nt capacity was propitious. Follow-
ier education at Boston University,
lual talents as public speaker and cu-
y expert won her executive positions
veral public utility concerns. She also
ucted cooking schools spon-
d by newspapers throughout
East, addressing as many as
00 women a week.

ast March she was chosen to
ess the National Electric Light
ciation convention held in Chi-
. Her speech won her an as-
ment to outline a bureau of
e economics for the Electric
ply Board of the Irish Free
e. During the past summer she
red a class of Columbia Uni-
ity co-eds. Several cookbooks
many articles in national peri-
als manifest her ability as a
estic science authority.

An interview

her in her kitchen is just about
most pleasant assignment any
orter could desire. While he is
ting a luscious piece of pie or
e where it will do the most
d, he is regaled with an enthu-
tic account of her work.

t came as a surprise to learn
t many of her letters come from
n. Those who keep bachelor
rters request recipes for simple
hes, such as meat loaf or choc-
te cake. And here's one revela-
n that may give you a shock—
n are as fond of that dainty,
minine delicacy known as angel
ce as they are of any other form
dessert. That's what Miss
wering's mail would indicate, at
y rate. But the real, he-man
h, the most popular that may be
ced before a member of the
rn sex, is steak smothered in
ions.

Requests for all manner of advice in gastronomical subjects are contained in Miss Bowering's mail. One woman craves to learn new sandwich-fillings, explaining that she puts up seven lunch boxes a day for her husband to take to work, for three youngsters in grammar school and three more in high school. Another listener is anxious to obtain a satisfactory diet for a son who is suffering from injuries received in the World War. No less than a dozen letters came from members of the congregation of a certain church in Troy, N. Y., all of them beseeching Miss Bowering to send them the recipe for a chocolate fudge cake that won the acclaim of everyone who attended a church supper.

According to Miss Bowering, there is a very definite need for educating women in the use of the new household contrivances, and to illustrate her point she tells several amusing mistakes made by women with whom she has come in contact during her lectures and demonstrations.

There was, for instance, the case of the woman who believed that the dust picked up by her new vacuum cleaner was carried away by the electric cord plugged into the wall. It was with considerable amazement that she learned that the waste was accumulated in the dustbag, for she had imagined that the dust was "burned up by the electricity in the electric wire."

Then, too, there was the case of the woman who wanted to know where she could buy the tiny cubes of ice to be placed in her electric refrigerator. More ludicrous perhaps than either of these cases was that of the housewife who called her washing machine a "fake" because it did not clean the clothes she placed in the tub. It was discovered that she had dumped them into the machine perfectly dry, expecting the electricity to remove the dirt.

These, of course, are extreme examples. But there are thousands of women, Miss Bowering contends, who are not getting full benefit of twentieth century household appliances because they do not understand how they operate.

Often Miss Bowering receives splendid recipes from her audience. These she passes on to other auditors, The Mixing Bowl being a sort of "give and take" arrangement. Any suggestions submitted by one listener are tested and then imparted to other listeners.

Perhaps the most sensationally popular of all the recipes that have come from members of her audience was Mrs. Smith's Mystery Cake. Believe it or not, it substitutes tomato soup for milk! It requires no milk, no eggs and only a tiny bit of butter. Nevertheless, it is one of the most delicious, fluffiest, daintiest cakes ever made.

One of the most popular of Miss Bowering's own creations is her Cubist Cake. When this masterpiece of the culinary art is cut, it reveals a cubistic maze of pink, green and white, with a central square of yellow. Each color constitutes a different flavor, such as orange, lemon and pineapple, with raspberry, vanilla or almond as the center piece. The icing is a vision of appetizing loveliness and daintiness and is as fragrant as an exotic perfume.

Because many readers have protested against the broadcasting of recipes we are not publishing here the "key" to the cake which Mr. Malcolm-Smith included in his article. However, the Woman's Feature Editor will be pleased to supply the recipe for this luscious, creamy, mouth-watering dessert to those who write for it.



M-m-m-m. "Would you like to have a slice?" asks Miss Bowering as she cleaves the scientifically prepared cake into tempting portions.

"This Changing World"

Leading Suffragette Believes Modern Thinking and Teaching are Bearing Fruit of Long Desired Ideals

By Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt

SCHOLARS have found a new phrase which they like better than any other—"this changing world". They tell us that men are no longer thinking the same thoughts nor doing the same things as were their habits before the Great War.

They point to a very ancient history when they claim men of highest development could only manage to adopt on the average one new idea in a thousand years. Even so, the process was painful and was invariably accompanied by the incidents of assassination, murder, exile, war, confiscation of property, destruction of towns and cities, fire and brimstone.

The time came when men thought faster and here and there clever nations actually achieved a new idea about every five hundred years. Long after, an enterprising nation like ours, well stuffed with education and enlightenment, often hurried a new idea through all its necessary stages at the rate of one to a century. For example, it required a hundred years of very hard work and much eloquence to stop the importation of slaves and another hundred years, including a Civil War, was needed to free these slaves. From the time when the American Colonies first tried to prevent the sale of rum to savage Indians down to modern prohibition lies two hundred years. It took 150 years to get woman suffrage sufficiently discussed to persuade statesmen that it might safely be put into the constitution.

SO IT happened that the first step onward in making over the old world into the new was the determination to put war out of it. Thousands of men and women ranged themselves on the side of the new idea and thousands more said war always had been and, therefore, always would be. For eleven years these two groups, in forums, conferences, schools, classes, lectures, and round tables, have discussed the war and peace problem up and down, back and forth, and the statesmen of the great nations have led the world forward along staple trails.

In 1925 another conference, among many, took place in Washington. It was different from all the others. Nine dignified women sat in a row upon the platform and each was the president of a national organization with an enormous membership. In that first convention of 1925 two hundred and fifty-seven causes of actual wars were listed.

The Woman's Conferences on the Cause and Cure of War have le three things and learned them well First, the 257 causes of war four 1925 have been reduced to one. one is the competition of the war tem of nations;

Second, all possible cures of war likewise been reduced to one; th mobilization of the war institution by ruthless destruction, but, bi bit, as fast and as far as it ma replaced by a well constructed, cessfully operating peace instit War, then, is reduced to one one cure; and

Third, the work yet to be ac plished before there will warless world is the demob tion of the war system an mobilization of a substi peace system.



Mrs. Catt, pioneer in the women's suffrage movement, who broadcast recently over the NBC.

CERTAINLY in the past ten years more structive progress has been toward permanent peace tha all the fifty millions of years ceding it. A League of Na with most of the world's s in its membership, has pledg self to find a way to abolish A World Court, first suggeste our own nation at the Hague ference in 1899, and again in has been established with nation members. The Briand logg Pact has been ratifie most of the nations of the w agreeing to renounce war a settle disputes arising with an nation by peaceful methods. ies of arbitration have been s by the dozens until a virtual pact binding all the nations world together has been eff The demobilization of war ma ery is under way. Yet, no have men ceased marching, f building ships, making muni and everywhere taxpayers not despite peace conferences, the of war rises each year.



Stanley, Musical Comedy Star. Her Perfect Poise From the Assurance that She Knows She is Beautiful

Willing to be Beautiful

It's Not the Features that Make for Pulchritude. It's the Awareness of Being Attractive That Counts

By

FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on Care of the Skin, Heard on NBC Every Tuesday Morning

WILLING to be beautiful—but, of course, who isn't? Well, as a matter of fact, there are thousands men who do not will to be beauti- They are willing to be beautiful, ut they do not will to be beautiful, his is something else again.

xander Woollcott, writing about a known actress in one of the national n's magazines lately, makes this illuminating statement in regard to will to be beautiful. Speaking of actress who has a reputation for beauty as well as great talent, he

. . she made rapid, fortunate, and ging progress, and since it seemed mportant thing in the theatre, she led to be beautiful, too, achieving a formation by sheer act of will, I ."

iy sheer act of will"—willing to be tiful.

ella Ryan teaches the same doctrine ne of her recent short stories when writes the following dialogue for the ine and her confidante:

But you got to have something,' said , 'eyes or hair or something.'

Not necessarily. Often a reputation beauty counts more than its posses- ; it helps if you act as though you had it,'" says the story.

"'Oh. I couldn't do that,' said Enid. 'I'd never get away with it.'

"'You must first convince yourself,' said Miss Sokarki. 'You *must* say firmly to yourself. 'I have a great but hidden beauty waiting for the eye of the discoverer.'"

In other words. the heroine of the story was to have the will to be beautiful. She was to believe first of all in her own attractiveness and so persuade other people to take her at her own valuation.

Clever women have done this since time immemorial. It is a matter of record that one of the most famous beauties in history was lame, and that another had a bad squint. It goes to prove that often the girl who draws forth the remark, "she thinks she is pretty", has both common sense and psychology on her side. She believes she is pretty and invariably you are willed to believe it, too.

Even experts on beauty can be deceived. This story is told of Florenz Ziegfeld who once took a famous artist to admire a popular show girl.

"Isn't she beautiful?" he demanded.

"No," said the artist. "She isn't even pretty, but she feels beautiful. Darn clever girl!"

And these clever girls keep right on drawing rings around their more beautiful sisters, too. At parties, at dances, in schools, on shipboard you see them all the time—willing to be beautiful and forcing you unconsciously to accept them at that valuation.

I had a splendid opportunity this winter to observe this psychology at work when I made a short trip to Bermuda. The most beautiful girl aboard that ship was not beautiful at all by Ziegfeldian standards, but it would have been very difficult indeed for me to convince anybody on board of that fact. Her confidence in her attractiveness was such that I am sure no one thought of questioning her unspoken claims. There were many more beautiful girls on that ship, but lacking confidence in themselves, they inspired none in others.

Clothes do not make the woman. Neither do regular features, nor a perfect figure. They help—they contribute to feeling beautiful. But no woman can feel beautiful or look beautiful who has not the confidence inspired by a beautiful skin. A blemish of the complexion has made many women lose their belief in themselves—in their own attractiveness. Smart clothes, in instances of this sort, defeat their own purpose because they call attention to defects of the skin.

A beautiful complexion is really beauty insurance. It inspires women with confidence in themselves. Its possession leaves them free from selfconsciousness and allows them to be unaffected and charming.

Even the elegante, or perhaps I should say, especially the elegante, will admit the truth of this. There are some dresses which the sophisticate does not dare to wear when her skin is not at its best. An evening dress by Maggy Rouff, for instance, demands perfection in the matter of complexion. The smallest blemish would ruin the effectiveness of the gown and its wearer.

This is not discouraging however—Skin can be improved. It can be beautiful. Then *will* to be beautiful.

Free booklets on the Care of the Skin by Frances Ingram will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. *Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of* RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor.*

Scientific Progress of the Radio Art

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Past, Present and Future of Television

AS WE LET our thoughts glide backward over the years, we find men who are eternal dreamers, thinking and working on things unknown but hoped for. And from the time that the ancient Greeks told of the shafts of light shot by Apollo, men have concerned themselves with the nature of light and means of transmitting it to a distance.

Back in 1884 in the days of kerosene lamps and cigar store Indians, an obscure and still almost unknown Russian scientist, Paul Nipkow, filed a patent for an "electrical telescope". Nipkow was a dreamer, but no idle dreamer, for in his patent he not only anticipated television but described a system with considerable precision. Add to Nipkow's devices a few modern electrical tools and you have the essentials of a modern television system built almost bolt for bolt as Nipkow would have built it if modern equipment had been available for his use. Alas for some theories that germinate in the minds of men—they wilt in the light of advancing knowledge. But Nipkow's devices have stood the test of time; a resume of television history without credit to Nipkow's vision would be blasphemy. We can almost say that in his mind the concept of modern television first found light; Nipkow was not only a scientist but a poet, for he breathed life into the facts which he discovered.

A complete summary of all the early scientists who devoted their thoughts to television and the closely allied art of picture transmission would fill many pages. In France, Italy, Germany, Russia, Austria, the problems were studied. But today most of the development work is concentrated in England, France, Germany and the United States.

The modern scientist, to produce our present day television transmitters and receivers, has in effect taken a number of individual units and assembled them into a television system. The néon lights used in television receivers are old; the foundation work on the photo-cell or "television eye" was done in the latter part of the nineteenth century by Hallwachs, Hertz, Elester, Geitel, Schmidt, names probably entirely unknown to the reader. The néon tube, the photo-cell, Nipkow's scanning disc and the vacuum tube; these are the essential elements of all television systems. The first three units had to await the development of the vacuum tube before they could efficiently be utilized in a complete television system.

And so television is the product of many dreams, of many hopes, of many failures. But, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "What have we to do with our time but to fill it with labor, to work, to know, to discover, to create." To this sentiment the scientist heartily subscribes.

Modern television, as we know it today, began about 1923. Actually this first modern work was concerned more with the development of picture transmitting systems, but much of the experience and practical knowledge which engineers obtained from this work in still picture transmission later proved almost directly applicable to the problems of television.

TELEVISION and the motion picture too, for that matter, would not be possible were it not for a certain characteristic of the eye known as "persistency of vision." Examples of this characteristic of the eye are familiar to all of us. Thus the glowing end of a match swung rapidly round in a circle looks like a complete ring of light and not a single glow of light changing its position every moment. Motion pictures and animated cartoons consist of many still pictures flashed on a screen in such rapid succession that we get the impression of continuous motion. If only a few pictures per second are flashed on a movie screen, we get an impression of motion but the image has a bad flicker. But when we reach a rate of ten or fifteen pictures per second the eye responds as though it were seeing a continuous picture. Were it not, therefore, a c teristic of the human eye to *retain* c *pression* the reproduction of movi jects would be utterly impossible.

Probably the first modern demo tion of television was given in E in January, 1926, before the Roy stitute. The apparatus used was de and built by J. L. Baird, who h years been identified with the de ment of television apparatus. Baird use of a modified Nipkow scanning The results were quite poor, due l however, to crudeness of the app rather than to the use of improper ods, for Baird used the same prin that have been used in all later ty television apparatus.

In this country the first imp demonstration occurred on April 7, when the Bell Telephone Labora



Television as the New York *Herald Tribune* artist sees it. The actor and actress stand before brilliant lights, with prompter and technician "off-stage".

ve a public demonstration of television
ween New York City and Washington,
C. Again we find in use the all im-
rtant Nipkow disc for scanning the sub-
t's face being televised. For the tele-
ion receiver use was made both of a
all néon glow tube in combination with
other scanning disc to produce small
tures and of a very large tubular néon
be to produce images several feet
uare; the detail in the large image was,
course, much poorer than in the small
age. That the engineers of the Bell
lephone Laboratories had to overcome
inconsiderable problems in developing
e apparatus to the point where it could
publicly demonstrated may be realized
the fact that the output of the "tele-
sion eye" scanning the subject had to
amplified as much as 1,000,000,000,-
00,000 times, but it is interesting to note
at the quality of the television images
ansmitted a distance of 250 miles from
ashington to New York was not inferior
the quality obtained during preliminary
boratory tests over distances of but a
w feet. In this first demonstration by
e Bell Telephone Laboratories the sig-
ls were transmitted both by Radio and
wire.

IN JULY of 1928 the Bell elephone Laboratories demonstrated an utdoor system in which outdoor subjects ere televised. Television in color was xhibited in June, 1929.

More recently the Laboratories demonstrated a complete two-way television system combined with a regular telephone channel making it possible for two persons to see and talk to each other over a distance. The television images were quite small but of remarkably fine detail, making it possible to note even the slightest change in expression of a person's face. The reproduction was in fact so good that deaf persons who had acquired the art of lip reading could carry on a conversation simply by reading the other person's lips.

We have always had a lot of respect and admiration for the lone experimenter outside the laboratories of a large company whose lack of equipment and facilities are a constant goad to his ingenuity. Such experimenters choose their line of endeavor because it interests them rather than because they have been assigned to the task, and in the past no inconsiderable part in the development of new fields has been due to their work—and we don't believe the research laboratory of the industrial corporation will ever entirely replace the lone experimenter. The person with an inventive and ingenious mind is almost invariably a free lance and only with difficulty can he be caged in the laboratory of a large company. Though the laboratories of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, the General Electric Company and others have been responsible for major contributions to television, due credit must be given to the lone efforts of J. L. Baird in England and C. Francis Jenkins in America.

As early as 1923, Jenkins was giving demonstrations of picture transmission by Radio and more recently he has been actively engaged in the design of simple home television receivers. It was, if we remember rightly, about two years ago that Jenkins became identified with the Jenkins Television Corporation, organized to carry on his work and to produce simple television apparatus. Since that time this company has been actively engaged in the design of home television apparatus and now manufactures several different types of television receivers and regularly transmits television programs from its television stations in Washington, D. C., and New Jersey.

WE ALWAYS recall with pleasure a visit we made some years ago to the small laboratory in Washington where Jenkins was then carrying on his experimental work. We found very contagious his eagerness, and intense absorption in his work. Jenkins essentially is a pioneer; he pioneered in picture transmitting and in television experiments. To him also is frequently credited the design of the first motion picture machine. During our visit he showed us a new slow motion picture machine that took 2500 pictures per second; the ordinary slow motion machine takes about 300. He had taken some pictures of pigeons in flight and, when seen in slow motion, their graceful movements, the very slow open-

(*Continued on page* 101)



Television Reaches Broadway

REGULAR television programs over WGBS and W2XAR were made available to listeners in the New York City area beginning April 1st. At least this was the plan according to an announcement received just as this issue of RADIO DIGEST went to press. The television signals are transmitted from W2XAR, television station of the Jenkins Television Corporation and the accompanying synchronized sound from station WGBS key station of the General Broadcasting System, Inc. A 60 line system with 20 pictures per second is used and is capable of giving comparatively excellent reproduction. We understand that in the future most of the regular and experimental television programs transmitted by various stations will use 60 lines and 20 pictures so that a number of television programs should henceforth be available to owners of television receivers in the New York City area. Many new stations will soon be added to the growing list of those already broadcasting television programs.

Voice of th

GREAT BIG HAND FOR LITTLE JACK LITTLE

HERE are a few lines I would like to see in print to answer the person who signed a letter in your February issue under the name of M.F.L.C., Indiana. For my part, Little Jack Little is the best entertainer on the Radio. I admire his technical skill at the piano, and while his singing is not that of a well trained voice, it is very smooth and different from many other voices you hear on the air. I also admire his stage performances—he packs every theatre in which he is billed—and the songs he writes!—Mildred Bradley, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

THIS is the first letter of its kind I have written, but the letter signed M.F.L.C. is so unjust and untrue that I cannot resist writing. I have traveled from coast to coast, and everywhere I go, have heard expressed great admiration for Little Jack Little as an artist. We think his voice and style of talking bright. Our greatest disappointment is when distance prevents us hearing him.—E. E. A., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

* * *

THIS is one family that certainly would miss Little Jack Little if he were off the air, and I think there are millions more like us. At our house we never miss any of his programs.

What do the listeners think of Gene and Glenn, or to call them by their Radio names, Jake and Lena? We really like those two boys better than Amos and Andy.—Mrs. J. R. S., York, Pa.

* * *

RAH! RAH! RAH! W-A-B-C

I ENCLOSE my nomination blank and ballots for "Station Champ." I have been instrumental in making many friends for WABC. I try to know every feature. Example:

Me (to my wife): "Who is that announcing, Min?" Min (disgusted with me and the Radio): "How do I know, and please don't keep asking me about this voice and that voice."

That was a little while back. Now it is—Min: "Stan, who is that talking, George Beuchler or Frank Knight?" See? Well . . . look at this.

Frank Knight, Don Ball, Harry Vonzell, David Ross, John Mayo, Lewis Dean, George Beuchler and Ted Husing are the regular evening announcers. Men with personality, equal to any task in delivering a well-defined talk evenly, close to the point and with clarity.

For WABC's selection of programs—oh my! Why compare? . . . Tony's Scrapbook, Hamilton Watch, John P. Medbury, Annette Hanshaw's singing, True Story, Daddy and Rollo, Nitwits, Hank Simmons, Guy Lombardo, Jack Denny, Bert Lown . . . oh, how many! And—the symphony programs. Long live Radio, CBS, NBC, and last but by no means least. . . WABC. . . WABC. . . WABC! —Stanley Kroberger, 1429 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

INFORMATION WANTED

CAN you tell me the calls of any Radio station that broadcasts Spanish lesson? I will appreciate it very much if you can furnish me with this information, giving me the day and the hour of broadcast—(Miss) Iva V. Pickering, Glockner San., Colorado Springs, Colo.

* * *

COULD you please give me the names of stations which broadcast question and answer games? Also stations which conduct English classes. And the hour Eastern Standard Time.—E. G. Hill, Rosina, W. Va.

We will appreciate it if readers or broadcasters with the required information will answer Miss Pickering and Mr. Hill.—Editor.

* * *

CATFISH BAND

(Dedicated to Jimmie Wilson's Catfish Band, Station KVOO)

THE music starts and we're all in a clatter,
Then someone speaks up, "Why what is the matter?"
Oh, it's that old, old song that is always new,
Moonlight and Roses bring Memories of You,
No song could be sweeter than this is each week
When played by this band down on Pole Cat Creek.

Next we hear jazz with plenty of pep.
With Jimmie announcing they don't need any help,
They play, and they sing, and they talk quite a while,
But what makes us sore is that fake Fish Fry,
They make us hungry, then invite us down
When they know we're all a thousand miles from their town.

Etta Fitzgerald, Birmingham, Ala.

* * *

HEY! MR. INSPECTOR!

I WONDER if it is possible to beat the fact into those bone-headed station operators' heads that they can't be heard satisfactorily, even in their home cities, when three or four stations are raving at the same time on the same wave. Take, for instance, the 550 to 560 kilocycle range. All those stations are strong enough to be heard anywhere in the U. S. on a good night. They should get together and divide nights and also hours of the day. There are a number of wave bands in this section where it is impossible to tune in any one station because three or four are broadcasting at the same time—H. H. Adolf, Sherman, Tex.

* * *

REGUSTED WITH ANDY

I AM an enthusiastic listener to Amos 'n' Andy and never miss an episode, but this Andy stuff is going too far. He acts like a half-wit, and some of his sayings are simply idiotic. They seem to be put up to fill in space. I hope every V. O. L. reader sees this (if it gets to the V. O. L. page) and that it soaks in.—Jack Davidson, Box 110, Manitou, Manitoba, Canada.

* * *

CONTINUITIES WANTED

YOU ask in your February issue if we would like drama continuities. I say yes, especially those of Arabesque presented by Columbia, which I regard as the best feature on the air. (*An Arabesque continuity appeared in September, 1930. We try to present a new air-drama in each issue—Editor.*) Continuities of the Silver Flute presented by NBC would also be welcome.—George W. Shepard, Marion, Kans.

PRAISE FOR OUR LITTLE BI

MARCELLA'S Columns are very enj
able reading matter, especially th
devoted to the great announcers. Upon he
ing these voices over the Radio one form
mental picture of the men, and that's w
we enjoy seeing their pictures and hear
about them.

One Radio feature we certainly enjoy
home is "Gene and Glenn", and have loo
forward to seeing a picture of these two
RADIO DIGEST. (See October, 1930. New
coming soon—Editor.) Why not publish o
—Betty Van Derheyden, Coeymans, N.

* * *

CANADA ENJOYS BUFFALO

YOUR magazine makes Radio much m
real, with its pictures of favorites
Radio news. I have one little objection
make. Each month I open up my copy
my favorite magazine, with the hope of see
some of my favorite Buffalo announcers
entertainers. Do let us have some pict
of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation
nouncers. They also have some very
entertainers. I'm sure they deserve s
representation in your ranks. I shall w
patiently. (*Coming Soon—Editor.*)

Your articles on network programs
great. I certainly liked *The Golden Ba*
and we all miss *The Old Curiosity Shop*
wish it would start again. I like the l
however you run them.—Another Radio F
Grimsley, Ont., Canada.

* * *

OPINIONS DIFFER ON "CANNED MUSIC"

MAY I have space in your valuable ma
zine to register a vigorous compl
against this so-called "electrical transc
tion" mania which has hit most of the Ra
stations. The advance that Radio has m
in the past decade is one of the marvel
our day and age, but it is like taking a
backward* with seven league boots to h
Radio programs made up of phonogr
records. The tonal quality of these progr
should be sufficient to keep them off the
Not only that, but you tune in on the s
program from four or five stations on
same night, and on most every night in
week it can be heard from at least two.

Everyone connected with Radio, be
manufacturer, broadcaster or only the
knows that the available air channels
being constantly demanded by more stat
than can be allowed. I believe the Fed
Radio Commission should put these stat
off the air who use these so-called "electri
transcriptions" to excess and let stations
on the air who would be glad to furnish
with flesh and blood talent.

Our family and many of the fans in
city will not listen to this "canned" m
and I do not believe we are alone in
matter, so let more of the fans speak up
fore all we have is "electrical transcriptio
—Robert J. Doyle, 605 Litchfield St.,
City, Mich.

How about it, fans? Opinions differ. A
good one on wax or a bum one through
mike—if you have to choose? Or could
really tell the difference if the announ
didn't tell you? What do you think? W
and join V.O.L.—*Editor.*

Listener

) THE INTERWOVEN PAIR

.LY JONES and Ernie Hare
Got famous through the air
do not fly, that isn't why
are known most everywhere.

ear them every Friday night
y minutes—what delight!
vish to state that they are great
line, their songs are sure *all right!*

lso want to submit twelve reasons why I the Radio is the most wonderful inven- in the world. Here they are:— Ruth Etting singing any song (she's nparable). (2.) The Interwoven Pair. The R.K.O. program with T. Kennedy ng the theme song. (4.) Guy Lombar- orchestra. (5.) Effie Watt's singing. Rudy Vallee's soothing voice. (7.) De- police drama. (8.) Harold Keen, Ra- sunshine boy. (9.) Guy Lombardo's il Canadians (again). (10.) Baby Rose e (unusual child). (11.) Norman e's excellent voice. (12.) Harry Rich- singing his own songs.—Gladys Allan, ia, Mich.

* * *

)CTOR LAUDS MRS. SCOTT'S ARTICLES ON CHILD TRAINING

THE March issue I note an article by Mrs. Miriam Finn Scott, and I wish to ratulate you on having her among the tributors. Her broadcasts on child train- -struck me as quite unusual because of the ndness of her ideas, clearness and direct- of her presentation and the freedom from so much abused and misused scientific on of the psychologists.

think Mrs. Scott's articles will be of endous value to many of your readers, cially to those mothers who honestly t to give to their children a sound basis future happiness and success.—Dr. Leo- Watter, 443 E. 87th St., New York, N. Y.

* * *

OUR magazine appeals to me because of its broad scope. I think the educational ures are particularly interesting, and I cially like "Do You Know Your Child?" Mrs. Miriam Finn Scott. She knows w to make her point clear—please give us e more articles by Mrs. Scott.—(Mrs.) lene Edwards, 179 Harrison St., East nge, N. J.

* * *

ORE ONE AGAINST "CRANKS"

THE biggest laugh each month comes between the covers of RADIO DIGEST. me of these fan letters remind me of the ry of the two maiden ladies who com- ined to the village authorities that the all boys were swimming without bath- suits. "But the swimming hole is back the pasture, away from the road," said puzzled official.

'Oh, yes, but sister and I can see them l plain from the attic window with our ld glasses," said one of them! No one ts the cranks to listen to any special pro- gram and the manufacturer put those little buttons on the front of the Radio for use, not ornament.—Radio Bug (H.C.L.) New York.

* * *

ATTENTION, "DX" FANS!

SINCE I enjoy the RADIO DIGEST so much, I would like to make a few suggestions on how, in my opinion, it could be bettered. Why not have a DX department? Readers could become members and submit interesting bits of DX news that would prove a benefit to all members. I am a DX fan and would like to receive letters from all DX'ers, especially from those in the Mid-West.—Eddie G. Erlewine, Box 675, Tekamah, Neb.

* * *

I AM a shut-in, and sure like the RADIO DIGEST. I have logged 186 stations on 94 wave lengths. I had my first Radio seven years ago.—C. L. Swafford, Pratt, Kans.

* * *

HAVING started in 1926, I consider myself an ancient DX'er. Some Radio critics were astonished at that time when I heard WSMB, New Orleans, KOA, Denver, and KSD, St. Louis on a crystal set made on a thread spool. This winter I again started DX'ing on a new set. I have heard 170 stations in two months and have a mighty book, two feet by two feet and six inches thick, filled with verifications, pictures, stamps, etc. I do not belong to any DX clubs but would like to hear of any such organizations, and would like to hear from any DX'ers who cannot get stations to answer them, as I would be glad to help them. Radio bugs should stick together.—Frank E. Howell, Lynch, Neb.

* * *

THE suggestion of Mr. Erlewine is a mighty good one, and the editors of V. O. L. will be glad to throw these columns open to any DX fans who wish to send in news or communicate with other fans. In this connection, readers are invited to write to the three DX fans whose names and addresses are given above.

* * *

PANNING AND PRAISING THOSE ORCHESTRAS

RUDY VALLEE and his Connecticut Yankees are my choice. I think he has one of the best orchestras in the whole U. S.—M. R. V.—Philadelphia, Pa. . . . I was very much surprised and disappointed when I glanced through the March issue and found but one article and picture of the King of the Air—I mean Rudy Vallee. Why should a few old grouches begrudge us fans pictures of the World's Champion Radio Crooner—Marian Harvey, 130 Todd Place, N. E., Washington, D. C. . . . Being a member of the Vallee Krusaders I thought I'd have my say about him.—Georgia Waldman, 210 19th St., Union City, N. J. . . . Men hate him and women love him, but I want my name put under the Voice of The Rudy Vallee listeners—Edith Sagmiller, 109 Third Ave., N. E., Mandan, N. Dak. . . . Here's my two cents in defense of Rudy. He has the best orchestra on the air.—K. V. Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

GUY LOMBARDO—Listen, young and old, if you want to enjoy your Radio programs, listen to this boy's orchestra. Give me Guy, his three brothers, and keep the rest of the orchestras.—E. J. Starsinic, 596 S. 4th St., Steelton, Pa. . . . I am a Guy Lombardo fan, and my vote goes for Guy & Company.—Viola Perez, 635 Lindenhurst Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

BEN BERNIE—My opinion of the finest dance music entertainment on the air is that of "Ye Olde Maestro" and his boys. A combination of his pleasing personality in his announcing plus the splendid organization of musicians to back him up leaves nothing more to be desired. Do I have to face this cold world alone with this opinion or have I some followers? (*Plenty—See April V. O. L.*)—Gordon R. Davidson, Manitou, Manitoba, Canada. . . . My favorite orchestras are Phil Spitalny, Rolfe's Lucky Strike, Husk O'Hare, Coon-Sanders and Louis Panico—Sylvia Schugren, 205 Iron Mountain St., Iron Mountain, Mich. . . . I would like to see pictures of Wayne King, Isham Jones, Guy Lombardo, Ben Bernie, Dan Garber, Maurie Sherman.—Richard Glazier, Bunker Hill, Ind.

* * *

ECHOES FROM THE STATIONS

HAVE we pretty girls on our staff? You should ask! Why, Connecticut was full of pretty girls long before California was ever thought of! And Station WTIC had had pretty girl entertainers for more than six years—ever since the station went on the air in 1925. (*The proof's in the pictures—see WTIC answer to Beauty Challenge in this issue—Editor.*) Please don't take me as too much of a braggart when I tell you that in last week's mail we got four letters from Paris, France, twenty-six in one mail from New Zealand, all sorts of letters from the British Isles.—George Malcolm Smith, WTIC, Hartford, Conn.

* * *

ADDRESS WANTED

Harriett Irwin who asked for a horoscope is requested to give address.

* * *

CHALLENGE! WCOH CLAIMS IT'S MOST POPULAR LOCAL STATION

IT ISN'T the purpose of this letter to dwell on the pro and con of the beauty contest; except in so far as our slight vanity and desire to promulgate the truth leads us to remark in passing that, as for feminine beauty: well, you haven't seen anything yet. Some day we may overcome our bashfulness and submit photographic evidence of our superiority against all comers. Ah, well, enough of this.

But this challenge on the part of KROW gave us an idea. We heartily believe that our station is the most popular "local" station along the Atlantic Seaboard. And by local, we refer to the usual 100 watt plant, operating on part time. We know the residents of our community aren't of the particularly "gushing" type, still with only thirty operating hours a week we manage to ring in a hundred or more phone calls and requests per hour. During 1930 we totaled between 3,000 and 4,000 "fan" letters.

There's the challenge! Who'll take it up? —Frank A. Seitz, Jr., Program Director, WCOH, 35 South Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Well May comes around with all her lovely green sprouts and May parties and maypole dances but somehow or other all Indi-Gest can think of is revenge.

Revenge on the terrible person who started that new game that everybody is playing. You know, they're even dragging it into the NBC press rooms. The other day, when we all should have been working, Mr. Aylesworth, Mussolini, Lindbergh and myself were trying to figure out a way to get all the words beginning with May in the dictionary into one sentence. We had all the press typewriters snowed under with our attempts so that the Continuity Department had to write typewriters into every act so the boys (Mr. Stone, Shea, Sorenson, Miss Sullivan †good thing I don't lisp† Wilkerson, Hevessey *et* Mr. *Cetera*) could go up to the broadcast studios to turn out press releases.

The best we could do was "Mayhap if a Mayan committed mayhem upon the mayor with a stout Maypole—well, that was as far as we could go so we topped it off with—maybe mayonnaise isn't delicious on mayflowers, and I'm to be Queen of the May, tra, la.

Which brings up the old controversy. Am I (me, Indi-Gest) a man or a woman? Not that it makes any difference to me. But some of my fans want to know. Prizes given for the best answers, as follows:—

First prize . . . 3 brazil nuts
2nd prize . . . . 3 walnuts
3rd prize . . . . 3 peanuts
4th prize . . . . 3 pistache nuts
5th prize . . . . 3 INDI-an nuts

PHEW!

Gilmore circus (some Pacific station):

Spark: I hear they're going to cut Sharkey's nose off.

Plug: What for?

Spark: So he can stop Schmeling.—*John Kita, 846 Ramona St., Palo Alto, Cal.*

I'm burning up over this one. Ray Perkins, the Pineapple Prince, takes a package of cigarettes out of his pocket, removes one cigarette, and makes the package a Cigarette Lighter.—*Helen Healy, Douglas Ave., R.F.D. 3, Waterbury, Conn.*

The next one wins the prize for long distance contributions. All the way from China. We hereby announce a prize of two (2) cancelled stamps for the longest long distance contribution each month.

CURRENTS IN THE CAPITOL

Physics Teacher: Now you understand what A.C. and D.C. mean. Tell me which city has D.C.?

Little Jimmy: Washington.—*Liu E. Lo, Custom House, Newchang, China.*

THE RADIO MOTHER GOOSE

Bye, Baby Bunting!
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get himself a rabbit skin
To trade in on a good, inexpensive,
European-radio-broadcast-receiving,
three-tube, super-sensitive
short wave converter unit.

* * *

There was a man in our town,
And wisdom filled his attic:
He twiddled at his Radio dials
And tuned out all* the static—
BUT when he heard what was to hear
He choked (with might and main)
That crooning tenor's lovesick moans—
Tuned static in again!

* Well, most of . . .

John Douglas Leith, Grand Forks, N. Dak.

GET THE SMELLOVISOR

From the KOA Coons:

Mr. Talbot: I thought you were in the chicken raising business, Sambo?

Sambo: Ah am, suh, but you know, ah had hard luck yestiday. Ah found me a polecat in mah chicken coop.

Mr. Talbot: Were you angry?

Sambo: Yes suh; I wuz completely incensed.—*Don Peterson, 151 Pepin Street, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.*

Little Joe Warner reading the Jolly Journal: The sound film of the baby's first year will be broadcast.

"It ought to be a scream," comments Joe.—*C. A. Zerza, 1367 N. 42nd St., Milwaukee, Wis.*

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears ope and your funny bone oiled for actio Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the fir selected humorous incident heard on broadcast program, $3.00 for second pr ferred amusing incident and $1.00 for eac amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part o the Radio entertainment, or it may be on of those little accidents that pop up in th best regulated stations. Write on one sid of the paper only, put name and address o each sheet, and send your contribution t Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

A MARKET QUOTATION

"There is one thing I think is unfa
Said the simple old goose with
frown,
"No matter what the stock mar
does,
My chief stock will always be dow
—*Stanley L. Ault, 5403 Ralston A Norwood, O.*

HANDLING A WOMAN ELECTRICALLY

Russ Gilbert's suggestion for a st in feminine psychology, on Cheer hour, NBC:—

When a woman is sulky and will speak—*Exciter.*

If she gets too excited—*Controller*

If she talks too long—*Interrupter.*

If her way of thinking is not your *Converter.*

If she is willing to come half wa *Meter.*

If she will come all the way— *ceiver.*

If she wants to be an angel—*Tra former.*

If you think she is picking y pockets—*Detector.*

If she proves your fears are wron *Compensator.*

If she goes up in the air—*Conden*

If she wants chocolates—*Feeder.*

If she sings inharmoniously—*Tu*

If she eats too much—*Reducer.*

If she is wrong—*Rectifier.*—*Mrs. A. Jones, Locke, N. Y.*

PIPE THIS DOG STORY

Lowell Thomas (NBC) drew a p ture of comfort thus:—"Sitting befor open wood fire in my easy chair, wit good book to read, my dog in my mo and my pipe at my feet!"—*Mrs. J. Reece, 331 Jackson Ave., Des Moi Ia.*



UT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

rom Orange Disc Smile Club, YR:

ittle Girl: Mamma, when I grow up get married will I have a husband Daddy?

Mother: Yes, dear.

ittle girl: And if I don't get mar-l, will I be an old maid like Aunt ry?

Mother: Yes, dear.

ittle Girl: My, what a mess I'm in! *Radio Bug, Fulton, N. Y.*

T FOR THE SUDS OF YESTER-YEAR

Recited by Charles Buster Rothman, TICA:

The boy fell off Anhauser Busch
He tore his pants to Schlitz
He rose a sad Budweiser boy
Pabst yes, Pabst no.

est Spanking Song: "It's Never Too te To Go Back To Mother's Knee".

GOSSIP SHOP

Radio artists at WABC are nothing if not modest. Witness the following conversation between announcer Harry Vonzell and Harry Swan, noted character actor in Columbia's radio playlets.

"The best talent on the air," argued Vonzell, who hails from Los Angeles, "came originally from California."

"The devil I did!" retorted Mr. Swan.

Horoscopes for horses are the latest. A stable-owner wrote to Evangeline Adams, Forhan's astrologer, and asked her to chart his horse's life, to determine whether or not his entry would be a winner in a not-far-future race.

Some of the prettiest girls in New York are NBC hostesses. But life isn't all easy for them. Here's a sample of the fool questions they get:

"Can I talk to Mr. Napoleon?"

"He is on the air but will be at liberty at three thirty," said the good-looking blonde on the 13th floor.

"Oh! thank you. Could you give me the telephone number so that I can call him at Liberty?"

Is it true that "Mary" of the True Story hour, has changed her "Bob"? Answer me yes or no! (? ? ?-Editor)—*E. C. Baird, Box 223, St. Joseph, Mo.*



Drawing by Stephen V. D'Amico, Pittsburgh, Pa

I WILL NOW SING "*JUST A GIGOLO*"

WJZ Blackstone program:

Young girl gets $50,000 award from ury for broken heart. Same girl es-apes with serious injuries after auto cident. Gets only $500.

Moral: Never break a girl's heart. reak her ribs instead.—*Dolly Dia-ond, 730 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, Y.*



SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

ALL RIGHT, AS LONG AS HE DIDN'T RUN THROUGH A RED LIGHT—Lowell Thomas said, "I was driving from Poughkeepsie to New York City, and ran through the morning papers . . . " That's a new hair breadth escape for him.—*Reverend Thomas Walker, 174 Carteret Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.*

TREADING WATER—The WTIC announcer, reading names of orchestral numbers and the place from which the requests came, "We now hear '*Walking my Baby Back Home*' from England"!—*Edward Kocsau, 1445 Franklin St., Johnstown, Pa.*

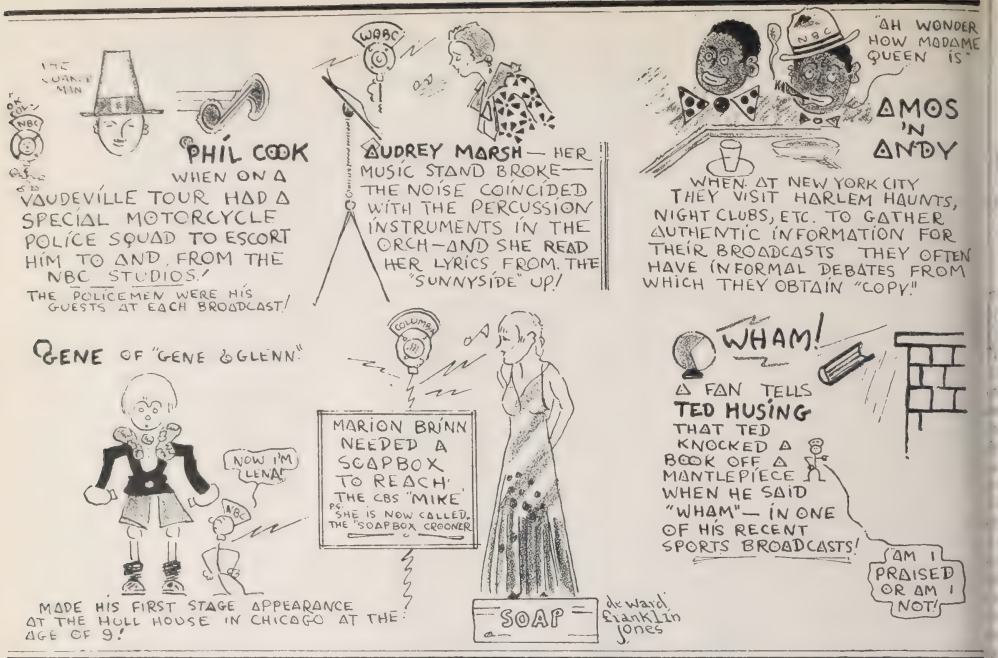
NOT WORTH YOUR SALT—Jimmie Paten, WEBC announcer, "A small boy has been lost. His name is Billy Blank, he has light hair, etc., etc. Anybody finding the little chap, please notify the distracted parents. We continue our program with '*He's Not Worth Your Tears*'."—*Mrs. K. L. Wornstaff, 1514 19th St., Superior, Wis.*

THEY WERE NOT RUGGED RUGS—WMCA announcer, "We have a most unusual bargain today. Velvet rugs at only $1.95 each. They can't last long at this price."—*Esther Lynn, Route 2, Richmond, Va.*

BATTER OUT—Charles B. Tramont struck out the other night in announcing the Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour program. He dwelt enthusiastically on the ease of making pancakes according to directions, and wound up with "drop the batter on the girdle!" We like ours better hot off the *griddle, inside* the vest.—*Nell C. Westcott, Chestertown, Md.*

(Mrs. Westcott was first at the tape with that slip. It was also reported by Mrs. A. E. Waldrop, Thrift, Tex., Elsie McCloskey, 231 W. Market St., Marietta, Pa., Henry J. Polzin, Saginaw, Mich.)

BY WHOSE REQUEST? — Said John B. Gambling of WOR: "We now play, '*I'm Up On A Mountain*' by special request."—*Grayce A. Brush, Dayton Ave., Box 33, Basking Ridge, N. J.*



RADIOTIC PRATTLES

Good evening listeners-in. We introduce to you Miss Lydia Valley of the Lehigh Valleys who sings for you over NWN, and is accompanied by the Four Cymbal Clashing Sisters. Here they are—

"How can I leave thee?"
Sang the lovesick swain.
"Shall I take the New York Central
Or a Pennsylvania train?"

One more song we bring, holding a hint of sadness and the touch of a frustrated life. Miss Lydia Valley—

"It's not so much the soup you make
That makes me love you true.
It's thinking of the pains you take
To give me crackers too."

We are trying to perfect the tonal qualities of our music and this has come to you from a special device by courtesy of Mr. Leopold Kebitzer, who likes to mix the music of his Tinpanny Orchestra with his own egg beater. This is NWN bidding you God Speed.—*Fitzhugh Watson, 346 So. Smedley St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

TONGUE TWISTER

On NBC recently—Compositions of Tadeusz Jarecki were interpreted by Madame Marya Bogucka, concert soprano. Imagine the poor announcer stuttering over that!

Mr. & Mrs. GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

HAVE THE HONOR TO SPONSOR

THE DEBUT OF

THE NEW ARRIVAL

EVAN ALAN LOTTMAN

IN THE HOWLING SUCCESS

"IT'S A BOY"

Seven pounds of mellifluous and tuneful harmony

FIRST SHOWING
MARCH 20th, 1931
8:30 A. M.
At 901 Walton Ave., New York

Production under the Supervision of MORRIS BLUM, M. D.
Midnight performances nightly — with sound effects

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Happy Mother	BETTY LOTTMAN
Proud Father	GEORGE D. LOTTMAN
The New Arrival	EVAN ALAN LOTTMAN
The Deposed Ruler	HERBERT R. LOTTMAN
Mysterious Man With the Knife	Mr. X

BOTTLE-HOLDERS, PIN-BEARERS, DIAPER-FOLDERS, FLOOR-WALKERS, CARRIAGE-WHEELERS, BLANKET-CARRIERS, ETC.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Cheerful Little Earful	Crying Myself to Sleep
After the Bawl	Out Where the Wet Begins
You're Driving Me Crazy	Manhattan Serenade
Walkin' My Baby	

CREDITS

Costumes by American Diaper Co., Best's and Macy's. Evan Alan Lottman's costumes in first act made by his grandmothers. Whoopee dance by father. Tea dances into star's chamber by relatives and friends.

Our own Pipes of Pan columnist has an offspring and here is the way he announced it. As one columnist to another, Indi-Gest would like to know if the producer expects to make any money on this show for the next twenty years or so.

WANTS JOB AT STATION BARKING LIKE DOG

Here is a copy of an honest-to-goodness letter received at Station WOBU Charleston, W. Va. It is reproduced exactly as written. Indi-Gest vouches for its verity:—

feb the 6th dear sir
Mr. Manager of this Broadcasting sa siton if you Please ans my LETTER i return to let me know if you May us me in your Bissness as BARCKING like a dog as I can inatat a Big NEW FOND LAND that it can not be tol from one the Store manager has got a me to rite you Mr. Bell at Red Jacke W. Va

He said he know that i was the bes he EVER heard as he has heard dog on talking Mechines But not like me s if you ples ans and let me know as would lik to have a job with you an let me know how and what way yo could use me that is all i can do Yours truly Ples ans soon W. M Mc Donald Red Jacket W Va. House n 153

READ THIS OUT LOUD

Cal Pearce of KFRC:—

"What's the difference between a bal of hay and a mouse?"

"No difference! The cattle eat it!"

If at first you don't succeed, tr reading it out loud again.—*Jasper E Sinclair, 318-20th Ave., San Francisc*

The Pipes *of* Pan

The Guest-Star Racket Gets a Dig —Should Little Listeners Hear Amos and Andy Court Business? —Where Does O. O. McIntyre Get That Stuff?

By GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

T'S readily understandable that the lesser local stations, unaffiliated with the large chains, have difficulty in getting choice talent. "Remote con-", in the shape of night clubs and the important hostelries, and "new" talent lined at auditions, are the best they hope for.

hey are to be commended for carry- on under those difficult conditions. ty of them compete quite successfully . the huge broadcasting corporations, ite their handicaps. Others, how- , we are forced to report, flounder t helplessly in the face of their dif- ties, readily accepting the services of mediocre entertainer or orchestra that broadcast "for the glory of it". The ious result is that many of their pro- ns are ludicrously amateurish.

he consequence also is that the station ers irreparable harm, and those that e tuned-in "just to see what was do- ' resolve to abstain from such tempta- s in the future. Difficult as it may be present programs of merit on a *con- uous* basis, the success of any station the long run will be determined by *sistency* in the quality of programs sented.

* * *

AVING done little welkin-ringing this season, we now lift our sten- ian and sonorous voice to protest ve- nently against a current practice that islators ought to classify as a mis- neanor.

We refer to the "guest-star" racket, ich is the present "ace-in-the-hole" of vspaper and magazine columnists from rock-ribbed Coast of something to the n-kissed shores of something else.

A columnist, with a weekly air period fill, solicits a star playing in his town "just come over and say 'hello' to the ks." The artist, mindful of the lin- ge that come with favors of that sort, nsents.

Comes the night, and an impressive in- oduction by the gentleman of the Fourth tate. Whereupon the son or daughter Thespis dashes to the "mike", says low've you been?" and then explains at, by the terms of his or her contract, will be impossible to do anything else. Naturally, the fans are disappointed. r there were other periods they might ve tuned in, which would have brought greater entertainment. But the columnist is satisfied, the artist has lost nothing, and the management of the attraction which features the artist has gained some valuable publicity.

Don't, puh-leeze, give us guest stars unless they're ready to do something in return for our courtesy in tuning in. There's no room on the air for them.

* * *

LATEST bulletin on the cut-in situation: Very soon John Royal, director of programs on WEAF and WJZ networks, will call a general meeting of all orchestra directors on those chains, at which he will ask them to cooperate for the purpose of avoiding repetitions on their dance programs.

"Arbitrary orders will not be given," he explains, "but they will be asked to arrange some sort of alternation."

Good news, indeed. Organized control of programs and elimination of repetition are the strongest weapons with which to combat the cut-in menace.

* * *

IF IT be true that the kiddies must be considered, then why does an early evening program like the Amos 'n' Andy period, play up a subject like "breach of promise," as they did for so considerable a spell?

The genial duo told interviewers recently that they're now selecting subjects of more general interest. Hence the breach-of-promise twist.

Wrong, all wrong. Kiddies should hear nothing on the air but fairy tales, unless they've been unusually good that day, in which case, as a reward, they may listen in to the stock-market quotations.

* * *

OUR distinguished contemporary, O. O. McIntyre, is evidently beginning to suffer from that journalistic disease known as over-syndication.

In a recent column, the omnipotent "oom" delivers himself of the following amazing observations:

"The most fleeting of all popularity in the amusement world is that of the Radio artist . . . The Radio's audience, more than any other, demands change . . . So far, few Radio stars have maintained top furore for more than a year."

Let's interrupt the lad who sees-all-knows-all at this point to mention a few names which occur at random of Radio lights who have occupied top position for at least a quintette of years. Roxy, for example. The effervescent Jones and Hare. Lovely Vaughn de Leath. Major Bowes and the talented Phil Cook. Jessica Dragonette of the golden voice. Good ol' Rudy of the Vallee. Some more? Well there's Harry Reser, of the Clicquot Club Eskimos, Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver, Harry Horlick, Vincent Lopez, Welcome Lewis and Sam Lanin. There are scores of others, but space won't permit us to list local favorites, so we confine our rebuttal to those on chain programs.

Of course, if we wanted to engage in a long-winded controversy, we could also adequately refute your observation that "a stage star has often twenty fruitful years, the cinema star will hold audiences for five years and longer, but the Radio star cannot hope for more than two years as things are today."

Without resorting to musty archives, we could readily name half a hundred legitimate and screen stars whose careers have been ephemeral—merely "pan-flashes."

And as for your allegation that stage efforts on the part of Radio folk have been disappointing, we respectfully refer you to the box-office records of the Paramount-Publix organization, for example, which has of late been employing Radio "names" in their stage shows, resulting in "stand-up" business.

Tch, tch, tch, Mr. McIntyre.

* * *

IN LINE with the above, one of the half-dozen most prominent Radio officials in the East told us the other day that a peculiar thing about Radio fans is that they forget quickly. "If some of our greatest features went off the air for a month," he observed, "they'd be completely forgotten."

Which, if true, doesn't astonish us one iota. No more rabid, and apparently loyal set of fans exists, in our opinion, than movie devotees. Yet it took them no time at all to consign to oblivion the flicker idols who couldn't make the grade when the talkies debuted.

Audiences—"mobs" of any sort—are fickle the world over, we suppose.

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 92

(Programs listed here are based on Daylight Saving Time, effective in New York April 26th)

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Throughout Week

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(daily except Sunday)

7:45 a.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	LW	

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds. (Daily except Sun.)

8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WEEI	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WRVA	WPTF	CKGW	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	CFCF
WBEN			

PERTUSSIN PLAYBOYS—Brad and Al. (Mon., Tues., Wed.)

8:15 a.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
WJ3AU	WJAS	WMAL	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WSPD	WOWO

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WDRC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WADC	WBAL
WWNC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WLAC	WOWO	WBBM
KSCJ	KMOX	KLRA	KOIL
KFH	KFJF		

CHEERIO—(daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WCKY	WRC
WCSH	WWJ	WHO	WOC
WDAF	WAPI	KPRC	WFI
WSB	WSM	WJAX	WPTF
WTAG	WOAI	WBEN	WRVA
CKGW	WIOD	WHAS	WFLA
WSUN	WTAM	WJDX	WJAR
WGY	WOW	WCAE	WGN
WKY			

THE VERMONT LUMBER JACKS—John Whitcomb. (Daily ex. Sunday)

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

8:45 a.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WITAR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
CFRB			

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—(daily ex. Sun.)

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WDRC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WDBJ	WADC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WOWO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTRH	KDYL	

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Sun. 10:00 a.m. —daily 8:30)

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WEAN
WNAC	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WFBM	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KDYL	

MORNING MOODS—Nat Brusiloff. (Daily except Sun. & Mon.)

9:30 a.m.			
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WDRC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ
WADC	WAIU	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WLAC	WOWO	WBBM
KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	CFRB	WTAQ

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radio Home Makers. (Mon. Wed. & Thurs.)

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WISN	WBBM	WXYZ
WTAQ	KMOX	WCFL	

RAY PERKINS—Libby, McNeil and Libby Program. (Thurs. and Friday)

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WJBO	WLW	KDKA	WSB
WREN	KWK	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
WJR	WCAR		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(except Friday and Sunday)

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WTAM	KSD	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WEEI	WGY	WMC
WBEN	WSAI	KYW	WOC
WHO	CFCF	CKGW	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

PAUL TREMAINE—(daily ex. Sunday)

12:00 noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	WGR		

COLUMBIA REVIEW — (daily except Sat. and Sun.)

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	WGR		

FELIX FERDINANDO AND HIS PARK CENTRAL ORCHESTRA—(daily ex. Sunday)

1:00 p.m.	12:00noon	11:00	10:00
WABC	WJAS	WGR	WPG
WCAU	W3NAU	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WADC
WHK	WWNC	WDOD	WLAC
CFRB			

AMBASSADOR HOTEL ORCHESTRA—(Mon. and Thurs.)

1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	WJAS	WGR	WGR
WDRC	WPG	WFAN	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WBRC	WOWO	KLRA

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—(daily ex. Sun. & Tues.)

2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WPG
WFAN	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WISN	WOWO	WBBM
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KTRH	KLZ
KOL			

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—(daily except Sat. & Sun.)

2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WEAN	WNAC	WPG	WCAU
WJ3AU	WJAS	WCAO	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WHK	WWNC
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WISN
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KFH
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KOL	WXYZ	WDSU	WTAQ
WMAQ	KOH	KFRC	

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER—(Wed., Thurs. and Friday)

2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	KVOO	WBAP	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	WTIC	WTAG
WREN	WTAM	KYW	CKGW
CFCF			

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Emery Deutsch, Director. (Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. at 3:30)

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WBBM
KSCJ	WMT	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KLZ	KVI	KOL	KFPY

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Anthony Wons. (Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat.)

5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WJAS	WLBW	WCAU	WWNC
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WLAC
WDSU	WTAQ	KMBC	KFH
KRLD	WACO	KLZ	KOH

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)

6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WBAL	KDKA	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WLW	WFLA
WSUN			

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—(Wed. Thurs., Friday, Sat.)

6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WRC	WTMJ	WSM
WEBC	WCAE	WGY	WTAG
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WOW	WHK	WJDX
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	WENR
WHAS	WBEN	CKGW	WMC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MORTON DOWNEY—With Freddie Rich and His Orchestra. (Daily except Sun., Mon. and Tues.)

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ	WHK
WKRC	WKBN	WWNC	WBCM
WDOD	WBRC	WGL	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KFRC

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent. (Daily except Sunday)

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WLW	WHAM	WBZ
WBZA	WRC	CKGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN	WLW	WJR
WGAR	CFCF		

TASTYEAST JESTERS — (Monday, Thurs., Sat.)

7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WCKY	WHAM	WBZ
WBZA	WREN	KDKA	WRC
WGAR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD			

PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WOAI
KPRC	WJAX	KTHS	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	WSAI	KOA
KGO	WKY	KECA	KG
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KF
WIBO	WLW	WMAQ	WA
WBEN	WOW	Thurs.:	same
WAPI	KECA	WIBO	are
Add			
Sat.:	WEAF	WJAR	WT
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WG
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	KS
WRVA	WTAM	WBEN	WO
WHO	KFKX	WIOD	KF
KGO	KOMO	WSM	WF
KGW			

EVANGELINE ADAMS—Astrologer. Forhan's. (Mon. and Wed.)

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WHK	WKRC	WWNC
WAIU	WWNC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WBBM
WFBM	WGL	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	WRR	KTRH	CFRB

DADDY AND ROLLO—Congress Cigar Co. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW
WGL	WCAO	WADC	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WREC	WISN
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

ARTHUR PRYOR'S CREMO MILITARY BAND—(daily except Sun.)

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WEAN	WJRC	WPG
WWNC	WLBZ	WBT	WTAR
WDBJ	WORC	WQAM	WDBO
WTOC	WDAE		

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily ex Sun.)

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WLW	WADC	WHK
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WBRC	WDSU	WFBM	WGL
WMAQ	WCCO	WDOX	WMBC
KOIL	KEJF	WRR	KTSA

JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT—Blackstone Plantation. (Tues. and Thurs. at 9:00)

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WHO	WOAI	DAE	WEBC
KSTP	Thurs. network:		WJZ
WBZA	WBZ	WBAL	WHAM
KDKA	CKY		

OLD GOLD CHARACTER READINGS—Lorna Fantin. (Tues.) (Thurs. 9:15)

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WORC	WEAN	WDRC	WJAS
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WJRC	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WJJD
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

BARBASOL PROGRAM—(Mon., Wed. and Friday)

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WISN	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

Eastern Central Mountain P.

RADIOTRON VARIETIES — "B. Baer. (Wed. and Sat.)

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJA
WTAG	WCSH	WRC	WLI
WBEN	WTAM	WSAI	WIB
WWJ	KSD	WOC	WB
WOW	WDAF	WIOD	WFI
WSUN	WSB	WJAX	WB
WJDX	WFAA	WOAI	KO
KSL	KGO	KECA	KG
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KF
WPTF	KPRC	WEBC	KV
WTMJ	WSTP		

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NE. (Sun., Tues. and Thurs.)

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WG
WEAN	WNAC	WORC	WC
WJ3AU	WJAS	WMAL	WC
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WX
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WC
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY ST. DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues. T. Sat.)

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WT
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WC
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WO
WHO	WOAI	WDAF	WR
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WS
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WS
WSMB	WJDX	WSAI	KO
KGO	WKY	KECA	KG
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	KF
WIBO	WLW	WMAL	WA
WBEN	WOW	Thurs.:	same
WAPI	KECA	WIBO	are
Add			
Sat.:	WEAF	WJAR	WT
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WG
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	KS
WRVA	WTAM	WBEN	WO
WHO	KFKX	WIOD	KF
KGO	KOMO	WSM	WF
KGW			

CLARA, LU AND EM—(daily ex Sun and Mon.)

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:
WJZ	WLW	WHAM	KD
WJR	WLW	KWK	WR
WGAR	WBZ	WBZA	WG

RAPID TRANSIT—(Tues. and Th

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8
WEAF	WEEI	WFI	WC
KSD	WWJ	WSAI	WO
WHO	WIOD		

Sunday

MORNING MUSICALE—E Deutsch, Conducting.

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:0
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WG
WLBZ	WNAC	WORC	WC
W3XAU	WHP	WCAO	WT
WWNC	WBT	WSPD	WL
WREC	WMAC	WFBM	WF
WMT	KMOX	WNAX	WI
KPH	KFJF	KRLD	KT
KDYL			

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WI
WOC	WHO	KGO	KE
WEBC	WJZ	WAPI	KO
KOMO	KFSD	WENR	

ROXY SYMPHONY CONCERT—

11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8
WEAF	WJZ	KWK	WB
WTIC	WHO	WRC	WC
WLW	WJAR	WGN	WI
WTMJ	WMC	WREN	KO
KGW	KOMO	WSAI	WO
WCAE	WFLA	WSUN	WH
WAPI	WSMB	WHAM	KD
WEAR	WTAM	WWJ	WS
12:00)	WTAG	WTAM	WB
WGY	KGO	KECA	WH

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9
WJZ	WLW	WHAM	KD
WLBZ	WDRC	WORC	WP
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WT
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WK
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WT
WISN	WOWO	WCCO	KS
WMT	KSCJ	KLRA	WA
KFJF	KLZ	KDYL	KV
KFPY			

LITTLE JACK LITTLE—

1:30 p.m.	12:45	11:45	10
WEAF	WJAR	KFAB	WJ
WGAR	WLW		

CATHEDRAL HOUR—

2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WK
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W2
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WT
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WK
WBT	WBCM	WDOD	WR
WLAC	WBRC	WFBM	WG
WHBU	WSRC	KLRA	WA
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WH
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KT
KTSA	KLZ	KVI	KF

astern Central Mountain Pacific
OONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WEAF WTAG WJAR WRC
WGY WHAM WTAM KSD
WWJ WDAF WEEI WLIT
WCAE KOA

ATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE—
Dr. Daniel A. Poling.
3:00 p.m.
WJZ WBAL KDKA KWK
WREN KFAB WRVA WJAX
WIOD WFAA KYOO WOAI
WFLA WSUN WOAI WPTF
KGO KOA KSTP WEBC
WMC WSMB KPRC WKY
KOMO WHAS WSB WAPI
WGAR WTMJ KSL

IFT GARDEN PARTY—
3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAF
WCSH WLIT WRC WGY
WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ
WFI KYW KSD WOC
WHO WOW WDAF WSAI
CKGW

R. S. PARKES CADMAN—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WTAG KOA WOW WKY
WOAI WSAI WJAX WHAS
WJDX KYOO KPRC WEBC
WDAF WWJ WFLA WSUN
KHQ WHO WMC KGO
KOMO WCAE WFJC WRC
KGW WPTF WMC WGY
WSM KTHS WJAP WBB
WAPI WBEN WRVA WIOD
WGN KPO KHQ

ERMON BY REV. DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WJAS
WMAL WADC WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOKO WMAQ KOIL
WCAU W3XAU KRLD WRR

AVEY HOUR—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WFI WRC WGY WCAE
WTAM KDKA WSAI WEEI
WOC WHO WOW WDAF
CKGW WBEN WEEI WWJ

WEETHEART HOUR—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WJAS
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO KMBC KOIL

'HE GOLDEN HOUR OF THE LITTLE FLOWER—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL
WCAO WKRC WXYZ WBCM
WLAP WDOD WMAQ WCCO
WMT KMOX

ODENT CLUB—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WRC WCAE WWJ
WSAI WLS KSD WOC
WHO WOW WEBC WTMJ
WBEN WFI WDAF

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WCKY KYW KWK WREN
WIOD WHAS WSAI WSM
WSMB WJDX KYOO WOAI
WKY

RCA VICTOR PROGRAM—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WWJ WRC WHEN WRC
WGY WCAE WTAM WSAI
KWK WRVA WIOD WFLA
WSUN WHAS KSD WDAF
WTMJ WEBC WMC WSB
WSMB WJDX KTHS KVOO
WOAI WKY KOA KSL
KGO KFI KHQ KTAR
KFSD KGW KOMO WFAA
WW KPRC

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KWK KYW WKY WJR
WREN WFAA KPRC WOAI
WHAS WSM WTMJ KSTP
KDKA WMC KOA WENR
WIOD KTHS WSMB KOMO
KFI KGW KSL KHQ
WLW WCKY WSB WPTF
WRVA WDAF KTAR WFAA
KFSD KTAR WJDX KPO
KVOO KHQ WGAR WEBC
CFCF

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR—
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR WLW KYW
KWK WREN KAO KSL
KHQ KOMO WFI KGW
KPO

MAURICE CHEVALIER—Chase and Sanborn.
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WTAG WCSH WRC
WGY WCAE WWJ WSAI
KSD WOW WIOD WIBO
KSTP WHO WOC WHAS
WEBC WMC WSB WSMB
WKY KTHS KPRC WOAI
WTMJ WTAM WJDX WFLA
WSUN WDAF WTIC KVOO
WBEN WLIT WEAF

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
THE COTY PLAYGIRL—Irene Bordoni.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WCAO WADC
WHK WKRC WXYZ WSPD
WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WMAL WOWO WBBM KMOX
KMBC KOIL

ATWATER KENT HOUR—
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WJZ WEEI WRC WFI
WGY WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI KSD WOW WSM
WFEA KOA WDAF WSMB
KFI KGW KOMO KPO
KHQ KPRC WKY WHAS
WGN WSB WOC KSL
WMC WDAF KSL CKGW
WAPI WBEN KSTP

GRAHAM PAIGE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WBT
WGST WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WXYZ WSPD WREC
WDSU WOWO WBBM WCCO
KMOX KMBC KOIL KFJF
KRLD KTRH WFBM KLZ
KDYL KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC

"WORLD ADVENTURES" WITH FLOYD GIBBONS"—Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Co.
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK WREN
KYW WCKY WGAR

ROYAL'S POET OF THE ORGAN—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WGST
WXYZ WSPD WLAC WOWO
WBBM KMOX KMBC KOIL
KLZ KDYL KOL KFPY
KOIN KHJ KFRC

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTIONS—Famous Trials in History.
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTIC
WTAG WCSH WFI WRC
WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI WOW WDAF
WSB WAPI WSMB WJDX
WRVA WJAX WIOD WFLA
WSUN WHAS WSM WMC
KYW

BE SQUARE MOTOR CLUB
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WXYZ WSPD WSAI WOWO
WBBM KOIL WIBW KRLD
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KLRA

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
WHAM WJR WLW KWK
WREN WENR

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WEAF WEEI WCHS WRC
WGY WOW WDAF CKGW
KSTP WCAE WTAM WWJ
KYW WHO WEBC WJAX
WIOD WHAS WSM WJDX
KPRC WKY KOA KGO
KGW WSB KTAR KFSD
WRVA WBEN WFI WOC
WFLA WSUN KECA

Monday

THE MADISON SINGERS—Musical Program by Mixed Quartet.
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WPG WCAU WJAS WIAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WKHN WWNC WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WISN WOWO KSCJ
KMBC KLRA KOIL KFJF
KTSA

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WJZ WHAM WJR KSTP
WRVA WHAS WREN WFAA
WEBC WIOD WAPI WOW
WMC WSB WGAR KVOO
WKY WOAI WRC WHO
WDAF WJDX WBAL WSMB
KWK KOA WBZ WBZA
WOC KTHS WFLA WSUN
WJAX KFAB KPRC KDKA
WLW KFKX WPTF WSM

RADIO LISTENING TEST—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WFBL WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WCAO WADC
WAIU WXYZ WSPD WISN
WFBM WCCO KSCJ WMT
KMOX KMBC WIDAY KOIL
KFH KFJF KRLD KTRH
KLZ KDYL KVI KOL
KFPY KOIN KHJ KFRC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
U. S. ARMY BAND—
4:15 p.m. 3:15 2:15 1:15
WABC W2XL WGR WSAC
WCAU WEAU WCAO WADC
WSPD WDOD WLAC WISN
WBBM WCCO WLBW WMAL
WTAR WXYZ WDSU WTAQ
WACO KOH KFRC CFRB

ART GILLHAM
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WLBW WCAO WTAR WADC
WWNC WXYZ WSPD WDOD
WLAC WDSU WISN WTAQ
KMOX KMBC KRLD WACO
KLZ KOH

MALTINE STORY PROGRAM—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WLW KYW
KWK WREN WFAB WJR
KOA KSL KGO KFI
KOMO KFSD

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenborn.
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WKRC WSPD WDOD
WTAQ KFH WACO KOH
KFRC CFRB

ANHEUSER BUSCH PROGRAM—Tony Cabooch.
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WABC W2XE WJAS WHK
WAIU WXYZ WSPD WDOD
WREN WDSU WFBM WMAQ
WMT KMOX KMBC KLRA
KOIL KFJF KRLD KTRH

"HOW'S BUSINESS?"—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WJAX WJAR WRC
WCAE KSD WWJ KOMO
WSAI WDAF WJDX KGO
KVOO KECA KHQ WFLA
WSUN WHAS WEBC WSMB
KGW KTAR KFSD KSL
WMC WPTF WIOD

A. & P. GYPSIES—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAR
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WWJ WSAI
WGN KSD WOC WDAF
WTAM WOW WHO WBEN

THE SIMMONS HOUR—Metropolitan Opera Stars.
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WJAS
WLBW WMAL WTAR WDBJ
WHK WAIU WLAC WWNC
WBRC WISN WFBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
WDAY WNAX KFJF KRLD
KTSA KDYL KOL KFPY
WTAQ

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
WGAR WJR WLW WOAI
WKY WCKY KWK WREN
KOA KSL KFAB WRVA
WPTF

THE THREE BAKERS—Leo Reisman's Orchestra.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WJAS
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WHK WKRC WWNC
WBT WSOC WTOC WQAM
WDBO WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WLAC WAVE WDSU WISN
WOWO WFBM WMAQ WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
WIBW KFH KFJF KRLD
KTRH KTSA KLZ KDYL
KOL KFPY KOIN KHJ
KFRC

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK KYW
WREN KSTP WEBC KTHS
WKY WOAI KOA KSL
KGO KFI KPRC WRVA
KOMO KVOO WLW WFAA
KPRC WGAR

GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WSH
WTAG WLIT WRC WGY
WCAE WTAM WWJ WGN
KSD WOC WOW WSAI
WDAF KSTP WHAS WSM
WMC WSB KPRC WJAX
WFAA WOAI WKY KOA
KSL KGO KGW KFI
KOMO KHQ WTIC WHO
WBEN WTMJ

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WLW KWK KYW
WREN CKGW WJR WGAR

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—Robert Burns Panatela Program.
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WFBM WMAQ
WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTRH KTSA
KLZ KDYL KOL KFPY
KOIN KHJ KFRC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
SYMPHONIC RHYTHM MAKERS—Vaughn de Leath.
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG WRC
WCAE WTAM WLIT WWJ
WJAR WMC WSB WJDX
WHEN WGY WOC WHO
CFCF WEEI

EMPIRE BUILDERS—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR WEAF KYW
KWK WREN WTAG WOAI
KSTP WEBC KOA KSL
KGO KECA KOMO KHQ
KTAR KFSD WKY WBAP
KPRC WGAR KGW

Tuesday

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WCKY KWK WSM
WJAX WIBO WAPI WSMB
WKY WTMJ WPTF WJDX
WJAX WIBO WREN KSTP
WEBC WRVA KOMO KTHS
KVOO WHAS KPRC WOAI
WHAS WJR WFLA WSUN

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—
2:45 p.m. 1:45 12:45 11:45
WJZ WHAM KDKA WREN
KWK KFAB CKGW KOA
WGAR WMC WSB
CFCF WTMJ

POND'S—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WRC KSD WTAG
WWJ WEEI WCAE WGY
WAPI WTIC WJAR WSAI
WOC WTAM KYW WHO
WDAF KSTP CKGW WSB
WCAE WSM

ADVENTURES IN WORDS—Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly.
5:15 p.m. 4:15 3:15 2:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WDRC WNAC WORC WJAS
WMAL WCAO WTAR WKBN
WWNC WBCM WDOD WREC
WLAC WSOC WBRC WGH
WCCO KSCJ WMT KLRA
WDAY KFJF KRLD KTRH
KTSA KLZ

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WGR WDRC
WHP WLBW WTAR WDBJ
WWNC WBT WBCM WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WGH
WBBM KSCJ WMT KLRA
WDAY KFJF KTSA KLZ
KDYL KVI KOL KFPY

POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT—Frederic William Wile.
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WGR WDRC
WCAU WEAU WCAO WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WTAR
WDBJ WHK WAIU WKBN
WHCN WBRC WGL KSCJ
KLRA WDAY KOIL KFH
KFJF KRLD KOL KFPY
KHJ KFRC WTAQ

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WGY WBEN

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WTMJ WJR WLW
KYW KWK WREN WRVA
WJAX KSTP WOAW KSCJ
KFSD KTAR WGAR WGY
KOA WBAP WIOD WHAS
WSB WMC WSM WJDX
WSMB WOAI KFAB KGO
KECA

FLORSHEIM FROLIC—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WTAG WFI WRC
WGY WCAE WWJ WSAI
WGN KSD WDAF WEBC
WRVA KVOO WJAX WIOD
WSUN WFLA WSM WMC
WHAS WSMB WJDX KPRC
WOAI WKY KOA KSL
KTHS WJAR WHAS WCSH
WBAP WBEN KSTP WOW

LEE MORSE—Nat Brusiloff's Orchestra.
6:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WADC
WADC WHK WKRC WGST
WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WSPD WLAC WDOD
WOWO WMAQ WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL KTRH KLZ
KDYL KVI KOL KFPY
KOIN KHJ KFRC

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WTAG WEAF WEEI WJAR
WHEN WCSH WFI WRC
WOW WTAM WSAI KSD
WJAX WTMJ WEBC WRVA
WSM WIOD WFLA WSUN
WJDX WMC WSB WSMB
KOA KPRC WOAI WKY
KTAR KSL KGO KECA
KHQ KFSD KGW KOMO
KVOO WWJ KYW WHAS

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 a.m.—WEAF—Cheerio. Beloved Gloom Killer, incog. (Daily ex. Sun.)

10:00 a.m—WJZ—Ray Pineapple Perkins. Old Topper with piano patter and a squirt of broadcastor oil. (Thurs. and Fri.)

6:45 p.m.—WEAF—Uncle Abe and David. Two retired merchants from Skowhegan, Maine, with a bagful of quaint New Englandisms. (Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat.)

6:45 & 8:00 p.m.—NBC and CBS—Lowell Thomas, gentleman reporter of Literary Digest. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy. Lovable pair of Negro Dialecticians—"Ain't dat sompin!" (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WABC—Morton Downey with Freddie Rich and his orchestra. (Daily ex. Sun., Mon. and Tues.)

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Evangeline Adams, astrologer, interprets your destiny. A Forhan's period. (Mon. and Wed.)

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Daddy and Rollo. J. P. McEvoy humor when little Rollo puts daddy on the spot for a question mark. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

8:00 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band. B-r-r-m. Only twenty words of advertising. Count 'em! (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Sanderson and Crumit. Julia and Frank at the Blackstone Plantation. "Foolish facts and crazy cracks." (Tues. and Thurs.)

8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Radiotron Varieties with "Bugs" Baer, master with or without ceremonies. (Wed. and Sat.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—B. A. Rolfe and his Lucky Strike Orchestra. "Everybody knows—" (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em, Super Suds Girls, speak of kings and goldfish. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

Sunday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—Roxy Concert. One of the world's greatest orchestras.

1:45 p.m.—WJZ—Little Jack Little, Master of Melody. Favorite songs. "Here 'tis."

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Maurice Chevalier, Play Boy of France. Songs with Zis an' Zat. (Chase and Sanborn.)

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour. A cocktail of short-short drama, serious comment, nut comedy, wit, and a lively dash of music.

9:15 p.m.—WEAF—Atwater Kent Hour. Orchestra, direction Josef Pasternack. De luxe talent. Graham McNamee, M. C.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Edgar Guest. Detroit Symphony Orchestra under direction Victor Kolar. For Graham-Paige.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Floyd Gibbons. "Hullo, Everybody." World adventures.

10:15 p.m.—WEAF—Famous Trials in History re-enacted under modern conditions of court procedure. For National Dairy Products.

10:45 p.m.—WEAF—Sunday at Seth Parker's.

Monday

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Simmons Hour presents operatic stars to Diamond Horseshoe of Radio.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—A. & P. Gypsies. Orchestra under direction Harry Horlick.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Chesebrough Real Folks. Excitement never ends for simple folk at Thompkins' Corner.

HENRY GEORGE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WJXE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
WJAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	

HAPPY WONDER BAKERS—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WOO	WRAP
KSTP	WEBC	WTMJ	WRVA
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KGW	KOMO
KHQ			

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WJXE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
WJAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WDRJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WBT
WCSH	WXYZ	WSPD	WIOD
WIBO	WLAC	WDSU	WOWO
WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WCKY	WREN
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WENR		

GRAYBAR'S—Mr. and Mrs.

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WJXE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
WJAU	WJAS	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WKBN	WWNC
WGST	WSPD	WJW	WBNS
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KHJ	KFRC

RICHIE CRAIG, JR.—Blue Ribbon Malt Jester.

10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	WJXE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
WJAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WXYZ	WSPD	WBRC	WDSU
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFH	KRLD
KTSA			

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX RADIO PLAYHOUSE

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	WJXE	WFBL	WHEC
WJAK	WKBW	WGR	WBEZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	WJXAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDEL	WTAR	WDBJ	WSAZ
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WKBN	WWNC	WJW	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WNXZ	WJCM	WSPD	WLAP
WJIW	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	WIBR
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	KNX	CFRB

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

11:30 p.m. 10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF WFI	KOA	WRC
KSTP WOC	WHO	WOW
WJJX KSD	WTAM	WDAF
WBEN		

Wednesday

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD.

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WIBO	KDKA
KWK	WREN	WJDX	WSMB
WFAA	WHAS	WSAI	WLW
WSB	WJZ	WBZA	WLW
WGAR	WHAM		

BEN AND HELEN—

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	WJXE	WFBL	WRBW
WLBZ	WJAX	WDRC	WSAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	WJXAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	KWK	WWNC
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBNS	WOWO	WBBM
KSCJ	KMBC	KOIL	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KDYL

EASTMAN SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WHAM	WJR	WREN
KTAB	WRC	CKGW	KSTP
WJAX	WSM	KOA	KGO
KECA	KTAR	WGAR	

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	WJXE	WDRC	WFAN
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KOL	KFPY		

EASTERN SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WHAM	WJR	WREN
KTAB	WRC	CKGW	KSTP
WJAX	WSM	KOA	KGO
KECA	KTAR	WGAR	

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	WJXE	WDRC	WFAN
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KOL	KFPY		

EASTERN SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WHAM	WJR	WREN
KTAB	WRC	CKGW	KSTP
WJAX	WSM	KOA	KGO
KECA	KTAR	WGAR	

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	WJXE	WDRC	WFAN
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KOL	KFPY		

GLORIA LAY'S AFFAIRS—(Katterman & Mitchell)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WJZ	WGAR	WENR	WHAM

BOSCUL MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA—Frank LaForge, pianist.

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WLIT	WBEN	WCAE
WSAI	WRC	WTAM	WWJ

SMITH BROTHERS' ORCHESTRA—

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WGAR	KDKA	WJR
WIBO	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WLW			

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"—William Hard.

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WEAF	WRC	KOA	KECA
KGO	WCAE	WBEN	KOMO
KFSD	WSAI	WIBO	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WEEI	WJAR	WFLA	WSUN
KSTP			

LISTERINE PROGRAM—Bobby Jones, golf chats.

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WBEN	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WIBO	KSD	WOC	WHO

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WOW	WPTF	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WJDX	WFAA	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD	WGY	KPRC	

MOBILOIL CONCERT—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WTAM	KOA
KYOO	WFAA	WOAI	WKY
WTIC	KPRC	KSL	WGY
WGN	WEBC	WDAF	WCAE
WHO	WOC	WWJ	WBEN
KSTP	WTMJ		

THE SUNKIST MUSICAL COCKTAIL—Raymond Paige's Orchestra.

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	WPTF	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WFAN
WCAU	WJXAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO	WMAQ
WJJD	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KLZ	KDYL		

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WKRC	WCAH	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	KMJ	KFBK

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	CKGW	WRVA	WJAX
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WWJ
WSMB	KVOO	WFRC	WOAI
KSTP	WTMJ	KYW	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	KFI
WBEN	WTAM		

PALMOLIVE HOUR—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WSAI	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSMB
WTMJ	CKGW	KSTP	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WDAF	WHO
WSB	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
WFAA	KPRC	WWJ	WTAM
WBEN	KFI		

Features

0 p.m.—WABC—Guy Lombardo's Or-estra. "Sweetest music this side of heav-."

0 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors. Or-estra direction Frank Black.

Tuesday

5 p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet. Five ndred pound team. Knows nothing, tells erything. All kitchen questions cheer-lly answered.

00 p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman's Paint en. King of Jazz clings to regal title and putting it on in purple.

0 p.m.—WEAF—Sigmund Spaeth of Hap- Wonder Bakers introduces a popular nposer each week.

0 p.m.—WABC—Philco Symphony Con-t, with Howard Barlow conducting.

:00 p.m.—WABC—Mr. and Mrs. Trials d tribulations of marital existence.

15 p.m.—WABC—Richie Craig, Jr., Blue bbon Malt Jester. Funny side up. Snappy mic. "Jest for fun."

:30 p.m. — WABC — Paramount Publix dio Playhouse. Good variety.

Wednesday

00 p.m.—WABC—Bill Schudt's Going to ess. Reporters, editors and publishers ve their say, and say it.

30 p.m.—WABC—Sunkist Musical Cock-l from Los Angeles.

30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour, with velers Quartet, Olive Palmer, Elizabeth nnox and Paul Oliver as regular features.

30 p.m.—WJZ—Camel Pleasure Hour. inald Werrenrath, Mary McCoy and chestra.

:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Voice of Radio gest, with Nellie Revell and her "gaba-gue." Gossip about notables of air and age by famous author and journalist.

Thursday

00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Vallée and his nnecticut Yankees. "Heigh Ho!"

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

▲

8:45 p.m.—WABC—The Hamilton Watch-man. Tense drama when split-seconds count.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble under direction of Don Voorhees.

11:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, is making music history. "Hope you'll like it."

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WABC—Emily Post. Mind your peas (don't use a knife) and cues (be-ware of faux pas).

4:00 p.m.—WJZ—Radio Guild adapts the better plays to Radio.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert, with Jessica Dragonette of the golden voice.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Cliquot Club broad-casts from an Esquimo night club. Those Igloo Blues.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Mary and Bob. True Story drama.

10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Armstrong Quakers, with Lois Bennett, Mary Hopple and a male quartet.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—March of Time. Vi-talizing news of the day by dramatic char-acterization and presentation. Time Maga-zine, sponsor.

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air. Famous stage stars, smart music. Ahoy, Leviathan!

Saturday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Weber and Fields in the Webster Program. "Ach! By golly, vot a comicals dey iss!"

8:15 p.m.—WABC—Ben Alley—and Ann Leaf at the organ.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Alexander Woollcott—Early Bookworm reviews, turns a page and tells a story.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Hour, featuring Floyd Gibbons and Walter Dam-rosch.

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ttern Central Mountain Pacific
MEL PLEASURE HOUR—
1:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WREN WLW KYW
WSIS WRVA WJR KWK
WIOD WJAX WFLA WSUN
WGAR WOAI

VINO TONE PICTURES—Domen-ico Savino, Conductor.
1:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WKBW WNAC
WPG WEAN WJAS WLBW
WMAL WTAR WWNC WXYZ
WDOD WLAC WDSU WISN
WTAQ WCCO KMOX KMBC
KFH WACO KLZ KFRC
KPRC

TALITY PERSONALITIES*—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WADC WJAS
WNAC WKBW WBBM WKRC
WBT WXYZ WOWO KMBC
KOIL WCAU W3XAU WEAN
KMOX WFBL WSPD WMAL
WDRC WGST WJBC WRR
KTRH WFBM KLRA WISN
WCAH WLAC WDSU KFJF
KTSA KDYL KHJ KOIN
KFRC KOL KFPY

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
COCA COLA PROGRAM—
10:30 p. m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WCAE WSAI WOC WEBC
WKY KYW KSD WRVA
KSTP WJAX WIOD WSM
WSMB KTHS KPRC WOAI
KOA KSL KGO KGW
KHQ KOMO KFSD WJDX
WDAF WHAS WTAM WHO
WOW WMC WSB WWJ
WAPI WBEN KFI WGY

COLUMBIA CONCERTS CORPORA-TION PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WKBW WGR
WEAN WNAC WMAL WXYZ
WPG WCAU W3XAU WDSU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WADC WTAQ KRLD
WWNC WSPD WJDO CFRB
WISN WCCO KMOX KMBC
KLZ

"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"—Nellie Revell.
11:00 p.m.
WEAF KSD WFLA WSUN
WLIT WTAM WOC WHO

Eastern Central Mouutain Pacific
VINCENT LOPEZ—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WRC WCAE KSD
WGY WLIT WOC WHO
WWJ WFLA WSUN

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WADC
WEAN WNAC WHK WXYZ
WPG WDSU NTAQ WACO
CFRB WKBW WLBW WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WWNC WDOD WLAC WISN
KMBC KFH KLZ

JOHNNY JOHNSON'S PENNSYL-VANIANS—FROM ST. PAUL.
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WKBW WEAN
WNAC WCAU W3XAU WLBW
WCAO WTAR WLAC WISN
WCCO KFH KLZ WADC
WWNC WXYZ WSPD WDOD
WACO WDSU WTAQ KMBC
CFRB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Thursday

MASTER GARDNER
10:15 a. m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WEAF WGY WCAE WTAM
WOC WHO WLI WRC
WWJ WSAI WSAI WJDX
KOA WRVA WSM WSB
WJAX CKGW

FIVE ARTS—Radio Home Makers.
11:00 a. m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WEEI WHAS
WLBZ WLAN WDRC WNAC
WJG WCAU WJXAU WJAS
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDHJ
WRBN WWNC WBCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WISN
WOWO KSCJ KMOX KMBC
KLRA KOIL KFJF KTSA

PETER PAN FORECASTS—
11:45 a.m.
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WCAH
WGST WXYZ WSPD WJDH
WLAC WBRC WDSU WOWO
WMAQ WCCO KMBC KOIL
KFH KRLD KLZ KDYL
KVI KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC CFRB

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WMC WIBO WWJ
WHAS WOC WHO KOA
WBEN WCAE WTMJ KDYL

FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WREN
KWK KFAB WHAS WSM
WMC WSB WAPI WSMB
WJDX WRVA WFTF WJAX
WIOD WFLA WSUN KGO
KECA KOMO KHQ KTAR
KFSD WMAL KDKA WIBO
KOA KSL WGAR

RUDY VALLÉE—Fleischmann Hour.
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAX
WJDX WJAR WCSH WFI
WRC WGY WHO WOW
WDAF WWJ WHAS KTAR
WMC WSAI WSB WSMB
WEBC KOA WRVA KSL
KOMO WOAI WSM WOC
WAPI KGO KHQ KECA
KSD CKGW WTAM KGW
KSTP WGN KPRC WBEN
CFCF WFLA WSUN WCAE
(WTMJ KTHS WIOD WBAP
WKY, off 8:30)

SALADA SALON ORCHESTRA Nathaniel Shilkret.
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WJZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJR WIBO
KWK WREN KFAB WGAR

THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WJDX WOWO WJJD KMOX
KMBC KOIL

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WCAE
WGY WSB WSM WIOD
WJAX WOAI KOA KSL
WKY WRVA WSAI WJDX
KSD WDAF KYW WCAE
WEBC WOW WSMB WJDX
WGC KMC WHO KGO
KECA KOMO KHQ KGW
WAPI WTAM WREN WFLA
WSUN KTAR KFSD WWJ

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WJAR WWJ WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WCAE
WSAI WTAM WIBO WGY
WBEN

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WLW WKY WTMJ WEBC
WHAS WSM WJAX KPRC
KOA WSB WSMB WHAP
KYW KWK WREN WIOD
WJR WSMB WOAI KECA
KGW KOMO KHQ WAPI
WMC WHAM KDKA KSL
KGO WJDX WSUN WFLA
KTAR KFSD

THE LUTHERAN HOUR—
10:00 p.m.
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WGST
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WDSU WOWO WBBM
WCCO WMT KMOX WREN
WNAX KOIL KRLD KLZ
KDYL KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC

TOSCHA SEIDEL AND CONCERT OR-CHESTRA
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WKBW WEAN
WDRC WNAC WJAS WCAU
WHP WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WRBN WHIT WBCM WWNC
WSPD WDOD WRRC WISN
WOWO WCCO KSCJ WMT
KMBC KLRA WDAY WNAX
KOIL KFH KRLD KLZ
KYDL KHJ WTAQ

BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHES—

Eastern TR5	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	WJXE	WGR	WJAX
WJTHC	WSAC	WDRC	WPG
WAAU	WSAAU	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WBT	WBCM
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WTBM
WGL	WMT	KLRA	WDAY
WNAX	KOIL	BH	KEPP
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	CFRB
WTAQ			

RADIO ROUNDUP—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	WCAO	WLBM	KTSA
WJXE	WTAG	KLZ	
WKBW	WDBJ	WCCO	KFPY
WJAX	WADC	WMT	CFRB
WJDX	WJAS	KMBC	WTAQ
WNAC	WBT	KLRA	WORC
WBCM	WDAY	WPG	WSPD
WNAX	WBAP	WLAC	KOIL
WLBW	WBRC	KFH	WMAL
WISN	KIJT		

Friday

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—

10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	WJXE	WTBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	WNAC	WCAU
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WAIU	WXYZ	WSPD	WDSU
WFBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KEJF		

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WCKY	WIBO
KWK	WREN	WTMJ	WHAD
KSTP	WBEN	WRVA	WJAX
WJDX	WHAS	WMC	WAPI
WSMB	KTHS	KVOO	WHAP
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	WJDX
WPTF	WSB	WJR	KDKA
WFLA	WSUN		

NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—
Walter Damrosch.

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WJZ	WEAF	WBZ	WOAI
WBZA	WGAL	WHAM	KDKA
WJR	WLW	WSAI	WTAM
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WEEI
WJAR	WTAG	WCSH	WLIT
WRC	WGY	WHEN	WCAE
WTAM	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	KYW	CKGW
WTMJ	KSTP	WDAF	WHAS
WPTF	WJAX	WEBC	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WIOD	WMC
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WDSU
KPRC	WOAI	WSPD	KMOX
KVOO	KPRC	WSMB	WKY
KOA	KSL	(WGN	WCFL
WFAA	KYW on 11:30)		

EMILY POST—

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	WJXE	WTBU	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
WJSAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WKBC	WKZO	WSPD
WISN	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	CFRB	

RADIO GUILD—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KGO
CKGW	WTAR	WJAR	KFAB
KFI	KOMO	KFSD	WSM
KEAP	KSTP	WEBC	WHZA
WMC	WREN	WJZ	WHK
KSL	KOA	KYW	KWK
WGAR	WLW	WTMJ	WSB
WSMB	WOAI	WOAI	WKY
KPRC	WRVA	WRC	

CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	WJXE	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	WSAAU	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKBC	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WOOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WBBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	WNAX	KFH
KRLD	KTBH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY
KHJ			

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—

5:66 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	WJXE	WHEC	WGR	
WDRC	WHP	WLBW	WMAL	
WCAU	WTAR	WKBC	WKBN	
WWNC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD	
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC	
WISN	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	
WDAY	KFH	KEJF	KRLD	
KTBH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	WJXE	WGR	WDRC
WEAN	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WFBM	WGL
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	KEJF	KFH
KRLD	KTBH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY
KHJ			

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WJAR	WCSH	WLIT
WBZ	WGAL	WLW	WJSV
WGY	WHO	KSTP	WHAS
WMC	WSB	WSMB	KOA
KSL	KFOA	KGW	KOMO
KFAB			

BROWNBILT FOOTLITES—

Eastern 7:45 p.m.	Central 6:45	Mountain 5:45	Pacific 4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WREN
KPRC	WFAA	WMC	KWK
KFAB	WTMJ	WEBC	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WAPI
WSMB	WJDX	WOAI	WIBO
KOA	KSL	KDKA	WSB
WLW	KSTP	WGAR	

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA — Jessica Dragonette

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WLIT
WJC	WCAE	WJAR	WCSH
WOW	KYW	KSD	WDAF
KSTP	WTMJ	WKY	WOC
WEBC	KOA	WOAI	KOMO
KGO	KGW	KHQ	WTAG
KSL	CKGW	KECA	WHO
WSAI	WTAM	WBEN	WWJ

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WJIBO	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WJR	WLW	KDKA	WGAR

THE DUTCH MASTERS—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	WTAQ	WNAC	WGR
WBBM	WKRC	WHK	WXYZ
WOWO	WDRC	KMBC	WABC
WJXE	KDKA	WCAU	WSAU
WJAS	WEAN	KMOX	WFBL
WSPD	WMAL	WCCO	

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company	Kc.	Kc.	Columbia Broadcasting System
CFCF	1030	WENR	870
CKGW	960	WFAA	800
KDKA	980	WFI	560
KECA	1340	WFLA	620
KFAB	770	WGAR	1450
KFI	640	WGN	720
KFKX	1020	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KFYR	550	WHAS	820
KGO	790	WHO	1000
KGW	620	WIBO	560
KHQ	590	WIOD	1300
KOA	830	WJAR	890
KOMO	920	WJAX	900
KPO	680	WJDX	1270
KPRC	920	WJR	750
KSD	550	WJZ	760
KSL	1130	WKY	900
KSTP	1460	WLIT	560
KTAR	620	WLS	870
KTHS	1040	WLW	700
KVOO	1140	WMC	780
KWK	1350	WOAI	1190
KYW	1020	WOC	1000
WAPI	1140	WOW	590
WBAL	1060	WTPF	680
WBAP	800	WRC	950
WBEN	900	WREN	1220
WBZ	990	WRVA	1110
WBZA	990	WSAI	1330
WCAE	1220	WSB	740
WCFL	970	WSM	650
WCKY	1480	WSMB	1320
WCSH	940	WSUN	620
WDAF	610	WTAG	580
WDAY	940	WTAM	1070
WEAF	660	WTIC	1060
WEBC	1290	WTMJ	620
WEEI	590	WWJ	920

Columbia Broadcasting System	Kc.	Kc.	Columbia Broadcasting System
CFRB	960	WFAN	610
CKAC	730	WFBL	1360
KDYL	1290	WFBM	1230
KPH	1300	WGL	1370
KFJF	1480	WGST	850
KFPY	1340	WGST	890
KFRC	610	WHEC	1440
KHJ	900	WHK	1390
KLRA	1390	WHP	1430
KLZ	560	WIP	610
KMBC	950	WIBW	580
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOH	1380	WJAS	1290
KOIL	1260	WJD	1130
KOIN	940	WKAQ	870
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLBW	1260
KTSA	1290	WLBZ	620
KVI	760	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WACO	1240	WMAQ	670
WADC	1320	WMT	600
WAIU	640	WNAC	1230
WBBM	770	WNAX	570
WBCM	1410	WOKO	1440
WBRC	930	WORC	1200
WBT	1080	WOWO	1160
WCAH	1430	WPG	1100
WCAO	1300	WQAM	560
WCAU	1170	WREC	600
WCCO	810	WRR	1280
WDAE	1220	WSPD	1340
WDBJ	930	WTAQ	1330
WDBO	1120	WTAR	780
WDOD	1280	WTOC	1260
WDRC	1330	WWNC	570
WDSU	1250	WXYZ	1240
WEAN	780	W2XE	6120
		W3XAU	6060—9590

NATURAL BRIDGE DANCING CLASS —with Arthur Murray—

8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	KWK
WJR	WLW	WHO	WSUN
WBZ	WBZA	WFLA	WSUN
WRVA	WJR	WGAR	WCKY

INTERWOVEN PAIR—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBAL	WMC	KDKA
WJAX	WKY	WREN	KPRC
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	KGW
WSMB	WHO	WFAA	WJR
WTMJ	KSTP	WHAS	KYW
WEBC	WCKY	WSM	WRVA
WSB	WAPI	WOAI	KOA
KSL	KGO	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	KFSD	KTAR	WGAR
KFI			

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WSAI	WCAE	WJIBO
KSD	WWJ	WDAF	WOC
WHO	WGY	WBEN	

TRUE STORY HOUR—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WJXE	WNAC	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WMAL	WCAU
WJSAU	WJAS	WXYZ	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	WFBL		

ARMOUR PROGRAM—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WGN
KYW	WREN	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WMC	WSB	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	WKY
WHAS	KGW	KHQ	KOMO

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
KDKA	WJAX	WJDX	WIOD
WTMJ	WAPI	WHAM	KWK
WSM	WLW	WSMB	KFI
WGAR			

ENNA JETTICK SONGBIRD—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WLIT	WGY
WHEN	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
WENR	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	CKGW	WTAM
CFCF			

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
KYW	KWK	WHAM	KPRC
WJR	WTMJ	WEBC	WHAS
WSM	WSB	WOAI	KOA
WSMB	KSL	KGW	KOMO
KHQ	WMC	WBAP	KFI
WCKY	KTBH	KSTP	KVOO
WKY	WREN	KGO	

VAN HEUSEN PROGRAM—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WSYR
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

THE MARCH OF TIME—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WKBC	WKRC	WSYR
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

TWO TROUPERS—Marcella Shields and Helena Handin.

9:45 p.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WLIT	WGY
WBEN	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WHO	WDAF		

EASTMAN PROGRAM—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WJAR	WCSH	WCAE
WWJ	KSD	WSAI	WRC
WBEN	WLIT	WTAG	WGY
WTAM	WOC	WENR	KGO
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KOA
KSL	KTAR	KFSD	KFI

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WGY	WCAE	WRC
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WDAF
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WOC	WHAS
KGO	KTHS	WOAI	WKY
WRC	WCSH	KOA	KGW
KFI	KHQ	KOMO	KFAR
KFSD	WHO	WOW	WTAM
KSL	WFLA	WSUN	WBEN
WTIC			

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT — Es Bookworm.

8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WJAS
WLBW	WHAD	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WMAQ	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KLRA	WDAY	WNAX	KOIL
WBAP	KFH	KEJF	KRLD
KTSA	KLZ	KFPY	KHJ
KFRC			

SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA — Rudolph Bochco, Director

1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	WJXE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WCAU	WNAC	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WAIU
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WLAC
WBRC	WOWO	KLRA	CFRB

THE SILVER FLUTE—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WCSH	WGY	WCAE
WSAI	KSD	WDAF	WIOD
WJAR	WBEN	WOC	WHO

BEN ALLEY—Ann Leaf at the Orga

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WORC
WPG	WFAN	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKBN	WBT
WBCM	WBRC	WWNC	WREC
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	WMAC
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	WNAX	KOIL	KFH
KEJF	KTSA	KDYL	KFPY
KHJ	KFRC		

FULLER MAN—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW
KWK	WREN	KOA	CKGW
WHAS	KPRC	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KFAB	KHQ
WIBO	WKY	WTMJ	WMC
WEBC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KSTP	WBAP	

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WOC
WOW	WDAF	WTMJ	WKY
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WHAS	WMC	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WBAP	KPRC	WOAI
KOA	KGO	KGW	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD
KTAR	WHO		

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJAR	W2XE	WKBW	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WFAN
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKBN
WBCM	WSPD	WBRC	WISN
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KEJF	KTSA
KLZ	KOL	KFPY	KHJ
KFRC			

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WFAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKBC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WMAC
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KEJF
KRLD	KTBH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KHJ

Saturday

State and City Index

Compiled from latest issue of Federal Radio Commission Bulletin (February 28, 1931). Changes take place almost daily. Our readers are asked to report any inaccuracies that they may be checked against our regular sources of information.—EDITOR

Alabama

gham.....WAPI
—1140 kc.—263 m.
gham.....WBRC
—930 kc.—322.4 m.
until local sunset
gham.....WKBC
—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
m.....WJBY
—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
.....WODX
—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
omery.....WSFA
—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
ga.....WFDW
—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Alaska

rage.....KFQD
—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
.....KFIU
1310 kc.—228.9 m.
kan.....KGBU
—900 kc.—333.1 m.

Arizona

ff.....KFXY
—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
.....KCRJ
—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
ix.....KTAR
—620 kc.—483.6 m.
until local sunset
ix.....KOY
—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
tt.....KPJM
—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
n.....KVOA
—1260 kc.—238 m.
n.....KGAR
—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
until local sunset

Arkansas

ville.....KLCN
—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
teville.....KUOA
w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Smith.....KFPW
1340 kc.—223.7 m.
prings.....KTHS
) w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Rock.....KLRA
w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Rock.....KGHI
—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Rock.....KGJF
—890 kc.—336.9 m.
ould.....KBTM
—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

California

ley.....KRE
—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
ly Hills.....KMPC
—710 kc.—422.3 m.
nk.....KELW
—780 kc.—384.4 m.
r City.....KFVD
—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
ntro.....KXO
—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
o.....KMJ
—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
vard.....KZM
—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
wood.....KFWB
w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
wood.....KNX
w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
(to increase power to 50,000 w.)
City.....KFQU
w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
wood.....KMCS
w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Beach.....KGER
w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Beach.....KFOX
w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
ngeles.....KFI
w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
to increase power to 50,000 w.)
Los Angeles.....KFSG
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Los Angeles.....KGEF
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Los Angeles.....KGFJ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Los Angeles.....KHJ
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Los Angeles.....KTBI
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Los Angeles.....KECA
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Los Angeles.....KTM
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Los Angeles.....KMTR
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Oakland.....KLX
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Oakland.....KLS
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Oakland.....KROW
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pasadena.....KPPC
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Pasadena.....KPSN
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Sacramento.....KFBK
100 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
San Bernardino.....KFXM
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
San Diego.....KFSD
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
San Diego.....KGB
250 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 500 w.)
San Francisco.....KGO
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
San Francisco.....KFRC
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
San Francisco.....KGGC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Francisco.....KFWI
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
San Francisco.....KJBS
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
San Francisco.....KPO
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
San Francisco.....KTAB
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
San Francisco.....KYA
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
San Jose.....KQW
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Santa Ana.....KREG
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Santa Barbara.....KDB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Santa Maria.....KSMR
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Stockton.....KGDM
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
Stockton.....KWG
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

Colorado

Colorado Springs.....KFUM
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Denver.....KPOF
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Denver.....KFUP
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Denver.....KFEL
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Denver.....KFXF
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Denver.....KOA
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Denver.....KLZ
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Edgewater.....KFXJ
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Fort Morgan.....KGEW
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Greeley.....KFKA
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pueblo.....KGHF
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Trinidad.....KGIW
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Yuma.....KGEK
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

Connecticut

Bridgeport.....WICC
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
Hartford.....WTIC
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
Hartford.....WDRC
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Storrs.....WCAC
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.

Delaware

Wilmington.....WDEL
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
350 w. until local sunset
Wilmington.....WILM
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

District of Columbia

Washington.....WOL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Washington.....WMAL
250 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Washington.....WRC
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.

Florida

Clearwater.....WFLA-WSUN
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Gainesville.....WRUF
5000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Jacksonville.....WJAX
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Miami.....WQAM
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Miami.....WIOD-WMBF
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Orlando.....WDBO
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Pensacola.....WCOA
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
Tampa.....WDAE
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Tampa.....WMBR
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

Georgia

Atlanta.....WGST
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Atlanta.....WSB
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
Augusta.....WRDW
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Columbus.....WRBL
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Macon.....WMAZ
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Rome.....WFDV
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Savannah.....WTOC
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Thomasville.....WQDX
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Tifton.....WRBI
20 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Toccoa.....WTFI
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.

Hawaii

Honolulu.....KGU
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Honolulu.....KGMB
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.

Idaho

Boise.....KIDO
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Idaho Falls.....KID
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Nampa.....KFXD
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Pocatello.....KSEI
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Sandpoint.....KGKX
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Twin Falls.....KTFI
250 w.—130 kc.—227.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 550 w.)

Illinois

Carthage.....WCAZ
50 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
Chicago.....KYW-KFKX
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
Chicago.....WAAF
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Chicago.....WBBM-WJBT
25,000 w.—770 kc.—428.3 m.
Chicago.....WCFL
1500 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
Chicago.....WCRW
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Chicago.....WEDC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Chicago.....WENR-WBCN
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
Chicago.....WGES
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset—On Sunday
Chicago.....WGN-WLIP
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
Chicago.....WIBO
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1500 w. until local sunset
Chicago.....WKBI
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Chicago.....WLS
5000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 50,000 w.)
Chicago.....WMAQ
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
Chicago.....WMBI
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
Chicago.....WCHI
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Chicago.....WPCC
100 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
Chicago.....WSBC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Cicero.....WHFC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Decatur.....WJBL
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Evanston.....WEHS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Galesburg.....WKBS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harrisburg.....WEBQ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Joliet.....WCLS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Joliet.....WKBB
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
La Salle.....WJBC
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Mooseheart.....WJJD
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
Mount Prospect.....WJAZ
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Peoria Heights.....WMBD
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Quincy.....WTAD
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Rockford.....KFLV
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Rock Island.....WHBF
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Springfield.....WCBS
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Springfield.....WTAX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Tuscola.....WDZ
100 w.—1490 kc.—200.2 m.
Urbana.....WILL
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Zion.....WCBD
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.

Indiana

Anderson.....WHBU
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Connersville.....WKBV
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
150 w. until local sunset
Culver.....WCMA
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Evansville.....WGBF
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Fort Wayne.....WGL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Fort Wayne.....WOWO
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
Gary.....WJKS
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1250 w. until local sunset
Hammond.....WWAE
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Indianapolis.....WFBM
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Indianapolis.....WKBF
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
La Porte.....WRAP
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Marion.....WJAK
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Muncie.....WLBC
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
South Bend.....WSBT
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Terre Haute.....WBOW
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
West Lafayette.....WBAA
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.

Iowa

Ames.....WOI
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
Boone.....KFGQ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Cedar Rapids.....KWCR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Clarinda.....KSO
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Council Bluffs.....KOIL
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Davenport.....WOC
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
Decorah.....KGCA
50 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Decorah.....KWLC
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Des Moines.....WHO
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
Fort Dodge.....KFJY
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Iowa City.....WSUI
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
Marshalltown.....KFJB
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Muscatine.....KTNT
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
Ottumwa.....WIAS
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Red Oak.....KICK
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Shenandoah.....KFNF
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Shenandoah.....KMA
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Sioux City.....KSCJ
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Waterloo.....WMT
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.

Kansas

Dodge City.....KGNO
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Kansas City.....WLBF
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Lawrence.....KFKU
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Lawrence.....WREN
100 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Manhattan.....KSAC
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Milford.....KFKB
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
Topeka.....WIBW
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Wichita.....KFH
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.

Kentucky

Covington ..... WCKY
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
Hopkinsville ..... WFIW
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Louisville ..... WHAS
10,000 w. 820 kc. 365.6 m.
Louisville ..... WLAP
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Paducah ..... WPAD
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Louisiana

Monroe ..... KMLB
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
New Orleans ..... WABZ
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
New Orleans ..... WDSU
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
New Orleans ..... WJBO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
New Orleans ..... WJBW
30 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
New Orleans ..... WSMB
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
New Orleans ..... WWL
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
Shreveport ..... KRMD
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Shreveport ..... KTBS
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Shreveport ..... KTSL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Shreveport ..... KWEA
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Shreveport ..... KWKH
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.

Maine

Augusta ..... WRDO
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Bangor ..... WABI
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Bangor ..... WLBZ
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
Portland ..... WCSH
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.

Maryland

Baltimore ..... WBAL
10,000 w. 1060 kc.—282.8 m.
(1060 kc. during daytime Sun., Mon., Wednesday, Friday and during evening on Tues., Thurs. and Sat. At all other times 750 kc. The change from one station to the other is made at 7:40 p.m. on Sun. and at 4 p.m. week days.)
Baltimore ..... WCAO
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
Baltimore ..... WCBM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Baltimore ..... WFBR
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Cumberland ..... WTBO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.

Massachusetts

Boston ..... WBZA
500 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 1000 w.)
Boston ..... WEEI
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Boston ..... WHDH
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
Boston ..... WLOE
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Boston ..... WNAC-WBIS
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
Boston ..... WSSH
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Fall River ..... WSAR
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Lexington ..... WLEX
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Lexington ..... WLEY
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Needham ..... WBSO
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
New Bedford ..... WNBH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
South Dartmouth ..... WMAF
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Springfield ..... WBZ
15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
Worcester ..... WORC-WEPS
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Worcester ..... WTAG
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.

Michigan

Battle Creek ..... WELL
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Bay City ..... WBCM
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Berrien Springs ..... WKZO
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Calumet ..... WHDF
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Detroit ..... WXYZ
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Detroit ..... WJR
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
Detroit ..... WMBC
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Detroit ..... WWJ
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
East Lansing ..... WKAR
1000 w.—1040 kc.—228.3 m.
Flint ..... WFDF
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Grand Rapids ..... WASH
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Grand Rapids ..... WOOD
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Highland Park ..... WJBK
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Jackson ..... WIBM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Lapeer ..... WMPC
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Ludington ..... WKBZ
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Marquette ..... WBEO
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Royal Oak ..... WEXL
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

Minnesota

Fergus Falls ..... KGDE
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Minneapolis ..... WCCO
7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
Minneapolis ..... WDGY
1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
Minneapolis ..... WHDI
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
Minneapolis ..... WLB-WGMS
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Minneapolis ..... WRHM
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Moorhead ..... KGFK
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Northfield ..... KFMX
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Northfield ..... WCAL
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
St. Paul ..... KSTP
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.

Mississippi

Greenville ..... WRBQ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Gulfport ..... WGCM
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Hattiesburg ..... WRBJ
10 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Jackson ..... WJDX
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Meridian ..... WCOC
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
Tupelo ..... WDIX
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Vicksburg ..... WQBC
300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.

Missouri

Cape Girardeau ..... KFVS
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Clayton ..... KFUO
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
Columbia ..... KFRU
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Grant City ..... KGIZ
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Jefferson City ..... WOS
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
Joplin ..... WMBH
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Kansas City ..... KMBC
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
Kansas City ..... KWKC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Kansas City ..... WDAF
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
Kansas City ..... WHB
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
Kansas City ..... WOQ
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
St. Joseph ..... KFEQ
2500 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
St. Joseph ..... KGBX
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
St. Louis ..... KFWF
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
St. Louis ..... KMOX
50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
St. Louis ..... KSD
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
St. Louis ..... KWK
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
St. Louis ..... WEW
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
St. Louis ..... WIL
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.

Montana

Billings ..... KGHL
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
Butte ..... KGIR
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
Great Falls ..... KFBB
1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
Kalispell ..... KGEZ
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Missoula ..... KGVO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Wolf Point ..... KGCX
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.

Nebraska

Clay Center ..... KMMJ
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
Lincoln ..... KFOR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Lincoln ..... KFAB
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Lincoln ..... WCAJ
500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Norfolk ..... WJAG
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
North Platte ..... KGNC
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Omaha ..... WAAW
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
Omaha ..... WOW
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
Ravenna ..... KGFW
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Scottsbluff ..... KGKY
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
York ..... KGBZ
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.

Nevada

Las Vegas ..... KGIX
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Reno ..... KOH
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.

New Hampshire

Laconia ..... WKAV
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

New Jersey

Asbury Park ..... WCAP
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Atlantic City ..... WPG
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
Camden ..... WCAM
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Hackensack ..... WBMS
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Jersey City ..... WAAT
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Jersey City ..... WHOM
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Jersey City ..... WKBO
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Newark ..... WAAM
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
2000 w. until local sunset.
(C. P. to increase power to 2500 until local sunset)
Newark ..... WGCP
250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Newark ..... WNJ
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Newark ..... WOR
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
Paterson ..... WODA
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
Red Bank ..... WJBI
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Trenton ..... WOAX
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Zarephath ..... WAWZ
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.

New Mexico

Albuquerque ..... KGGM
250 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
Raton ..... KGFL
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
State College ..... KOB
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.

New York

Auburn ..... WMBO
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Binghamton ..... WNBF
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Brooklyn ..... WBBC
500 w.—1400 kc.—215.2 m.
Brooklyn ..... WBBR
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Brooklyn ..... WCGU
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Brooklyn ..... WCLB
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Brooklyn ..... WFOX
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Brooklyn ..... WMBQ
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Buffalo ..... WBEN
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Buffalo ..... WEBR
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
200 w. until local sunset.
Buffalo ..... WGR
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Buffalo ..... WKBW
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
Buffalo ..... WMAK
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Buffalo ..... WSVS
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Canton ..... WCAD
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
Freeport ..... WGBB
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Glens Falls ..... WBGF
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Ithaca ..... WEAI
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Ithaca ..... WLCI
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Jamaica ..... WMRJ
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Jamestown ..... WOCL
25 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Long Island City ..... WLBX
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
New York ..... WABC-WBOQ
5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 50,000 w.)
New York ..... WBNX
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York ..... WCDA
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York ..... WEAF
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
New York ..... WEVD
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
New York ..... WGBS
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
New York ..... WHAP
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
New York ..... WHN
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
New York ..... WJZ
30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
New York ..... WLWL
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
New York ..... WMCA
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
New York ..... WMSG
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
New York ..... WNYC
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
New York ..... WOV
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
New York ..... WPCH
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
New York .... WQAO-WPAP
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
New York ..... WRNY
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Patchogue ..... WPOE
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Poughkeepsie ..... WOKO
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Rochester ..... WHAM
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
Rochester ..... WHEC-WABO
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Saranac Lake ..... WNBZ
50 w.—880 kc.—232.4 m.
Schenectady ..... WGY
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
Syracuse ..... WFBL
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 2500 w.)
Syracuse ..... WSYR-WMAC
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Troy ..... WHAZ
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Tupper Lake ..... WHDL
10 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Utica ..... WIBX
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
300 w. until local sunset.
Woodside ..... WWRL
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Yonkers ..... WCOH
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

North Carolina

Asheville ..... WWNC
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Charlotte ..... WBT
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
Gastonia ..... WSOC
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Greensboro ..... WBIG
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Raleigh ..... WPTF
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
Wilmington ..... WRBT
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Winston-Salem ..... WSJS
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

North Dakota

Bismarck ..... KFYR
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
Devils Lake ..... KDLR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Fargo ..... WDAY
1000 w. 940 kc. 319 m.
Grand Forks ..... KFJM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Mandan ..... KGCU
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Minot ..... KLPM
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Ohio

Canton ..... WHB
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Cincinnati ..... WFI
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Cincinnati ..... WKR
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Cincinnati ..... WL
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
Cincinnati ..... WS
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Cleveland ..... WG
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
Cleveland ..... WJ
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
Cleveland ..... WI
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
Cleveland ..... WT
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
Columbus ..... WA
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
Columbus ..... WC
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Columbus ..... WE
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Columbus ..... WS
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Dayton ..... WS
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Mansfield ..... W
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Mount Orab ..... WH
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Steubenville ..... WI
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Tallmadge ..... WA
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
Toledo ..... WS
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
Youngstown ..... WK
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
Zanesville ..... WA
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

Oklahoma

Alva ..... KG
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Chickasha ..... KO
250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
Elk City ..... KG
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Enid ..... KC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Norman ..... WN
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Oklahoma City ..... K
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
Oklahoma City ..... KF
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
Oklahoma City ..... KG
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Oklahoma City ..... W
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Ponca City ..... WI
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
South Coffeyville ..... KG
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
Tulsa ..... KV
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.

Oregon

Astoria ..... K
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Corvallis ..... KO
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
Eugene ..... KO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Marshfield ..... K
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Medford ..... KA
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Portland ..... K
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Portland ..... K
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
Portland ..... K
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Portland ..... K
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
Portland ..... K
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
Portland ..... K
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
Portland ..... K
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
Portland ..... K
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

Pennsylvania

Allentown ..... W
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Allentown ..... W
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
Altoona ..... W
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 250 w.)
Carbondale ..... W
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Elkins Park ..... W
50 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
Erie ..... WE
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WSAJ
0 kc.—228.9 m.
WBAK
0 kc.—209.7 m.
l local sunset
WCOD
0 kc.—249.9 m.
WHP
0 kc.—209.7 m.
l local sunset
WJAC
0 kc.—228.9 m.
WGAL
0 kc.—228.9 m.
WKJC
0 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBU
0 kc.—247.8 m.
WLBW
50 kc.—248 m.
l local sunset
WCAU
1170 kc.—256.3 m.
WELK
70 kc.—218.7 m.
l local sunset
WFAN
0 kc.—491.5 m.
WFI
0 kc.—535.4 m.
WHAT
0 kc.—228.9 m.
WIP
0 kc.—491.5 m.
WLIT
0 kc.—535.4 m.
WPEN
00 kc.—199.9 m.
eal sunset
WRAX
920 kc.—293.9 m.
WTEL
0 kc.—228.9 m.
ease power to 100 w.)
KDKA
980 kc.—305.9 m.
KQV
580 kc.—217.3 m.
WCAE
1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WJAS
1290 kc.—232.4 m.
ntil local sunset
WWSW
500 kc.—199.9 m.
WRAW
10 kc.—228.9 m.
ease power to 100 w.
WGBI
80 kc.—340.7 m.
WQAN
80 kc.—340.7 m.
WBO
200 kc.—249.9 m.
WPSC
230 kc.—243.8 m.
WBAX
210 kc.—247.8 m.
WDRE
310 kc.—228.9 m.
WRAK
70 kc.—218.7 m.
ease power to 100 w.)

orto Rico

WKAQ
990 kc.—336.9 m.

ode Island

WMBA
500 kc.—199.9 m.
WPAW
210 kc.—247.8 m.
WDWF-WLSI
210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEAN
780 kc.—384.4 m.
ntil local sunset
WJAR
990 kc.—336.9 m.
ntil local sunset

th Carolina

WCSC
960 kc.—220.4 m.
WIS
1010 kc.—296.8 m.
ntil local sunset
WSPA
1420 kc.—211.1 m.
til local sunset

uth Dakota

KFDY
550 kc.—545.1 m.
ntil local sunset
KGDY
1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KDGA
1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGFX
580 kc.—516.9 m.
WCAT
1200 kc.—249.9 m.
lls.....KSOO
—1110 kc.—270.1 m.

Vermillion.....KUSD
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
750 w. until local sunset
Watertown.....KGCR
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Yankton.....WNAX
1000 w.—570 kc.—526.0 m.

Tennessee

Bristol.....WOPI
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Chattanooga.....WDOD
1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Knoxville.....WFBC
50 w.—1200 kc.—249. 9 m.
Knoxville.....WNOX
1000 w.—560 kc. 535.4 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Knoxville.....WROL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Memphis.....WGBC
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Memphis.....WHBQ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Memphis.....WMC
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Memphis.....WNBR
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
Nashville.....WREC—WOAN
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Nashville.....WLAC
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204.0 m.
Nashville.....WSM
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
Springfield.....WSIX
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
Union City.....WOBT
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset

Texas

Abilene.....KFYO
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Amarillo.....KGRS
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Amarillo.....WDAG
1000 W.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
Austin.....KUT
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Beaumont.....KPDM
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
Brownsville.....KWWG
500 w.—1260 kc.—238.0 m.
Brownwood.....KGKB
250 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
College Station.....WTAW
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Corpus Christi.....KGFI
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Dallas.....KRLD
10000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
Dallas.....WFAA
50000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
Dallas.....WRR
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
Dublin.....KFPL
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
El Paso.....KTSM
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
El Paso.....WDAH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Fort Worth.....KFJZ
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Fort Worth.....KTAT
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Forth Worth.....WBAP
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
(lowered at present for 10000 w.)
Galveston.....KFLX
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Galveston.....KFUL
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
Greenville.....KPPM
15 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Harlingen.....KRGV
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
Houston.....KPRC
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Houston.....KTLC
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Houston.....KTRH
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Houston.....KXYZ
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Angelo.....KGKL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio.....KMAC
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio.....KONO
100 w.—1500 kc.—218.7 m.
San Antonio.....KTAP
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
San Antonio.....KTSA
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
San Antonio.....WOAI
50,000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
Waco.....WACO
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
Wichita Falls.....KGKO
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
500 w. until local sunset

Utah

Ogden.....KLO
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
Salt Lake City.....KDYL
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m
Salt Lake City.....KSL
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.

Vermont

Burlington.....WCAX
100 w.—1200 kc. 249.9 m.
Rutland.....WSYB
100 w.—1500 kc. 199.9 m.
Springfield.....WNBX
10 w.—1100 kc. 249.9 m.
St. Albans.....WQDM
5 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)

Virginia

Alexandria.....WJSV
10,000 w. 1460 kc.—205.4 m.
Danville.....WBTM
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Emory.....WEHC
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Lynchburg.....WLVA
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Newport News.....WGH
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
Norfolk.....WTAR—WPOR
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
Petersburg.....WLBG
100 w.—1200 kc. 249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
Richmond.....WBBL
100 w.—1210 kc. 247.8 m.
Richmond.....WMBG
100 w.—1210 kc. 247.8 m.
Richmond.....WRVA
5000 w.—1110 kc. 270.1 m.
Roanoke.....WDBJ
250 w.—930 kc. —322.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Roanoke.....WRBX
250 w.—1410 kc. —212.6 m.

Washington

Aberdeen.....KXRO
75 w.—1340 kc.—228.9 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 100 w.)
Bellingham.....KVOS
100 w. 1200 kc. 249.9 m.
Everett.....KPBL
50 w. 1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Lacey.....KGY
10 w. - 1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Pullman.....KWSC
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Seattle.....KFQW
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Seattle.....KJR
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
Seattle.....KOL
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Seattle.....KOMO
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
Seattle.....KPCB
100 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
Seattle.....KRSC
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Seattle.....KTW
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
Seattle.....KVL
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Seattle.....KXA
500 w.—570 kc.—526. m.
Spokane.....WFIO
100 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
Spokane.....KPPY
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
Spokane.....KGA
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
Spokane.....KHQ
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
Tacoma.....KMO
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
Tacoma.....KVI
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
Walla Walla.....KUJ
500 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
Wenatchee.....KPQ
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
Yakima.....KIT
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.

West Virginia

Bluefield.....WHIS
100 w.—1420 kc. 211.1 m.
(C. P. to increase power to 250 w. and change frequency to 1410 kc.)
Charleston.....WOBU
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Fairmont.....WMMN
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Huntington.....WSAZ
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
Wheeling.....WWVA
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.

Wisconsin

Eau Claire.....WTAQ
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
Fond du Lac.....KFIZ
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
Green Bay.....WHBY
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
Janesville.....WCLO
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
La Crosse.....WKBH
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
Madison.....WHA
750 w.—940 kc. 319 m.
Madison.....WIBA
500 w.—1280 kc. 234.2 m.
Manitowoc.....WOMT
100 w.—1210 kc. 247.8 m.
Milwaukee.....WHAD
250 w.—1120 kc. 267.7 m.
Milwaukee.....WISN
250 w. 1120 kc. 267.7 m.
Milwaukee.....WTMJ
1000 w.—620 kc. 483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
Poynette.....WIBU
100 w. 1210 kc. 247.8 m.
Racine.....WRJN
100 w. -1370 kc. -218.7 m.
Sheboygan.....WHBL
500 w. 1410 kc.—212.6 m.
South Madison.....WISJ
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
Stevens Point.....WLBL
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
Superior.....WEBC
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m
2500 w. until local sunset

Wyoming

Casper.....KFDN
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

The following list of Mexican, Cuban and Canadian stations has been corrected from the latest report of the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., Feb. 22, '31.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC. Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc. 435 m.
CFBO.....St. John, N. B.
50 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CFCA-CKOW Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—840 kc. 357 m.
CFCF.....Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
CFCL-CKCL-CKNC
Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFCH.....North Bay, Ont.
50 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
CFCN.....Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFCO.....Chatham, Ont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CFCO.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFCT.....Victoria, B. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
250 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CFJC.....Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CFLC.....Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFNB....Fredericton, N. B.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CFQC-CNRS. Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CFRB-CNRX, King, York Co. Ont.
4000 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CRFC.....Kingston, Ont.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
30 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHCS.....Hamilton, Ont.
10 w.—880 kc. 341 m.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CHMA.....Edmonton, Alta.
250 w. 680 kc.—517 m.
CHML.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w. 880 kc. 341 m.
CHRC.....Quebec, P. Q.
100 w. 880 kc. 341 m.
CHWC Pilot Butte, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHWK.....Chilliwack, B. C.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CHYC Montreal, P. Q.
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CJCA-CNRE. Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CJCB.....Sydney, N. S.
50 w. 880 kc. 341 m.
CJCJ-CHCA Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc. 435 m.
CJGC-CNRL.....London, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CJGX.....Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CJOC.....Lethbridge, Alta.
50 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CJOR.....Sea Island, B. C.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CJRM.....Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRW.....Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRX.....Middlechurch, Man.
2000 w.—11,720 kc.—25.6 m.
CKAC-CHYC-CNRM
St. Hyacinth, Quebec
500 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCE-CHLS, Vancouver, B.C.
50 w.—730 kc. 411 m.
CKCI .....Quebec, P. Q.
221 w. 880 kc.—341 m.
CKCK-CJBR-CNRR
Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CKCL.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w —580 kc.—517 m.
CKCO.....Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—890 kc. 337 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w. 1010 kc.—297 m.
CKCV-CNRQ....Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKFC .....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKIC .....Wolfeville, N. S.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKGW - CJBC - CJSC - CPRY
Bowmanville, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CKLC - CHCT - CNRD
Red Deer, Alberta
1000 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CKMC.....Cobalt, Ont.
15 w.—1500 kc.—248 m.
CKMO.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKNC.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKOC.....Hamilton, Ont.
30 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKPC.....Preston, Ont.
25 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKPR.....Midland, Ont.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKUA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKX.....Brandon, Man.
500 w.—540 kc.—556 m.
CKY-CNRW. Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
CNRA.....Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CNRH.....Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CNRO.....Ottawa, Ont.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CNRV .....Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
10AE .....Bowmanville, Ont.
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BQ.....Brantford
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AK.....Stratford
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BP .....Wingham
1199 kc. —250 m.
10BU .....Canora, Sask.
1199 kc.—250 m.
10CB .....Liverpool
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AB.....Moose Jaw
1199 kc.—250 m.
10BI.....Prince Albert
1199 kc.—250 m.
10AY.....Kelowna
1109 kc.—250 m.

Cuba

CMAA.....Guanajay
30 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
CMAB.....Pinar del Rio
20 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMBA.....Havana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBC.....Havana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBD.....Havana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBF.....Havana
7½ w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBG.....Havana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBH.....Havana
30 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBI.....Havana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBJ.....Havana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBK.....Marianao
15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBL.....Havana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBM.....Havana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBN.....Los Pinos
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBP.....Havana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBR.....Arroyo Apolo
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBS.....Havana
150 w.—790 kc.—380 m.
CMBT.....Havana
150 w.—1070 kc —280 m.
CMBW.....Marianao
150 w.—1010 kc 297 m.
CMBX.....Havana
30 w.—1405 kc —213 m.

CMBY.....Havana
100 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBZ.....Havana
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMC.....Havana
500 w.—845 kc.—355 m.
CMCA.....Havana
150 w. 1225 kc.—245 m.
CMCB.....Havana
150w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMCD.....Havana
15 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMCF.....Havana
250 w.—900 kc.—333 m.
CMCG (Guanabacoa
30 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMCH.....Havana
15 w.—1275 kc.—233 m.
CMCJ.....Havana
250 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
CMCM.....Marianao
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCN.....Marianao
250 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMCO.....Marianao
225 w.—660 kc.—454 m.
CMCQ.....Havana
600 w.—1150 kc.—260 m.
CMCR.....Havana
20 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMCT.....Guanabacoa
5 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCX.....Marianao
250 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMCY.....Havana
15 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMGA.....Colon
100 w.—834 kc.—360 m.
CMGB.....Matanzas
7½ w.—1185 kc.—253 m.
CMGC.....Matanzas
30 w.—1063 kc.—282 m.
CMGD.....Matanzas
5 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
CMGE.....Cardenas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMGF.....Matanzas
50 w.—977 kc.—307 m.

CMGH.....Matanzas
60 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMGI.....Matanzas
30 w.—1094 kc.—274 m.
CMHA.....Cienfuegos
200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m.
CMHB Sagua la Grande
10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMHC.....Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD.....Caibarien
250 w.—926 kc.—325 m.
CMHE.....Santa Clara
20 w.—1429 kc.—210 m.
CMHH.....Cifuentas
10 w.—870 kc.—345 m.
CMHI.....Santa Clara
15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m.
CMHJ.....Cifuentas
40 w.—645 kc.—465 m.
CMJA.....Camaguey
10 w.—1332 kc.—225 m.
CMJC.....Camaguey
15 w.—1321 kc.—227 m.
CMJE.....Camaguey
5 w.—856 kc.—350 m.
CMK.....Havana
3000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CMKA....Santiago de Cuba.
20 w.—1450 kc.—207 m.
CMKB.....Santiago de Cuba
15 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
CMKC.....Santiago de Cuba
150 w.—1034 kc.—290 m.
CMKD.....Santiago de Cuba
20 w.—1100 kc.—272 m.
CMKE.....Santiago de Cuba
250 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMKF.....Holguin
30 w.—1363 kc.—220 m.
CMKG.....Santiago de Cuba
30 w.—1176 kc.—255 m.
CMKH.....Santiago de Cuba
250 w.—1327 kc.—226 m.
CMQ.....Havana
250 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.

CMW.....Havana
700 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
CMX.....Havana
500 w.—900 kc.—333 m.

Mexico

XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal.
100 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
XEB.....Mexico City
1000 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
XEC.....Toluca
50 w.—1333 kc.—225 m.
XED.....Reynosa, Tamps
10,000 w.—960 kc.—312 m.
XEE.....Linares, N. L.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax.
100 w.—1132 kc.—265 m.
XEFA.....Mexico City
250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
XEFE..Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
100 w.—980 kc.—306 m.
XEG.....Mexico City
2000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
XEH.....Mexico City
100 w.—1132 kc.—265 m.
XEI.....Morelia
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEJ.....C. Juarez, Chih.
100 w.—857 kc.—350 m.
XEK.....Mexico City
100 w.—990 kc.—303 m.
XEL.....Saltillo, Coah.
10 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
XEM.....Tampico Tamps.
500 w.—841 kc.—357 m.
XEN.....Mexico City
1000 w.—719 kc.—417 m.
XEO.....Mexico City
5000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
XEP...Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
XEQ.....Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000 w.—750 kc.—400 m.

XER.....Mexico City
100 w.—674 kc.—445 m.
XES.....Tampico, Tamps.
500 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
XET.....Monterey, N. L.
1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XETF.....Vera Cruz
500 w.—680 kc.—441 m.
XEU.....Vera Cruz, Ver.
100 w.—800 kc.—375 m.
XEV.....Puebla, Pue.
100 w.—1035 kc.—290 m.
XEW.....Mexico City
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
XEX.....Mexico City
500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
XEY.....Merida, Yucatan
100 w.—547 kc.—549 m.
XEZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.
XFA.....Mexico City
50 w.—(n-21,429 kc.—0-14 m.)
(7,143-6,977 kc.—42-43 m.)
(600-500 kc.—500-600 m.)
XFC.....Aguacalientes
350 w.—804 kc.—323 m.
XFD.....Mexico City
50 w.—(9,091 kc.—33 m.)
(11,111 kc.—27 m.)
(6,667 kc.—45 m.)
XFE.....Villahermosa Tab.
350 w.—804 kc.—373 m.
XFF.....Chihuhua, Chih.
250 w.—923 kc.—325 m.
XFG.....Mexico City
2000 w.—638 kc.—470 m.
XFH.....Mexico City
250 w.
XFI.....Mexico City
1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m.
XFZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.

Television Stations

Channel 2000 to 2100
W3XK.....Wheate
5000 w.
W2XBU.....Beacon,
100 w.
W2XCD.....Passaic
5000 w.
W9XAC.....Chica
500 w.
W2XAP....Jersey City
250 w.
W2XCR....Jersey Cit
5000 w.
Channel 2100 to 2200
W3XAD.....Camden
500 w.
W2XBS....New York
5000 w.
W3XAK...Bound Brool
5000 w.
W8XAV.....Pittsbun
20,000 w.
W2XCM...Schenectady
20,000 w.
W9XAP.....Chica
1000 w.
Channel 2750 to 285
W2XBC.....L. I. Cit
500 w.
W9XAA.....Chici
1000 w.
W9XC....W. LaFayet
1500 w.
Channel 2850 to 295
W1XAV.....Boston
500 w.
W2XR. Long Island Cit
500 w.
W9XR.....Chic
5000 w.
W9XAO.....Chic
1000 w.

The Rise of Carol Deis

(*Continued from page 20*)

found, produced the best results.

Her teacher was confident she would win. Her voice was sure and dependable now. To hear her was to sense, as she had seen that gracefully circling plane years ago, a lifting exaltation into the ethereal blue.

Soon came the first of the elimination contests. Singing from behind a screen directly to the judges Carol Deis won the Dayton contest with ease. At WAIU in Columbus, the state capital, it was the same story with the Radio audience participating in judging the merits. She felt slightly nervous as she progressed to the broader district elimination at WGN, Chicago. But she was soon advised that she had qualified to represent the Midwest in the New York finals.

With other district winners she enjoyed a visit to the White House in Washington. Even there it seemed she was picked as a winner, for one of the columnists remarked: "Were this a beauty contest there would be no doubt about the Dayton girl."

What a broad world—and after all how much alike were humans wherever you find them. The young woman from Dayton was beginning to shed her self-consciousness. She welcomed the day for the greatest test of her life—her last chance to win an Atwater Kent prize.

The *Bell Song!*

Clearly, distinctly she remembered Galli-Curci on that eventful day. She prayed to be a Galli-Curci just for an hour. And, perhaps, her prayer was answered.

Madame Schumann-Heink was stirred to the depths of her soul. She had done it, she had done it—this unknown youngster from a Dayton law office, a stenographer, not only had presumed to choose the *Bell Song* for such an occasion but she had gone ahead and sung it—marvelously, thrillingly. Brave, enduring Schumann-Heink paced the floor striving to contain herself while the other judges were making up their minds. At that it was the quickest decision in the four year history of these annual contests. All were unanimous for the Carol Deis. It was all settled in fifteen minutes.

These were incidents I recalled as I sat and chatted with the girl who had dreamed and wondered if two years of high school would be the end of her higher education. I had read of the great reception tendered to her on her return to Dayton; how the newspapers had commented: "her intonation of the aria, which makes most exacting demands upon the voice, was limpid and flawless . . . Miss Deis sang 'E' above high 'C' with the same sureness and clarity characteristic of her notes in the lower register."

Accepting her check for $5,000 and choosing Curtis Institute at Philadelphia, she began her studies last January. Voice, piano, languages, dramatic art and opera are a few of the subjects included. She has a three year contract with the NBC Artist Bureau and will receive $500 every time she sings. This summer she goes to Europe to study under the French and Italian maestros.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MA
MENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED E
ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 19
of RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at Ne
N. Y. for April 1, 1931. State of New York, C
New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the S
county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymo
who, having been duly sworn according to law,
and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO
and that the following is, to the best of his knowl
belief, a true statement of the ownership, man
(and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of t
said publication for the date shown in the above
required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodie
tion 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printe
reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the p
editor, managing editor, and business manag
Publisher—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING
420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Editor—R
Bill, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Managin
—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Avenue, Ne
Business Manager—Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington
New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corpor
name and address must be stated and also imm
thereunder the names and addresses of stockhold
ing or holding one per cent or more of total a
stock. If not owned by a corporation, the na
addresses of the individual owners must be gi
owned by a firm, company, or other unincorpora
cern, its name and address, as well as those of
dividual member, must be given.) Radio Digest
ing Corp., Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymo
Edward L. Bill, C. L. Bill, Randolph Brow
Spillane, B. Titman, and Chas. R. Tighe all lo
420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgage
other security holders owning or holding 1 per
more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or
curities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, gi
names of the owners, stockholders, and security
if any, contain not only the list of stockholders
curity holders as they appear upon the books of
pany but also, in cases where the stockholder o
holder appears upon the books of the company a
or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of th
or corporation for whom such trustee is acting,
also that the said two paragraphs contain statem
bracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to
cumstances and conditions under which stockhol
security holders who do not appear upon the boo
company as trustees, hold stock and securities
pacity other than that of a bona fide owner;
affiant has no reason to believe that any othe
association, or corporation has any interest dire
direct in the said stock, bonds, or other securi
as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each is
this publication sold or distributed, through the a
otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six mo
ceding the date shown above is.....
information is required from daily publication o
Raymond Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27t
March, 1931. Wm. A. Low, Notary Public, N
No. 473, Reg. No. 11,337. Commission expires M
1931. [Seal]

The Countess and Her Stars

(*Continued from page 54*)

Neptune trine Mercury, trine Mars that means a very active mind, ready elve into any subject, no matter how erious or difficult. Saturn in Aqua- gives her balance and profundity. e's a square between Saturn and s which is responsible for her abil- to read people, analyze them.

o people (that's what the astrologers persons born in that sign) are extravagant and impatient, but the ntess doesn't possess the latter fault. has infinite patience to accomplish hing she sets out to do, but she is fond of luxury and beautiful things it will be difficult for her at times ay "no" when she's tempted to spend e than she should. From the out- , however, she'll probably be able have anything her little heart de- s; for Leo people just naturally at- t wealth, position and fame, and she ow coming into some of the best as- s she has ever experienced. The good iences will surround her all through 1 and 1932 and if she should make her mind to "go west" there is no er time than now.

etty McGee Broadcasts

(*Continued from page 69*)

anist of WHK, and a few of the inter- ng things her recent programs have ught her. The Saturday midnight gram is an all request hour. From P.M. till the end of her program, let- , telegrams, and phone calls pour in ping the office staff busy. Miss Wy- 's programs are all memory work and rarely carries any music with her. teners delight in trying to stump the satile Helen and, when they fail, as y most usually do, their answers are que. An odd note from Novia Scotia, ive dollar gold piece from a fan she er knew—Helen calls it her "believe or not" piece.

* * *

NOW enters the Radio woman's hour director who never is heard on the . She is Mary Kyle of station WLW o has just taken over the duties of ly Fisher who left the Crosley station be married. Miss Kyle is a director of Crosley Homemakers in every sense the word. She plans all the programs LW broadcasts for women, engaging erts to talk on specialized subjects and anging entertainment features for men. Instead of spending much of her ne before the microphone, she delegates broadcasting to people selected be- use of their voice appeal.

WALLY COLBATH, graduate of Northwestern in the class of 1930, the "Lilacs" of Harold Teen, WGN feature, is one of the nation's outstanding divers. He was on the Olympic team in 1928 and was former national intercollegiate diving champion . . . He often hurries into the studios in the Drake Hotel with his hair still wet from diving at the Lake Shore Athletic or Medina Athletic Club.

Chinning with the Chain Gang

(*Continued from page 63*)

When Lula Vollmer brought her into the play she was supposed to be the villainess, but fans refused to hiss her and sent applause cards instead.

* * *

ALWAYS be on your best behavior and enunciate clearly in restaurants, even when your mouth is full of soda crackers, for the man at the next table may be a Radio manager in search of new talent.

Six men were singing in harmony in a Rochester restaurant one night . . . a Ford salesman, a school-teacher, a banker, two insurance agents and a realtor. William Fay, manager of WHAM and Jack Lee, the station's ace announcer, heard 'em and signed 'em on the dotted line for the Barbasol Barber Shop Ballads, now on the Columbia system. Their names are George Doescher, Robert Woerner, Ted Voellnagel, Jim Carson, Earl Remington and George Culp, and they take their broadcasting as a side line to their regular occupations.

Radio Theater Columnist



Douglas Brinkley is the magnet who attracts theater celebrities . . . actors, authors and producers . . . to WGBS Wednesday nights for his "Theater Going" column of the air.



Learn RADIO, TELEVISION, TALKING PICTURES

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere $20 or $30 a week. Let me show you how to make REAL MONEY in RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!

Jobs Leading to Salaries of $60 a Week and Up

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying $3,000 to $10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work, at $45 to $100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at $1,800 to $5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—HUNDREDS of Opportunities for fascinating BIG PAY Jobs!

Without Books *or* Lessons in 10 Weeks

By Actual Work *in* Great Coyne Shops

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence school. We don't teach you from books or lessons. We train you on the greatest outlay of Radio, Broadcasting, Television, Talking Picture and Code Practice equipment in any school. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give you—right here at Coyne—all the actual practice and experience you'll need. And because we cut out all useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 10 weeks.

TELEVISION

Talking Pictures

And Television is already here! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS OF TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who gets in on the ground-floor of Television can make a FORTUNE in this new field. Learn Television at COYNE on the very latest Television equipment! Big demand in TALKING PICTURES and SOUND REPRODUCTION! Hundreds of good jobs for WIRELESS OPERATORS! Learn ALL branches of Radio at Coyne—the one school that has been training men for 32 years.

Earn as You Learn

You get FREE EMPLOYMENT HELP FOR LIFE! And if you need part-time work while at school to help pay expenses, we'll gladly help you get it. Coyne Training is tested—proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything absolutely free. Just Mail Coupon for MY BIG FREE BOOK!

H. C. LEWIS: President
Radio Division, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 51-9H, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....



Sometimes WE *are surprised*

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NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.....The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT.....The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.....The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

Gabalogue

(*Continued from page 45*)

matter whom you hear before or after you are certain to remember her . . . especially if she sings "Kiss Me Again". * * * Fritzi Scheff will ever remain in the heart and memory of her public as a great artist, a great woman, and a credit to the theatre. * * *

And now here's a lady I neither have to *introduce* nor *welcome* to Radio. * * * She saw it first. * * * Miss Vaughn de Leath. * * * Vaughn de Leath was the first American woman to broadcast. * * * An Italian opera singer radioed a song for Marconi in 1920 and shortly after that, Vaughn took the air and has been on it ever since. * * *

Miss de Leath has a further distinction. * * * She is the originator of the crooning type of singing now so popular. * * * She tells me that crooning was born of necessity. * * * In those days the microphone wasn't so perfectly adjusted to the human voice as it is now. * * * Delicate and costly tubes in the transmitting panel were often shattered by a soprano's high note. * * *

So Miss de Leath sang with a *new* note to save tubes. * * * It was a throaty modulation, well within the mike's range. * * * The result was most happy. * * * The tubes liked the new style of singing . . . and so did the public. * * * And that's where we women beat the men to at least one field. * * *

This mike-made queen even looks the part. * * * Vaughn de Leath is tall, handsome and majestic. * * * (Has dark hair and eyes and, I might add, above the average size.) * * * She was born in Mt. Pulaski, Ill., and her father was a manufacturer of windmills. * * * So she naturally accepts the benefits of the air as her rightful heritage, whether they come through a wind-mill or a mike. * * *

Diamond Horseshoe

(*Continued from page 10*)

ironed out, hark to this bit of prestidigitation.

On at least one occasion when the Metropolitan is on tour it has been found necessary to make arrangements for bundling Mr. Pelletier and the artist of the evening into a fast "ship" at an airport for the long jump to New York. A quick airplane hop was the one and only way out of the difficulty—but it went further than that.

It was equally necessary to rush them back to the air field once the Simmons Program was concluded at the Columbia studios and to shoot them away through the night to rejoin fellow artists and there go on with their parts with the sang-froid that might be expected had they merely taken time out for a nap.

In other instances, when the distance of the company from New York was not so great, fast trains have been found to meet requirements of the time element.

In the case of Sigrid Onegin, for instance, the only one of the artists so fa "booked" who is not at this time con nected with opera, she found that he coast-to-coast tour concluded on th very day of the broadcast. It was case of rush on to New York. Then, th program over, she blithely sailed away t Europe the very next day to fill anothe series of concert engagements.

But hark—all is not gold that glitter and the confines of full dress do not a ways lend themselves to that freedom the thoracic pipes which an opera sta desires when he is about to give way t those rich and sonorous tones whic have made name and voice famous.

Radio is Radio, be the man of th moment a world-renowned opera singer a song plugger from Tin Pan Alley. An so it was at the premiere of the Simmon program, when the artist to whom w given the honor of inaugurating the serie Beniamino Gigli, got down to business.

There was a flutter of lorgnettes ar laces, a coughing into coats—in fact general and audible gasp and a moment awful silence.

Gigli with no ado was shedding co and waistcoat, dress collar and tie, ar loosening the neckband of his shirt!

And so, though the diamond horsesh of the Metropolitan may move to t broadcasting studios—and there is eve indication that the process is under w —Radio stays Radio and sticks by i own conventions and quixoticies—infc mal though they be. The tiaras a trappings of the one will have to assi ilate the shirtsleeves of the other.

And that's that!

Classical Music

(*Continued from page 71*)

manly boys playing violin, viola, cel flute, oboe, bassoon and all the rest them. What is more, these young peop played well. They were having a marv ous and happy time; and their playi showed it.

Well, what is true of other instrume is true also of the piano. As the emine amateurs who are helping in the NI piano broadcasts on Tuesdays and S urdays are showing, any intellige person who cares to take a little trou can learn to produce a tune with accompaniment from the piano k board; and to read simple music. Af that much has been accomplished why, there are plenty of piano teache The piano is, after all, the finest of musical instruments, because it alone reproduce both harmony and melo May a million of grown-ups take this n fad to their hearts and become pia strummers. There is no better fun be had, and no finer occupation for sp hours. Get this started and there w be less complaint about home and s dullness. There will be less craving morbid excitement, less jazz madness, l discontent, less unhappiness.

pular Announcer



A. L. Alexander of WMCA.

'E Radio is a comparatively new d, most of the popular announcers l out in life to be something quite t, but not many have studied for inistry! That is just one of the to distinction of WMCA's popular nnouncer and studio director.

stage, newspaper work and social e are some of the other things ' has tried his hand at since he left me town, Boston. He's been with lew York station, however, since where his abilities at spot news-g, sports reporting and the enter-g use of words have been recognized. ts prodigious quantities of fan mail.

, American Women Are Happy

(*Continued from page 22*)

anyone for a livelihood, she can to postpone marriage until a man s along who measures up to her ards. And if when she marries she finds she has made a mistake. loes not have to endure punishment he rest of her life. She can divorce and try again.

recently met an American friend had just procured a divorce from her and. 'Just think,' she said, her eyes cling, 'I can have another chance! that just too marvelous? It makes eel that life is worth living again.' here is little sentiment about pean marriages. They are arranged arily for economic reasons. The ionship may last longer than the rican one does, but it has no flavor beauty to it. Naturally men look de of marriage for love and the wife o condone extramarital relationships. I cannot see how such a state of affairs makes a woman happy.

"Because a *dot* is necessary in a European marriage, it means that parents have to work themselves gray and gaunt in order to save the money for it. For that reason they cannot afford to travel or to have any luxuries. Every spare dollar must be put away for the *dot*. When you further realize that the European woman has none of the labor-saving devices to help her in her work, you can see what a grind life is for her. By the time her children are married, she is too worn and spent to start to lead a life of her own.

"But in this country one finds the older woman as active as ever. Because she has kept abreast with the trend of the times and has not let her mind stagnate, and because she continues to exercise and diet so that she retains her health, the joys of life are still hers."

Mr. Hamilton next took up Miss Loos' statement that European husbands and wives have a closer companionship than do the American husbands and wives.

"It is true that the American man devotes more time to busines ," he said, "and the wife has many interests which are not shared by her husband. But I believe that when husbands and wives are together too much, they are apt to become bored and fed up with each other. Before long they are seeking love affairs to relieve the monotony of their marriage. Perhaps that is one reason," twinkled Mr. Hamilton, "why the European husband has so many adventures.

"I find that when the American husband and wife are together, there is a splendid comradeship between them. The wife can readily discuss any topic with her husband, whether it is politics, finance or prize fighting. She has an intelligent understanding of his problems and knows what he has to cope with in the business world. On Sundays and holidays they take the car and go to the country or seashore or to the golf links.

"However, if, as Miss Loos claims, American women are not satisfied with their men, and there is disharmony between the sexes, you must realize that the women have advanced so far that today they would not be satisfied with any man. The hand kissing and the flowery effusions of the European man which the American woman likes, would soon pall on her, and the circumscribed life which he would demand of her, would make her miserable. As it is, when an American girl marries a foreigner, she generally gets a divorce in a few years.

"But I do agree with Miss Loos in this," smiled the famous author. "If women are not satisfied with their relationship with men, they have it in their power to change the men. Let the women start right now with their sons to make them the kind of men they would like them to be!"

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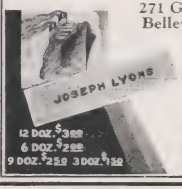
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Stand By for Morocco

(*Continued from page 17*)

from an overall input of 2 kilowatts. The large valves are specially mounted to avoid vibration. There is a studio with two microphones, one for announcements and discourses, the other for items of music. Items are also relayed from other stations. The huge multicone loud speakers have a wide range—in certain circumstances up to six miles.

Listeners to Algiers broadcasting are already familiar with the concerts of Arab music given every week—music so simple and at the same time so complex, with its piercing and alluring melancholy. But perhaps they have never seen skilled Arab musicians. In the wireless studio at Algiers native broadcasters rarely wear their long and flowing robes; they prefer a dinner jacket, and usually keep their heads covered with their red chechia or fez. It seems to give them real pleasure to sing and play before the microphone, broadcasting their love songs or the cradle songs sung by their mothers. Many natives in Algiers have wireless sets and gramophones in their homes (usually obtained on the hire purchase system), for music and visits to the cinema are welcome reliefs from their monotonous toil in the vineyards and factories of North Africa.

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Tuneful Topics

(*Continued from page 48*)

with it is, that aside from being a po... lar dancing craze in England, the son... in a very odd rhythm, namely that of ... time. And yet it may be danced by ... average couple without their realizing t... the tempo is intrinsically odd.

The exhibition dance which various ... ture dancers do with the composition ... self, is quite an unusual one, being q... barbaric and sensuous in nature, tho... like all savage dances the savage does ... intend the dance to be immoral.

We were privileged at the Villa Va... on a Saturday evening after the broad... of the song, to witness an exhibition ... two of America's foremost dancers, ... Dorothy Cropper and Mr. Fred ... Quorne, who gave us a beautiful ballr... exhibition, all by themselves, of this ... don craze. They executed it beautif... and were rewarded by a round of appla...

Although I have not heard the ... broadcast much on the air, I unders... that there has been considerable den... by dance orchestras for the orchestrat... of the composition, and there should ... it is a fine, rhythmical bit of work.

The verse tells how the dance ... to pass—that old King Chaka, real... that his subjects needed music to ... them dancing and happy, evolved ... Moochi dance, which makes them sl... to rhythm, but happy in their slavery ... always enjoy doing the composition, ... is away from the monotonous tren... some of the rhythmical composition ... our own American writers.

We play it quite briskly. Try to ... it when we do it on the Fleischm... Hour.

King Paul

(*Continued from page 32*)

song, *Rhapsody in Blue*, and others i... new and delightful vein.

A moving picture does not convey ... real Whiteman. In a picture, he i... show. In his various press photo... is made to look comical. He makes ... laugh. But seen in person he makes ... gasp a little at his realness, you n... him because he has the force of ... used power in his two plump hands. H... has the modesty of true nobility. H... the mental strength of a giant. Ge... tions from now a music teacher w... saying, "That, my dear, is the *Rhap...* *in Blue*. It belongs to the age of Wh... man, sometimes known as the jazz ...

And, in closing, let me say but ... more thing. It is more than notic... that the crown of fame has not t... the dignified head of Paul White... nor has it blinded his sight from the ... to the goal he has in reality long ... attained. He is undoubtedly the w... orchestra leader, but when you ta... him, he seems to be plain John Jone... neighbor.

Sigmund Spaeth

(*Continued from page 7*)

or. He made it a feature of the "stu- parties" at Chickering Hall, New k. also broadcast by WOR, introduc- many a celebrated musician of the in an informal, chatty fashion which ned to make a great hit with the ers as well as the artists.

The first long distance broadcast of athletic event also went to the credit Sigmund Spaeth. He had written ch on sports for the New York *Times* the old Evening *Mail*, and when tion WGBS (which he had helped open with an all-star program) ar- ged with the Daily *News* to broad- the Stanford-Notre Dame football ne with the help of a direct wire from adena, the Spaeth type of announcing med a logical choice.

t was quite a feat, as it turned out. Spaeth sat in a little room in Gim- 's New York store and was handed m time to time a few telegraphic lines h as "Miller gains three yards around ht end." This material he had to matize and turn into a vivid story for the eastern football fans. Of course, was familiar with the work of both ms (he had seen the famous Four rsemen play against the Army) and knew football well enough to talk it his sleep. Fortunately, also, it was a ry exciting game, with Leyden twice cerepting forward passes for touch- wns, and Notre Dame once taking the ll on downs six inches from the goal e, against the line plunging of the eat Ernie Nevers, and finally winning a small margin. Spaeth was on the for nearly three hours continuously. he had to talk even through the long rmission between halves, summing , recapitulating, and making wise com- ents on plays which he later proved to ve guessed quite correctly. People still lk about that broadcast.

Among the thousands of letters and legrams that came to our office at the me was one from Roxy, who had been ck in bed that afternoon and listened the entire game. He said later that was his one and only fan letter, and mphasized his admiration by writing the troduction to one of Dr. Spaeth's books, *Words and Music*.

John McCormack still later sent us a tter from Japan, written by an Ameri- an who had heard the Irish tenor and he Irish football victory on the same New Year's Day. It happened to be Mc- Cormack's first appearance on the air.

Another sport broadcast in the Spaeth ecord was that of the fifteen round fight etween the present middleweight cham- ion, Mickey Walker, and the late Harry Greb. At one stage in the proceedings here was a delay of over twenty minutes, which had to be "stalled" somehow. Dr. Spaeth had used up all the ringside celeb- ities, the description of the crowd and other bits of color. Finally, he turned in desperation to the current rumor that Greb did his training to a musical accompaniment, and enlarged on this topic till the fighters appeared.

"I told you so", said one of his friends, listening in. "I would have been willing to bet that old Sig wouldn't let the evening go by without some reference to *The Common Sense of Music*." (That was the name of his first popular book.)

There are many other details of pioneer Radio days that linger in the memory, but they cannot all be included here. One of Dr. Spaeth's books, *Read 'Em and Weep, The Songs You Forgot to Remember*, started the craze for old ballads on the air and has been used by every studio in the country. His own programs of old songs are still popular and have been widely imitated.

He was one of the earliest broadcasters at KDKA, Pittsburgh, to be heard in England on the short wave-length. In Chicago he was selected by the *News* to entertain the Radio audience while waiting for Lloyd George to start his speech at the stockyards.

Meanwhile Sigmund Spaeth was doing a tremendous amount of general lecturing and writing, appearing in successful Movietones, composing and arranging music and an occasional lyric, such as the theme song of the Colman-Banky "Magic Flame" and "Down South" in "Show Boat", which also appeared as the musical signature of the Maxwell Coffee Hour. For the past two years he has been almost completely absorbed by the exacting and difficult work of creating musical audiences throughout the east under the Community Concert Plan. But he finds time to direct and act as Master of Ceremonies for the Happy Wonder Bakers' Hour on NBC each Tuesday night; so when old Sig Spaeth decides to tune up his vocal chords and takes a fling at the ether-waves, his struggling secretary simply makes the best of it and starts right in to sort the fan mail.

Television

(*Continued from page 81*)

ing and closing of their wings proved delightful to watch.

One of the first demonstrations of television in a theatre was given by Doctor Alexanderson of the General Electric Company in the Proctor Theatre in Schenectady. Through the use of a high intensity arc light it was possible for Dr. Alexanderson to throw the television images on a large screen some six by seven feet in dimension.

This demonstration is of special interest because the television receiver utilized a new method of varying the intensity of the light. In the ordinary receiver the light itself is varied in brilliancy in accordance with the picture. In Alexanderson's receiver the light intensity was constant but the amount of light striking the screen of the receiver was varied by means of a special light cell developed by Karolus. The use of the Karolus cell made it possible to use a high intensity arc light and in this manner obtain very brilliant images. At various times during the past few years the General Electric Company has given television demonstrations, most of them using the ordinary type of transmitter and receivers.

Demonstrations of television have also been given by other companies and by various broadcasting stations and at present there are a number of television stations transmitting regular programs. Many companies have also assigned some of their best engineers to research in television. Practically all of the large electrical and Radio manufacturing companies have staffs of research engineers devoting most of their time and thought to this intriguing subject. In addition, in Boston we have the Short Wave and Television Corporation, in New Jersey, the Jenkins Television Corporation, in Chicago, the Western Television Corporation and Farnsworth in California.

Everyday television broadcasts in America received their greatest impetus from Chicago. Incentive was furnished when Eastern experimenters withheld demonstrations shown in Madison Square Garden from the Chicago Radio Show in 1929. Whereupon WMAQ of the Chicago Daily *News* installed its own television demonstration. The first television "commercial" program was broadcast by this newspaper station in 1930. Stations WIBO and WCFL in Chicago also broadcast regular television programs during the past year.

To see some of the better demonstrations of television is to realize that the work of the modern engineers and the tools of modern science have changed television from a dream, a vision, to a

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reality. With proper apparatus it is now possible to transmit and receive what can justly be called high quality pictures. The apparatus required is expensive, but commercial television as an adjunct of the telephone is probably not far in the future. But as we study all of these demonstrations we find that the advance of television has largely been due to an improvement in detail, an improvement in technique, rather than to changes in methods. The best and most recent demonstrations use fundamentally the same system used in the earliest demonstrations. Now, if the methods we are using are sound, we are on the right track in improving detail and simplifying operation; but out of all this work we cannot help but hope that some new and better method will evolve.

Television for the home? That is another problem. Scientists who have devoted thought to the subject would agree, we believe, that we must go somewhat further in experimental laboratory work before television can be brought to the public in a large way. To the world at large, perhaps, pep and a hearty laugh are the attributes of the stock promoter, a fish-tail handshake, absent-mindedness, and a narrow viewpoint the attributes of the scientific outlook. Such views must, however, be held only by those who have never been on the inside, for the scientist gets as much joy out of looking through a spectrobolometer as does a baseball fan when he catches the ball that Babe Ruth knocks into the stands. They merely get their joy in different ways. The scientist knows the importance of television and is only too anxious to bring it to practical realization. That's the biggest thrill a scientist can get, for science does not ask man to live in an empty world. Science is not a hod carrier but a torch bearer.

Do you want to get into television? Then for the time being you will have to be satisfied with small pictures of comparatively poor detail. Thousands of experimenters get pleasure from present day television reception. Can you? Or do you have to see the previously mentioned Babe Ruth knock a homer to get a thrill?

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 59*)

And all the time in the fields of literature and philosophy, he was snatching at beauty; he was writing poetry himself. Magazines that have accepted his poems are *The New Republic, The Nation, The American Caravan, This Quarter,* and *The Herald Tribune Sunday Magazine.*

About four years ago he happened to drop in at a Radio studio. In those pioneer days programs had a habit of going wrong at the last minute. On the particular day that David Ross happened to be there, there came a sudden gap that had to be filled. To fill it, David Ross offered to give a dramatic reading. So well did he do it that he was put on Columbia's staff as a regular announcer.

Among the programs that he now conducts are *Coral Islanders; Arabesque; True Story; Russian Village,* and *Around the Samovar.*

Georgia Backus

"GORGEOUS GEORGIA," they call Georgia Backus up at Columbia. The day I saw her she was sitting in her very plain, businesslike little office up on the nineteenth floor of the Columbia building. She had on a simple black and white jersey suit. But even so, there was about her that same exotic quality that one sees in pictures à la harem. She would come under that special list of people whom I classify as having "purple in their souls", and I can't define it any more than that.

Tall, slender, slightly curling light brown hair brushed off her face, nice smile, nice teeth, nice eyes—she gives the impression of having been places and done things.

She has had an interesting background. She comes of a theatrical family. Her early life was the roaming life of stage folk on the road. Schooling had to be sandwiched in between tours. She got in a year at Smith College. She also went to Ohio State University.

It was only natural that she should go on the stage. Through the training school of stock she graduated to Broadway. *East Side, West Side; In the Next Room; The Shanghai Gesture,* are some of the plays she has worked in.

Incidentally it was while playing stock in Schenectady that she had her first chance at Radio. But she scorned it. What, go into Radio, she, Georgia Backus, who was going to be the great American actress!

But somehow, as happens in stage life, the great American actress found herself without a job. Temporarily she turned to writing. She wrote special aviation stories, fiction, publicity, anything.

"I always turned to writing for immediate funds. But I never intended to make it a permanent thing. I didn't want to write. I made up my mind I wouldn't write. And that's a good joke on me, isn't it?"

It is; for if there's one thing Georgia Backus does up at Columbia it is write. One of the company's continuity people, she writes original programs, edits others that are not original, does any little odd job that happens to come along. For eight weeks she was in charge of Columbia's experimental hour, in which new forms of Radio writing were tried out. One of the forms tried was the "aside", the showing of a character's thoughts—the thing Eugene O'Neill did on the stage in *Strange Interlude.* Another experiment was called *Split Seconds,* and gave a dying man's impressions of his whole life. Again an attempt was made to carry drama to a certain point with words, and then let music tell the rest.

One conclusion she has reached from her experimental work is that Radio is not yet ready for exceptional writing. It sounds like heresy, but what she means is that Radio with its appeal only to the ear and often an inattentive ear, cannot as yet put over the subtleties of fine writing.

Miss Backus directs and acts as well as writes. As has been said before, she is in *Arabesque.* She is Aphrodite Godiva in the *Nit Wit* program. But writing is her forte. And not alone for the Radio. She has a play that she has been working on for four years and which will probably see Broadway very soon.

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Commander of the Smiling Army

(*Continued from page 53*)

ous to know how he got the idea. In the front line trenches, one day during a lull in the fighting, Doc and his comrades heard music coming from the German lines, and not to be outdone Doc decided to give the "Jerries" some music too. Thus the Canadian "Tin Can Band" came into being, comprised of biscuit tins and dish pans for rhythm, and harmonicas and tin-whistles for melody. That band grew in popularity until it became a permanent part of the army's musical division.

Hesitantly I asked Doc how he lost his arm. He smiled, and said, "It was during the second battle of Ypres, I took charge of a company whose Commander had been killed—six out of 168 survived—and while directing rifle fire into the oncharging enemy, a machine-gun got me—five bullets in the left wing—a dizziness—sweet distant music—a pleasing sensation of floating in the air—then the next thing I remember was hearing guttural voices that grew louder and louder. I couldn't talk and I had a horrible fear that they might bury me alive. Finally my voice came back enough to let them know they weren't to bury me—that I was alive. I was taken later to a Convent in Rouliers, Belgium, where my arm was amputated by a German doctor, and where, for a few weeks, I was nursed by Belgian Sisters of Mercy. Then I was sent into Germany to the prison camps."

Doc's sojourn of five months in the prison camp was climaxed by an exciting experience which took him and a Scotch comrade into Holland. They feigned insanity so that they might be included in a group of prisoners booked for exchange, and from which, so they had been told, all non-commissioned and commissioned officers would be barred. Their scheme discovered by the German doctors, they were told by an attendant that they would be returned to the prison camps. That night five prisoners made a break for it, Doc and his Scotch friend taking one road, the other three taking the road furthest from the guard house—Doc and his friend made it—the other three were not so fortunate.

Being greatly handicapped by wounds, Doc was forced to lay under a bridge all night and the next day while the whole country-side, soldiers and civilians, combed the fields and hedges for him. A little dog came sniffing under the bridge and gave a growl—a bark would have cost Doc's life—but Doc put out a friendly hand and the dog went to him. As Doc said, "The hardest thing I had to do during the war was to hold that little innocent puppy under the water while I drowned him—but you see, it was either he or I."

In recognition of Sergeant Wells' valiant service, and because he could no longer serve at the front, having been severely wounded, gassed and shell-shocked, the Canadian Government appointed him Official Lecturer. He toured the United States and Canada with the official war film, "Canada's Fighting Forces". Later when America entered the World War, he was engaged by Red Cross and Liberty Loan committees to give a series of lectures throughout this country, during which tour he was accredited with the sale of more than $8,000,000 in Liberty Bonds.

Recently one of the members of t "Smiling Army of the Air", a Fren war hero, presented his treasured a hard won Croix de Guerre, which co tains sixteen citations, to Sergeant Wel saying "I wish to decorate the 'Smili Army' for bravery in this great battle life, even as regiments were decorat for bravery on the battlefield." I added, "My friend, you who have t courage to keep smiling in this hard c life, are far braver than I, even in dee of valor on the field of battle."

"Why do I broadcast smiles?" sa Doc. "Because I've seen so much su fering, both on the battlefield and everyday life. Many times I've be in great need of a cheery word or friendly smile. As a stranger, hung and friendless in a big city, those smil were not forthcoming, and many tim I've wandered off by myself, and tried tell myself that 'The easiest way o was the best. Yes, I know the feeling happiness that a bright cheery smile a cheery word of encouragement brin and I want to give freely of mine as walk my path along the highway of li

"Then again, it would seem that du ing that brief lapse of unconsciousne caused by the pains from my ma wounds, that I had stood on the thres hold of eternity, and in that brief spa of time, I had seen many smiling fac —it may have been, of course, the me fancy of a fevered brain—nevertheless. —well, I somehow want to 'hold th picture'—hence my concluding words my broadcast—KEEP SMILING!

"The thing that makes me happiest all, is to broadcast smiles to my budd in the veterans' hospitals—to any, fact, who are ill and to receive th grateful letters of thanks.

"Sometimes I stay up all night answe ing each and every letter personally, my own typewriter. All the letters receive are wonderful, each one a doc ment of great human interest."

Doc has a great number of anonymo contributors to his popular broadca including "The Hill Philosopher", "T Old Eagle"—"The Vagabond Troope "The Little House on the Hill", "Bosc and "Sergeant Bea".

As a Past Department Commander the Disabled American Veterans of t World War, and a Life Honorary Me ber of The Veterans of Foreign Wa of The United States, "Doc" rates hi in Veteran circles on the Pacific Coa

* * *

PARKER WHEATLEY, program dir tor of KYW, is the youngest to he that title at a major station in Chica Parker started announcing at WFBM, I dianapolis, while still attending But University. In odd moments betwe preparing term papers and exams dashed off Radio announcements. Wh school days were over he came to Chica and got a job at KYW.

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At North Station
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Each Room equipped with Tub and Shower ▼ Built-in Radio Speaker (Three Station Service) ▼ Tickless Electric Clock ▼ Servidor ▼ Circulating Ice Water ▼ French Telephone ▼ Full Length Mirror. ▼

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Rooms are exquisitely decorated and beautifully furnished. Attractive Dining Room and Unique Coffee Shop, Oyster Bar and Soda Fountain offer wide variety of food and service.

RATES

ROOM & BATH, FOR ONE - **$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00**
ROOM & BATH, FOR TWO - **$4.00, $4.50, $5.00, $6.00**

No Higher Rates

Write for Descriptive Literature,
Hotel Manger, North Station, Boston, Mass.

Friend Husband

(*Continued from page 11*)

sters were sent to Graham when he as away one time, and the last thing said before he left was, "Now, dear, hen the oysters come treat 'em right." o for three days and three nights (and vo or three times a night) I gave them esh water, put ice in the tub, and fed em their corn meal. And I didn't lose oyster.

One of Graham's hobbies is sprinkling e pent house porch and flowers. He ed to borrow the neighbor's hose—where ave I heard of that being done before—id have a grand time. So one day I ought him a hose for a present. I think was the next evening that the superinendent of our building telephoned to say: Mrs. McNamee, please ask your maid to e more careful. The people on the street re getting all wet." Well, it happened ie maid was standing near me as I was alking. So I had my suspicions. And was right. There on the roof, twenty oors above Broadway, was Mr. Graham IcNamee very calmly and very deliberately aiming the hose not at the porch, ot at the flowers, but at the sidewalk elow. He explained that it was very ifficult to estimate the rapidity at which eople were walking, to take accurate im, and then considering the velocity of he wind, hit the target.

Before I stop I want to tell you just ne thing more. From the minute Gram comes in the house until he leaves, he Radio is turned on. I might say, one f the five sets we have is turned on. I uess he's just like the mail man who always takes a long walk on his day off.

Broadcastor Oil

(*Continued from page 27*)

where in the vicinity of the point, the hing that is really holding Radio back is he taxicab business. What with traffic nd careless driving, a Radio artist (or a erformer, as in my case) can't get to he studio in time to stage an argument with the production director before going on the air. You see the crux of the situation lies with the taxicab drivers. Ah, my friends, they are the crux! The solution is to have the production director meet the artist (or performer, as in my case) at his or her home so that they can come to the studio in the same taxicab and have the argument finished by the time they enter the studio.

In summing up I might say that it's all very poignant (pronounced pwanyant). Now there's a word. I got it from Ted Jewett, my personal announcer. We use each other's words because we both take about the same size. His are a little broader in the vowels, but I make them do. You have to watch announcers though. They take words from you when you're not looking. I used the word zestful two years ago while speaking of eating noodle soup, and would you believe it they've been using that word ever since to describe Brahms' Hungarian Dances. And the joke is really on them because I really said zestful by mistake. What I meant to say was vest full. When eating noodle soup you have to lean over the plate or you'll get a vest full.

My next program incidentally will be put up in a cellophane wrapper and the opening signature will be more legible to encourage forgery. I shall insist that my sponsors shall have plenty of maps on the walls of the sales department because I have a deep seated passion for sticking bright-colored pins in wall-maps that has never been fully indulged.

My present sponsors have their offices in Chicago and keep all their maps there, and if you've ever tried standing in New York and sticking pins in maps that are located in Chicago you know what a pet one can get into. If my present sponsor and I ever get a divorce, I shall not sign up with any advertiser until after many meetings of the board of directors in conference with representatives of the advertising agency. It's well to have these things understood. And do you know what will happen after all these conferences? The prospective advertiser will conceive the brilliant idea of putting on a new and startling original idea, to wit, a dance orchestra with a singer.

So then I'll look for still another new sponsor.

Jest for Fun

(*Continued from page 51*)

the girls. But I have a system that works pretty well. If you happen to meet someone that you are in doubt about, you tell it a story about a traveling salesman and if you get a slap in the face—you know it's a boy.

"The women of today are just like the men; they drink, smoke, gamble—why I was out with a girl the other night to dinner and when I asked her if she would like some corn—she passed her glass.

"But I know a girl that I'm going to fall in love with—some time after Christmas. She is a wonderful girl—and beautiful too. Miss America. In fact, she looks like several of our moving picture stars. She was taken twice for Greta Garbo and once for grand larceny. And she has those Gloria Swanson eyes and those Clara Bow-legs; she's really lovely. And speaking of eyes, she has one of the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen. I was up to her house the other night and her father threw my hat out the window. I wouldn't have minded so much, only I had it on."

That hat must have been a straw that didn't show which way the wind blows, because Richy Craig, Jr., as Radio's newest wit, is finding his way back to the audience he won in his trouping days. As he would put it himself, he is making his mark, even if it is an easy mark.



Encouraged by $100

"Perhaps you will be interested to learn that I have succeeded in selling a short story to 'War Birds,' aviation magazine, for which I received a check for $100. The story is the first I have attempted. As the story was paid for at higher than the regular rates, I certainly felt encouraged."

DARRELL JORDAN,
Box 277, Friendship, N. Y.

How do *you* KNOW *you can't* WRITE?

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is **individually** corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who **should** be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

How you start

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Send me your free **Writing Aptitude Test** and further information on writing for profit as promised in Radio Digest May.

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(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 96E361

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If you are moving about you may not be able to get your current copies of RADIO DIGEST. However, you can remedy this by sending $1 for the Vacation Numbers of RADIO DIGEST. Four issues—June, July, August and September, sent postpaid anywhere in the United States for $1. Put One Dollar with your name and address in an envelope and mail it to RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.*

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The Play's the Thing

(*Continued from page 23*)

that are not built around an idea.

"When I add the next necessity, that a play must have 'Radio adaptability'," Mr. Radcliffe says, "I eliminate most plays at once. The only way to tell whether a drama will or will not be suited to Radio, is experience. It has taken me a year to find out what a Radio play is. The best way I can describe it, is to say, that one thing it must have is concentration in its scenes. It must have a gripping struggle between two people to make good ether material. 'Michael and His Lost Angel', which we did in the Guild, is ideal in this respect. The scene between Michael and the woman he loves never went over so well on the stage, but in Radio it was perfect. 'L'Aiglon' we found not so good; there were too many characters and they were too dispersed."

Mr. Radcliffe adds, that when he says a play must have Radio adaptability, he means that its structure must be so compact that you can shorten it, you can write in scenes, and the play will still be there. The ether director says you must be able to reduce the idea of the play to three or four sentences or it isn't a good Radio play anyway.

Mr. Radcliffe feels that Shakespeare's plays are ideal for Radio. They have all the qualifications,—highly dramatic content, great ideas and issues, proven worth, a well known author and a perfect structure.

A third point of view is expressed by another man, a most attractive young man with an instinct for the theatre, who chooses most of the Radio dramas you hear over the Columbia chain and writes many of them himself. I refer to the gentlemen who has sometimes been called the Ronald Colman of the air—Don Clark, Continuity Chief.

Don tells me that he thinks suspense and situation are more important in our theatre of the air than with its legitimate sister, because on the ether, we have no lights, no costumes, no gestures nor sets to help create the glamour—little else, in fact, but just suspense. And moreover, Mr. Clark believes that the success or failure of a Radio drama depends largely on the reality of its characters. We cannot have artificial characters on the air,—they show up like a bad complexion in the sun. Mr. Clark likes the surprise-ending in a Radio script. He says in this sense O. Henry would have been the ideal Radio dramatist.

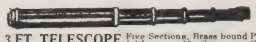
Stories about romantic royalty and deposed noblemen are good material for microphonic dramas, according to Don, as are fairy tales and the fields of psychology and mythology. He prefers the half hour period to the hour.

Joe Bell (Joseph, to you!), who is responsible for your favorite Radio play "Sherlock Holmes", tells me that the prime necessity in this field is an author who understands dialogue, who makes it human, intelligent, and of such nature as to make the story progress."

For dramatic contrast, let us present NBC's Continuity Editor, Burke Boyce, who tells me, that "Radio dramas must have a good story. Just smartly written dialogue won't do. We must have conflict", Mr. Boyce says.

The only thing about which all of these men are in perfect agreement is that the scripts that pour in from east and west, not to mention north and south, are on the whole utterly useless.

Now you've heard the views from Olympus, write me what you consider a good Radio drama, won't you?



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FREE Radio Log and Map, with 3 Radio Station Stamps, 10c. Chas. Phildius, 510 East 120 St., New York, N. Y.



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RMA *Trade Show*

AND 7TH ANNUAL RMA CONVENTION

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EVERYBODY WILL BE THERE

Every branch of the radio industry will be at Chicago during the week of June 8th. This will be the largest gathering and biggest annual event of the industry.

Thirty thousand (30,000) square feet of radio exhibits in Grand Ball Room and Exhibition Hall of Stevens Hotel.

ADMISSION TO THE TRADE ONLY. NO VACANT BOOTHS—ALL EXHIBITORS REQUIRED TO SHOW CURRENT MERCHANDISE. The newest and latest receiving set models and accessories will be displayed and demonstrated at the show and in hotel demonstration rooms, for the trade to see what the manufacturers offer for the coming season.

25,000 radio manufacturers, jobbers and dealers expected to attend.

Reduced railroad rates—special trains.

Official hotels—Stevens Hotel (headquarters), Blackstone, Congress and Auditorium Hotels, all within short walking distance on Michigan Avenue.

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Radio industries, June 8-12—RMA, National Federation of Radio Associations and Radio Wholesalers Association.

Music Industry Convention and Show—June 15-17.

Institute of Radio Engineers Annual Convention—June 3-6.

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Entertainment galore for visitors—Make a trip to Chicago for business and vacation combined.

Apply now direct to hotels for room reservations.

Invitation credentials for the trade show will be mailed to the trade about May 1st.



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Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE book which tells about your laboratory method of radio instruction at home.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation.....

Caught in the Act

(*Continued from page 30*)

by Commissioner Roche himself, who always plays his own rôle. He's quite an actor, for in his youth the commissioner played juvenile parts in Broadway shows, and many years in police fields have not dimmed his histrionic talents.

Commissioner Roche explained the purpose of these broadcasts and the nightly police reports to our correspondents.

"Many mothers have called to thank us for broadcasting information that has opened their eyes to a dangerous thing their children have been doing. We have located stolen cars, missing persons, reunited relatives who have been separated for years."

Automobile accident prevention is another side of the Buffalo broadcasts. Police announcers will occasionally intersperse their remarks with rhymes:

"Grandpa in a speedy car,
Pushed the throttle down too far
Twinkle, twinkle little star
Music by the G.A.R."
"He thought his car would never skid
He left behind a wife and kid."

Many "missing" persons have been found through broadcasting. Even mules have been recovered through Radio broadcasting! In the little township of State Hill, near Harrisburg, Pa., George Miller sought his two mules, Jimmie and Jennie, gone astray.

He broadcast his forgiveness to the erring ones and begged them to return home through "The Voice of Pennsylvania," WBAK, the state police station at Harrisburg. Sure enough, Jennie and Jimmie heard the summons and returned (or perhaps some farmer found two strange mules hanging around his feed bins and sent them home).

Of course, such cases are docketed as minor ones on the records of the Pennsylvania State Police, with their five stations on the air. Michigan, too is another progressive state which utilizes Radio to keep its state police cruisers in touch with every criminal incident in the remotest rural districts.

At the East Lansing, Mich., barracks, broadcasts are made to eighty receivers in sheriffs' offices, municipal police departments, state police detachments and the cruising Radio cars as well. Where it formerly took a telephone operator two hours to call all the offices and make reports, instantaneous information is now broadcast.

What a deterrent it would prove to desperate criminals if the other forty-six states would follow Pennsylvania and Michigan's splendid example! In the meantime, not waiting for state action, city officials and bands of business men are meeting every day to curb crime, and deciding to employ Radio to keep their urban precincts free.

In New York at the moment, a general shake-up and clean-up process is being gone through in police and other departments. But perhaps when refor are made, consideration will be given the efficient method of tracking crimi by Radio cruisers. Meanwhile, Inspe Donovan, the department's spokesma the press, states, "The good old-fashio patrol box system is still in force and we feel it is better than the Ra system, which we have tried out. We have a police broadcasting station, it is used only for broadcasting orders harbor patrol and fire boats."

Pioneer in the field west of Chicago been the small city of Tulare, Califor with but 7,000 population. Since cember 1929 its police department been on the air, under the supervis of Chief of Police John R. MacDon This small city has two Radio cruisers duty each night, and since their incepti only one burglary of major importa has been committed in Tulare. This spite the almost daily reports of b holdups, burglaries, and safe-blowi coming from surrounding valley to

SO REPORTS from all c the country show what the Radio po systems are doing to prevent crime capture criminals. And a glimpse i the crystal ball of the future envisi the further extension of Radio pat to air police cruisers. The West Electric Company has perfected a ceiver for airplanes, and in a test dem stration in New York City air pa planes showed the feasibility of method of patrol.

Looking ahead, we can imagine a c blooded murder in a remote section the country, miles from any cruising A receiver off the hook will warn telephone operator of some mishap a quick call to police Radio headquar is made and the operator tells her picion. "Airplane Cruiser No. 8, w for suspicious fleeing cars on lo country roads!" is the broadcast.

The aviator-policeman arrives in vicinity in a few moments, sees a burning up the road, and by telepho Radio tells headquarters. Headquar answers, "Follow car and report prog We are dispatching Radio cruisers intercepting road." In the meantime unsuspicious of its aerial watcher, crime car speeds on . . . to be caught a combination of auto and airplane tr ing. A vision of the future, perhaps, it is feasible, and who knows, we may it not too many years hence.

The author wishes to express appreciation for co-operation in gathe material to RADIO DIGEST *correspond Betty McGee in Chicago, Robert Doran in Buffalo, B. G. Clare in De and Dr. Ralph L. Power in the West*

Radio Digest

E, 1931 25 Cents

al Broadcasting Company, Inc.
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MARY HOPPLE—NBC—N. Y.

elen Keller's Radio Adventure

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *BUT*
KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



Humanity has good reason to fear *pyorrhea*



MANY people are self-conscious and uncomfortable today with false teeth who might have been spared the loss of their own.

Pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of every five who pass the age of forty, can rob you of your teeth and break down your very health if permitted to go unchecked. The first symptoms are tender gums that bleed easily when brushed. As it progresses, it makes gums soft and spongy until teeth often loosen in their sockets and either fall out or must be extracted.

But don't wait for these symptoms. Many people have the beginnings of pyorrhea in their mouths for ten years before outward signs appear. To be safe, see your dentist at least twice a year and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's.

The formula of a pyorrhea specialist

In your own home your teeth are your own responsibility. It is up to you to give them the finest care possible.

Forhan's was created by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for 26 years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea.

It is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

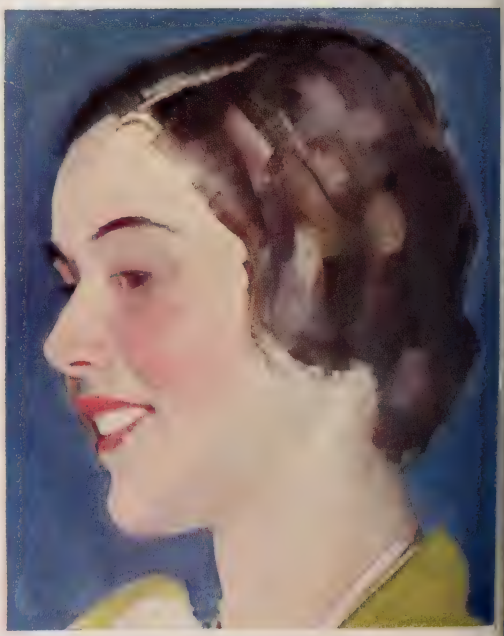
Don't gamble with pyorrhea

Start using Forhan's today. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

False teeth are a great invention, but keep your own as long as you can. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

NOW ON THE AIR!

New Forhan program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday and Wednesday at 7:30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time—Columbia network.



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A ★ ★ Clearer, softer skin

Frances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

"YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," I told a charming woman who recently came to consult me. "Keep your skin immaculately clean... Keep it youthful at my six stars... And *you* are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen.

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points starred on my mannequin.

"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

* * *

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* * *

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't *you* follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

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Radio Digest

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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

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DOROTHY STONE . . . is still the clever daughter of Fred Stone but if papa doesn't watch out he may soon be known as the "Father of that adorable DorothyStone"! Both the big networks have sent her voice on coastwise air waves lately as guest artist.

June, 1931

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DOROTHY DEE . . . Dot's in a triangle—not the three-sided love figure, but in a three-cornered job at KTM in Los Angeles. She's Official Organist, Music Librarian and Member of Symphony Orchestra. Her eyes are black (not blacked) and so's her hair



MARY HOPPL . . . She's the Co ergirl this month, a don't you like that fa Biggest thrill for her w when Schumann Hei heard her sing as youngster and proph sied that Mary wou succeed. She has—ha you heard her on t Armstrong Quaker Ho Friday nights at NB



KATE SMITH . . NBC had her fi but neglected to sign h on the dotted line, so CB grabbed her for twice- week appearances. She new to Radio but h been in vaudeville a musicomedy ever sin sweet sixteen, whi isn't so very, very lon

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Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

LADIES and gentlemen of the Radio audience, the meeting will now come to order. The chair recognizes Mr. I. I. Ego, the ancient sage and philosopher who has tucked his long gray beard beneath his vest and is now anxious to address you. Mr. Ego.

"I arise, Mr. Chairman, to make a nomination. But first let me explain. We have heard through the air and by the public prints that certain well known broadcasters are considering whether or not they will be forced into the publishing business. Well, and what's to hinder? Why not, instead of going into paper and ink, publish a great magazine of the air by broadcast? Issue 180 pages, each page a minute long, each second an agate line, during the period from 8 to 11 p. m. Organize this great book into fact articles, fiction, art, editorial, columns, humor, cartoons, comic strips. Design a well balanced format and follow that structure through every night. Dramatize all the prose. Let music serve for illustrative art. Advertising would be placed with "space" rated by minutes, or seconds. The advertiser would not have to worry about talent—that would be the editor's job. But he could negotiate for 'preferred position'. The listener would set his dial at 8 o'clock and be sure of a well diversified program from 'cover to cover'. He would avoid tiresome repetitions of the same tunes and disorderly or incongruous advertising. It would all be arranged by a master mind editor. And I arise, Mr. Chairman, to nominate Mr. Floyd Gibbons as editor-in-chief of this great magazine of the air."

You have heard the nomination of Mr. Gibbons as editor-in-chief of the proposed magazine of the air. Do I hear a second to the nomination?

Listeners who are interested in Father Ego's proposal may write to the editor, either seconding the nomination of Mr. Gibbons the highpowered headline hunter; or offering other nominations.

* * *

THE next point of business at this meeting concerns your health. Are you one of the 4,000,000 members of the Tower Health League? Or do you take your *getting*-up exercises from some other tower of strength? It would be interesting if our committee on vital statistics could tell us just how many thousands of citizens are alive and active today because of their morning exercises through Radio direction. Who can tell just how effective that extra ounce of strength may have been in throwing off a cold or infection that might have resulted fatally? The Metropolitan Life Insurance is back of the Tower of Health League. While you live, if you are insured there, you pay them. When you die they do the paying. It's good business for them to keep you alive and well. And that's quite satisfactory to you of course. They have put this matter of keeping you fit in the hands of Mr. Arthur E. Bagley who is physical director to the 4,000,000 members of the Tower of Health League. He has been putting them through their paces for six years now. And it's a real story. You will see it in July RADIO DIGEST.



* * *

WHICH reminds us at this point we had expected to have a most interesting article in this issue by Merlin H. Aylesworth. As some of the original conditions mentioned in the article were changed since it was finished it had to go back for his revision. We hope to have it back in time for you to read in your July issue.

* * *

IT'S all so blamed intangible, boys. First you think it's one thing and then it's something else that makes you feel that way about Her. When it's love why it's awful, of course. But it isn't always necessarily love. How are you going to define it? There she is and you don't know whether to worship like an abandoned idiot or kick yourself down stairs. Her eyes? Her hair? Her exquisite symmetry? Her manner? Her voice, or the magic of Her smile? Don't believe even Old Man Ego could tell you what it is. But She has a word for it. And that word is CHARM. No mere man could possibly get very far with the question "What is the secret of Charm?" But give the assignment to our Miss Lillian Genn and she will go right to the most charming women in the world and talk to them in the language they all understand. So we are going to discover what she found out about the *Secret of Charm* from personal interviews with Miss Grace Moore, Miss Irene Bordoni, Miss Mary Pickford and Miss Ruth St. Denis. It's promised for your July RADIO DIGEST.



* * *

PETER DIXON, who knows all about Radio writing, has written a book called *Radio Writing*. It seems to be the first book of the kind in the field. Book reviewers have given it the highest praise. Writers, ambitious to understand the technique of writing for Radio production, will find Mr. Dixon's *Radio Writing* invaluable . . . Raymond Warren, author of the *Prairie President* has completed a sequel to the first series which will be published in book form. This life story of Abraham Lincoln heard over WLS, Chicago, is said to be one of the most popular dramatic historical subjects ever presented by an independent station . . . We are in receipt of an autographed copy of *Bread and Love* by Betty Ross who has had many exciting adventures abroad. She has been heard on various networks . . . Our own Peggy Hull is just finishing a book of her adventures. She has been correspondent in nine wars since the Pancho Villa disturbance in Mexico. Just now she is all excited about reporting the "air attack" on New York for NBC. She has been assigned to the top of the Empire State building for observation.

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Morton Downey

"PE-E-E-E-NUTS? Pe-e-e-e-nuts?" Ah, you smil
But have a care, do not despise the humble litt
peanut vendor in the uniform of a train news butche
He may turn out to be another Morton Downey w
once carried a basket on his arm through a swayi
train. Read about him on the opposite page

Riding the Crest with

Morton Downey

Columbia Star Meets the Breaks, Good and Bad, with a Stout Heart and Surges Forward from Obscurity to Popularity, Fame and Fortune

By

GRENVILLE RICHARDS

'UST an ingenuous kid!

There—in the fewest possible words—is he of the silvery larynx, Morton Downey.

s if there were not enough color and ety and drama packed into his mere nty-nine years already, Radio comes ıg when by all signs his value as an ertainer in this country is completely shed up" and lifts him high to the iest peaks of popularity.

)id I say ingenuous?

'hat little word covers a multitude of , traits and varied qualities, and ıns far more than mere artlessness. instance, I am rather sure that some- ere you will find that it is a synonym not only a rough diamond but), according to our French cousins oss the seas, an *enfant terrible.* Or, get downright and poetically high- —*Davus sum non Oedipus; liberavi mam meam;* or again "as frank as ı on cherry blossoms." Now ain' 'at nepin'?

That is Morton all right, but when he s really going he is to me more remi- cent of the frankness of a fire hose ying with a field full of daisies.

There is one thing he has never learned, d here is one of his friends who hopes never does; and that is to say a thing ıer than that which he really thinks. other words, if he has anything to say will say it, let the quips fall where they ıy. Be the recipient of the moment a ıshing maid, she may still blush, but cing full account of the possibility that auty and brains are not compatible, she ll still, methinks, though still blushing, mble to the fact that it is refreshing ınkness and not freshness.

From other angles the lad is a para- x. All too often the man who makes ends very easily loses them with an equal or greater facility and rapidity. Not so Morton—for although he makes many friends—just like that—he keeps them year in and year out, and they grow closer and dearer with each cycle of the seasons.

Take your humble scribe, for instance. Two paragraphs ago I referred to him as being a friend of Downey's. He is—or rather—I am! Yet I never laid eyes on the man until one day not so long ago when I ambled up to his apartment, way, way over East on 86th street.

Down at the door two things struck the observing eye with a wallop. Parked at the curb was a shiny black phaeton (touring car to you), a Chrysler Eight of decidedly modernistic trend, which fitted the description passed on of what Downey's pet plaything looked like.

Second was a neat sign at the door informing one and all that Vincent Astor was still in the business of building and renting doggy apartment houses.

Inside the lobby it was borne in upon the alert faculties that Vincent had either transferred all the manservants from the defunct Fifth Avenue manse to this project or had hired an army corps of generals and aides de camp.

NOW it has been this fellow's experience that, as a rule, so the surroundings so the man.

While being shot up in an elevator after having passed muster and run the gauntlet below decks, I endured a mental panorama of just another singer who would talk of his "art" and his "public" with a dreamy, faraway look in blue eyes —who would be surrounded with funny furniture and things—divans that turned unexpected corners—chairs that might take a head lock on an imprudent sitter, and bookcases that climbed up and down and then lost themselves in an indeterminate curve—to say nothing of rugs bearing huge and impossible flowers that might well be the product of an exotic dream of a Ben Hecht.

What actually happened was a cordial greeting by a slender and wholly charming lady. Meet Mrs. Downey, née Barbara Bennett, a daughter of the inimitable and unexpected Richard Bennett. There was advice to throw coat and hat on a convenient and antique settle and to come in and make myself at home.

THAT was easy, for it was a particularly homey sort of a place. This feeling of ease and comfort was magnified a moment later when Downey hove into view from some unidentified region in the rear of the apartment, a Downey wholly at his ease and who immediately clicked in my mental classification as a regular fellow.



Quite at his ease was right —in rumpled hair, shirt-sleeves and house slippers. He had not even bothered to don a coat on my impending arrival, thanks be to all the gods of the ancient Romans and Greeks. After chatting for awhile we repaired at his suggestion to those regions from which he had first appeared and which proved to be his holy of holies, his sanctuary from a laudatory and hero-worshiping world.

Here we got down seriously



Luxury, wealth, grandeur are reflected in the magnificent appointments of the Delmonico, Morton Downey's famous Park Avenue night club.

to the business of getting really acquainted. Here I could see and study—and enjoy—the man as he really was.

It is not amiss here, perhaps, to make note of the fact that this visit was made on the afternoon of the first day that he had been out for two weeks after a severe attack of laryngitis. That is what the papers called it—his physician spoke awesomely of a streptococcus throat.

Nor is it out of place to say that right off the bat, so to speak, Downey made it clear just why he was living where he was, behind the protective phalanxes of the Astor organization. So far as became discernable his one and only reason for picking out the apartment house he did was that it was situated out on a bend of the East River—water on three sides as it were—with all the attendant breezes and other emoluments of such a situation, no doubt including the musical voices and personalities of various and sundry towboats and this and that of a city river's life.

THE man intrigued me—he was a distinct surprise—and wholly refreshing in view of what, from prior and similar experiences with subjects of my study I had every right and reason to expect. I called intending to stay perhaps half an hour and stayed more than two. As our friendship ripened I was in for more surprises.

But enough of that for now.

Let us get down to brass tacks—in other words, to a consideration of the background, the life of this greatly intriguing fellow.

From his very earliest days Downey's life has been one of breaks both good and bad, of chance and mischance. Often it was mischance and the breaks went against him. Sometimes the fickle goddess smiled and he got the breaks.

To be wholly conventional it would be fitting and proper here to state at the very outset that Morton was born of poor but honest parents who were resident in Brooklyn, N. Y.

And so he was, but not in Brooklyn. Never did find out what part of Brooklyn they lived in—Flatbush or Red Hook or where—but that really does not make any difference as things turned out.

His parents hied themselves off one day to Wallingford, Connecticut, for a visit with relatives. They stayed longer than they had at first intended, and when they did come back to Brooklyn they brought Morton with them.

From then on for the next few y his life was that of the average yo ster in the early years of this centur not too bad and not too good— healthy and happy most of the ti Even then his voice was marked, tho not so noticeable in a youngster, by peculiar and insistently high range thin sort of clarity which spelled not but purity of tone.

WELL—he has been u that voice to sing with ever since—sin most of the time. More than once it got him into no little trouble. Late brought him moderate fame and finan independence. Then for a time it see to let him down—though more prob this was due to a fickle public which Morton pine in obscurity while ot forms of entertainment became the r

More recently—very much so in fa Downey "came back". Radio did Did I say Radio alone? No—with was coupled an unfaltering faith in own ability to put himself over an confidence bolstered by marked succe abroad.

Be that as it may, here is Mor Downey, riding the crest of a wave popularity with all that he undertal and which, unless I know nothing wh of I speak, will continue to carry l high, wide and handsome for at l two years.

All that, however, is way ahead of st story. So back to the good old sch days when the lad known as Mort str gled through readin', 'ritin' and 'rithma



HERE gather Elite of New York Society for Sparkling Evenings of Romance and Pleasure—Morton sings them his own songs. His musicians are the best

re than once he was kept after school write fifty times on the blackboard—must not sing in class"—even though singing had been but a whisper.

long about the time of high school rton got the idea in his head that he uld be of far greater value to the family vork than at school. He summoned all arguments that a youthful mind can jure to its aid and finally had his way ut it.

after casting about at this and that he lly settled upon the precarious and bile existence of a train "butcher"—ugh whether he hawked his wares in se, poetry or song, history does not e nor can Morton be so persuaded.

He was assigned to an express train ning from New York to Springfield, ssachusetts, at which point he had but ut five minutes to get to the other end the train yard and aboard the other ress, New York bound, which he orked" coming back. It was often a se call, particularly if his incoming in was at all late.

Morton developed the trick of sliding of the baggage car door as the train ered the Springfield station, pulling his nk of wares after him, and running as he devil were in pursuit to the other of the station with his trunk on a id truck.

All went well for a time despite a sta- master with a perpetual grouch inst train butchers who looked on the ly foot race with no kindly eye.

Come the day, however, when the in pulled into Springfield at a goodly . Morton got out safely but the trunk got completely out of hand, sailed through the air, and landed with nearly the force of a coast defense shell square into a truck piled high with crates and crates of—eggs.

Compared to the net result all of Mack Sennett's custard pie classics pale to mediocrity. The truck, the trunk, the station platform—and Morton—were a swimming, gleaming, gluey sea of yellow and white.

With the passing years that dimmed the awful tragedy of the moment and left the comedy predominant, Downey has figured out that there were at least 15,000 eggs on that truck and that barring perhaps a dozen or so they were all very thoroughly broken—one might almost say scrambled.

IT WAS a moment for quick thinking and quicker action. The kid wiped his eyes clear, got a strangle-hold on the trunk, and set out for his train—figuring—and rightly, that in this particular instance discretion, and flight, was the better part of valor.

He did escape capture by the station master, but not that worthy's eagle eye. He was doomed—convicted and sentenced without trial—and it was many a long day before he dared set foot in that station again.

This was where some of the early breaks went against him, for about this time the youngster began to have thoughts of using his voice for something other than a means of letting off surplus energy and pent up feelings.

Thus it was that one early summer day when life seemed gay and bright and full—and birds and trees and brooks and beaches sent out their siren calls to a myriad of pleasure seekers—and the day coaches were intolerably hot and stuffy and crowded—that Morton heard the call as well.

The call of the great outdoors seemed far more alluring than that of "Cig'rs—cig-rettes—cendy—choongum" up and down the swaying, dirty, smelly aisles. Trouble was that Morton failed to comprehend that his boss might also feel the urge to take the day off.

Even so, how was he to know that the boss, who could hand himself a day off while mere "butchers" could not, would pick out the same amusement park which Downey had chosen as the scene of his straying?

Moreover, Morton had real reason for his choice and the boss had little. It was obviously unfair. Morton had learned

(*Continued on page 96*)



Lily Pons in the title rôle of "Mignon"

Lily Pons *Unspoiled Child of Fame*

Glory shines on obscure French Girl who becomes American Operatic and Radio Star

•

By Lillian G. Genn

A BREATHLESS air of expectancy hung over the Metropolitan Opera House on January 3rd when its heavy gold curtains parted. A new and youthful coloratura soprano was to appear in the title rôle of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and it was said that at the dress rehearsal she had moved Gigli, the great tenor, by her singing. Naturally everyone was eager to know whether this could be merely a rumor.

Soon a slender, petite girl appeared. Her voice rose above the orchestra limpidly clear and beautiful, like that of a bell. Higher and higher it soared, until one had the feeling of being wafted upward by its spiritual-like tones. After the difficult "Mad Scene", which she sang in a higher key than had long been heard of, the young singer was greeted with tumultuous applause. Cries of "brava" were heard from every part of the house and she was recalled before the curtain more than thirty times.

The new star that had appeared in the musical firmament was, as music lovers now know, Lily Pons. At twenty-six she is a full fledged operatic singer. She has won the hearts of her audiences not only with her voice, but with her simple, unassuming manner and her charm.

There has been considerable speculation as to the history of her career. All kinds of stories have circulated, the chief one being that she had been a poor French girl who had been discovered in an obscure opera house.

Romantic as this tale is, it is completely overshadowed by the amazingly true one. Amazing because until five years ago, Lily Pons had never sung and had never dreamed of operatic heights. Her rise was a meteoric one, singularly devoid of the weary struggles and the heart-breaking disappointments that usually beset the path of an artist.

The story was told to the writer by Lily Pons and her Dutch husband, August Mesritz, when they were visited at their hotel apartment in New York. The young prima donna was resting on a sofa prior to leaving for a concert tour. She is small and almost fragile looking, with large, sparkling eyes, and quick birdlike movements. While she understands English, she does not speak it. Her husband, though, is an able interpreter, since he has a perfect command of the language. He is a mature, cultured man, with a manner as friendly and as simple as his wife's.

LILY PONS quaintly apologized for not being able to converse in English. Her days, she explained, have been busy ones since her début. Rehearsals, practicing, shopping, singing at the opera and concerts, making victrola records, giving interviews, sitting for photographers, receiving distinguished visitors and getting in a proper amount of rest, completely take up her time. But, she promised, she would take a teacher in South America, where she was going for a few operatic performances, and when she returns here next season, she would be able to speak to her many new American friends in their language.

Lily was born in Cannes, the famous French resort on the Riviera. While there was no indication, when she was a child, that she would be a singer, yet she showed a talent for the piano and for the stage which augured an artistic career for her. Her parents were well-to-do French people, with a sincere interest in music and they were only too willing to cultivate their daughter's taste in that direction.

Lily had two younger sisters and it was her greatest delight to play ma[ny] believe with them. In school and church she never missed an opportun[ity] to take part in plays. Even when [she] went to study at the Paris Conservat[ory] of Music, she continued to be interes[ted] in amateur theatricals.

She graduated from the Conservat[ory] at sixteen and decided to make piano [her] career. But she fell ill and the do[ctor] advised her not to return to her m[usic] studies for two years. Lily was too [ac]tive a person to remain idle for so l[ong] a period. She wanted to occupy her[self] with something. It happened tha[t a] friend of the family was the manage[r of] a theatre in Paris and since he had [a] Lily act, he offered her a place in [the] company. She remained there for [two] years playing ingenue rôles.

YET much as she l[oved] the theatre, she was drawn back t[o the] study of music. It seemed to giv[e her] more satisfaction than acting. She [then] turned to Cannes with the intention [of] resuming her piano work. But that [was] the summer when August Mesritz, [a] Dutchman and resident of Paris, c[ame] to Cannes for his health. He was a l[aw]yer, economist, writer and publisher [of] a newspaper. He had traveled to alm[ost] every part of the world and spoke [se]veral languages.

One evening his physician invited [him] to have dinner with some of his fri[ends]. Mr. Mesritz went with him to the h[ome]



LILY PONS, the young unknown whose thrilling voice roused lethargic New York critics to huzzahs in print. She remains simple and unaffected through showers of praise.

of the Pons family and there met Lily, who had just returned from Paris. He was at once enamored with this charming and talented young girl who shared his enthusiasm for art. A few months later they were married in Cannes. Little did Lily dream that the hand of Destiny was in that match, guiding her to the path of fame.

THE couple had a comfortable home and servants, and Lily spent much of her time shopping for pretty clothes. She had given up all thought of a musical career, but she continued to play the piano for pleasure.

One day, when she had been married about a year, Lily sang a few songs. Mr. Mesritz, who had been a music critic for his paper and who had heard many famous voices, was at once struck by the beautiful quality of his wife's voice.

"You have a lovely voice," he said. "You ought to study."

Lily was surprised at the suggestion. But managing the house took so little of her time and she was so bored with shopping, that she thought it would be nice to have another avocation. Her husband took her to a well-known teacher and when he heard her sing, he said: "Avocation? No, no. It must be your very life's vocation."



Signor Gatti-Casazza, whose praise is sparing, was enthusiastic over Lily Pons

Under this teacher's instruction her voice developed marvelously. She then went to Alberti, in Paris, who is considered the greatest voice teacher in the world. After she had been studying for two years, she made her opera debut in *Lakme,* in a French opera house. Her musical education, her theatrical training, and her exceptional musical taste, combined with her unusual voice, at once made her a unique and outstanding artist. She sang in noted houses in France and in Belgium and in private audiences before royalty. Many impresarios offered her contracts to sing in various parts of Europe and South America. But Lily had her eyes on the Metropolitan Opera House in New York—that gleaming goal of singers from every corner of the world.

Last year Alberti, her teacher, had some artists from the Metropolitan Opera Company at his studio. He told them of his gifted pupil and they asked to hear her. After her recital, they cabled to Gatti-Casazza, the impresario of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and urged an audition for this young girl. Since the retirement of Galli-Curci and Marion Talley from the opera, Gatti had been eager to find another coloratura soprano and he was therefore glad to invite Lily Pons to come for an audition.

Mr. Mesritz was unable to leave Paris at the time. So, alone, Lily boarded a steamer for America. She was very seasick and frightened all the way over and when she arrived here it took her two weeks to recover.

Finally she was ready for the audition. Gatti saw before him a small, slender girl, very pale and nervous. It was difficult to believe that she had been called "The Nightingale of the Riviera". But as soon as she began to sing, her qualms dropped from her and she was in complete control of herself. She sang the arias "Caro Nome," from *Rigoletto,* the "Mad Scene" from *Lucia di Lammermoor,* and the "Bell Song" from *Lakme.*

There were about twenty people gathered in the dim auditorium of the Metropolitan, including several conductors, and singers and Gatti-Casazza. When she finished, there was silence in the vast house. Then:

"ARE you too tired to sing again?" asked Gatti.

"Not at all," Lily replied.

Gatti went to the telephone and called Otto Kahn, financier and head of the Metropolitan Opera Company, requesting that he come at once. When he arrived there, Lily sang her arias again.

Otto Kahn turned to Gatti and said: "Don't let her get away from us."

When Lily returned to Paris she had three contracts with her. One was for five years with the Metropolitan, the second for concert engagements, and the third for making victrola records. The next few months were busy ones for the young singer. She knew the operas in French and now had to learn them in Italian. She had never seen *Lucia di Lammermoor,* the opera in which she was to make her debut, and she had to create her own interpretation of the rôle. That it was an artistic and intelligent one, was proved the momentous day of her debut.

"Lily has a great sense of responsibility toward her work," said Mr. Mesritz. "When she returned from her debut, she took the score of *Lucia* to see whether she had done as well as she could."

"Success," put in the young prima donna, "is a one-night butterfly. You have to capture it every night again."

"Yes," agreed her husband. "L wants to give the best of herself. T American public is very appreciative fine music and it is a stimulus for h to work hard to improve herself. S gives up everything which may in a way hinder her progress in her art."

While the singer won success quick yet it has by no means been easy. S puts in long hours of hard work, a when she is not rehearsing or practisi she is reading books on literature, h tory, art or music. She goes frequen to the Museum of Art to study the pai ings and to get ideas for her costum She designs them herself and the crit have said that they are "masterpieces good taste".

Lily is fortunate in that she has m ried a man who shares her interests a who has been an encouraging influen in the development of her career. Art their great love and bond. Indeed, c would have to seek far to find a m congenial and devoted couple.

Mr. Mesritz looks after his wife's creasing business affairs so that she give her entire thought to her music. also helps her to overcome those ner wracking, tense periods that she fa before every performance and wh usually make her ill. Once on the sta though, the response of the audien helps her to forget her fears.

It is because she misses the perso touch of the audience that singing o the Radio terrifies her. The "mike" ne gives her a chance to lose herself in singing. It is a cold, indifferent strang Her fear of it, however, proved to be her advantage. For at the time of audition with the Metropolitan, she h another one at a broadcasting stat and she was offered but a small contra She refused it because she felt she co not sing over the Radio. Now the stat has paid her many times that amount her Radio recital. She has appeared on Simmons and the R. C. A.-Victor p grams.

LILY PONS has alre sung in many cities of the country, that she has had a good opportunity see something of American life. She lo it here and hopes next season to estab a home of her own in New York.

Her phenomenal success has changed her. She is a genuine, frank p son, and her husband confided, with twinkle in his eyes, that "her hats fit".

With the pride of a little girl, singer brought out a present which been sent to her by an unknown admi The card was inscribed, "To a sec Melba." On the fan was the signature the great diva, Nellie Melba. May it be significant that at a time when one the most famous songbirds of the passed away, her fan should be given Lily Pons?

The Prodigy who Grew Up

Toscha Seidel is one Child Genius who Fulfilled the Promise of Early Years—Columbia's Musical Director and "First Violin"

By David Ewen

LITTLE boy in sailor-suit, led by the hand by his mother, approached the great Leopold Auer at the Conservatory of Music at rad. A violin-case, slung under his old what his mission was; and ing about those brilliant eyes, that intelligent face, seemed to con- ully reassure that this mission could unrealized. Would Dr. Leopold it was the mother speaking, in g accents—give her little boy an n? Leopold Auer beckoned to to come to him, and placed him is lap.

at is your name, my boy?" d Auer asked kindly, as he affec- ly stroked the curly head.

boy lifted his small pug-nose, and with his two bright blue eyes at at teacher.

name is Toscha—Toscha Seidel.

w old are you?"

m ten years old, sir!"

w long have you been playing the "

ha looked at the master with e brightening his eyes; it was as this were a most absurd ques- "Why, sir, I've been playing all e, sir!"

what can you play?"

again Toscha was to be sur- by the absurdity of the question. sir, I can play everything!"

y well," Leopold Auer said lowering the boy, "we shall hear e shall hear. Will you play some- or me, my boy?"

e was no nervousness or fear as opened his violin-case, tuned his and then placed it under his chin ing but a cool confidence and a ing faith in himself. He lifted his the strings. He was playing the bars of the Brahms *D Major to!* Now his fingers flew across erboard with impeccable precision. where did this lad procure such a ng technique which magically in- those tender fingers? From where procure that tone of silk—thin, silk? From where did he pro- maturity, a depth, an intelligence trating the profundities of so great cal work? As Leopold Auer sat there, his head in his hands, tears in his eyes, he realized that the answer to such questions was far beyond human powers.

"You are a genius, my boy," was all he said when the boy had finished his playing. "and I am proud and happy to be your teacher!"

From where had this boy come? He was born in Odessa, Russia. His mother,



Toscha Seidel and his violin

a school-teacher, and his father, a business man, realized almost immediately what Fate had entrusted into their hands. For the boy was born with a fiddle in his hand. At the age of two, the child delighted in plucking the strings of his uncle's violin, and piecing together little melodies; the following year, his first teacher, Max Fiedelman, began to give him his first regular instruction. But the boy seemed to learn his music instinctively. Both under Max Fiedelman and, shortly afterwards, at the Stern Conservatory of Music he learned with a rapidity and ease which terrified his teachers. They realized that there was only one teacher in Russia who could do justice to such a genius—the great Leopold Auer, foremost violin-teacher of the age. And the great Leopold Auer had welcomed him with wide open arms!

Under Leopold Auer, Toscha matured. Native talent he already had; the entire violin repertoire was already well under the grasp of his chubby fingers. What he needed now was the gloss which Auer put upon all of his prodigies—that, and the maturity that comes only with years. When Toscha was fifteen years old, he was the full-fledged virtuoso. Auer passed favorably upon him and said he was prepared to concertize. And so, in his fifteenth year, Toscha began his first tour of Europe—and a tour of triumph it turned out to be! Finally, he reached Christiania, Norway, where his overwhelming success became converted into a rousing triumph. Each of his concerts was sold out far in advance. "Tosca"—for so his audiences called him—was the idol of the hour. The story goes that two gentlemen in evening dress met, one evening. "Are you going to hear the 'Tosca' of Puccini?" asked one of the other. "Oh no!" the other answered, "I'd much rather hear the 'Tosca' of Seidel!"

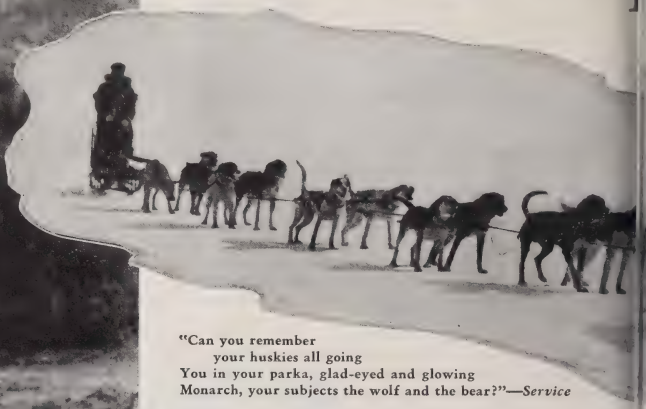
Simultaneous with Seidel's triumph in Christiania was the equally rousing success of another wizard of the fiddle, also a pupil of Auer—by name, Jascha Heifetz. All of musical Norway was now divided into two parts: there were those who still stoutly maintained that Seidel was God's greatest genius, and there were those who, at least, were skeptical after hearing Heifetz. The Queen herself was eager to solve this problem, and so she invited both prodigies to her palace for the purpose of judging for herself. They played the Bach Concerto for Two Violins, and separately each played a set of solos—and when they finished, the Queen was more perplexed than ever. "Every time I hear Jascha I am sure that he is superior, and then Toscha plays a solo and I am just where I was before!" And when, sometime afterwards, the Queen was asked which she really preferred—Jascha or Toscha—she answered simply: "Why, the one I hear last!"

(*Continued on page 87*)

From Dog Whi



Bob Crawford of the Arctic was tall, bronzed and sinewy. Guitar, pack, and powerful youth were his only assets.



"Can you remember
your huskies all going
You in your parka, glad-eyed and glowing
Monarch, your subjects the wolf and the bear?"—*Service*

Today Robert M. Crawford conducts ... His Cutaway was a Caribou Parka, H...

LATE evening of March twenty-sixth this year found me searching out the owner of a name—a name that came to me over the air from the lips of a Radio station announcer—a name that took me back to Alaska, within a hundred miles of the Arctic Circle—a name I had not heard since the year before the Great War.

Following the station announcer's lead, I found the Mutual Benefit Auditorium in Newark, New Jersey, brightly lighted. Music lovers of three cities filled the seats, and on the spacious stage were assembled the voices of the Newark Foundation Chorus, the Bach Singers Club of New York, the Barrington Girls' Choir and the Oratorio Society of Elizabeth.

From the throats of this great chorus came Johann Sebastian Bach's profound expression of eighteenth century religious emotionalism—"The Passion of Our Lord, according to St. Matthew," and on a raised dais, directing the music, stood Robert M. Crawford . . . so the program said.

Robert M. Crawford . . . the name that had come to me over my Radio, but . . . could this be the Bob Crawford of my distant home?

I had arrived late, and slipped quietly into a rear seat. As the beautifully blended voices filled the hall, I sat back, closed my eyes, and pictured Bob Crawford as I had known him.

He was tall and bronzed, and sinewy with the flat muscles of youth. His hair was dark and unruly . . . his eyes clear and gray, and behind his high forehead there was stored a knowledge of trail wisdom and woodcraft that would have taxed the prowess of the best hunters in the neighboring Indian camps.

He was a typical "Sourdough Kid" . . . born within a hundred and fifty miles of the Arctic Circle, and knowing no other life than that which he saw on all sides as America's last frontier opened up under the hands of such pioneer families as the Crawfords.

The cutaway coat that he now wore was then a caribou calf parka . . . his patent leather shoes were the soft moosehide of native moccasins, and the hand that now wielded a conductor's baton was then swinging a whip over the backs of a team of slant eyed, pointed nosed malamute sled dogs. Those powerful arms, that were now beating ou... measures of this stirring music ... wrestling a sled over drifted trails.

I opened my eyes . . . feeling t... must be mistaken. The contrast w... great. I tried to retain the pictu... my mind, but the magnificent ... brought me back to the present, and ... added to my doubt.

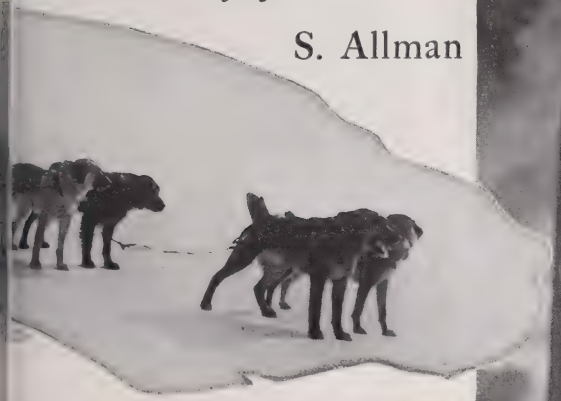
I tried to picture those wide sho... swinging a paddle as a fragile canoe ... down the white water canyon of ... nameless river . . . tried to visua... hundred pound pack strapped to ... broad back as a trail was being l... through a country where the ri... White Man's axe had never before ... heard. My uncertainty increased. ... this couldn't be the man I sought! ... master of beautiful music couldn't l... lad who had shared my youth in ... Alaska. Then, when he turned his ... I saw that it was, indeed, the same ...

THERE was the ... sharply chiseled profile. No mis... that thick chest and lean waist. I... cloth and starched linen failed to... the impression of tremendous ph... strength that I knew to be his.

Yes! Robert M. Crawford of th... sic world, and Bob Crawford o...

Baton

By Jack S. Allman



mphony Orchestra —Yesterday
ourdough Kid" of Frontier, Alaska



Robert M. Crawford is now director of the Newark Symphony Orchestra of 82 pieces and conductor of the New York Bach Singers Club.

c, are one and the same person. I tiently awaited the end of the sing- that I might renew a friendship en fourteen years ago. And while ng, I asked myself a question. I ong known of Bob's ambition along cal lines, but . . . "But by what possi- ssociation of circumstances could this ge have taken place?"

youngsters in the North our trails often crossed and now I rehearsed I knew of his early life.

He was born in Dawson 899, when this roaring gold camp naking the third year of its turbulent ry. Dawson . . . the Golconda of North . . . the city of cabins and . The heart of the Klondyke, where nes were made over night, and in instances spent almost as fast over ars of the river front saloons. Sa- where a drunken entertainer might ard reciting the, as yet, unpublished is of a certain Robert W. Service, weighed gold dust in a nearby bank. hen the news of rich paystreaks in Fanana district came drifting up the n River, the Crawford family joined tampede and helped start the town irbanks, and it was in this metropolis ntral Alaska that little Bobby's concert talents were first exploited.

Some of the older children in the camp would load their seven year old warbler on a hand sled and moving around among the gathered tents and cabins, would have him sing *In The Good Old Summer Time* (the only song he knew) while they passed a fur cap among the amused miners. Few failed to contribute, and when one remembers that twenty-five cents is the smallest coin we have up there, it looks as though Bobby's earnings might have been considerable for one of his tender years.

I recalled that Sam Crawford, an older brother, had the first phonograph in camp, and hour upon hour young Bob stood before the huge morning glory horn setting the raucous notes of the worn cylinders to the pitifully cheap tones of his mail order violin.

As soon as he decided that he was going to be a violinist he started taking lessons from one of those mysterious characters that one always encounters in frontier mining camps.

Some said that Vic Durand was a political exile. Others, who claimed to know, said that it was a woman and not the French government that had caused him to forsake a title and come into the North to lose himself. I knew him as a gentleman, a linguist and an artist, and as one who enjoyed sharing the hardships of a country in the throes of savage birth.

For three years Bob studied under Vic Durand, at the same time passing beyond the educational facilities offered by the Territory. About this time he found that a piano was as easy to master as a violin . . . his ambitions were divided. He compromised on music . . . music in all its multitudinous branches would be his career. He sat down and wrote the words and music to a song that he called *My Northland*. It was published and unofficially adopted by the sourdoughs of Alaska as their Territorial anthem.

Shortly after this I saw Bob Crawford for the last time before tonight. Let me tell you of that meeting.

The pale Arctic sun slanted its heatless rays down over the frozen landscape. Red, green and purple jewels flashed among the icicles that clung to the eaves of my little log cabin, and the smoke from the stove pipe spiraled straight up into the thin white light.

I COULD tell by the actions of my dogs that some one was coming in on the thin ribbon of trail that led off north a hundred miles to the Circle and the mighty Yukon.

"Mush, boys! Mush!"

The voice came to me faintly through the frozen silence. The biting forty below zero air nipped my ears as I raised the flaps of my cap, the better to hear. A musher was coming up the trail! Who? Where from? Would he have any fresh news?

Visitors are a welcome break in the monotony of long Alaskan winters. I hoped it might be a friend. He would stop with me. We'd have a great talk fest.

A white snow-shoe rabbit hopped into view, hesitated for a moment; his nervous, translucent ears erect.

"Mush, there, Brandy!"

The rabbit hurriedly disappeared as the crack of a whip split the crisp air. A team of seven malamutes swung around the bend, their tongues standing out like pieces of red flannel against the frost coated breath that clung to their gray breasts. They swung up to the door of my cabin.

"Hi, Jack!"

The tall lean musher on the handle bars of the long basket sled didn't have to throw back the wolverine trimmed hood of his skin parka for me to recognize him. I'd know that voice anywhere.

"Better anchor the sled and have a snack, Bob," I suggested. "Pot of moose stew on the stove."

"Won't have time, Jack, thanks." He melted the frost from his eyelashes with the heat of his bare hands before going on.

"I'm going through to Fairbanks," he added. "I want to get there for that Belgian Relief dance, tonight."

"You won't feel much like dancing after another thirty miles of this drifted trail," I pointed out.

"Perhaps not," he grinned. "But I won't be too tired to listen to the music."

We chatted for a few minutes, and then he was on his way, his whip cracking high over the backs of his dogs.

This was to be a big night in Fairbanks. The charity affair for the starving Belgians had been advertised far and wide. All of the town's two thousand inhabitants would be there, as well as many from the surrounding creeks. There would be entertainment . . . dancing . . . music. Ah! Music! There was the magic word. It would take more than drifted trail to keep Bob Crawford away from music.

I doubt if I understood the gnawing hunger that sent my friend over that cold trail that wintery day. I do now, though. It was ambition. The same ambition that surmounted the handicap attendant to getting even a rudimentary musical education in a frontier so sparsely settled that an area one-fifth the size of the United States can only boast of a population of twenty-five thousand whites.

And that was fourteen years ago.

WHEN the singing finished I awakened to the fact that I was in Newark . . . not Alaska. I pressed my way through those of the audience who waited to congratulate Bob on the success and beauty of his oratorio. He recognized me and pressed my hand in the firm grip of friendship. The night was spent in chatting over old times.

As that same Robert W. Service of Dawson put it:

"We talked of yesteryears, of trails and treasure.
Of men who played the game and lost or won;
Of mad stampedes, of toil beyond all measure,
Of camp-fire comfort when the day is done.
We talked of sullen nights by moon-dogs haunted,
Of bird and beast and tree, of rod and gun;
Of boat and tent, of hunting-trip enchanted
Beneath the wonder of the midnight sun;
Of bloody-footed dogs that gnawed the traces,
Of prisoned seas, wind-lashed and wind-locked:
The ice-gray dawn was pale upon haggard faces,
Yet still we filled the cup and still we talked."



It was in rush camps like this that Bob Crawford was raised.

I was to learn a lot more about Crawford during those hours, but only by dint of adroit questioning. facts came out, piecemeal, that after had left Alaska he had set his mind a college education. The next thing of course, to get the where-with-all gether.

About the time I left, the governm started to build a railroad from water to Fairbanks. Contractors v recruited, as far as possible, from trail blazers who had helped survey route. Bob became a contractor made some money and came out to e Princeton, but after the first year f ran short. Work in a Ford service tion filled in the gaps for the ex-Alas musher.

Many men have worked their through Princeton, but I wonder many can look back on a name so de etched into student activities of such enduring nature.

Crawford organized the Princeton C servatory of Music with an enroll of two hundred students. He started Princeton University Orchestra, and seven years has orchestrated and dire the music (written under-grads) of the nual "Triangle" sh He was regular tributor to the *Pri tonian,* and his baritone voice wa demand wherever c harmony was hear or around the cam

THEN B French examination gan to worry him. made a sporting p osition to the profes He agreed to put Fontaine's fable, " *Curé et le Mort,*" (Priest and the Cor to music as a sympl ic poem for orche in lieu of a thesis. French professor was evidently a g sport . . . he took Bob up, and to the Princeton orchestra plays the p as something of a school tradition. N less to say, Bob passed his French c

"But where did you get the neces training to fit you for conducting such organization as the Newark Symph Orchestra of 82 pieces?" I asked l boring another hole in the hard s of his inherent modesty.

"Well, you know, Jack," he par "I only direct them over the air."

(Continued on page 92)



Eddy East (left) and Ralph Dumke. Combined weight 525 pounds.

SISTERS *of the* SKILLET

The Lowdown on those Two Intrepid "Female" Purveyors of Domestic Wisdom Revealed

By

Their Own Announcer

Jean Paul King

HELLO, Radio listeners. RADIO DIGEST has asked me to tell you a few things you ı't know about those two y funny, funny fellows, Ed st and Ralph Dumke—or as ı may know them better, e Sisters Of The Skillet. Working with them as I do ry day, except Sunday, in t padded cell in Studio C of Chicago headquarters of National Broadcasting mpany, this should be easy. ly one of two things can ppen. The strain of pre- ring this article may kill me before I'm ough or Eddie and Ralph may sue for nder and libel when it appears in print. t in either case it won't make much ference, so here goes.

You've all probably heard the Sisters the Skillet on the NBC network and joyed them. Your 1500 or more en- usiastic letters every week prove it. ıd do the boys enjoy those letters? ily when I arrive for the program I d them roaring with laughter over me new problem sent in for them to ve by a worried sister or over some new ishwater poemtry," as the poetic con- butions have come to be known.

What do they look like? Well, Eddie and Ralph are two good-looking young fellows in their early thirties who enjoy having a hearty laugh and who take great pleasure in passing it on to you, their listeners. You've heard the old saw "laugh and grow fat"—well, it certainly fits in this instance as the boys tip the beam at 260 pounds apiece. (Have you their picture?)

Both East and Dumke are experienced entertainers with many years of successful vaudeville appearances behind them They are both sons of the Middle West; Ed East's advent in Bloomington, Indiana, is still mentioned in hushed tones, but Ralph Dumke's origin in South Bend, Indiana, isn't mentioned at all. High school in their "good old home towns"—then college—Dumke gracing the halls of Notre Dame and East attending the University of Indiana—very temporarily.

The meeting of these two wise crackers makes an illuminating story. The time—a hot summer day; the place—Michigan City, a lake resort not far from Chicago. Being a hot summer day the beach was crowded with bathers. One of these, a flighty female, found herself out beyond the depth where her pink toes could touch good hard sand. She began to splash—to scream—to shriek—and finally to gurgle—filled nearly to the brim with cold, lake water. Two heroes came dashing to her aid. Two enormous heroes—two heroes no eye could miss. They reached the gal and towed her to shore—a frail and nearly submerged craft being piloted to port by two huge and efficient seagoing tugs.

As East and Dumke faced each other across the prostrate form of their salvage, an observer might have seen an identical expression on their faces. It was an expression which said, "Gosh all hemlock (slang, 1921), am I that big?" Without a doubt they were the two largest men

even seen in a pair of bathing suits.

Two years later they really met, show business bringing them together. Eddie was the shining luminary of a band playing in Indianapolis, doing all the singing and clowning as well as playing banjo. Many of the numbers which he was using to "wow" the Indiana folks were his own. He wrote them then as he does now. One day, Ralph, who also plays banjo, joined the band; the second day he and Eddie became acquainted and sang together; the third day they were working on a comedy skit and had decided to leave the band and try their luck in vaudeville. This was eight years ago, in 1923. They have been together ever since.

The summer of 1923 saw the creation of their vaudeville act and on Labor Day they headed for Chicago to meet "Their Future." They were booked on a junior circuit for a week's trial—at $60—and at the end of the week they had impressed the bookers to such an extent that they were told they could continue working—for $60. In the meantime, the head of the Chicago Orpheum office who had seen the act, sent for them and shortly after they were on their way to New York to sign a six year Keith-Orpheum contract. Quoting Ralph—"Those six years were the only ones we didn't have to worry—question mark."

SO FOR six years they toured the country; Keith in the East, Orpheum houses in the West. Probably many of you have seen their old stage act. If so, I know you haven't forgotten it. It was a fast, comedy-harmony act with both boys at the piano, Ed playing very little piano. (As today.) As Dumke says, "Ed knows three chords on the piano, but hasn't been able to place them in their proper relationship, and as I'm a banjo player, I can only see the black keys."

It was not until the time of the Mississippi flood disaster that they became interested in a microphone and as Ed said "saw the handwriting on the wall for vaudeville, and rubbed it off." Sick of one night stands and "the road," East and Dumke found themselves in the devastated flood area where the situation was acute. People were starving and shelterless, so the boys organized relief benefits, gave midnight performances after their regular shows and as some of these relief benefits were broadcast by southern Radio stations which were cooperating, Eddie and Ralph had their first experience on the air.

THEIR second air appearance was over WJR, Detroit, where they were playing Publix time in the beautiful Fisher theatre. It was this appearance in front of the mikes which did much to decide them on a Radio career. Their final decision to leave vaudeville was caused by a fan letter written by a girl who watched for their appearance in Detroit each year and who, since their last visit, had become an invalid and a shut-in. She heard them over WJR and wrote, telling them she was "simply delighted" to hear them as she thought that pleasure was to be denied her since she could no longer visit a theatre. She wrote "You don't kn how much your merry chatter and cle songs have done to make my life m livable. Please tell me when I may h you on the air again."

This human little letter showed boys the possibilities of Radio; t realized how much larger their audiences would be as compared t theatre audience; they saw that t clowning could bring cheer to count ill and shut-in persons and they beca Radio converts. For years they made it a point to appear in hospit penitentiaries and children's homes cities which they visited, so they w fully able to realize the value of a g laugh as medicine.

Their first Radio contract was v WGN, Chicago, where they appeared two years with a harmony act heard e evening. Realizing the value of an which would appeal to women listen Eddie and Ralph conceived the idea *Sisters of the Skillet*, a daily feat which enabled them to retain the si ing part of their act and add to it pa and wisecracks from their stage sho On November eleventh of last year *Sisters of the Skillet* appeared as feature of the National Broadcast Company and proved to be of the Chic studio's most p ular programs.



The Sisters of the Skillet in their bungle-aprons. Left, Miss Pet Plenty (Eddie East) and right, Miss Isabella Fryit (Ralph Dumke).

THE is fifteen minu of fun, introdu and signed off this "poor broken-do Radio announc who has robin's nest in hair. The oper song, written East, is the Ho wives' Lament the words good enough keep over y kitchen sink. H they are—

"While your he are yearning
And the toast burning,
Turn the roast scrape the t
Before the t come home.
Onions keep frying,
Baby keeps crying,
Get the tub rub and scr
That's your ho sweet home.

(*Con. on page 5*

Helen Keller's Radio Adventure

World's Wonder Woman Although Blind and Deaf Enjoys Movies, Jazz and Broadway Crowds

By Anne B. Lazar



Helen Keller as she was sketched during special interview for RADIO DIGEST

Illustrated by Miriam D. Brown

T WAS a blowy March day. Whirlwinds stirred up the sleepy dust and discarded papers from their winter's rest and did the spiral dance on corner. Men's hats suddenly beanimated and playful and disported selves in front of hurrying autos, ladies' skirts looked like umbrellas ed inside out on a storm-stormy day.

ıe spirit of life could be restrained onger. Miriam and I felt it in our bones. It was grand to be alive healthy—to be able to see the world's less treasures—to catch the slightest of song or melody in the city's mulinous undertones, and to improvise a tune so that we could be in harmony the rest of things.

ı, it was good to exist! Every fibre ur being was touched with the breath fe. We were awake with the newand freshness.

ıd as Miriam and I were thus enjoythe freedom of being born again, we suddenly stopped. Our thoughts ıg immediately to the object of our ıd.

e were both going to see Helen Kel-the wonder woman—Miriam Brown ketch her in pencil and I—to inter- her. Miriam is only sixteen—that en age when happy visions have not been scarred by bitter experiences and n fascinating illusions have all of the nce of reality. She had just come ı her art class at New York Univer- with books under her arms, and a t settled carelessly on a mass of brown hair.

s an interviewer of maturer years, I d not help but catch something of the thrill that was hers in this first experience of sketching a famous person.

But something caught in our voices when we started talking about Miss Keller. It was with a feeling of awe and reverence as if we were approaching something holy, something savoring of the divine and not of this world.

We had just reached the studio. Upstairs everything was in a state of expectancy. Photographers were planting their cameras at acute, right and oblique angles—and scattered about was a variety of microphones.

Helen Keller had just had a thrilling adventure—an adventure in Radio. That was an event—and newspaper offices and photographers were busy broadcasting the news to the world.

She went to Washington with her teacher and her secretary, Mrs. Macy and Miss Thompson—to broadcast for the Better Vision Institute—an organization devoted to the important task of protecting human sight.

The Washington studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System were crowded with curious spectators to witness this modern miracle—a woman broadcasting her voice—a voice she herself had never heard—to hundreds of thousands of eager listeners.

There was a deep suspense in the atmosphere—people held back their breath as if afraid to break the spell of the enchantment.

Miss Keller made her way through the dense gathering and finally reached the microphone. Her firm fingers swept quickly but carefully, so as not to miss a single detail, over the outlines of the instrument. Then, as her hand traced the mike's head, she exclaimed, "It looks like a big eye." Not ever having herself beheld an eye, the significance of her statement made us marvel at her aptitude for forming delightful comparisons from what the ordinary mortal would consider mere commonplaces.

At a glance we read the word, *Columbia,* which was printed vertically on the shield. But Miss Keller's indefatigable fingers had to trace the raised letters carefully to learn what we knew instantly and effortlessly.

Fingers—they are her eyes and ears—and the accuracy of her information indicates that they neither belittle nor magnify the things which she touches.

She had been keeping her fingers busily employed but in a few moments she was to speak. How would her voice sound to these anxious listeners? Could it possibly express in sound the words which she had for her message. Would she have mike fright? Oh, if she could only for a moment—just for that occasion—tear down the dark and dreary veil of deafness—to hear the sound of her voice so that she could be sure she could actually speak and be heard!

And what if she spoke—and nobody could hear her—just as she couldn't hear.

It would be unbearable—the silence on the air—those few minutes in which she would be going through the motions of speaking—but with no sound falling from her lips.

It must have been an anxious moment as she took over the microphone after having been introduced by both Mrs. Macy and Miss Thompson.

BUT her fears were groundless. For as soon as she opened her lips—and although she herself was no witness to the sounds she was uttering—this is what the listeners in every part of the country heard Miss Keller say:

"I am happy to greet you all and to convey a thought which may help to bring greater happiness, comfort and efficiency to you in your daily tasks and recreation. For many years now my work has been aiding those who live in darkness and spreading the message of eye-care to those who are more fortunate.

"If you could meet as I have the hundreds of educated men and women who testify that they were grown up before they knew that it was faulty vision which kept them backward in school, and later in business, you would at once find out all there is to know about improving and conserving your sight. The ounce of prevention is worth many times the pound of cure. So I urge you to investigate at once the true condition of your eyes and those of your children. 'Guessing' or assuming that your vision is all that it should be is extremely foolish and may prove costly. Should glasses be found necessary, they should be worn unhesitatingly, because they are a positive asset and safeguard.

"Do what you can to enlighten your neighbors, especially those who are ignorant and impoverished. Conservation is true economy as well as a humane measure. Prevention of human misery is not an idle dream—do help yourself and help others, that we may all create saner social conditions and a healthier, happier humanity."

Miss Keller stepped away from the microphone. The reassuring handclasp of her friends made her happy. Then she had been heard—and those fears—she must never have them again. There was comfort in the thought that others could hear her voice even though she herself has never known its sound, except—through her wonderful fingers.

Mrs. Macy and Miss Thompson cleared the way for Miss Keller through the gathering throngs to keep a luncheon engagement with the President and the First Lady of the Land at the White House, where they probably discussed the activities of the World Conference, either through lip-reading or through the manual alphabet—spelling sentences in Miss Keller's palms. Then they made a hurried tour through the historic places and points of interest in and around the Capital and Mt. Vernon—and as usual Miss Keller had the time of her life.

After these few days at Washington—fraught with activity—Miss Keller had returned to New York and we were all expecting her at the Times Wide World Studio.

A note of keen expectancy dominated the hustle and bustle at the studio. Then all at once the busy motions ceased. Into the sudden hush a page announced Miss Helen Keller. What a personality! What a miracle of a human being! It was almost like a demonstration of the supernatural just to behold this marvelous woman. And yet there was a feeling that one would like to be of service to her—to help in some way.

She was neatly tailored in a green canton crepe dress. Her low cut patent leather shoes set off her slender ankles to advantage, and except for a slight inclination to expand a bit beyond the generally accepted standard of slimness and for a few streaks of gray hair among her rich brown wavy tresses, Helen Keller would not look over thirty-five. She has passed the fifty mark.

AFTER the first few moments of general introductions among those present, the cameras began to click, and Helen Keller went through the regular process of posing, Miriam in the meantime standing in the background with sketch block and pencil snatching every possible line of character for her sketch. Into this awed circle which seemed almost ceremonial in reverence there suddenly beamed a dash of color with the appearance of Sidney Franklin, renowned American matador.

He had just returned from Spain where he had settled a few public arguments with some mad bulls, but from his appearance we could see that he had the best of arguments. He didn't have a single scar—and well—as for Adonisian looks—I can't understand why those Spanish senoritas ever allowed Mr. Franklin to leave the country.

Mr. Franklin was introduced to Miss Keller. "Oh, I have read all about you," she said. "You must be very brave to fight all of those bulls, but you should be careful." She then placed her hands on his shoulders and felt of his muscles and remarked, "My, but you are very strong."

We could all see that Mr. Franklin doubtless sensed a greater thrill from this momentary meeting with gentle Miss Keller than he did from his ferocious conquests in the Spanish arena. He felt a little richer for the experience.

Finally Miriam and I were able to have a few minutes by ourselves with Miss Keller. The crowds were still around us and we were limited to only a very short interview.

MISS KELLER sat erect in her chair. She has a dignified bearing but withal a tenderness about the expressions around her face and the movement of her hands that betrayed little of early sufferings. She hasn't that em stare that most blind people seem have. Her mind is so intensely active spirit so effervescent that expres forces its way even through her light eyes. You have the feeling of comin contact with a great force when you m Helen Keller—a power so vibrant nothing could hold in leash the ma tude and beauty of her thoughts wh escape through every movement of body. One might as well try to buil wicker fence around Niagara or put sun behind prison bars as for blindn and deafness to limit Helen Keller to realm of darkness and despair.

Between her and Beethoven there great parallel. It is a well-known that this great composer wrote his gr est masterpieces when he was stone d Music came to him not through the ural organs of hearing, but through draughts of inspiration of which drank freely, and which he in turn g to the world in his immortal comp tions.

Helen Keller at the early age of was stricken with a serious illness w robbed her of sight and hearing—natural channels through which the verse pours its infinite bounties to m kind. With all means of communica shut off between her and the rest of world, she presented a lonely and pi figure. The softness of her mother's w was lost in the deep void that engu the young child. She could know parents' love only through their g caresses and handclasps. Deprived sight and hearing the problem of cating this handicapped child wa mighty one. Then her teacher, Macy, at that time Anne Sullivan, c into her life. She needed a reserv patience and perseverance for this who was standing as if on a brink another world, stretching out her for a sympathetic and discerning h

THEN came the slow cess of learning things by name thr her fingers—from the cool water that through her fingers to the outlines of dog. Through this system of educa and with her companion, friend teacher ever at her side to guide and her, and with her own native intellig Miss Keller has come to be one of most prominent figures of our day. mind leaps with amazing alacrity one subject to another and she sho surprising fund of general informa

To those of us who have the hea born privilege of being able to see our eyes it is hard to imagine how Keller can get such vivid pictures thr her fingers. But her fingers have bee her what our eyes and ears are to us. can hear the songs of the birds, laughter of little children, the beau

(*Continued on page 94*)



HELEN KELLER listens to a savant's philosophy of life through her finger tips. She is shown here with Tagore, Indian Poet-Philosopher.

Characters Direct from Life in the Raw, as Fate Has Cast them in a Spinning World Drama, Make up the Personnel of Beloved Mission Worker's Broadcast



Tom Noonan—now, something past middle age, tall, lean, a quick smile, and humorous eyes.

By Dorothy Thomas

IF YOU tune in any Sunday afternoon at 3:30 to WMCA you hear Tom Noonan, the "Bishop of Chinatown", broadcast his cheerful meetings from the old Chinese theater in New York's Bowery. You've probably just eaten a good dinner and you sit in a comfortable chair in a warm, cozy home. Well, Tom Noonan talks over the Radio to anyone who'll listen in, but the men and women who are habitués of his mission probably can't remember when they last had a good dinner or a warm and cozy home—if ever!

At Tom Noonan's Mission every creed, color and race are welcome. There's a feed and a flop for all and no questions asked. If charity is cold, it certainly is inquisitive. It's apt to be the custom, before a starving man is fed, to inquire into his ancestry, his morals and to discover if possible whether it is through any weakness or vice of his own that he has come to this pitiful pass. But Tom Noonan doesn't work that way. If the down-and-outer wants to talk, this practical Evangelist will listen and do what he can to help solve the problems—but he figures a man needs food and rest before he is ready for spiritual advice or help to a better life.

Who is Tom Noonan? Nearly everyone knows by this time, but in case you don't, I'll tell you that he came up from the gutters of the lower East Side, knew starvation and homelessness and all the bitter humiliations that are suffered today by the unfortunate men and women who come to him for aid. He had reached Sing Sing by the time he was seventeen and says he might still be making trips there or to other state hostelries, had it not been for Maud Ballington Booth of the Salvation Army. Working in the prisons, she not only preached the gospel to the inmates, but offered practical aid to them when they left prison. She gave Tom a job helping at a home for ex-convicts. From there he joined the staff of The Rescue Society—organized about thirty years ago by a group of people who believed that some effort should be made to uplift Chinatown—and for the past twenty-five years Tom Noonan has been its leading spirit. Now, something past middle age, he is a tall, lean man with a quick smile, agile movements, and humorous eyes. He has an office in the Bible House where he keeps four stenographers busy answering his fan mail—surely the strangest, most tragic and appealing fan mail any public character receives today.

"See that stack?" he asked, pointing to a white mountain on his desk. "They're mostly from people who're ashamed to stand in a bread line—people who've always had good jobs but are down and out today. I never knew such a depression as this one—I never had so many calls for help—especially from the white collar class."

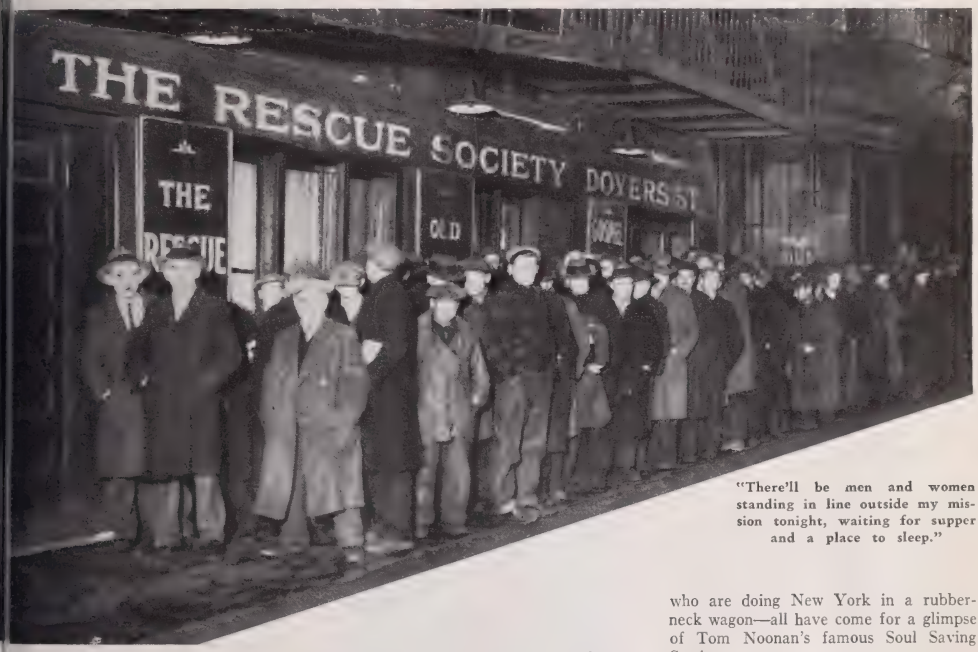
Sitting there in his busy little office Tom Noonan told me tales that made me shudder—stories that made me scared and ashamed to ever spend another cent for taxis or beauty parlors or any sort of luxury—scared for myself and ashamed because so many people are without the bare necessities of life right

"There'll be men and women sta in line outside my Mission tonight ing for supper and a place to sleep have seen better days than any o prosperous who sit up on the plat and put money in my collection plat

Among those who seek his hel women who were once the toast o town, men who held responsible pos in the business and financial wor secretary to one of our presiden member of a well-known but de Southern family, a newspaper m people who just couldn't get over quicksand called life.

"OF COURSE ther the perpetual bums too," he adm "A certain percentage are just drift probably the inevitable leftovers o present industrial system. They m incompetent mentally or physically, may be lazy or drunken or dopes anyway, here they are with no pla go and we've got to do the best w for them."

Tom Noonan's Soul Saving Station



"There'll be men and women standing in line outside my mission tonight, waiting for supper and a place to sleep."

He told me about "Three Drink Harry" whose name might embarrass someone the Social Register, also of a district orney from California who landed at Mission after his wife had run away h his best friend, of ladies who trod primrose path to be sidetracked to streets and alleys and wharves until y landed in a "flop house" in the wery—a long way from where they rted out to go! "Galloping Nell," lop Head Amy," "Singing Mary," hinatown Gertie" are just a few of the mes some of these ladies go by.

"A lot of people only need temporary lp—a job—a new way of looking at e—a helping hand over the dark places d they're ready to get back into their per sphere in life. Sometimes boys t stranded in a strange city between os or promised money from home. I ink the most helpless are the old men chucked out of a job because they're st forty. There just is no place for ost of them. Nothing but a bleak istence of bread lines, flop houses, park nches, Municipal Lodging Houses, llways and maybe jails."

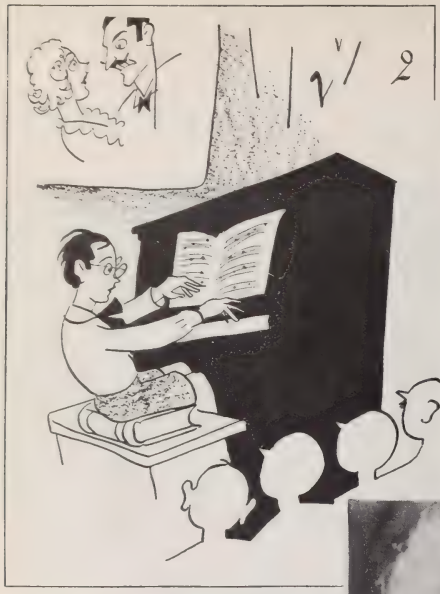
Such are the men and women who are sitting on the benches of the old Chinese theater when Tom Noonan broadcasts every Sunday afternoon. While you in your comfortable homes are listening in to the Evangelist's lively sallies, rousing hymns, requests for aid, his music and speakers, these others are gratefully looking toward this man who has been for so many years their friend. But instead of tuning in let's look in—

IT'S a rainy, warmish afternoon in dirty Doyers Street—that crooked cavern that winds though the lower East Side like a slimy snake. It's three o'clock and outside of a shabby old hall plastered with signs——"Rescue Mission," "If you haven't got a friend you'll find one here" ——a line stretches itself halfway down the street. Women in sables, men in handsome ulsters—a very prosperous bread line, you think. And you're right. Half right. The people patiently standing out there in the rain are prosperous. They are big hardware men from Hackensack, debutantes from Westchester, clubwomen from Boston, Ladies' Aid Societies from Schenectady, tourists from the corn belt who are doing New York in a rubberneck wagon—all have come for a glimpse of Tom Noonan's famous Soul Saving Station.

This old Chinese theater that had been converted into a Tabernacle for the Lost is inconvenient to get at. It is much too small to hold the throngs who come there to be saved—or help others be saved as the case may be. It is badly ventilated, the heat and breath from many bodies fill the old building. But the dynamic Evangelist can pack the place to overflowing and make Park Avenue and prosperous suburbanites like it!

THE first floor is arranged like any hall for political or religious meetings—a large platform facing a line of benches and chairs. Tom Noonan and the churchly sit on the raised dais and the down-and-outers sit below on the benches. The meeting is opened with a prayer and Noonan's popular theme song, *There's a Rainbow Shining Somewhere.* Then like a genial, informal host at a night-club, he greets various friends who are either present in the hall or listening in over the Radio. He mentions the names of various Ladies' Auxiliaries and Girls' Friendly Clubs that are present,

(*Continued on page 85*)



At the age of twelve Freddie Rich, CBS batoneer, was pianist in a nickelodeon.

Seventy Radi

How They

What Are You? Clerk—Stenographer
Really Repeats You too May Step fr

By Eva

CONCLUSION

WHAT brings success in Radio? That's the question our untiring reporter, Ev Plummer asked himself. He came to the conclusion that *good voice, dramatic ability or musicianship do not necessarily mean success in Radio!* The important qualification for the would-be star is "X"—air "it".

Background and training don't mean a thing if the aspirant hasn't "X". Amos was a tobacco salesman, Andy laid brick for his father's construction company. Phillips Lord was a teacher, Roxy a department store clerk . . . many other revelations were made in last month's story.

BUT if you missed the first installment, you can start right now and read these bombshells about more of the air famous:—

YOU all know Jolly Bill Steinke of the "Jolly Bill and Jane" programs. Jolly Bill has been a New York newspaper cartoonist for years. Going to the studios to cartoon artists, he caught the mike bug by association, and success was fast in coming.

How about Baby Rose Marie (Mazeppa)? Well, this talented young miss had Radio come to her along with vaudeville and the movies. She talked at nine months of age, won an amateur stage contest at two years, carried on regular conversation at thirty months, and at three years of age was before the footlights imitating Sophie Tucker in "hot mama" jazz numbers!

Big Brother Bob Emery divided time between studying at Tufts College and playing his ukulele at Station WGI, Medford, Mass., from 1922 to 1924. He developed the Big Brother Club idea at WGI, took it to WEEI, Boston, with him in 1925, and to NBC and a sponsor in September of last year.



Ruth Etting was wasting beauty backstage as costume designer. A chorus girl sick—Ruth filled in and her voice "clicked."

Here's how several radactors entered the studios. Marcella Shields made her stage bow at four years of age and trouped as a vaudeville comedienne from then on to September, 1928, when she was given a Radio play role. Other bits followed and in June, 1929, she became a member of NBC's New York staff.

George Frame (Matt Thompl
Brown of Real Folks studied to b
architect, went to France for Uncle
returned and studied theatrical arch
ture and stage settings, and was
into accepting small parts in plays.
wrote a one act play that was prod
played stock for a season and from
on was an actor-playwright. He ni
at Radio with a burlesque solo sk
then was invited to become a re
Radio writer and actor. His creati
Real Folks made its bow for NB
1928.

Peter and Aline Berry Dixon, of
ing Junior, were newspaperman and
company actress, married and ho
Peter became a publicity writer for
Then he began to write radarios.
ing Junior," the joint idea of the D
was written by them as a resu
watching their own young son. A
sor liked it and asked the two to
for the leading parts of Junior's pa
They did, clicked, and are still cli

HERBERT POL
accidentally fell into Radio as an
announcer of pioneer station K
Raymond Knight, production direc
KUKU and many other NBC dra
programs, really studied for his p
work. His master was Professor
of the famous "47 Workshop" at
vard. Legitimate stage direction
production work preceded his bein
ployed by NBC. Virginia Ga
trained to sing, paint, write poetry
pose songs, dance and act, appl
NBC for a singing audition. Her
requesting the trial brought her
dition as a Radio actress instea
wasn't long until she was starred.

Another unusual entry into ra

tars *Tell*

Started

wpuncher? Student? If History scurity to Fame as Did These Folk

. Plummer



Muriel Wilson earned her keep and singing lessons as deputy collector of taxes.

made by David Owen, dramatic tor of the CBS farm network. n was director of the North Shore tre Guild. One day Walter Preston, tor of WBBM, called the guild to in the services of some actors. Owen d to Preston. "By the way," Preston rked, "you have a perfect voice self on the telephone. Why not try n the microphone?" Owen did, and still in Radio.

nd leaders generally seem to have clearly defined ambitions to be cians in their heads. Few wandered it. As for their receiving microphone rs, good and novelty orchestras always been in heavy demand at studios or for remote pickups. Let's over a few of the leaders.

RUDY VALLEE and ard Joy both attended college and the bill by playing in orchestras. and Carmen Lombardo and Fred tzer started the Royal Canadians—eces—in 1918, playing at a mothers' meeting in London, Ontario. Wayne , university graduate account, worked ar at figures before he switched to saxophone hobby as a breadwinner. A. Rolfe for eight years threw his with the movies, and was alternately thy and broke, before he took a band . New York restaurant. Art Kassel, ied in both music and art, went to and returned from France with a ite ambition to form an orchestra. rank Black, chemistry student and teur musician, was pursuaded to fill vacant post of an ill pianist in the estra at a Summer hotel where he vacationing. Harold Sanford wavered veen electricity and music as a youth l a job paying $1.50 nightly for playing the violin decided him for the latter. Eugene Ormandy, Hungarian violinist, is a Roxy protege. Horace Heidt only took up orchestra playing in college in order to pay a hospital bill caused by a football injury. David Mendoza almost turned from music to medicine, but friends and family changed his mind. Freddie Rich's first job, at twelve, was pianist in a nickelodeon.



Said dad to Howard Barlow, "No long-haired musicians in my family!" He cut his hair but became a symphony conductor.

Wanderlust set Vincent Sorey to playing his violin all over South America and collecting folk tunes as he roamed. Except for a few unsuccessful months trying to sell airplanes, Sorey kept to music. Ludwig Laurier very nearly became a druggist in Buffalo, N. Y.

PARENTS would have denied us many noted directors. Paul Whiteman's concert singing family practically disowned him for starting a jazz band. Vincent Lopez' folks would have made him a priest, but the monastery's far seeing father director sided with Vincent. Howard Barlow's dad would have no "long-haired musicians" in his family, but he did, anyway, because of Howard's persistence. Channon Collinge, director of the Cathedral hour, was sent to a textile school by his English family who were prominent in the cotton business. Channon won a scholarship medal and composed a song. He sent both home, asked his parents to choose between the two, and the next month was enrolled in a musical conservatory. Incidentally, during his career, Collinge spent six years as a comic strip artist.

Among the fair sex who thrill you at the loud speaker, Jessica Dragonette climbed her first rung when she applied for a soprano role in Reinhardt's "The Miracle". Olive Palmer (Virginia Rae) was singing at five years of age and was a concert and opera success before the advent of Radio. Lois Bennett sang on the stage at the same age as Olive, and had her first chance when she was nineteen in a tour of vaudeville with Carrie Jacobs Bond. Ruth Etting was cabaret

show costume designer in Chicago until she jokingly filled in a vacancy in the chorus one night. Local station singing helped to bring her to the attention of Paul Ash. Recording and the Follies followed. Vaughn De Leath, crooning contralto and "original Radio girl", won her title by singing from a "wireless room" atop a New York skyscraper in 1915, history shows. She crooned then and later in 1920 to keep from "blowing" tubes of the early transmitters costing $110 each.

MARY CHARLES, revue star and character impressionist, got into Radio by applying for an audition and doing better than 149 other aspirants tried out at the same time. Lillian Taiz, of CBS special productions, was "discovered" by at least five impresarios, including Leopold Stokowski and George Gershwin. Mary McCoy made her first public appearance at nine, and when Schumann-Heink made her golden jubilee tour four years ago, Mary was honored by being selected by the beloved Ernestine as her assisting artist. Operettas immediately sought her and Radio followed. Muriel Wilson had a hard struggle to train her voice, and to pay the bill, she worked as deputy collector of internal revenue. She's been with NBC so long she's forgotten how she started on the chain. Harriet Lee sold sheet music behind a Chicago store counter to pay her vocal teacher. A violinist friend accidentally learned she was studying voice and offered to take her to a broadcasting station. For years she broadcast in a girl duo and then Wendell Hall gave her the push that put her on CBS programs.

Ruth Lyon completed her college education in which she majored in French, and was seeking a job teaching the latter when friends convinced her that she should follow singing, her hobby. The Ponce Sisters, who are really sisters, were trained to sing by their mother. They laughed at friends who told them they "ought to go on the stage" but finally went to the studios for an audition which discovered their voices to be of excellent quality for Radio. Annette Hanshaw, who started singing at private parties, and finally was singing for four recording companies, was signed by CBS because of her phonograph fame.

The announcers came from more assorted occupations than perhaps any other branch of Radio entertainers, for there was no such "thing" as an announcer before Radio. Mr. Graham McNamee was a salesman in the Central Northwest until he went to New York to finish his voice training. Applying to the young WEAF for a job singing baritone, he was heard and given one as announcer instead. David Ross almost became a poet instead of an announcer, and broke into Radio one day by happening to be in the studios when something happened that left a hole in the program. He volunteered to do a dramatic reading, and his voice won him an immediate post as mikeman.

Ted Husing was athlete, amateur boxer, boxing instructor for the U. S. Army, professional football and basketball player, furniture salesman, aviation instructor for the New York police force, gymnastics and Charleston dance instructor, and finally one of 609 other applicants for the job of announcer at old WJZ. John S. Young graduated from college and flipped a coin to see whether he would follow law or write the great American drama. Playwrighting won but his play couldn't find a producer. Disappointed Young tried out for Radio and here he is. Bill (W. G.) Hay was a successful vocal instructor and piano merchant until roped into Radio announcing to fill out Radio programs at KFKX, in Nebraska. Then the fans wouldn't let him desert the mike. Henry M. Neely, the "Old Stager", was drama critic, arctic explorer, seaman in Uncle Sam's navy and Radio magazine publisher before his magnetic Radio personality was discovered. Sen Kaney, one of KYW's first announcers, practically grew up with Radio.



Vincent Sorey wandered all over South America playing his fiddle, learning folk songs and singing for his supper.

What Louis A. Witten, guest announcer for CBS, did before Radio is not known to the writer, but it is common knowledge that he broke into it as announcer at a small station in Patchogue, L. I., some six years ago. Neel Enslen, of NBC, is an Ohio State University graduate who was taken under the wing of George Eastman, the music philanthropist, along with eleven other singers, in order to start an American Grand Opera Company. For a while he taught piano and voice in Chicago, next he starred in an opere and finally in February, 1929, he w to New York for further musical st and to sing in many of the import churches. In May of that year he granted an audition by NBC and one of the first announcers to qua without previ Radio training any sort. Ke Keech, who gradu as a chemical engi who knew how sing and play the ukulele and m dolin, decided make his living an entertainer. A years of doing more or less, du which one of high spots was te ing the Prince Wales to strum a he decided to tr break into NBC a performer. broke in all r but as an annou a job he took seriously but at which he made g Norman Brokenshire, ex-soldier and mer mechanical draftsman, was sittin a New York park reading the want-ad tion of a newspaper when his eyes that WJZ was in need of an annou "experience not necessary". He and other young men applied, but Broken was selected.



Channon Collinge supported himself while studying music by commercial art work—he was good at that too.

Most of Radio's masculine star song trained for singing early in lif not for the unheard of broadcast r but there are some exceptions and o with interesting pasts. Among the Frank Luther, NBC tenor and memb the "Men About Town" quartet, rode herd on the Kansas prairies he was ordained as a minister. The marriage required more money th minister's remuneration, so he tool professional singing. Theo Karle, tenor, punched cows on his father's r until he was eighteen. Wilfred G NBC soloist and bass of the Rev was in Alaska with the salmon fle representative of a salmon packing pany when the gold rush started. I James, NBC tenor and another Re failed by a point to become a cad West Point, so he became an engi This profession he continued until fr persuaded him to take up singing.

Billy Hughes thought he would wall street operator until Radio cla him. Darl Bethmann, NBC bari worked in Pennsylvania steel mills to money with which to finance a mu education.

So, you will see, many of the pr favorites of the dial had as common beginnings as perhaps many of you will be reading this article. Non them expected to be bigtimers in R It just—happened.



Wuxtry!

Brokenshire

Elected Mayor of Mirthquakers

THIS is Inside Story No. 1 on the "Making of a Radio Program." Written because Anxious Letter Writer and Mr. Vox Pop ask, "Do the Presidents of big business Corps. scratch their noodles and wonder, 'Will a soprano or a ventriloquist or an animal act sell more for us?'" Do they worry about what you like, Mr. Vox Pop? Of course.

You hear the Mirthquakers program now with Brother Brokenshire and Brother Macy. But only lately the Garcia Grande cigar company wondered what Mr. Vox Pop likes and staged a contest to let Mr. V. P. and the rest of the Public vote. Did the listeners like Norman Brokenshire as an announcer and M. C., or did they prefer him in bigger doses as Chief Entertainer? Everybody was invited to vote by mail.

The election was crooked, because every ballotteer was paid. One cigar was the bribe. But one party was as black as the other was burnt-corked, so neither demanded a legislative investigation.

Faster and faster came the votes! If all the mail ballots in the station mail bags had been piled end to end and the ink squeegeed out and used in a rain machine there wouldn't be any drought problem for the farmers. But the result was apparent from the first. Norman Brokenshire (right) won, hands down, with the second man on his ticket, Everett Macy, pulling another record-breaking vote.

Mr. G. Grande heaved a sigh of relief, put Norman and Everett to work in a padded, sound-proof studio where the gags would rebound harmlessly and the "Mirthquakers'" result can be heard via electrical transcriptions any day now via WOR in New York, WFBM in Indianapolis, or if that doesn't suit you, try WHK, Cleveland, WSTP, Minneapolis, or WFBR, Baltimore. Welcome back to Radio, Mr. Pioneer Brokenshire! We're glad to hear you again.



Abe Lincoln Was a Rail Splitter but Norman Sweeps into Office on Reputation as a Side Splitter—Everett Macy (Left) Cleans up in Second Place on Ticket

Ted Husing

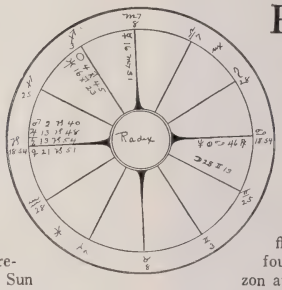
May Become President

If Blustery old Planet Mars isn't Talking through his Helmet, this Boy may Land in the White House!

By Peggy Hull



Here's a chart of the dusty diamond which to Ted is more thrilling than all your sparklers. With his eye on the ball, his pencil follows players in their course from base to base.



TIPS from Ted Husing's horoscope.

Don't call him by his first name the first time you meet him.

Don't step up to him and slap him violently on the back to show how glad you are to see him.

Don't call him up at any old hour and invite him to a party just because you have met him a couple of times.

And don't think because I have given you these tips that Ted Husing is a snob, a highbrow, or an orchid. He is just darned exclusive, extremely conservative and abhors familiarity.

Where did I get my dope? Right out of the natal chart which you can see for yourself. That funny little curlycue at the center of the left side of the circle is the sign Capricorn and it is this sign with Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Venus posited therein which makes Mr. Husing that way. He can't help it and as a matter of fact there is no reason why he should. Surely, in spite of his exclusiveness, he is one of the most beloved sports announcers on the air. It may be unusual for a man who goes in for all the outdoor sports to be formal and reserved, but after all, that expresses Ted Husing's personality. He is unusual. Oh, so unusual!

From an astrological standpoint he has a remarkable horoscope. His Sun in Sagittarius gives him a jovial, genial disposition. A love for animals, horse races and sporting events of all kinds. The Sagittarians, or those having Sagittarius strongly posited in their charts are the people who really make the sporting world. The position of the Sun also makes it possible for him to talk about sports events with fluency and enthusiasm.

Uranus, the planet of invention and originality, also in the sign Sagittarius emphasizes this gift and augments it by giving him the ability to express himself in a novel way. He has a ready wit, an excellent memory and a gift for talking.

If it weren't for the cold and conservative and exclusive Capricorn on the horizon, Ted Husing would be an entirely different chap. He would wear flashy clothes, conspicuous jewelry and be the life of the party through the simple expedient of being the noisiest person present. But you all know that Ted Husing is just the opposite. Capricorn the sign of the Tenth house, the house of honor, of public position, of ambition, of dignity, strongly [illegible] fluences the rays of t[illegible] four planets on the ho[illegible] zon at birth.

It is very easy to be deceiv[illegible] by the informality of that first nam[illegible] Ted. It is perfectly natural for eve[illegible] one to assume that anyone with the na[illegible] of Ted expects to be called "Ted" a[illegible] nothing else. But it would be far m[illegible] in keeping with his inner nature to spe[illegible] of him, even after you have known h[illegible] twenty years or more, as Theodore!

THE Sun and Uranus [illegible] conjunction give him a public care[illegible] As long as he lives he will be bef[illegible] the public in some kind of work. La[illegible] on it may be politics. When he h[illegible] reached middle age he will find [illegible] thoughts, ambitions and desires turn [illegible] from the sporting world to the m[illegible] substantial and constructive affairs [illegible] state, and if he ever goes in for pub[illegible] office he will make a popular and s[illegible] cessful representative of the people.

At present he has a love of adventu[illegible] a longing for change, an ever pres[illegible] restlessness that makes it difficult for h[illegible] to settle down in one spot. He li[illegible]

d. excitement and sudden
ges. Nothing gives him a
ter kick than a telephone
to catch the next plane for
other side of the nation.
long as he lives he will
act many people and from
alks of life. He will always
ct many, many would-be
ds. They will come from
walks of life and from all
s and conditions. Every-
will like Ted Husing but
Husing will not like every-
. He will be known as a
fellow, generous, agreeable
pleasant to meet but his in-
te circle of friends will be
emely small and carefully
ded. In other words he
have thousands of ac-
ntances and very, very few
ds.

THIS tendency is
ently a safeguard put up by
for Uranus in the eleventh
e, house of friends, to pre-
his undoing through friends.
could be held responsible for
ts over which he had no
rol but which involved per-
close to himself, if he were
kind who mixed easily with
classes. Fortunately for
self and his future he is ex-
ive, for he'll never be tried
murder, or anything else
easant just because he was
nd when the event occurred,
fter it had taken place, or
use the actual murderer's
was found in his apartment.
if you don't think people
get in a lot of trouble by
ng too many friends, or
wing too many persons whose
s and means of earning a liv-
will not bear close scrutiny,
pause and recall the promi-
men who were dragged into
Vivian Gordon murder case
use they had been visitors
er apartment.
Ir. Husing's later years
bring him much more
sfaction than the present, although
is now in one of the best periods
will experience. His popularity
increase this year and continue
the upgrade for some time to come.
s is a splendid time for him to make
ey, to take advantage of every op-
unity which presents itself and to
serve his assets for the future.
his is his big earning era and he will
perfectly justified in adding a couple
zeros each time he makes a con-
t.
Iars in Capricorn gives him that
ngth of character which amazes so
y who think, having met him a few
es that they know him. He possesses



This is Ted Husing—but MR. Husing to you!

a peculiar quality of character which the casual or superficial observer never would suspect. On the surface he is friendly, almost, we might say, easily impressed. Or at least that is what you think. You might even say to yourself, here is a chap I can wind around my little finger. But try and do it. Beneath that pleasant, affable exterior is solid granite. Nothing under the sun will ever be able to make Ted Husing do or be something he doesn't want to be. Courage, indomitable courage, and will power are the two qualities which Mars strongly posited in Capricorn gives the people who receive its reflected rays. It also gives perseverance, well nigh inexhaustible energy, and patience, so if you have ever wondered how Ted Husing was able to shake the alkali dust of Deming, N. Mex., from his shoes and land right in the middle of the "big time" in New York, there is your answer.

And here are some of the other things Mars in this position contributes to a horoscope. It arouses the esteem of the community and brings honors from public posts so who knows? Perhaps one of these days Mrs. Husing's little boy Ted will be the head man at the White House. Certainly if there is anything in astrology the natal chart would indicate nothing less than presidential material in Ted Husing.

JUPITER, the ruler of his horoscope is also posited in Capricorn. This makes him very ambitious, self-reliant and self controlled. It crystallizes the Martian influence and makes his strength of character stronger. He could manage a large corporation with great efficiency and success. This position of Jupiter is the stamp of honesty and integrity. If Mr. Husing was the head of a big bank it would never fail and neither would a depositor lose a penny in any institution for which he was responsible. Saturn, the ruler of Capricorn occupies almost the same degree with Jupiter. This tends to strengthen the splendid influences of the benefic planet Jupiter and to add to his determination and will power.

Whenever I see a chart with the planet Venus in Capricorn I always remember one of the first examples given me in Astrology. I was at the theater and Ann Pennington, the diminutive and lovely Ann who has been the darling of Broadway for several years, was twinkling her pretty feet across the stage and occasionally giving us a delightful glimpse of a pair of dimpled knees. My companion who was well versed in astrology said, "Ann Pennington has Venus in Capricorn. That's why she has dimpled knees. Everyone with Venus in Capricorn has dimpled knees."

Mr. Husing has Venus in Capricorn but of course, I can't tell you whether he has lived up to this ancient rule of the stars or not.

His Moon in Gemini is significant. It is the one restless note in his whole horoscope. However, Mr. Husing is a fine example of one who controls his stars instead of being controlled by them.

WMBC Broadcasts Buckley MURDER TRIAL



Gerald E. (Jerry) Buckley, prominent WMBC Radio announcer who is credited with the recall of Mayor Charles Bowles. He is also responsible for the closing up of the larger gambling houses in the vicinity of Detroit.

THOUSANDS of persons have listened to murder trials in the courtrooms of this country, but never before have they been able to listen to a real one through the loudspeaker of their Radio set.

Radio station WMBC, the Michigan Broadcasting Company, of Detroit, has made history for itself and Radio broadcasting. WMBC is believed to be the first station ever to broadcast actual word for word description of a murder trial—that of the alleged killers of Gerald E. Buckley.

Known to thousands of Radio listeners as "Jerry", Buckley acted as announcer for WMBC, conducting a daily broadcast from 6:30 to 7 p.m. He was shot and killed on the morning of July 23rd. 1930 when three men entered the lobby of the hotel where the Radio station is located.

Investigation got under way, which resulted in the arrest of a number of suspects. The Grand Jury later indicted three men, Ted Pizzino, Angelo Livecchi and Joseph Bommarito, all of whom have police records. They were placed on trial February 25th, 1931. Testimony in the case was completed April 13th. Tuesday the 14th, WMBC was given permission by presiding Judge Edward J. Jeffries to broadcast the closing arguments of the defense, prosecution and the judge's charge to the jury.

Judge Edward J. Jeffries delivered a Radio address to his audience in the courtroom and the invisible audience of Radio, saying:

"The microphone or the Radio as a means of disseminating the details of a lawsuit probably found its first introduction in the murder trial of Gerald E. Buckley, slain Radio announcer of WMBC, Detroit." While this may be a new thing, it is thoroughly compatible and in policy with the law.

"I cannot conceive," Judge Jeffries added, "of anything more satisfactory than the broadcasting of not only the testimony, but the arguments of counsel and the charge of the court and the entire proceedings, so that people of this city, especially in as important a trial as the Buckley trial, should know what their jury is doing, what their officials are doing, what the officers of the court are doing; so that they too, at the end of a lawsuit, may be able to pass with some degree of accuracy, upon the outcome of the trial."

The facts developed in the trial showed that for several months, Buckley had been giving a daily digest of news, carrying on a crusade to rid the city of vice and racketeers, gaining for himself thousands of friends who were loud in their praise of his fearlessness. Later, [illegible] devoted more or less of his time secur[illegible] positions for the unemployed.

Then came the movement for the re[illegible] of Mayor Charles Bowles.

Buckley severely criticized any pu[illegible] official who had not lived up to his pr[illegible] ise and received various threats, both o[illegible] the telephone and through the mails. [illegible] had exposed the larger gambling est[illegible] lishments which resulted in raids [illegible] padlocks. But still he carried on—[illegible] people were for him and the po[illegible] praised him.

CONFINING his critici[illegible] later to Bowles, who had held office [illegible] six months, Buckley alleged that the [illegible] mer mayor had been in league with [illegible] underworld.

Then came the recall of the ma[illegible]



The grand jury, shown at the right, was composed of eight men and four women. The WMBC microphone in the foreground was the same one used by "Jerry" Buckley during his crusade over the air against racketeers and the minions of vice and crime.

FOR the first time in the history of American Radio, a real murder trial has been broadcast. Jerry Buckley, a friend of the poor and beloved Radio announcer, was slain by gunmen. Nothing was more fitting than that the accused be tried in "full hearing" of that great public which knew him in life

By Ted Dawood

"The Arabian Knight" of WMBC



All photos courtesy of Detroit Times

These three gentlemen from left to right are Joseph Bommarito, Ted Pizzino and Angelo Livecchi, all of whom were accused of killing Buckley. However, all three were found "not guilty" after a jury had deliberated for more than 33 hours.

on his return to the studio from the Hall, where Buckley had broadcast s of the election returns, the Radio ncer received a mysterious tele- call. A few minutes later he was d in the lobby of the hotel. He newsboys crying out an extra. Pur- ng a copy of a paper Buckley re- d to the lobby and started reading count of the recall election.

veral minutes had elapsed when the gunmen entered through the side nce of the hotel. One of the men aid to have opened fire at close range behind, the shots taking effect in Radio announcer's head. The other gunmen walked around facing ley and poured a volley of lead into ody. Employes of the hotel, who l the shots, disappeared. So did the s.

commenting on the Radio broadcast- ing of the trial Judge Jeffries said, "Honest judges, honest lawyers, honest jurors, can have no objection to a broadcast of the testimony, the argument and the charge of the court. It is of public concern. It is not only of public concern but is highly beneficial in the protection to not only the state but to the defendants on trial.

"WHEN the people of the city of Detroit are watching or listening, officials are more likely to be respectful in their conduct and more accurate in their statements.

"I want to say further that the sessions and proceedings of the Legislature of the state of Michigan as well as the Common Council of the city of Detroit should be broadcast, so that the people of the state of Michigan and the city of Detroit would know first hand regarding the conduct of their public affairs."

In delivering his charge to the jury, Judge Jeffries gave orders to either bring in a verdict of "guilty in the first degree" or "not guilty." However, after 33 hours and 5 minutes' deliberation the jury, composed of eight men and four women returned a verdict of "not guilty", acquitting the three defendants.

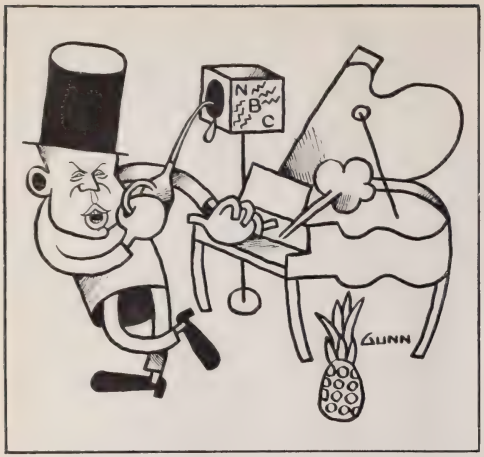
The foreman of the jury spoke through the microphone used by Buckley when he announced the verdict of "not guilty," for the WMBC microphone in the courtroom was the same one used by "Jerry" Buckley during his crusade over the air against vice conditions and racketeers. A new style "condenser" type of microphone was also used in the courtroom to pick up the voices of the defense, prosecution and judge.

Nothing was more fitting than that the men accused of the murder of "Jerry" Buckley be tried in full view of the public who knew and loved the announcer. It was a great achievement on the part of Radio Station WMBC, and listeners from all over the country sent in congratulations to the sponsors of the dramatic broadcast.

They expressed their thanks for the opportunity given them to pay last respects in a new fashion to the memory of "Jerry" Buckley. The general consensus of opinion, as shown in the letters, can be expressed in a few words——

Radio is a great thing, but—the mystery as to who killed "Jerry" Buckley, beloved Radio announcer, remains unsolved.





Ray Perkins, Clarence his Piano and Flossie the Oil Can

Broadcastor

OIL

More Squirts and Smears from the NBC Lubricator who Lets Drip a Few Deep, Dark Radio Secrets

By Ray Perkins

MY DEARS, you have no notion how difficult it is for an old dyed in the woof micro-phony like myself to open this thesis without chimes or an opening signature. You know what an opening signature is, don't you, a bright reader like you? It's a cute bit of musical fol de rol that precedes and identifies a program as smell does a cheese. Sometimes a whole festive board of directors of some prominent firm get to wrangling and snarling among themselves for days just because they can't agree on an opening signature.

It was that way with the editors when I suggested having one for this series. The managing editor had an aunt who loved zithers. so he wanted a zither. Then one of the associate editors thought we ought to have a mystery tenor wearing nothing but a silver gas-mask, singing "We're the voice of the Broadcastoroil articles," only we couldn't find a word to rhyme with articles and anyway we were afraid of being sued by RKO because they've used the idea. RKO is related by merger to NBC, in fact it's one of NBC's rich relatives and it wouldn't pay me, as an NBC artist, to offend it. For awhile it looked as though we'd open each article with one of those rip-snorting, razzle dazzle flourishes of brass. You know—blow your hat off. Well, I and the editors got to thinking that people don't wear hats anyway as a rule while reading this type of magazine, so we dropped that idea.

We even got as far as engaging the band. It was a band of low frequencies, and we consulted Arthur Pryor about engaging it. The real reason why we abandoned the flourish in brass for our opening signature was because it was a full brass band and nobody felt equal to flourishing it. And besides, by purest coincidence. someone had fired the band a week before we started this series. Even the bass drum was all lit up by a roaming candle, and had a picture painted on it of an Indian girl bending over a waterfall, which made a mighty pretty effect at night, I can tell you. That bass drum will be valuable when Television arrives. The drummer had got so expert that he could hit the drum, manufacturing the highest quality bomboms, with *or without* striking the Indian girl where she bent over, depending on the mood of the audience and the requirements of the music.

(Note to our readers: Kindly do not send insulting or disrespectful letters to the author of this series. The mere fact that you have paid a paltry 25c for this stylebook of studiodom hardly warrants unbridled license on your part. Do you want to hurt my feelings? Of course you don't. There, there now, dry your tears and we'll forget all about the four scurrilous invectives I received since last month's article.—R. P.)

SO THAT'S why we don't have an opening signature at the top of this essay, though why I should pour forth these intimate confidences to you who are perfect strangers, I cannot understand.

The signature I use in my Radio lectures as Prince of Pineapple is not the same as that with which I sign checks, there being no rubber in my programs, despite the tendency of Ed Strong, control engineer extraordinary, to snap back at me. When we started my programs, the sponsors (whose pineapples are the Hawaiian, not the Chicago variety) agreed that we should open merely with a chord-in-G. The NBC for some time h out for G-and-a-half, but we h them down. But alas for the l laid plans of mikes and men!

The very first time we went on air, just as we were ready to give Chord-in-G, Ted Jewett, announcer p appletentiary to the Prince of Pineap got nervous and hollered "Good M ing Everybody." Then with a naug toss of his head, quicker than you c say your prayers, assuming that you do, he was scampering through the o ing announcement fast as his little to would carry him. So we never used Chord-in-G and if it's of any use to you're welcome to it, because it's as g as new.

FOR a long time we lowed the Parnassus trio on the Never mind wondering what Parna means. Neither do I. For heaven's s if you're going to take time out to fi out one little word, you'll lose the of this whole treatise and then how you expect to get anything out of Any words you don't understand, skip. Tush, child, what's one wor 1500? (Note to editor: that's jus rough estimate, but I'm sure there's n than enough.) Well anyway, the nassus Trio is made up of three of best looking stringed instruments ever saw, playing on girls.

For love interest they use two can named Dickey and Blue Boy, tenors, who are paid to sing by p work while the trio plays pieces. never forget my embarrassment one when I stopped to ask Dickey if he k of a canary whom I could get to h an egg. Olga Serlis, head girl of trio, insisted on giving me the bird. been given the bird by experts an

(*Continued on page 85*)



'TenSHUN! Guess ATTention would be the thing you'd be doing the most of, what, Doughboy? Look at those lucky goose-steppers! O-kay, Colonel Anita (maybe she's a general)—and here's to you over the Musical Cocktail on the CBS from California.



Lee Morse

DON'T blame this little lady if she seems to have a predilection to whoop a little now and then. She grew up next door to an Indian reservation in Idaho. Her well trained soprano voice can put a gold tip to a nice lady-like whoop. She's only five feet tall but packed sole to crown with the dynamic energy of her famous ancestor, Zach Taylor. Besides that she's a minister's daughter and her two brothers opposed each other in race for governorship of Tennessee. She sings on CBS programs from New York.

Welcome Lewis

Lew Conrad

SOMETIMES you may wonder how these two popular NBC stars manage to infuse so much sincerity and enthusiasm in their delightful croonsongs. But, now that you have seen this picture, you will understand. It is only fair to state, however, that the picture originally showed a microphone as a third party directly in front of Miss Lewis. When Mike, Welcome and Lew get their heads together your dial is immovable Their fame reaches from coast to coast.



Jesse Crawford

LIFE is just one key after another in the Royal Crawford family. What with being Poet of the Organ and everything at CBS poor Jesse must help eke out an existence by rhapsodizing short stories on a typewriter. His lovely wife serves tea as his fingers strum over the keys and Louis A. Witten scowls at the script he has produced.





Andy Sanne

BIG time on air at NBC-N. Y. is an item in the life Mr. Sannella who fi his greatest thrill home in the attic wh he talks with hams Australia and C Town over his 150 v transmitter. "Sax" cat stands by to abs any stray static.



Ben Alley and Ann Leaf

IS BEN ALI an Arabian sheik? Mebbe so, but not our Ben Alley of CBS who lolls thus casually over the windshield of Little Organ Annie's organ. You know them—Ben of the tender and bewitching tenor voice and Miss Ann Leaf of the lyric pipes.



Gloria Caruso

ENRICO CARUSO took to his grave the greatest tenor voice the world has ever known. But perhaps his little daughter, Gloria, may some day become similarly renowned. Here she is with her mother waiting to broadcast at WABC for the American Child Health Association.



Ann and Phil Brae

THERE'S no use g to account for ure that lurks in a oiled saxophone. ld Ann and Phil who play the parts retired vaudeville at CBS, N. Y., ng these ducks into ing they're cana- The quacking cho- was heard from e to California.

Colonel Coffee and Captain Bean

JAVA hear these two old sidesplitters at WTMJ, Milwaukee? Such predicaments! They wanted to adopt a baby. Then decided they would have to have a mamma for the baby. Colonel Coffee is negotiating with a matrimonial agency as we go to press. Who'll be Colonel Coffee's sugar and cream?





Floyd Gibbons

HELLO everybody! Just got a cablegram from a little town up near the Arctic Circle in Siberia. Think I know about where it is but guess I'd better roll out the old world and take a look—yep, here it is, and I think we're going to get a lot of hot dispatches from this sector before another Sunday night comes around—Jimminy rickets, Floyd, hope we get to hear you every night again.

Gertrude Lawrence

THIS English comedy star was one of the delightful entertainers on the Vitality Personality programs over the CBS a few evenings ago. Remember? If you saw her on the stage it may have been in Charlot's Revue, Oh Kay, Treasure Girl or Candle Light. Her voice was a Radio find.



Georgia Backus
Teddy Bergman

IT'S up and away if you try to keep all the dates mapped out for the boys and girls who put on the Henry George programs. They are supposed to be in a different city each Tuesday night—and with the aid of a good Stout pair of wings they are, thank the heavens!





Adele Ronson

IT TAKES bone and sinew as well as laryngeal power to properly function into the iron throat of the microphone. So row, row, row, Miss Adele Ronson, and may your biceps bulge big enough to lift that spiked ashcan over on the other side of you. Mr. M. H. A., note the zeal of this little lady to be well worthy of the NBC dramatic staff.



Alois Havrilla

WELL, well—and where are you going, Alois Havrilla, all dressed up in your feathered bonnet, fancy vest and velvet pantaloons? "Going to Czecho Slovakia, sir," he said. That's where he was born. Click! And he was there via NBC microphone, talking to the home folks in their own language. He is just now getting his applause mail from Prague



Puzzle Man

THEY'RE putting puzzles on the chains now, but here's the man who started it. Elmer Hanson at KFJM, Grand Forks, N. D., casually dropped a few puzzles in the air and look what happened! Now he's puzzled to know how to get out from under such an avalanche of mail. Is your answer there?



Glenn Sisters

MANY listeners write for information concerning the Glenn sisters at WLW. How do they look? Are they really sisters? The answer is, yes. Ruth is the red haired young mischief on the left. Catherine, with the light brown hair, smiles at you from the right. Both have blue eyes and they harmonize as well in appearance as vocally.



HARDLY need to introduce you to Sally if you happened to see Once in a Lifetime. Besides her musical comedy fame she is well known to Radio audiences in all the major cities. The picture was sent to Radio Digest from WIP-WFAN, Philadelphia

Sally Phipps



Rondoliers
(right and below)

RADIO DIGEST takes special pride in presenting to you The KDKA Rondoliers and their director, Zoel Parenteau, who present a special Radio Digest program each week over this First Radio Broadcasting Station of all the World. Letters complimenting them have come from all three Americas.

Arkansas Woodchopper (left)

FOR years and years Luther W. Ossenbrink, famous as the Arkansas Woodchopper, has been entertaining Radio listeners from WLS, Chicago. He's either guitaring in the Barn Dance or seconding fiddlers with his banjo. "Arkie" also calls off the old square dances.





Helen Nugent

LOVELY Helen Nugent is one of the most promising stars o
he CBS staff in New York. She sings in five languages and she ha
vhat the directors call a perfect microphone voice, which equips he
it only for Radio but for the talking pictures. You may have see
ur recent Radiograph about Miss Nugent.



Zeta Harrison

NATURE so designed this harming little lady that she fits in any kind of a program at KPO an Francisco. She can even do crobatic dancing, but she prefers ilating the Children's Hour. She elongs to the KPO Dramatic Guild.



David Rubinoff

THIS virile director is so radiant with energy and unceasing activity we can't even begin to give you an idea about it here, so just take a look across to the opposite page and read what a hard working interviewer has to say.

A Busy Day with "Dynamic" Rubinoff

"Hurry" He Prods the Slow Taxi-Driver———
"R-r-r-rrr" Screech the Sirens of Motorcycle Cops who Escort the Batoneer from Theatre to Studio and Back

By Harold E. Tillotson

THE irresistible music of the youthful maestro David Rubinoff, emanates from the d speakers in millions of nes every Sunday night. Many of se listening in have seen and heard binoff in their favorite motion picture atre. Many more, who have not had s opportunity, may now hear his music ough the magic of Radio.

A "human dynamo" is this fellow binoff. As we sit in our easy chair, ening to his programs, we give very le thought to the hours of work that has spent in arranging his program.

The writer had been told of the un- sing energy that Rubinoff possessed. ey even told us that he slept but six rs a day and spent the remainder of t time at hard, strenuous work.

Skeptical of these reports, we decided pay a visit to the NBC studios and d out just how hard Rubinoff did rk. Before we describe it, let us say t we are perfectly willing to go down record as saying that David Rubinoff one of the hardest-working individuals t we have ever seen. And so to the dio.

First of all, we telephoned NBC to d out the time of the Rubinoff re- rsal. We fell out of bed when we nd that even though it was eight lock on Sunday morning, Rubinoff and men had been at work since seven! essing hurriedly we ate breakfast on run and arrived at the studio at ex- ly eight-thirty.

WE found Rubinoff, sur- nded by a large group of musicians, essed in an athletic sweater and sport users. We made particular note of sweat-shirt that he wore underneath sweater. But here he was standing in nt of his men, his baton waving in air, then tapping on his music rack, then in the air again like a magician.

Another group of musicians entered the studio and took their places throughout the room. It was then that we first noticed that Rubinoff had merely been rehearsing the brass and reed sections of his orchestra. Upon inquiring the why and wherefore of this procedure we were informed by the drummer that Mr. Rubinoff always rehearsed each section of his orchestra individually. Well, here is a new one. We had never considered this method of rehearsing an orchestra. But it sounds logical doesn't it? By rehearsing in this manner, Rubinoff knows that each section can play its respective parts perfectly.

THE maestro continued rehearsing each section separately until he had gone the rounds of the entire orchestra. He then tapped his baton on his music rack. I believe there were five taps. This evidently meant that every member of the orchestra was to join in on the next bit of rehearsing, for each and every one of them quickly took his place at his instrument. It was then that we could see the value of Rubinoff's idea of rehearsing the sections individually.

The entire orchestra swung into the first chord of the overture. All eyes were virtually glued upon their conductor.

Thus, did Rubinoff go through a final rehearsal for his evening Radio program.

Wiping the perspiration from his brow, the maestro rushed over to us and invited us to lunch. Incidentally he told us that his time would be rather limited, but when we informed him that our time was his and not to let us interfere with his regular routine he grabbed us by the arm and, with his other arm picked up his $10,000 fiddle, and yours truly, Rubinoff and his violin were in a taxi the next minute darting through the heavy traffic of Fifth Avenue. Rubinoff shouted to the driver, to hurry "I have twenty minutes to make my next overture at the theatre," said the violinist, "and I have to change clothes."

Arriving at the theatre, we found Al, Rubinoff's faithful valet, waiting with coat, trousers and shirt in his hands. The conductor changed quickly and rushed into the pit just as it was slowly raising. We scurried around through the side door and watched him conduct the overture. And, if we had thought Rubinoff was working his hardest in the studio, we were wrong. No sooner had the pit raised than he swung his magic baton and conducted his theatre orchestra with all the vim, vigor and vitality of a prize-fighter going through his training exercises.

The overture finished, Rubinoff suggested lunch. It was then two o'clock and we felt the need of nourishment. And perhaps at last we could sit down for a few minutes and talk quietly.

BACK to the dressing room we hurried and Rubinoff grabbed his coat and we rushed across the street. To a fine, big restaurant where we could sit down for an hour or so and eat slowly and talk at leisure? No siree! Across the street—but not to a big restaurant. Into a sandwich shop we dived and, much to our surprise, we found that our orders had already been taken. Al, the valet, had ordered over the telephone.

Before the waiter was halfway through, Rubinoff was folding his napkin and lighting a cigar. Sensing our apparent distinction as a procrastinator we hurried through our meal and no sooner had we drained our coffee cup than Rubinoff said

(*Continued on page 89*)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

THE story of William Paley, President of Columbia Broadcasting System, is the story of a young man who had a business and wanted to advertise it, and who ended up by buying the advertising medium and letting the business go. The business was the Congress Cigar Company, the advertising medium was the Columbia Broadcasting System.

William Paley's father was in the cigar business, and the boy had been studying tobacco from an early age. When he was only eighteen his father left him in charge of a just-started branch factory in Philadelphia. Young Paley weathered the difficulties of organization, a general strike among the workers, and soon had his branch producing as many cigars as his father's factory in Chicago.

For the next three years he studied at the University of Pennsylvania. Upon graduation he entered his father's business, as he thought, permanently.

But now advertising enters the picture. Radio was in its early stages. Mr. Paley knew very little about it, but it struck him that here was a new method for telling the world about Palina Cigars.

So impressed was he with the results of the Radio campaign that he decided to buy the organization which had made it. CBS at that time happened to be on the market. Mr. Paley bought it, took a three months' leave of absence from his cigar company, and planned to reorganize the Radio company in that time. He had every intention of going back into the tobacco business.

So much for the plans of mice and men. Mr. Paley, although he is still a director in his original company, has never gone back to active management. To him Radio brings a thrill and fascination that nothing else can.

CBS, which had sixteen stations when Mr. Paley bought it, now has seventy-seven. Its chief executive is particularly interested in the American School of the Air, and in international broadcasting. He feels that Radio is the greatest medium we have for the development of international goodwill. Although not a pacifist, he has all the energy of a missionary when it comes to ways and means by which nations may be brought closer together.

Columbia's President is a very shy man who dislikes interviews and shuns publicity of any kind. He has made one speech in his life and swears it will be his last.

He is a young man, not yet thirty. He does a tremendous amount of work without seeming to. He has already that ability which so often comes only with age—the ability to delegate authority. Results are all that count with him. Methods h leaves entirely to the individual.

He never broadcasts. He says he i microphone-shy. He has written article for such magazines as *Nation's Busines* the *Yale Review* and *Radio Revue* (no combined with RADIO DIGEST). H only hobbies are book collecting and t theatre.

He is a bachelor and lives at 480 Pa Avenue.

As to the future of broadcasting a television, he refuses to make prediction



William Paley

Lee Morse

(A full page rotogravure picture of Lee Morse appears on page 34)

LEE MORSE. Lee Morse, of the de sad voice. Red hair. Peaches a cream complexion. Five feet. One Hu dred Pounds. Looks all of nineteen a a half. And yet she's been singing a acting, as she says, "for years and ye and years."

Want to know her secret for keepi young and beautiful? No, it isn't a special kind of tonic, exercise, or fa packs. Nothing so simple. Her recipe more glamour, and by glamour she mea change, excitement, interesting things do, the expectancy of something thrilli just around the corner.

Certainly the road she has traveled her own life has been glamorous enou —a road that has led her from an Ida ranch, through vaudeville, stage a movie engagements, up to her pres position as one of Columbia's featu artists.

"If it were possible to do it," says M Morse, "I should start the movement put more glamour into people's lives, pecially women's. Most women's d have such an awful sameness. That's thing that ages them. It isn't the we ing out, it's the rusting out that trace the wrinkles.

"And yet," she said with a little p zled smile, "just how would you go ab this bigger and better glamour moveme It's a thing that either happens or doesn't happen. Take my own case. might have spent my days on an Id ranch, but my father happened to t



Floyd Gibbons

on a visit to California. A theatre nager heard me sing, and put me on Pantages Circuit. That was the be- ning of the excitement, and there's n excitement ever since. Good breaks l bad breaks, but always something eresting."

Yet, even on an Idaho ranch I think Morse would have had an adventur- life. She is that sort of person. Her d strikes you as eager, and alert and apathetic.

t is that sympathetic quality which is st evident in her singing. Her voice a note of sadness, of wistfulness, ich is hard to describe, but which is y appealing. Perhaps it is that com- ation of southern drawl and western ng. Her family came from Tennessee, she was brought up in the west.

Her father was a minister, one of those neer missionary preachers. In those ly days, in Idaho, little Lee would e beside him as he made his calls. He ght her the tunes of some of the nns, and they would sing them to- her. This teaching and the songs she rned from the cowboys made up her y formal musical education, which t goes to prove that in some cases a mal musical education isn't necessary.

r Lee Morse has been leading lady with ymond Hitchcock in *Hitchy-Koo* and s a featured singer in the first *Artists l Models*. She has made dozens of ords, and although she now has an ex- ordinarily good diction, she says that when she first started her record making she had to labor over her s's and t's and d's.

She loves Mexican tamales and hates shopping. "Oh, I like the result of shopping," she admits, "but the process bores me to death. I let it go till my wardrobe is in such a state that I literally haven't a thing to wear. Then I grit my teeth and drive myself to tour the shops. 'Spose it goes back to my early training on the ranch. I spent too much time in overalls. Maybe some time the Radio companies will fix it so I can broadcast from that ranch. I'd like that."

Miss Morse's husband is Bob Downey, her accompanist. "Nice, steady person," she says of him—"just the kind I need." She has a young son who has already decided he wants to be a civil engineer, and who, despite his talented mother, can't sing a note.

You may hear her lovely deep voice over the WABC-Columbia network every Friday night on the Van Heusen Program.

Peggy Hull

SHE'S a mere scrap of a person, is Peggy Hull, the astrological lady of Radio Digest and who also gives such fascinating talks about her adventures in Mexico, China, France, and Siberia in the Radio Digest programs over WMCA on Tuesday afternoons. She is addicted to saucy little nose veils and absurdly high heels and frilly feminine dresses. She doesn't look at all the sort of person to be a war correspondent.

Peggy thinks it is a case of heredity plus environment. Her ancestors fought in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. A minister grandfather gave up the soft life of a rectory in Boston to go live a rough pioneer life among the Indians. Then at sixteen Peggy left the little farm in Kansas, where she was born, to work on a newspaper in Junction City, and Junction City was near Ft. Riley. It was then and there that Peggy learned to love the army.

At seventeen it was westward ho for Denver, where a $15.00 a week job seemed large in her eyes. At nineteen it was again westward ho. This time to Honolulu.

She went to the editor of the paper. Said Peggy, "I want to give you the first women's page in the Hawaiian Islands." Just like that—short and definite. She got the job.

When, in 1914, the European war broke out, she came back to the United States, determined in some way or other to be a war correspondent, and report the greatest story of all time. No way materialized. In 1914 editors weren't sending girls to cover wars.

Peggy bided her time, joined the staff of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, took a little apartment with her mother. 1916, came a lovely June morning, the scent of roses just outside the window, the morning paper on the breakfast table, big



Peggy Hull

headlines, "Ohio National Guard Mobilized to be Sent to the Border."

And that was that. Overboard went her safe, comfortable, life in Cleveland. Peggy beat the Ohio National Guard to the Border.

The generals, colonels, majors, etc., who didn't die on the spot finally got used to having her around. She went on marches with the troops. She was nearly captured by Mexican bandits.

In all, she was a year on the border before she sailed for Europe as correspondent for the El Paso *Times*. She was in London four days after General Pershing. She saw the first American troops arrive in Paris.

Her first story was a short, simple one of some English people on the boat crossing from New York. It, of course, had to be censored. Sir Douglas Brownrigg, chief censor of the British Admiralty, took the trouble to write her a letter about her story. He wrote, "After thirty-five months of this war work, I want to say that I have enjoyed your story."

Peggy found out afterwards that it was the only letter of commendation that had ever come out of his office.

Before the war was over, Peggy came back to America, and was sent—this time fully accredited by the War Department, and the first and only woman to be so accredited—to Vladivostok to cover the movements of the American Troops in Siberia for the N. E. A. Syndicate.

(*Continued on page 88*)

Broadcasting from the Editor's Chair

RADIO broadcasters have been a little amused but not altogether surprised at the naiveté, not to say downright irritation displayed by certain members of the American Newspaper Publishers Association during its recent convention in New York. Some of the spokesmen seemed to be running around in a fog, unable to discern the facts or assert them. One thing stood out clearly: Statistics from their Radio committee showed that during 1930 some advertisers had cut their newspaper appropriations moderately, and increased their broadcast advertising appropriations substantially over the previous year.

There was a great deal of stamping around during which considerable stress was laid on the declaration that the newspapers had nurtured Radio through its infancy, feeding it to the public through long columns of "free publicity." And now the blame thing has turned and bit the hand that fed it!

Is it any wonder that broadcasters smile at such comment? The newspapers are not nurturing anything except their own well being. If they print anything about Radio it is not because they want to serve Radio but because they want to serve their readers who are interested in reading news about Radio. Occasionally you will find a newspaper running along on the momentum created by a virile founder which can tamper a little with the news and get away with it. But most newspapers consider it of first importance to get the news, be sure that it is right, and print it. Their threat to throw out Radio program listings except as paid advertising is just about as absurd as it would be to exclude sporting and financial pages because sports and financial institutions operate for commercial gain.

Nothing could be more vacuous than the whine about "free news" to the broadcasting stations. A "free news" flash on the air serves the same purpose as the advance "trailer" showing flashes of a forthcoming picture production at the theatre. The circulation manager is the man behind the "free news" because he is getting free advertising on the air. As a matter of fact broadcasters not infrequently beat the newspapers at their own game. They have been known to put certain news copy down on the editor's desk, gratis, before he could gather it from his own sources.

It is puerile for newspaper publishers to whimper around about Radio. They may be deceiving themselves, but certainly they are not fooling anybody else, least of all the broadcasters. And yet there is an awe, a smothered tread, when one dares to approach the sanctum of the newspaper in a spirit of criticism. Even the strongest broadcasters seem cowed by a long line of inhibitions—"be careful what you say about the newspapers, they can ruin you."

That's more bugaboo. Take them away from the influence of mob psychology at conventions and you will find newspaper publishers just as smart and intelligent as leaders in any other kind of business. And when it comes right down to dollars and cents a newspaper is thoroughly practical. In the first place the publishers have to sell the paper. To sell the paper they have to figure out what will be of the greatest interest to the greatest number of possible readers in their circle of distribution. That's a matter requiring careful study and analysis. What do people talk about on the street corners, on the trains, in the restaurants—and in their homes? Some of the greatest publishers and editors have spent hours day after day wandering about just to eavesdrop on conversations. They seek first hand information about popular discussion.

Then there are certain things that obviously are very much on the public mind. For instance the enormous distribution of Radio receivers makes it obvious that a great many people are interested in Radio. Is there a way by which a newspaper can be of service to this great army of Radio listeners? Can it give them the news of the day as to what they can hear on their receivers for that day—in advance? It can. But the mere publisher says maybe he won't. If the publisher happens to be by instinct a real editor he'll see far enough ahead to follow his instinct and print the news so long as it is decent—and he won't even think of hooking somebody to kick in for the space it takes.

The debate between the newspaper publishers and the Radio broadcast interests takes too little account of the public concern in the matter. The publishers talk of putting the screws on sponsored broadcast programs by cutting them off from free notice and by calling on the Government to make them toe the line with respect to lottery practices.

But the situation is not so simple as these suggestions indicate. If the public wishes to know about these programs, newspapers will publish them since it is the function of newspapers to supply information the people demand. If some newspapers elect to pursue a different course the issue will be determined by popular vote reflected in circulation figures. . . . It is doubtful, however that such a pass will be reached for it is by no means clear that any real conflict exists between newspapers and broadcast stations. The newspapers have sold less advertising space in the last twelve months or more, not so much because advertisers have preferred the broadcast medium but because general business has been poor; and the broadcast stations have sold more time to advertisers mainly because their medium is still in its first growth, a comparative novelty and still affected by dramatic interest. But relatively few large users of time in the air have reduced their space buying to pay the added bills, and few still believe that talk in the air is a substitute for the printed word. At best, with few exceptions, broadcast advertisers look upon the new medium as a means of stimulating newspaper and magazine advertising. To assume that it has any other effect is to assume that the printed page is in danger of losing its place in human life—a thing unthinkable.

RADIO DIGEST has no axe to grind in this matter. Its chief interest is the service it can render to the listener. Perhaps it is less practical than the newspaper, because if Radio pages were abolished from the newspapers RADIO DIGEST would find many, many new readers. But fundamentally RADIO DIGEST is for the genuine welfare of the listener first. And the listener would be seriously inconvenienced if he could not check up his daily program in the family newspaper. In the long run we believe sincere adherence to one fundamental purpose as a magazine will prove to be the best policy. It may be too that nervous newspaper publishers will get over their heebie-jeebie hysterics and settle down to the good old axiom of service to the reader, look bold your Radio square in the eye and say, "put her there, son, you've growed up to be a man. God bless ye!"



Sour notes displease Rudy, so as crooners he strongly believes Amos and Andy would make good black-face comedians. Amos is on the left and Andy on the right of the "Tuneful Topics" author.

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLEE

Who Chooses For You the Ten "Song Hits of the Month"

ere Should Be A Moonlight Saving Time

NOTHING delights my eye more than to see that someone has really scratched his head to dig up some- g new in titles. Whether Harry man or Irving Kahal deserves the it for this clever title and thought eside the point—the fact is they given us one of the most tuneful s it has been my pleasure to talk it.

oming out just at the time when we le our change from standard to day- saving time, it is very appropriate, will probably prove to be quite pop- . Of course, nothing is selling in sheet ic any more, but whether we can ne it on Radio, depression, or just eral disinterest in sheet music, with pianos remaining dust-covered, is be- the point; the fact is, nothing is sell- not even the hit songs. This will do vell as any of them, and unless I miss guess you will hear a lot of it during months of May and June.

t is extremely danceable, especially n played at about fifty seconds a rus, which is about the best tempo for cing, though not always the best for song. There are some songs with the cs fitted to certain rhythms which, if played slowly enough, cause the lyrics sound extremely hurried, but this is one that can be done quite brightly, and for that reason will probably prove quite popular with the dance bands, where many other songs have failed to suit the dance orchestras' needs.

It is published by Leo Feist.

Poor Kid

THE lyrics were written by L. Wolfe Gilbert, composer of *Ramona, O Katerina, My Sweet Adair, Waiting for the Robert E. Lee, My Little Dream Girl,* and a host of others, one of the old-timers of the song world who used to be featured in song contests opposite Irving Berlin at popular Coney Island eating and dancing places. He is a man who knows his songs and who is mainly responsible for the tremendous vogue of *The Peanut Vendor* and the rumba tempos themselves—this is his thought, and the lyric is done extremely well. Jesse Greer, composer of the melody of *Just You, Just Me, Blondie, Freshie, Song of the Fool, Cheer Up, Good Times Are Coming,* and a score of others, fitted the melody to Gilbert's lyrics, and did a good job.

The song is really a "great piece of material", as the vaudeville writers and actors say, meaning that it is a great asset to the vaudevillian as he steps out in the spotlight, with a darkened stage, for a very sentimental type of song to pull at the heart-strings of the theatrical audience. How it will fare on the Radio and with the song-buying public at large is another question, but it is extremely musical and different, and should catch on to quite an extent.

One minute for the chorus is not any too much to allow the singer to enunciate every word perfectly and to linger on some of the phrases, which is one of the requisites for putting over this type of song, though I suppose most bands will hurry through it quite swiftly.

It is published by E. B. Marks, Inc.

The Waltz You Saved For Me

ONE of the most promising of the younger generation of band leaders, in fact, a boy who is often referred to as the "Personality Boy", and who has carved a niche for himself in the hearts of all Chicago people, both young and old, through his Radio and public dance hall work, is Wayne King. At the present time he is just completing his fourth year

at the beautiful Aragon Ballroom in Chicago.

Wayne has surrounded himself with a group of young boys, but unlike so many of the young bands his boys are all really "virtuosi", and when I use that very much-abused Italian term, I mean that they are really capable instrumentalists and vocalists, but added to that they put on practically a show by themselves. They do *The Three Musketeers* song with all the band lined up in front, very much like a male chorus in a musical comedy. Wayne secures all sorts of weird effects, from a lighting angle, a staging angle, and a dramatic angle, not to forget the comedy hokum stuff which is done so well by Ted Weems and Mal Hallett.

Wayne himself, one of the finest saxophonists in the country, plays a beautiful bass clarinet, but especially excels on his alto. His obbligatos are played in the Wiedoeft vein, and his embellishments and tone on the saxophone are something to marvel at. But aside from all these accomplishments at so youthful an age, he is a composer, and among the various songs that he has authored is this waltz, which has climbed steadily up the list of best sellers until it is second from the top in Chicago and fifth from the top in New York—*The Waltz You Saved For Me*.

I had the pleasure, during our visit to Chicago, to be Wayne's guest for an evening, and to have him go through a routine of their wonderful dance music for me. Especially was I impressed with this waltz, which I subsequently featured on my programs, and I hope that I can feel that I have helped bring it into popularity. I am sincerely hoping it will be a Number 1 song for the firm of Leo Feist, which will show New York that Rocco Vocco can pick them just as well in the "big city" as he did in Chicago.

It is a beautiful waltz, especially for the end of an evening's dance. The song is a particularly sentimental and tender one, and the title tells the story of *The Waltz You Saved for Me*.

Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone

HERE is a song which personally I couldn't see when it first came out, but I have learned to like it and have been somewhat surprised to see it climb up in a short time. From the looks of things it will be the outstanding hit in a few more weeks.

You may be surprised when I tell you that we who sing songs "feel" certain songs, and cannot seem to "get the feel of" others. For example, you could hardly picture John McCormick singing *Walking My Baby Back Home*, although he could probably do it, and do justice to it; it is just not his type of song. Although I feel that I could do justice to *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*, because of several bad renditions done in a sort of "hotcha" way that were my first impressions of the song, I have an antipathy toward it.

Whether I like it or not, the song is certainly there, at least with the public that buys, because it is doing extremely well, and after all, that's all that matters.

It was written by two young men, Sydney Clare and Sam Stept, both well known to Tin Pan Alley; the former is especially well known to the RKO studios where he has been writing for the past year. Mr. Stept, partner of the firm of Green & Stept, together with Buddy Green, wrote *I'll Always Be In Love With You, That's My Weakness Now* and a list other big hits.

It is sponsored by the house of Remick, one of the Warner Bros. song publishing group, and Joe Keit, its head, may take credit for having picked it. Keit has been picking songs for Remick for the last ten or twelve years, and has certainly picked a long roster of hits. He may take the bow again this time.

If we played it, I think we would give about fifty seconds to a chorus.

Wabash Moon

LAST night, as one of those who contributed to the N.V.A. array of talent at its annual benefit, I felt the chills run up and down my spine as the gorgeous ensemble which the Columbia Broadcasting System turned out to accompany its array of singers, played as a cue for the entrance and exit of Morton Downey, the CBS featured Radio singer, this beautiful melody of *Wabash Moon*.

Morton himself is part-composer, and I am indeed happy, not only at his marvelous comeback into the field of theatricals and Radio, but that he has authored a Radio signature which is also one of the best sellers on songs today.

Morton is a real Connecticut Irishman, coming from a little town called Wallingford, just a short distance from New Haven. Several of my classmates at Yale were Wallingford boys, and from them I came to know a bit about Morton even before I met him. I can remember the days when he sat in the Leviathan Orchestra, waiting for his time to rise and sing in that beautiful Irish-quality voice of his. At times Morton's voice reminds me of a young choir boy's; its high notes are like those rich, childish voices of which the Vatican choir boasts.

For a time Morton seemed to be resting on his oars very quietly; then he began a period of sustaining programs over the Columbia Broadcasting System around the same time as the appearance of Amos 'n' Andy on the NBC chain. That Morton had something for Radio listeners is clearly evidenced by his quick rise to the big-money class, with Paramount Theatres paying him over five thousand dollars a week for his appearances. He is considered one of the greatest delineators of songs on the air today!

Although my own favorite of the air Ben Alley, especially on his Noctu Hour with Ann Leaf at the Wurlitzer gan, yet Morton, with his own type voice, stands absolutely unrivaled quality, pitch, diction, and personali I think I enjoy him even more at his o night club at Delmonico's and noth gave me such a wonderful, pleasura surprise as when he went into an I song one evening at the club when I h pened to be there dining and dancing. is one of the most regular, clean-cut, well-liked boys in our profession, an am very proud of his friendship.

That he has made *Wabash Moon* sin handed was evidenced in the terrific ception he received when it was pla last night, and later on when he sang I hope it sells a million copies for him

It is a beautiful waltz, and is publis by Irving Berlin, Inc.

It Must Be True

ON MY Fleischmann Hour from Rc ester I went into a "rave" ab the Victor record of this particular s as played by Gus Arnheim and his coanut Grove Orchestra. From all rep that drift back to me, and from pe that I know in California, Arnheim the finest dance aggregation on the W Coast, and to my way of thinking, haps the finest in the entire world. may sound like a rather broad statem but I would be willing to back his or ization against any other in any o part of the world. Although I have n seen them perform on the stage to what they have in the way of showm ship, from a pure musical standpoin feel that they are unexcelled.

Perhaps my great admiration for t is increased by the presence of Crosby, formerly the lead in Paul Wh man's "Rhythm Boys", who, in my h ble opinion, has the finest recording v to which it has ever been my pleasur listen. If he doesn't capture all the fe nine hearts in America through his ords, no one ever will. He has the u unique style of singing I have ever tened to since I used to enjoy the rec of Charlie Kaley.

I have a few records put away i fireproof record safe—records which I some day treasure as antiques, and record will be among them. Fron standpoint of rhythm, sheer melody, strumentation, orchestration, and v work, it is perfect!

The record has caused me to go over the song, and only last night I w Arnheim asking him to send me his chestration so that I can play it here week at the Brooklyn Paramount, an our small way try to bring out som the wonderful effects he does on his tor record.

The song is one of two hit songs lished by Freed & Powers, a new

(*Continued on page 86*)

Nellie Revell's GABALOGUE

OWDY, friends, both old and new, I'm glad indeed to be with you, f, perchance, my chats you like, I hope ou'll let me thru the mike, come into your home, and tell of hap- enings where I roam, rom I see, and whom I know, of those ou meet on Radio.

VE just dodged in from Broadway. . . . And when I say dodged—I *mean* dodged. . . . Between the tab- loid newspapers, and the traffic one y has to watch his step these days. A pedestrian starts to cross the t. . . . The lights suddenly change—he finds himself knee-deep in Austin (I stepped on three coming over . . . . And if it hadn't been ne of our much-maligned traf- quad, I wouldn't be here at all. I guess the only way to get he other side of the street is e born there. . . .

hile on my way home from a nee today, my taxi got caught he traffic. . . . Cars of every make and color were stalled block. . . . Impatient drivers n shooting backward and for- l in an effort to find a way out. Horns honking and screech- in every key, and drivers ring in every language. . . . ently, however, the blockade broken and the stream of ic was on its way. . . . I dn't help but think how many ur troubles are just like traffic s. . . .

e lose our jobs and think we never find another. . . . That's affic jam. . . . We think we sick and fear we never are g to get well. . . . That's an- r one. . . . But finally the kade is cleared and again we ier the momentum of living. Three or four squares farther in life, the trouble doesn't n nearly as serious as it once . . .

HOWEVER, since I ame a verbal aerialist, I've ned that street crossings aren't only places where you must ch your step. . . . Radio, for ance, is where you've got to ch your step also. . . . In one adcast I happened to say that, ng to the lateness of the hour, esumed most of my friends had red. . . . You'd think I called them bad names, or told a fib. . . . Letters, wires and phone calls poured in. . . . "What do you mean, your friends have gone to bed", they demanded. "Some of us are just getting up". . . . I all but had my mouth washed out with soap. . . . I'll never say that again.

It's amazing, though, the nooks and crevices that Radio penetrates. . . . I've had letters from towns that I never even heard of. . . .

Well, I was at the game Monday and saw the King of Swat, Babe Ruth, knock out those two homers. . . . While the crowd was cheering and going mad with joy at Babe's second clout in the eighth inning, I started thinking. . . . I was just wondering what that mob of hysterical fans would have done to me if they knew I had once refused their idol a meal. . And when he was hungry, too. . . .

Now, I maintain that I'm not a particularly hard-hearted person. . . . In fact, there are people who think I'm rather tender-hearted. . . . And it would be hard to make them believe that I ever refused a hungry man food . . . but I did, and Babe Ruth was the hungry man. . . . But wait . . . and don't shoot. . . . I can explain everything. . . .

The Babe and I were fellow patients at the same time and at the very same hospital some years ago. . . . The morning he was to be operated on he was pretty nervous. . . . And rather than wait in his own room dreading the ordeal he dropped into mine. . . . While he was there, the nurse brought me my breakfast tray . . . and on it were some luscious strawberries. . . . Babe hadn't eaten for 24 hours while getting in condition for the operation. . . . He spied the strawberries. . . . "Oh, please, Nellie", he pleaded, "let me have some of those berries; I'm nearly starved. . . . "Never", I answered, "Doctor King would kill us both, if you ate now". . . .

Poor Babe Ruth begged so hard I almost weakened. . . . Fortunately, the nurse came in at the right moment to take him away to another adventure. . . . But when I saw him hammer out those homers Monday, I forgave myself for my stony-heartedness some years ago. . . . Had I responded to his appeal for something to eat, the mighty batsmen might not have been here today to wallop in home runs when they are most needed.

GRANTLAND Rice is about the busiest man I know. . . . He is editor of the *American Golfer* magazine. . . . He writes a daily column of sport comment for the Bell Syndicate of newspapers, which goes to 85 papers, including the New York *Sun*. . . . He makes 26 short reel pictures a year on sporting themes, which are released through RKO-Pathe. . . . He contributes a weekly article to *Collier's* Magazine. . . .

(*Continued on page 92*)

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network that Wednesday when you were "just getting up".



Babe Ruth, King of Swat, and Nellie Revell, taken on her first appearance at a ball game after her long illness.

Voice of the

THE AYES HAVE IT
(Stars, Don't Be Afraid To Tell You're Married)

OUR untiring interviewer, Mr. Evans Plummer, who tells "How They Started" in this issue, asked all the big stars their opinion on this marriage question for April DIGEST. Half the stars said they believed the public should be told about a headliner's marital status, half said no. As for the public, well, the ayes have it, 'cause here's what "they" have to say:—

"SILENCE lends assent" we are told in an old adage. Generally men and women marry because they feel that the Great Master of Happiness, Love has entered. There should be no shame if it is true love. Is popularity such a menaced article that people must be deceived in order to hold it? Deceit doesn't last, but popularity will and does last longer if there are no hidden shallows into which the maker too often slides himself.

If I didn't care about Radio as a whole, from Walter Damrosch to the Time announcements, I'd take no interest in this subject. But the average fan feels these people are new friends. Then it is that he is interested in knowing about whether they have happy homes. But I feel the woman or man who lets knowledge of marriage interfere with enjoyment is a FOOL.—(Miss) Betty Jamieson, 635 Stibbs St., Wooster, Ohio.

* * *

SOME of my favorites are married, and that doesn't make any difference to me. Little Jack Little, Morton Downey, Ted Husing—they're all married.—Margaret A. Gimbert, Du Pont Ave., Newburgh, N. Y. . . . As for the crooners that are married, I like to think of them as crooning love songs to their wives and husbands as well as for the public's entertainment.—Wilmay May Bitner, Ligonier, Pa. . . . In my opinion the listener is entitled to know all about the artists who are merely voices. There's no harm in it.—Vera A. Starkey, 1209 Starkweather Ave., S. W., Cleveland, Ohio. . . . Marriage is sacred, and because it is I think the stars should tell. It may save a lot of time and trouble, both for the stars and the listeners. Everyone hopes to reach the married stage some time or other and naturally one can take a fancy to one of the owners of the beautiful voices one hears. So I really think it would be wise to answer the simple question, "Are You Married?" and save disappointments.—Beulah A. Teich, Fresno, Cal. . . . I wouldn't care if Rudy Vallee and Guy Lombardo and his brothers were all married with fifteen children. Their music would have the same appeal to me. I say we like to know about their private lives for we feel nearer to them then.—Mrs. Rosamond C. Andrews, 212 W. 14th St., Palatka, Fla.

* * *

JUST TWO "NAYS" ON MARRIAGE

THE answer depends solely on the artist himself—whether he wishes publicity or not. But leaving that angle of the matter, allow me to take as example a certain beloved soprano; her songs are generally of the sentimental type and her voice is of unusual purity, tenderness and tonal perfection. As yet she is unmarried, and I *know* that untold thousands entertain the hope that she will remain so indefinitely. Her voice has built up an illusion—we know and think of her as ethereal. If she were to marry this would crumble the illusion. She has every right in the world to marry *but* do not publish it to the audience.

In the case of a team such as that of Sanderson and Crumit the knowledge of their marriage tends to enhance their popularity rather than lessen it. But all in all, I quite agree with Lucille Wall's opinions. As Collier's Love Story Girl she glows with romance, and I feel certain that many who hear her wish her to continue in this state of single-blessedness.—Dorothy Lee Glass, 113 Alger Ave., Detroit, Mich.

I say it is an artist's business to please his audience, that being his life work and bread and butter. Why should his home life enter into it? I certainly agree with Ben Alley. My favorites are Wilfred Glenn, Charles Thomas, Lawrence Tibbet, Elliot Shaw, Reinald Werrenrath. I do hope they are all happily married, but it's their business. —Edna E. Dell, 444 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

'TENTION! DX FANS

LET'S get together everybody and start a "Digest Correspondence Club". I should like still more Radio friends. So won't some of you readers write to me? Prompt reply guaranteed. I have the names of some Radio enthusiasts I should like to pass on.—John M. Hilgers, Middleton, Wis. . . . I am writing to you in regard to my new eight tube set. I began dialing in October and in six months have received 240 stations:—216 in 38 states of the U. S., 11 in Mexico, 8 in Cuba, 4 in Canada, and one in the District of Columbia.—D. Anastasio, 8306 Panola St., New Orleans, La.

* * *

IN READING the March issue I noticed many fine and rare DX records and I would like to add mine. I built a one-tube set four years ago and to date have logged seventy-three different stations on it. In 1929 I logged WENR, Chicago, from California! I have ninety per cent of my stations verified. All reception was on earphones and I challenge the world to beat my one tube set. Come on!—Bill Ray (age 19), 5811 College Ave., Oakland, Cal. . . . I would like to receive letters from listeners about the distant stations they receive and the programs on their local stations—or anything about Radio. I will gladly answer.—David Andrews, 293 Catherine St., N., Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

* * *

A MAYOR CONGRATULATES NELLIE REVELL

HUMOR that contains both real wit and philosophy is seldom expressed within understanding of the masses as well as the classes. This unusual condition has been achieved by Nellie Revell, who to my way of thinking, is becoming one of the outstanding Radio personalities. Over here we are so much interested in her weekly broadcast that I am violating one of my set rules not to write congratulatory letters.—John Pollock, Mayor, Borough of Leonia, New Jersey.

* * *

PICKING THE PULCHRITUDINOUS . .

IN THE RADIO DIGEST Beauty Popularity Contest for April, I choose Miss Loyce Whiteman of KFWB and Miss Laura Lee Berry of KGER as the two best "[illegible] lookers".—(Miss) Grace M. Custer, 24 Clyde Pl., S. W., Canton, Ohio.

* * *

TO RADIO

NOW I am old and gray
Do I sigh softly all the day
And look with dimming eyes
(In memory) back to the sunny past,
And drop a tear now and then,
Wishing I might live it again?
Not any more—not me. At last,
With head-set on, I shout with glee
Once in a while, because that little Radio
Does so beguile each rapid hour—
Or breathe in rapture when the power
Of majestic music grand, swells forth,
And lifts me in ecstasy to heights of supreme:
Or else I close my eyes and dream, a dream.
As old sweet melodies breeze softly by—
That's how it is with me, why should I sig
And I am lame—yet happy all the same
My chief companions now, you know
The multitudes by Radio.
Now listless hours of yesterday
Have taken wings and flown.
Why should I sigh!

—Lettie Francis Bartlett,
3814 Avenue D
Council Bluffs,

* * *

PUNK, ARE WE?

I THINK your magazine is punk. I in Pittsburgh and as long as I have getting it, I never saw anything in it at one of our stations. What's the matter? I see is stuff about stations I never he of. (*Ever see anything about KDKA?—itor.*)—Jimmie Fagan, 121 Sixth St., B dock, Pa.

* * *

SEE IF WE CARE

IT IS a pleasure to return your sp offer concerning the renewal for y publication. I wouldn't read the "bolor you publish if it was the last reading m ter left in the U. S.—Fred D. Emory, Bo of Trade Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

ANYWAY, WE'RE NOT JUNK

PLEASE publish this reply to Mr. Pat letter:—I read your letter in R DIGEST, and I venture to say I think went too far in saying it is all junk. If had one fourth as much brains in your l as the R. D. evidences by its reading ma you would have too much to allow you to write such insulting letters.—Orrin Case, 403 Clairmont St., Port Huron, M

* * *

WELCOME TO THE FOLD

A MONTH ago I had intended to wr letter of congratulation to a rival R magazine. By accident I discovered a superior one—it was none other than RADIO DIGEST. In my opinion your m zine is to the Radio listener what the phone directory is to the business ma Roland E. Dimler, 118 Patapsco Ave., dalk, Md.

Listener

O MUCH ADVERTISING ON THE AIR?

manufacturer of a product wishes to ace his advertisement he makes it as as possible. While the reading matr which the magazine has been purmay be placed beside it, it is not d up in the text in such a way as to any of the continuity of the story or you read. Why then must we have ncers breaking in every fifteen minutes of the wondrous wares they sell? It es the average listener. Offenders are eneral Electric and Atwater Kent hours, of which are otherwise splendid and table programs.

the other hand the Interwoven Hour Vestlé' and Gene and Glenn are not at ensive. Because while the advertising re it is in the form of news at the break or of a clever song or talk at and finish.

your March issue some one asks about . In this district, which is about ten via air in a south-westerly direction Philadelphia everyone is troubled, not fading but distortion.—Leslie P. Sawn, homson Ave., Paulsboro, N. J.

* * *

PPRECIATION OF RADIO PULPIT EDITORIAL

UST congratulate you on your editorial the Radio pulpit. You have a very conception of what Radio listeners are g for from the Radio pulpit. I have wondered if the preachers and pasvho broadcast realize how we, the uncongregation, read the voice and how we can read the depth of sincerity spirituality of the speaker.

at I have said for the Radio pulpit s also to the singers of sacred songs. songs of Zion cannot be sung as they d be unless the spirit of Christ is felt e singer.—Mrs. M. C. H. Symmonds, and Ave., So., Galt, Ont., Canada.

* * *

AT KIND OF TALL STORY DO YOU MEAN?

S easy to appreciate the difficulty with ich sound effects are broadcast from tudio but when I read that "Over at National Broadcasting Company, real ine guns are fired atop the Merchandise ' it seems to exceed the limit of my nation. Doesn't that qualify for the Story Club?—H. B. Gladish, 829 Fost., Evanston, Ill.

n't be such a Doubting Thomas, Mr. .! Or do you mean it's a tall story se it happens in the penthouse stu-

* * *

HELP!

N anyone help me locate some old proams and data I want for my Jessica onette scrap book? First: Old Philco ams listing light opera. Second: Pho-Dragonette in a Mozart costume (publ in old program). Third: *Radio Re*of January 1930 with article and cos- picture.

particularly interested in Mildred in's article on Jessica, in your April issue. It gives a more intimate touch than anything I've found.—Carol de Grasse Wharton, Lebanon Court Apts., Overbrook, Pa.

* * *

R. D. MAKES "GOOD BRIDGE PRIZE"

I MUST tell you a joke. It seems that Bay City news dealers have been unable to supply the demand for R. D., but each promised to let us know when we could get one. Well, Saturday morning our bell started to ring and by night one had been delivered to us from every place we had inquired! Last evening friends dropped in to play bridge and as a special "grand prize" I offered a copy to each!—Mrs. R. M. L., Bay City, Mich.

* * *

ISN'T SHE GREEDY?

STATIONS are adhering more strictly to the rule of giving call letters every fifteen minutes. That's fine, but why can't call letters be given after each selection on a local program? It could easily be done on local programs and would take only a second for each announcement. One thing in the "good old days" of Radio: they wanted you to know what station you were hearing . . . If a program is changed to a different time, I think an announcement should be made so that the listener can hear it at the new hour.—Marian Canniff, 2112 S. Cedar St., Lansing, Mich.

* * *

BOOSTING THE LOCAL STATIONS

WHY didn't you print my letter boosting WPEN? If you have not destroyed the letter I would like to see it in next issue. (*Sorry, Irene, we don't seem to have received it—Editor.*)—Irene Bourgemon, Phila., Pa. . . . Have you heard the good news? Station WLEX in Lexington is being moved to Squantum and will go on the air with new call letters, WAAB. It will serve as alternate key station with WNAC and will be the eighth station of the Yankee network.—Grosvenor Calkins, Jr., Derby Academy, Hingham, Mass.

* * *

HAVEN'T seen my Favorite station, WTIC, mentioned (*Oh, where have you been? See May Pages 49, 76, 77; Apr. 71; Mar. 71; Feb. 39, 72; Jan. 68!*) The announcers; the Dance director, Norman Cloutier; Jane Dillon, impersonator; Mr. Christian Kriens, Musical Director—their programs are a treat. No I am not connected with WTIC, but am an ardent fan.—Ruth Spooner Taylor (Mrs. H. E.), Kensington, Conn. . . . WENR takes the cake as the best user of the ether in my opinion. As long as they are on, I'll be all for them. *Who* is with *me?*—Stuart E. Sheill, Glen Ellyn, Ill. . . . Am very glad to see the R. D. giving well deserved space to Bill Simmons and his California Cowboys of Oakland Station KROW. If any one ever deserved praise it's Bill.—Luella Hampton, 2515-24th St., San Francisco, Cal. . . . Couldn't we have a little more news of the mid-west stations—WLW—the Chicago stations, WHAS, etc. (*Watch Betty McGee's stories and Natalie Giddings' stories—Editor.*) May I say that your magazine is very interesting and enjoyable?—Mrs. Ben Jenkins, 1226 So. 8th St., Terre Haute, Ind. . . . I'd like to say a good word for WLAC, Nashville, Tenn. This station has what I call a perfect announcer. I've never caught his name, but one man on their staff has the most soothing voice I have ever heard.—Marie P., Brenham, Tex.

* * *

BATTLE OF THE BLUES

(SEVERAL months ago the RADIO DIGEST published an article entitled "The Battle of the Blues".)

R. D. discussed quite long ago, a simple thing I know,
Yet it has puzzled me since the first day
It's "Whom do you prefer to hear upon your Radio
Osborne or Lombardo or Vallee?"

I'm getting so "regusted" I don't know what I'm about,
The thing gets harder every passing day.
I guess I'll hire "Snoop and Peep" to ferret this thing out . . .
"Osborne or Lombardo or Vallee?"

To tell the absolute truth, I like all of them, and I also like Coon-Sanders orchestra, Denny's, Bernie's and all the rest. So the Lombardo, Osborne and Vallee fans who have been sharpening their carving knives can put them down again, and the fans of other orchestras may do the same.—Janet Prescott, New Rochelle, N. Y.

* * *

ECHOES FROM THE STATIONS

MAY I take this opportunity of stating to you my sincere thanks for the picture and write-up published in the February issue. It was almost impossible to procure copies of this particular issue—they apparently were sold out before they arrived in this locality.—Frank Anderson (The Ne'er Do Well), Station KROW, Oakland, Cal. . . . I was very much pleased to see the picture of the Woten children in the rotogravure section of the March issue.—John P. de Pagter, WNAX, Yankton, S. Dak.

* * *

IDA MAKES V.O.L. THIS TIME —GET OUT THE GOAT

HAVE bought RADIO DIGEST since last July and like it very much. Of course I enjoy some articles more than others—the ones I like being Marcella, V.O.L., Radiographs and the rotogravure section. I have written to V.O.L. before, but it didn't do any good. Had I written to the four winds perhaps it would have been better. (*See what she gets for being fresh—Come on V.O.L. members, get out the goat and give her a real good initiation.*)

By the way, Ray Perkins' "Broadcastor Oil" in April was a humdinger. And I was certainly pleased to read more of Virginia Gardiner, also in April, for she is a very good dramatic star.—Ida A. Martin, 15 First Ave., Huntington Station, Long Island, N. Y.

* * *

MORE, MORE LETTERS, WE CRY

HOW can we make a magazine to suit you unless you tell us what you like? F'instance how do the new full page pictures appeal to you? Which of our authors are your favorites? What air stars do you want to read about? What do you think on some of the questions this month's V.O.L.'ites put up to you? Go to it, Reader, these pages are yours—simply write, "V.O.L." at RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York.*

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

JEFF SPARKS in the NBC ranks of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* gave Toddles and myself the key to the city the other day but the durned thing didn't fit. So we had to climb up through the fire escape. Toddles didn't think it looked very dignified but we had to get in. Hal Kemp was waiting for us and we simply could not be late. We finally reached the NBC studios, Toddles quite out of breath, and ran right into our dear friend Hal. He is exactly six and a half feet tall and is rather thin. We were received in the real southern manner—a mixture of hospitality, cordiality and a big broad smile. Hal was born in Marion, Alabama, 26 years ago—which makes *him* 26, of course, and he got his training in the Boy's Military Band in one of the Military Academies down South, when he was twelve. He was graduated from the University of California in '26. While he was a freshman at college he had his own band of eight pieces—called the Caroline Club Orchestra. He got his Radio start at WMCA four years ago and in 1926 joined the NBC staff, where he has been ever since. Hal weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes and is single. He intends to enjoy the rest of his existence on this earth as a bachelor—although he admitted that it was rather *tough* on him with so many pretty girls sauntering in and out of the studios every day.



Hal Kemp

Chatted awhile with Norman Brokenshire the other day. Had just returned from Florida and could tell from his voice, almost, that he was all tanned up with southern sunshine. He is vacationing at the moment and can be heard only on recorded programs and in talkie travelogues. In the fall he plans to announce the Radio Follies program.

Redferne Hollinshead, celebrated Radio concert and operatic tenor, has just returned from a very successful tour through Canada. He is known in the Dominion as the John McCormack of Canada. At the present time he is enjoying a much-needed rest at his home in Yonkers. Had luncheon with Mrs. Hollinshead the other day and she said that Radio listeners who used to tune in on the Majestic Hour every Sunday night when "Holly" sang on that program, are still writing to him and urging him to waft his beautiful melodies over the air again. Mr. Hollinshead, by the way, is a direct descendant of Hollinshead, the historian, whose chronicles Shakespeare immortalized in his plays. . . .

My dear Mrs. L. M. and Louise Bock I'll let you in on a secret about Pat Flanagan. I got it straight from Ruth Betz of WBBM. Pat was christened *Carroll* some thirty and odd years ago in Clinton, Ioway-y. Right then and there as he lay in his crib with the big toe of his left foot in his mouth, he declared in the Intelligible Tongue of the Grand Order of Infants, "Nothing doing on Carroll. It's Pat for me." And Pat he is to his friends and Radio audience. Measurements: Six feet tall—lean: Avoirdupois: 170 lbs. Married? Went and did it last June. Graduate of Grinnell College, fought with 132nd Infantry in France, was initiated as announcer over WOC, and now enjoys overwhelming popularity at WBBM.



Pat Flanagan

* * *

ONCE each week, Mrs. Columbia Broadcasting System washes the faces of her dear boy announcers, scrubs them behind the ears, brushes back their hair and waves them a sweet farewell from the twenty-second floor of their little thatched skyscraper as she sees them scampering off to Dr. Vizetelly. The Dr. is the editor of Funk and Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary and is acting as private tutor to the boys in the all important matter of pronunciation. Ted Husing and David Ross, the Dr. reported to their parent, had some difficulty with the simple "Rzecyzcyany"; Bob Longstreet got a little twisted on "Srinivasa", and many fell down completely on "Mnemosyne". Awful life, *ain't* it! . . . .

Ever since the untimely passing of Al Carney, I've been importuned on all sides to publish his picture. None is available and the only one in existence is in t hands of his family and they refuse part with it. Al breathed his last January 14th and his death is a gr loss to his friends and the many th sands who loved his organ music o WCFL, Chicago. Sorry about the p ture, Mrs. Sharp. . . .

Jimmie Merrell, a good announcer w at the present moment is *at leisure* cuses me thus: "Being an appreciat reader of your *colyum* I have often served that you have a soft spot foot-loose announcers. It occurred to that you might have a voluminous filled with letters from eager stat officials who desire the services of s and kind program and studio direct and station managers. My experie qualifies me for any of the above p tions." Well, Jimmie, I haven't got t kind of a file exactly. My file is fil with good wishes and I hope that so station which is searching for the servi you can give will espy these few wo and say "Mr. Merrell, you're hired!".

Writes Mrs. Empson of Portla "Tell us what you can about Jack C well at KVOO, Tulsa, and get his pict He's wonderful." And Virginia Br of Tulsa wants pictures of KVOO's nouncers. Sorry, my dears, but he the verdict from Roy Duffy, St Director of KVOO. "Regret inability supply material requested in your let Our announcers are somewhat cam shy. As soon as we can run them d and get their pictures we'll send the sired material." Understand perfe Mr. Duffy, just how these dauntless nouncers from the wild and oily West when they have to face the ter birdie in the camera. . . .

"Give us a photo of Oliver Smi requests Hugh McConaghy of Phila phia. Presto! Here it is. He made first public appearance at the age o that is, the people came around f miles to his home just to hear him When he was five his parents move St. Louis and it was here that he got his first training in music. At ten he was the outstanding soprano in that city—I think that this breaks most of the records of the prodigies. In Washington for a while he was soloist at the



Oliver S



incent Lopez

famous "Church of the Presidents." Later he appeared in the Paris Grand Opera, Opera Comique, and the Chicago Civic Opera. Has been on Radio for four years. . . .

Jinny Peters, you're a dear for waiting patiently e many months. And here's your rd at last. Vincent Lopez! And it ld take pages to tell everything about . First of all he is in the "over 30" s. Brooklyn, N. Y., claims him as true son. He doesn't smoke and 't taken a drink since last spring. perfect host. Reads all of his fan , smells all of the flowers his fem- listeners send him and eats the e-made candy he gets. Neckties run the hundreds. Has an enormous drobe and can change from sports es to dinner jacket and take a shave oot in six minutes. Manicures daily. lied for the priesthood, but the call nusic was too much for him so he the seminary and launched forth on career as a musician. A few weeks he made a record dash from the Leviathan R. K. O.



Richard Maxwell

gram. on which he was uest artist, to the St. is Hotel where his own gram was to follow im- iately—but he did it. e you passed the old ns with flying colors. y and write me some our nice letters, won't

Jean Goldkett and Dictators to follow soon. By the Vincent Lopez is not married. How- I wanted to be sure, so I called up Thomas of NBC who knows all sorts things and I asked very chirpingly, ave an idea that Mr. Lopez is not ried. In the first place he spends ey very freely, in the second place, ulps his food down very hastily, and ie third place"— at this, Mr. Thomas, like a man, interrupted and said very wingly, "In the first place, haven't heard of married men who spend ey lavishly—although not on their s; in the second place. . . ." Oh, t's the use. You can't argue with anyway. They always want to get last word. . . .

Couldn't we have a picture of 'John' plays in the Seth Parker program y Sunday night?"



Wade Arnold

es Marian Ladd of rietta, N. Y. Here he nd he's none other than ard Maxwell. The r programs on which ppears are: Mid-Week eration Hymn Sing on rsday; Rodeheaver, lnesday; and Pilgrims Sunday afternoon. Mr. Maxwell appeared in such successful stage productions as *Music Box Revue* and *The Lady in Ermine*. He tired of the theatre and tried his hand at real estate in Mansfield, Ohio, but as that field was not so promising he accepted some concert engagements and then began his mike appearances. He has three degrees, A. B., M. A., and Ph. B., and he wears a Phi Beta Kappa Key which he won at Kenyon College.

* * *

WADE ARNOLD, blond, slim, good-looking young man was busy feeding type to press releases up in the Press Relations Department of the NBC when I saw him last summer. Since then he has become Radio playwright producing those interesting episodes of college life portrayed in the *Campus*, sometimes called *Dick Trevor Freshmen*. . . .

NBC and CBS, dear B. McL, are not engaged in any exchange mart with regard to talent. It is only when the artists are hired by sponsors that they can appear on either chain—as, for instance, Lowell Thomas and the Literary Digest. But otherwise the two networks never exchange talent. Georgia Backus' photo appears on page 59 of the May issue and she is also presented with the Nitwit group in the March number. . . .

What with young summer and trees and bees and hornets—this is a good time to know your birds. And we have bagged one for you, Miss M. Walkes of Winnipeg. The *Oriole of the Air on* KFAB is Harriet Cruise Kemmer who has been with that station since 1924. And as for the Don Hall Rose Trio formerly with WLW they have taken bag and baggage over to NBC according to WLW's publicity director. . . .

Attention! March! Count the NBC announcers, Peggy of Erie, as they go by. Ready, one-two-three—go: Alwyn Bach, Ford Bond, Phillips Carlin, Howard M. Claney, Milton Cross, Neel Enslen, Bennett Grauer, Alois Havrilla, George Hicks, Edward Jewett. Step in line there: Kelvin Keech, Patrick Kelly, Ezra McIntosh. And you there, oh beg pardon, it's Graham McNamee, Curt Peterson, Howard Petrie, Marley Sherris. Now, Jeff Sparks, whose predilection for blondes places a gap between him and Harold Sparks of KFJF. Edward Thorgerson, Charles Tramont, James Wallington and John S. Young. Chicago NBC reports its announcers to be William Kephart, Jean Paul King, Ted Pearson, A. W. "Sen" Kaney and—Wallace Butterworth. And here's for the President's Cabinet of announcers over in the District of Columbia: Herluf Provensen, William Abernathy, Arthur Godfrey, S. P. K. Lewis and George F. Roos. Thanks, boys, you may now relax and go on your way

* * *

MARGARET STARR, former organist of WTMJ, Milwaukee, was in Chicago



Smith Ballew

from the last report and not doing anything Radioically speaking. M. M. of Neenah. Dear Margaret Figer, I've been scouting all over these months trying to locate Jimmy Green for you. And here at last. Vollie. my side-kick receives a letter from Bob of Louisville. Bob writes: "Jimmy Green is right here in our own Brown Hotel, Louisville, Ky., and has been here for almost a month. He broadcasts on an average of twice daily over our local station WHAS. I cannot say how long he will remain as the orchestras here hop around like the proverbial hen on a hot griddle." Thanks, Bob, for the info. I'm pilfering your letter from the V. O. L. and hope you'll forgive me. And what do you mean, Bob, by reflecting on the hints Radio Digest runs for housewives. I can see, you're not married, or you'd see lots of room for improvement in your better half. There's nothing like knowing how to fry an egg without breaking the yolk. The result aside from being appetizing is artistic. I know the Woman's Feature Editor of Radio Digest very well and I know that she has nothing but the loftiest of motives when she suggests a new curtain on the kitchen window or two drops more vinegar in the Russian dressing. So do give the women a chance, Bob, please.



Nat Shilkret

"It isn't possible to tell you how much I enjoy your pages—I read every word, Now—won't you please print something or rather everything about Smith Ballew. He's wonderful." writes Marion Brenton. Well, Marion, t'other day I thithered over to Saltzman's Restaurant in the heart of this great city and over a cup of *tay*, Smith Ballew and I solved all of the world problems. He says that he'd much rather not be an orchestra leader. He'd like to be a big business executive and go out to dinner instead of having to work while others ate and wined and danced. He's only 28 and was born in Palestine, Texas. He's six feet five, has brown hair and green eyes. He spends most of his time recording for Columbia and Brunswick. And my dears, just as I was going to broach the very delicate question if he was married, I looked at my watch, just to discover that I had two minutes to keep my appointment with Nat Shilkret.



Louis Kaufman

Mr. Shilkret looks just like a poet. His face is thin and sensitive and is lit up by mirthful little wrinkles playing around his eyes and the corner of his mouth. His work is music and his hobby is music. And there just

isn't anything else that interests him. He is never too busy to give advice and encouragement to your struggling musicians and will go out of his way to help anyone who shows signs of musical talent. When he was seven he played clarinet solos in a seventy-piece boys' orchestra, and at sixteen he was active assistant to Walter Damrosch. His taste runs to bow ties but when I saw him he wore the regular cravat. . . .

Louis L. Kaufman is the senior announcer of KDKA, the pioneer broadcasting station of the world. With his pleasant baritone voice, graceful bearing and gracious manner, he qualifies well as the nation's emissary of the air. He came to KDKA six years ago and quickly gained wide popularity. Was educated at Penn State College and intended to take up educational work but was thrown into the announcing field quite accidentally. . .



Robert Swan

Jack Shannon of the inimitable *Gossipers*, formerly on NBC, and Helene Handin of the *Troupers* shared their original wealth of talent at a charity ball the other day at the New Yorker Hotel. Harry Hirshfield was master of ceremonies and altogether we had a perfectly gorgeous time. Even now there is still a twitch in Marcella's legs as a reminder of her continuous dancing through the night. Oh, ugh, ouch.

And now the story is out. The chorus of sentimental sighs one hears around Los Angeles these days gets its impulse from none other than Robert Swan, Chief Announcer of KHJ. It's just terrible for husbands these days when they come home and find their wives with that far-away look in their eyes—but what can you do about it? Mr. Swan can't help it if his voice affects people like that. Right down beneath that manly breast of his he's not a sheik. He's an idealist, sincere, honest and all that. He's thirty, has a wife and little daughter. Tall, slender, dark hair and navy blue eyes. After the last program every night, Mr. Swan tucks the station very carefully and tenderly into bed.



Paul Lucas

Mrs. G. B. of Ashfield, Mass., wants a photo of Paul Lucas. And here he is, my dear. He launched forth on his career in Radio as a Radio Editor. George Malcolm-Smith, Director of Publicity over WTIC's way, says that Paul Lucas is boss to six other announcers and that he makes an awfully amiable boss. Is married and he and his wife do lots of entertaining. Lucas writes his own continuities and each week he presents an intimate chat entitled *Behind the Scenes* in which studio gossip is broadcast.

Chatter: Pictures of most NBC announcers have appeared in Radio Digest V. V. of Moores. And "those 'as 'aven't" will be published pretty soon. Sorry Thelma Golden, but John McGovern is just as shy of the photographer as he is of the dentist. Not a single picture of him in sight. Mrs. P. S. L., how could you? Why it just seems as if WJZ and WABC have been getting all the lucky breaks these past few months. And the only April 1930 copy we have is for our files. . . .

Lanny Ross is not on any other program, E. M. Post. He seems to be quite busy as the Troubadour of the Moon. Waring's Pennsylvanians are now appearing in *The New Yorkers*, a Broadway production. Maurie Sherman broadcasts over a Chicago station and Ted Weems can be heard over CBS. All of this for the benefit of Gladys. Virginia Walsh will find a picture of Joe O'Toole on page 73 of the April issue.

* * *

WRITES Gene P. Laffler, "In your article about Ted Weems on page 65 of the February issue you stated that Ted Weems was the composer. I believe that should you glance over the music you will find the composer to be none other than Phil Baxter." When I received your letter Gene, I was quite upset, because one thing that Marcella wouldn't like to do is to rob Phil to pay Ted. So Toddles and I put on our Easter bonnets and made straight for Weems' office. Mr. Zugsmith, his press representative, received us with a great deal of gusto and said he was sorry that there was any misunderstanding about the writing of *Piccolo Pete*. Phil Baxter, he admitted, wrote the original tune and sent it to Ted Weems to be whipped into shape. And certain parts were rewritten by Ted and his personal arranger, Joe Haymes, and then and there the orchestration was made for it that has become so famous. His name does not appear on the music sheets because that was his own wish. So I guess that clears up any little misunderstanding, Gene, doesn't it? Mr. Zugsmith promised to help me out with any little thing.

Just as we are going to press, Carl T. Nunan of KPO, San Francisco, wired Marcella of the unexpected death of Virginia Sedberry who recently became the wife of William H. Hancock. This Radio romance which started in the KPO's studios a year ago had been kept secret until the wedding knot was tied some weeks ago. Their married life promised to be a happy one for th had everything in common. To ha been so suddenly separated from h young wife was a great shock to M Hancock and I am sure that his unfailin courage will help him through this s trial. . . .



Mr. and Mrs. Hancock

Uncle Doty Hobart promises to te off the masks of most Radio stars wh personalities are conceal by very unassuming na So Margaret of Iron quoit and Mrs. Blunda Salina, you'd better k out an eagle eye for so thing about Cheerio. Al Pete are not the Sister the Skillet, Margaret. rotund figures of the S.C appear in the front of t magazine. Julia Sanderson and Fr Crumit are presented in the October is of our Radio Digest. . . .



Everett Kemp

And here, my dear Ruth Adams Agnes is the sage of Happy Hollo Uncle Ezry, or as he is known in act life, Everett Kemp. He's the man a million dollar laugh all right, an can wager that that laugh of his been worth more to him than a mil is to some people we know. Until Uncle Ezry was the leading attraction the Redpath Lyceum and Chautau circuit, but now he has retired to old rickety chair which he expounds homely philosophy.



H. E. Warner

Henry Edward Wa is the most modest R entertainer going. He fuses to allow any licity to be given a him unless the editors RADIO DIGEST act think that he is d something worth while. So the other when dear Genevieve Cain of W sent us Mr. Warner's picture, Managing Editor, Associate Editors, visory Editor, Indi-Gest, Marcella an Technical Editor all sat down to ha conference and to determine if Warner's work was of sufficient im tance to have a place in the sun—I in this column. And with one as we voted "yes". "Uncle Ed" is journalist, song-writer, lecturer, Radio artist. When he's not an these he plays "Uncle Ed" to thous of Maryland children.

Tom Stedman of WCHI came in other day to bid farewell to Radio D Gang including your own Marcella Toddles. He's going to Europe to quer everything in sight—queues China, the King's 'Orses in H'En and the monarchy in Spain. Looks he's going to be mighty busy.

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells Write her a letter, ask her any o burning questions that are bothering mind. Information is her middle n



rhythm-making University of Texas boys . . . Steve Gardner's Hoakum Kings, who broadcast from San Antonio's KTSA.

uth Has New Network

FTER seventy years, Dixie has finally seceded from the Union, without a Civil War. It's only a partial cleavage, however, and was reached amicably. A sub-network of the Columbia Broadcasting System has been established, WBT, at Charlotte, N. C., as the key station, supplying ms to nine of the foremost broadcasters of the South. The Dixie Network" will bring tunes and melodies characteristic South and dear to the heart of every man born below the and Dixon line.

ving back into past history, it is interesting to note that J. Gluck, now general manager of WBT and the Dixie rk, was one of the pioneers who assembled the first Radio of the South. Donnell O'Connor, program director of and the network, is another old-timer; he has been in Charlotte several years and New York fans will remember him in early days at WHAM and WOKT, Rochester, N. Y.

The associated stations besides WBT are KLRA, Little Rock, Ark.; WWNC, Asheville, N. C.; WBRC, Birmingham, Ala.; WDOD, Chattanooga, WNOX, Knoxville, WLAC, Nashville, and WERC, Memphis, Tenn.; WGST, Atlanta, Ga., and WDSU, New Orleans, La. Additional stations will take special programs, while, of course, many of the stations' features will still originate with WABC in New York.

Some of the favorite special features of the Southern network are Owen Ogborn and his Wurlitzer Organ on Sunday, Pete Laudeman and His Playmates, on Wednesdays, and the Modernists on Thursdays with their special arrangements of popular tunes. The "Musical Memoirs" hour is another Thursday network feature, one which has been heard before and acclaimed on the national network.



t's heaven—one girl and six men! Joan Mars, soprano and t of the Dixie Network's "Musical Memoirs" hour from WBT.

* * *

BIRTHDAY celebration . . . not long Nashville's WLAC celebrated its fourth anniversary. A fan sent in a beautifully decorated cake which would have done credit to any king's pastry cook. Two "broadcasting towers" were erected on top, made of spun sugar, with "WLAC" in frosting suspended between the towers on a "Radio wave". It was addressed to William Perry and Herman Grizzard, tenor-announcer, F. C. Sowell, Jr., Production Manager. Tim Sanders, Commercial Director, wanted to cut the cake into fifteen minute periods and sell them, but was finally persuaded not to do so.

Canada on Parade

A NEW nation-wide program for Canadian listeners is on the air on Friday nights. The artists who will "parade" each Friday night before the Dominion will include the General Motors concert orchestra, the All-Canadian singers, guest artists and singers, and dramatic stars. Because the presentations over 25 stations will be made by means of electrical transcriptions, opera stars from France will be presented, singing in their native language to the great interest of many French Canadians. Rupert Lucas, popular announcer, will "do the honors".

* * *

ONE of the most novel and humanitarian programs on the air today is CHML's "Sanatoriam program" . . . a whole hour each Saturday morning in which requests from invalids receive attention. The "network" of sanitoria has dubbed itself the "Double Red-cross Network" and includes institutions in Ontario and even in New York State.

* * *

THE Dutch Masters, one of the most popular programs on the Columbia Broadcasting System, is still going strong. Jack Smart, the masculine member of the Mr. and Mrs. team, gives atmosphere to the program in his rôle of Peter Zorn. The program offers sparkling entertainment to Radio listeners.

Chain Gang Chatter

From the Big Studios

By Jean Dubois



Phil Ohmann and Victor Arden pop up again in R circles as the piano duet on the Gold Medal Hour

SHE came to New York just three years ago with only $18.00 in her handbag but with much ambition in her make-up—Eliena Kazanova, violinist of Columbia's "Around the Samovar". And only the other night there were festivities in her honor! They were not held around the teapot, but in a swanky New York night club. The Russian Art Restaurant, where Eliena and her violin are favorite entertainers. Celebrities of Radiodom were there to partake of the hospitality offered by Mr. Herbert of the New York *Times*, who sponsored the reception. Eliena has black eyes, black hair and, of course, a dash of Russian temperament and fire which are reflected in her stirring rendition of Russian and Gypsy melodies.

* * *

ADVERTISERS can think up good names! The newest is the "Kitchen-Tested Twins" for Phil Ohmann and Victor Arden, whose piano dueting has been known to listeners since their early days with Roxy's Gang. Ohmann is the son of a Swedish minister and a classical pianist of no mean fame . . . accompanist at one time to Reinald Werrenrath . . . but neither ministerial heritage nor musical education could subdue his sense of humor. Once when he was solo organist in a church he opened the program with *Yes, We Have No Bananas*. Arden, the serious minded twin, met him when both were making recordings for a phonograph company and they occupied neighboring cubicles. First they tried teaming up at one piano, but legs, arms and fingers became tangled and now they prefer two synchronized grands.

* * *

IT WAS only yesterday that the telephone operator rushed in to me all out of breath to find out if it was true that Little Jack Little had been killed by gangsters and that he was an ex-racketeer. She showed me a newspaper picture of a shifty-looking fellow with the caption "Taken for Ride . . . John Little, Long Island racketeer who was shot to death." I was able to assure her that the unattractive rogue was not Little Jack, whose real name, by the way, is John *Leonard*. He adopted Little when he teamed a vaudevillian named Small. Did know a special mike has been built Little Jack and the other crooning ists? It is a regular mike with a curved arm that has a cup-like arra ment at the end. Mike is placed in of the piano and the arm curves ar in front to reach the singer's mouth.

* * *

ONE woman among 110 men—an doesn't even make the most o opportunity! That's because S Goldner, harpist of the New York harmonic Symphony Orchestra and female member, is happily marrie Eugene Ormandy, CBS baton wielde noted musician. Miss Goldner (or Ormandy) is young, attractive, has brown hair and bright eyes and is s larly modest for a woman who ha tained a position many men would

* * *

FRANK KNIGHT is the man listeners confuse with Ray Knight. But with last names th semblance ends. Raymond is or NBC'S prime funsters and couldn serious if a firing squad lined hi against a wall. Frank has a sense o mor, but his rich, cultured voice is the sort to be drafted for things announcing on the Philharmonic phony Hour and such high-foreheac grams. He was born in Newfoun went to war when he was just twent came back not very anxious to ret the small town of St. John's. Tried come a doctor at MacGill Universit felt the allure of the stage. From to Radio dramatics and announci WABC was only a short step.



All the members of the "Samovar" ensemble turned out in full force and bright Russian regalia the other night for a party in honor of Eliena Kazanova, their violinist.

"Buckeye" Briefs

A Page of News About Ohio Broadcasters



Van Sickle, 86 years young, active newspaper woman ho broadcasts regularly over WIAU, Columbus.

CE VAN SICKLE will be 86 her ext birthday, but she's still an ac- eporter and newspaper woman, old- her work in this country. And she weekly Radio talks over WIAU, bus, Ohio . . . to, of all people, confined in the Ohio Penitentiary. an remember when, just out of , she helped her father set up his ials on the Stephen Douglas debates ore the Civil War. And when, soon she started her career as a small- newspaper correspondent.

rty years ago she was ready to give hen she realized that all she was was will power. It wasn't im- ent of physical efficiency—but lack erest in getting ahead. That real- and conquered, she went to work with renewed vigor. Her voice is and her philosophy of life, strong teresting to the Radio audience.

* * *

THE other end of the age scale rom Miss Van Sickle is Cliff Adams, though he's only twenty-three, is announcer at WKRC in Cincinnati. years ago he joined the station staff as grown in popularity ever since. es—for one year he took dramatic with the Stuart Walker Repertory e, and his hobby is giving dramatic gs.

* * *

EEP OUT—all who would remain single". They're going to hang ign up in the WLW studios, because taff members have wed in the last months. The latest applicants for es were Edward A. Byron, produc- manager of the Cincinnati station, Gertrude Dooley, a leading lady of the Crosley theatre. And just three days before. John L. Clark, general manager, took to have and to hold the former Miss Elvira Giersdorf, a recording, vaudeville and stage star.

* * *

JUST ten years ago "8xJ" started regular programs from the campus of Ohio State University with a market report broadcast. Today WEAO, successor to 8xJ, is considered a leader in educational broadcasting. Much of the credit for its success in recent years has been due to the leadership of Director Robert C. Higgy, who is now president of the National Committee on Education by Radio. Ann Charles is program manager and musical director, and many faculty and student members of Ohio State are heard regularly on programs.

* * *

DANCE MUSICALLY speaking, Griff Morris and his Clevelanders are running away with the town. This clever group is heard through WJAY and since they have been on the air—a little over a year—they can't find time enough to fill all the engagements offered them. Griff himself; Jimmy Ague, the crooner, and Art Young, arranger, are the stars of the ensemble.

* * *

THE Friendly Station of Cleveland, WGAR, has turned aggressor in a war . . . to determine the broadcaster with the staff of tallest announcers. They claim the palm, for the midgets of their group of four are Fred Borgerhoff and Steve Cisler, who come up to the six-feet-and-one-half-inch mark on the measuring stick. Next step up is Fred Ripley, six-feet-and-two-inches, and last of the four is Bernie Strang, who beats Fred by another half inch. Their only complaint is that they are getting hunch-backed bending over to mikes adjusted for artists shorter than they are.

Steve Cisler, by the way, is the lad who worked his way through college by announcing at WLS, and many a fair feminine listener rued the day when Steve traveled from Chicago to Cleveland, out of her set's receiving radius.



Twenty-four feet, five and a half inches of announcers, all of whom are over six feet tall. Fred Borgerhoff, left, Fred Ripley, next, then Bernie Strang and Steve Cisler, all of WGAR.

Mid-West "Folk Tales"

By

BETTY McGEE

Chicago Correspondent

THEY tell this tale of heroic poise over at KYW. One night recently when Phil Stewart was reading the news flashes the mike that the orchestra was using on the far side of the studio went dead. Phil, with rare resourcefulness, picked up the mike through which he was broadcasting, walked across the studio with the mike under his arm, all the while continuing with the news flashes and never missing a comma or a proper inflection. . . .

And another thing about Phil Stewart. He is getting a little tired of being known merely as "the announcer with the voice like Billy Hay's". Incidentally, Bill Hay's recent operation for appendicitis was followed up by a similar operation on Phil Stewart . . . Anyway, Phil decided that he was going to do something that the famous Amos 'n' Andy announcer hadn't done so he took to writing songs, one of which is *The Night That You Were Mine,* probably familiar to KYW listeners. The sequel to this venture on Phil's part was a warning to all embryo song writers which appeared on the KYW bulletin board in the form of a bona fide check for 15c made out to Fred Rose, well known popular song writer—this his royalty on a recent song . . . It's interesting to compare this royalty check with the one for $4700 which Fred received some ten years ago as a *part* of the royalties on *Honest and Truly.* But times for the song writer certainly are changing.

* * *

ITEM—Because Ben Bernie, the "old Maestro" who mingles his wisecracks with the melodies of his orchestra, has developed such a wide national following his time on the Columbia Broadcasting System has been doubled. In addition to his local broadcasts over WBBM, Bernie is now "fed" to the CBS chain each Monday, 10:30 to 11 P.M. and each Thursday, 10 to 10:30 P.M.

Donnie Mack, who directs the "Musical Masters" heard over WJJD, has been before the public musically since he was twelve years old. He has the distinct[ion] to be the first to broadcast the Vi[bra]phone and Vibra-harp in Chicago. [His] style of playing the Vibra-harp has b[een] sought after to such an extent that [he] has been called upon by the manu[fac]turers of the Vibra-harp, the J. C. Dea[gan] Co. of Chicago, to write an instruc[tion] course for the instrument. Mr. M[ack] was on the KYW staff for four years, [a] soloist at the NBC studios, WM[AQ] WBBM, and a staff soloist at WGN. [He] has been with WJJD for the past [two] years.

* * *

WHENEVER he plays *The Pe[ar]l Vender,* Ralph Waldo Emer[son] pioneer WLS organist, recalls his boyh[ood] days in Liberal, Kansas. At the te[nder] age of 11, Ralph had his first job, w[hich] consisted of handling the peanut ven[ding] machine and playing the piano i[n] Liberal confectionery store.

Charles W. Hamp, originator of [the] one-man Radio program and who is [also] said to be the highest salaried microp[hone] "single" in the world, is now in our [midst] at WBBM. Hamp abandoned his rô[le] the "Early Bird" over a coast-to-[coast] NBC network to return to his fo[rmer] sponsor, Dr. Strasska's Toothpaste.

* * *

WALTER PONTIUS, golden v[oiced] WGN tenor, just missed ent[ering] the diplomatic circle. That is, [he] working with Harvey M. Watts, an t[ax]

(*Continued on page 95*)







Smile, Lady, smile! Grace Jane Prince (top) pretty and amiable WJJD staff m[em]... plays a triple rôle there—soprano, pianist and organist. . . . Russ Wildey and ... Van (left to right, above) are known as WIBO's Two Piano Songsters. Do the ... arranging, play the piano and harmonize vocally like nobody's business. . . . Al C... (left) settles down as accordion player now with Rex Maupin's Aces of t... after cross-country treks in vaudeville.

Wedding Bells on the Coast

By

DR. RALPH L. POWER

Pacific Coast Correspondent

THERE'S a "reason why" for the glad note in the voice of Jerry Kilgore, announcer in the San Francisco studios of NBC. The on is his new partner, the former Miss en Altomari of Hollywood, now Mrs. ore. They were married in St. Paul's rch in San Francisco, with Cecil Unwood, NBC announcer, acting as best and Helen O'Neill, NBC producer, as esmaid. They tried to escape would-celebrators of the occasion, but the ure on this page shows how ill they eeded.

nd add to Cupid's victims this station mble. Kenneth Niles, master of ceremies on KHJ's Hallelujah Hour, wed ja Vladanova, lovely young Russian inist of KNX. While not long ago a Allman of KHJ married Wesley rtellotte, the KNX organist. Ken Elvia work on the same programs at J, but who ever said propinquity ds romance?

urth on the recent crop of ceremonies that of John Tofolli, NBC Pacific net rdionist. He was married in Richd, Cal., and the whole town turned for the occasion. He was born in y, but came to these shores as a boy. ds a graduate pharmacist's license and ee from the U. of California, but can e more money in Radio!

* * *

UD OVERBECK, new addition to KFWB's baritone staff, first began to the singing bug when appearing in a student operetta at the Hollywood high school. Later he was one of the soloists in the glee club at the University of Missouri. Before finishing the course he decided the stage was the thing and joined a vaudeville vocal group known as *Three Bad Boys*.

In the course of time the trio got back to Hollywood and, since the talkies were just beginning to break out, they made a four minute short for Vitaphone . . . but it took four weeks to do it. Now Bud blossoms forth as one of KFWB's best dressed baritones and, as such, won't even associate with tenors.

Up in the wide open spaces of the great Northwest, Fred Hartley diligently pounds away at the mallets on KHQ's prize xylophone, although he can play three or four string instruments whenever he has the time and inclination. Married, and with one young son, his hobby is making special music arrangements and in composing light, fluffy pieces for concert ensembles.

KPO's cute little blues exponent, Helen Stone, is pretty much up in the air these days. Not that she is at all ritzy, but because she is an aviatrix, has a private pilot's ticket and hopes some of these days to get a full fledged transport pilot's berth.

* * *

WHAT is this thing called Radio, chanted Ray Nealan. But that was long, long ago. When he was discharged from the army in 1918, he began to follow music as a career, and when public broadcast began to function as such he sang from the old Telegraph Hill station in 'Frisco and from the old KFRC seven years ago.

Now he is with KFRC regularly as a soloist and as second tenor with the Buccaneers male quartet. A native son, out where such individuals are rare, he is not only a resident of the golden state but was born in San Francisco and has lived there all his life.

* * *

CHESTER MARKERT, who began his Radio career as an organist at

(*Continued on page 89*)





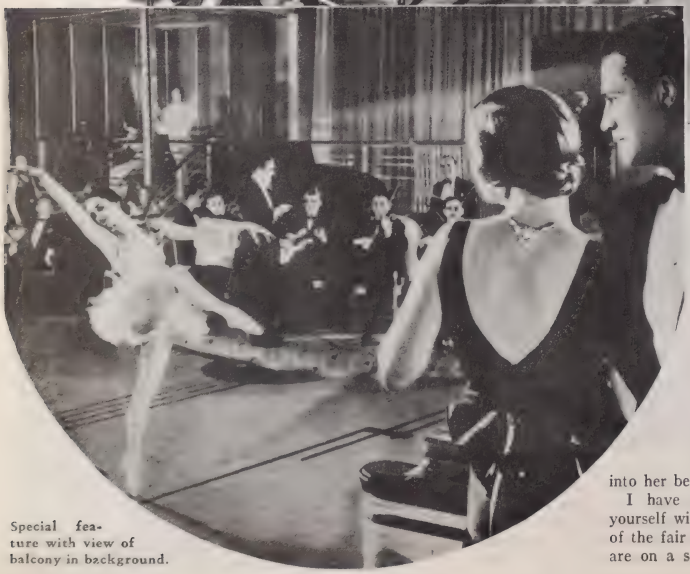


word! If it isn't a monocle in "Bilgy's" eye. Do you always wear it for the ppy Go Lucky Hour, Monroe Upton? . . . One of the coast weddings (above). ry Kilgore the groom, at left, trying to escape, has hidden his bride in the car. g Bill" Andrews and Helen O'Neill of NBC are cutting off his retreat. . . . WB's Kay Van Riper (right) leads a busy life these days with publicity, continuity and book-reviewing on the air taking up most of her time.

Ahoy, Club



General view of Club Leviathan from balcony.



Special feature with view of balcony in background.

WORD artists and e
perts in the science
acoustics have becor
so efficient in the dra
ing of Radio scenery with grapl
descriptions and simulated sour
that we find ourselves projected in
all kinds of realistic situations in t
course of an evening of assorted p
grams.

But there is nothing more vi
and real than the RKO Theatre
the Air as you hear it from the Cl
Leviathan in New York. It is co
vincing because it is genuine. T
program is actually staged abo
the great American liner as she sn
into her berth at the foot of Forty-sixth street.

I have attended two of these affairs. Far
yourself with me at a table within reaching distan
of the fair lady who sits at the rail at the left.
are on a small balcony (the sailors may have

Leviathan!

By Mark Quest

RKO Pilots Listeners Merrily over Bounding Air Waves on Ocean Liner



er name for it, but I don't know what it is any re than you do). Eight or ten small tables set behind us. The front of the balcony opens a great ball room. On the opposite side there other tables.

Below the balcony in the center, as shown here, see the orchestra which plays for the guests dance after the broadcast. During the broad- the orchestra is spread out over the dance r and the microphones and solo numbers are sented in the far end of the room, the space tially hidden by the two ladies in white who id chatting there in front of us.

Below us at the left there is a parked off section the floor level that extends to the entrance. ere you see an usher receiving a lady and tleman just coming in. You can see a similar quet on the opposite side of the room. Back and above the row of front tables that face into room is a terrace. It is just high enough so t the guests at the tables there may look over heads of those who sit next to the promenade that encircles the smooth, gleaming dancing floor.

The tables are all occupied with gay, chattering folk—beautiful women of the stage and their proud escorts. The walls are paneled with ivory, silver and gold. The suffused light of changing tints adds to the glamorous atmosphere. And now it is 10:30, the hour of the broadcast. The lights dim as in the theatre, murmurs are hushed into silence. The master of ceremonies proclaims the occasion to those comparative few who are present and to the rest of you among the hundreds of thousands who are listening across the continent and to those others who are aboard other ships far out to sea.

Famous RKO stars are announced. Some of them sing, others are interviewed—and all the while there is a breezy banter carried on by the master of ceremonies. Harry Richman, William Hanley, Vincent Lopez, and then Lita Chaplin, Dorothy Stone, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Irene Dunne, Tom Kennedy—and a score of others appear in the spot as all attention is paid to the ubiquitous microphone. The rest of us who sit at the tables are only incidental background to the great, innumerable audience circled far and beyond the tiny beacon of light that rims this room and even the good ship Leviathan.



From left: Giuseppe Di Benedetto, Giovanni Martinelli, Dolores Cassinelli and G. W. Johnstone. RKO-NBC notables on board Conte Grande, another ship broadcast program.

Cues for

By
Emily
Post

Who broadcasts regularly over the CB



THE June Bride of 1931 is not any different fundamentally from the bride of grandmother's day. Love is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow, and the bride of today steps up to the altar with the same visions of a glorious future that the prehistoric maiden must have had some millions of years ago. Today she holds in her arms calla lilies instead of the customary lilies of the valley

Cupid's Captives

Should a Bride-to-be Kiss Her Fiancé in Public? Oh, my no! Says Prominent Authority on Etiquette

THESE days we must give undivided attention to the answering of questions about weddings! So that we shall not neglect any ...e of this important subject, let us ... with the engagement. The first ... in the direction of wedding prepara... is, of course, the discovery made ...im and by you that without each ... there could be no future for either ...ou, and you decide to marry. This ... the case, it is time for him to tell ... father or your mother—or whoever ...ur nearest relative—how he proposes ... you together propose—to manage ... financial side of a home for two. ... is, unless such arrangements concern ... yourselves. But even so, he should ...e first possible moment go to your ..., or whoever is the head of your ...ly and tell him (or her) how things ...l between you, and what your plans ...

...t us in any case say that your father ...oves—in short, you are officially en...d. It is likely that before talking ... your father, John has told his own ...nts that you promised to marry him ...d it is possible if (as one person ...e me) you and your father are ...cially devoted you will have broken ... news by saying, "John is coming to ...you tomorrow!" Or perhaps you at ... told your mother. Whether you tell ... or both of your parents before John ..., is not a question of etiquette, but ...ely a question of the relationship ...een your parents and you.

YOU know of course that ...ding in your immediate families has ...ing to do with the announcement of ... engagement to the public at large. ... is there any rule as to when an ...gement should be announced. You ... tell everybody at once or you may ... it a secret for years. It is solely ...uestion of personal decision—some...s a difficult one. For instance, if ... date of the wedding be in the in...uite future, the quite serious point ...olve is whether it is wiser to take ... world into your confidence months, ...perhaps years, before you can be ...ried, or to wait until the day can ...et. On the one hand it is pleasant ...ave everyone know you are engaged, you are asked everywhere together, and you can frankly prefer each other's company, and in countless ways your situation is made smooth. On the other hand, if your engagement is likely to run into years, the unending question: "When are you going to be married?"—especially when you have no idea of the answer—becomes increasingly distressful as weeks and months pass by.

TRUE, anyway you take it, a too long engagement is an unsettled, distracting state of existence suggestive of waiting on a station platform for a train that is delayed for no one knows how long! The ideal situation is when the engagement may be announced almost immediately, and the wedding takes place within a few months after that. Let us say then, that your wedding is near enough to consider the announcement of your engagement in detail. Four or five days before the day of the announcement, you and John each write letters to your own friends and to the cousins, uncles and aunts who have not known about it from the beginning. Engraved or printed announcements of an engagement are socially taboo. In best society, notes announcing an engagement are always written by hand and the outline is practically the same. You, for instance, write to an aunt or a school friend, that you want her to be among the first to know, that you are engaged to John Bright and that the news is to be announced on such a day and please not to tell anyone until then. Of course, if nearest friends and relatives live nearby, they are told personally by you or by him, or by you both together. It is always proper that *he* go with *you* to see your relatives and friends—even if they are strangers to him. But you may not be taken by him to see his family or his friends, unless they have themselves invited you. Of course, if certain members of his family are intimate friends of yours, you would more than likely go together and tell them your news. Or if a member of his family (whom you do not know) is an invalid, it would be proper for you to go with him to see her if the invalid has asked you to.

I'd like to make a rather important point on the subject of when a girl may or may not be taken about by her fiancé, because it is one of the really awkward situations that a newly engaged girl meets. Absent-minded or unknowing women are inclined to say, "John, bring your fiancée to see me!". His only answer sounds priggish, and yet he must say, "I'd like to very much—if you'll invite her." Whereupon the unperceiving woman thinks, "How silly John's priggishness about bringing the girl he's engaged to see me". And yet John was helpless. From the point of view of etiquette, a well-bred girl is not taken—even by her fiancé—to the house of a stranger, without an actual invitation or other courtesy having been shown her.

If Mrs. Older put it this way, "John dear, please ask your fiancée if she won't waive formality and come in for tea on Sunday?", it would seem rather ungracious on your part not to go. And in fact, you would most probably go. And in this day of telephones, it would take Mrs. Older but a moment to send a message of invitation, and not many moments more, to write a few lines on a sheet of notepaper, which would have been graciously courteous.

PROPERLY, of course, all of John's family and friends call on you, either at once, or at latest, on the day of the announcement! It's about time that we came to the details of this. As a matter of fact, according to the very best taste, no actual announcement is made except by the notes beforehand. In a city of size and when the people concerned are prominent socially, the announcement is given to the society editor of the papers. On the afternoon or evening of this day, your mother perhaps gives a tea, or a supper or a dinner or a small dance. If it has been announced in the paper everyone knows. Otherwise, the intimate friends who have been told in advance, tell others who congratulate them, and still others notice that you and John are constantly having your hands shaken, ask what it means, or see for themselves and join the line of well wishers. If notes have not been written, or the news printed, it would be quite proper for your father to make the announcement by proposing

(*Continued on page 92*)



The Ancient and Accepted Order of CRAMMERS

By Frances Ingram

Consultant on Care of the Skin
heard on NBC every Tuesday morning

AND ancient and accepted it is—this practice of cramming. Collegians are not its only members—not by any means. The Ancient And Accepted Order Of Crammers includes initiates from every walk of life.

Not all the members of this order admit their membership. As a matter of fact, not all of them are aware that they are members of the Ancient And Accepted Order Of Crammers. But even those who are unaware of their membership become more active at this time of the year. Letters from them pour in to me every day:

"I'm to be married on the fifteenth of June and I simply must do something to improve my appearance before that time. I have been so busy with social activities that I am simply a wreck. Tell me something to do which will improve my appearance as soon as possible."

"Now that my spring cleaning is done, I want to start spring cleaning myself. You have no idea how dreadful I look. My daughter will be graduated on the twenty-first of June and I want to fix up my skin before I attend her commencement exercises."

And this from an acknowledged crammer:

"Talk about a schoolgirl complexion—mine just isn't. If I'm to do credit to the role of sweet girl graduate two weeks hence, I'll have to do some cramming. I've always been pretty successful in cramming for examinations, so I think I should be able to do some satisfactory cramming for beauty, too, don't you?"

Cramming for beauty—all these members of the Ancient And Accepted Order Of Crammers. And all of them, apparently, have just as much faith in the efficacy of the procedure as the optimistic campus co-ed.

Collegiate cramming is as much an institution as the institutions where it is practiced. Cramming for an examination usually means sitting up all night and crowding enough facts into the mind to answer the questions given in a certain specific test. By cramming, lackadaisical students do sometimes manage a passing grade in a course. Whether or not the information they acquire in this way stays in their minds and is of any ultimate value to them is another thing entirely.

Indubitably regular attention to daily assignments would make cramming unnecessary and in time obsolete in our halls of learning. Certainly students would get more real benefit from their courses if they did eschew the line of last minute only concentration.

And the same reasoning applies to cramming for beauty. The Beauty Consultant can give women advice which, if followed, will clear up ordinary skin defects for a wedding, a graduation, or whatever the special event may be. To do any lasting good, the advice must be followed regularly and consistently.

THE student who is graduated *magna cum laude* is seldom, if ever, a crammer. The beauty neophite who includes cramming in her curriculum is seldom, if ever, elected to the Phi Beta Kappa ranks of pulchritude.

Have you never seen the woman who apparently has discovered a fountain of youth? I think you have—we all know at least one—a woman who stands out from other women because of her beauty and distinction. But have you ever analyzed this woman? Do you know why she seems to possess the elixir of eternal youth?

The most fascinating woman in your acquaintance, you will find, is not in the ranks of the crammers. She has achieved her position not by chance, but by design . . . not by last minute cramming, but by regular attention to her self-imposed assignments in the course of beauty. If you examine her carefully, you may discover that her features are not so regular as you thought—her clothes no smarter than yours. But you can be sure that your feminine ideal has a skin which is smooth, lovely, and radiant.

The crammers buy exquisite and becoming clothes and wonder afterwards why they fall short of the smartness they had in mind. The *elegante* is consistently chic and lovely. What is her secret? It is a simple one and within the reach of every woman. She has a skin which is clear and flawless, and h clothes are more effective for this reas

Skin, you see, is the alpha and ome of beauty. It is the first thing peo notice about you. If you would smart—if you would be attractive—y must resign your membership in the f ternity of crammers and care for y skin with ceaseless and unremitting igence.

AFTER all, anyth worth doing is worth doing well. Cra ming is at best an emergency meas It carries its own boomerang. Take prospective bride for instance. An tractive appearance on her wedding —unless it is sustained—will not gu antee the success of her marriage. C sider the mother who wants to look at her daughter's commencement e cises. It is possible for her to app on her daughter's campus in an impro guise, of course, but she will not do self or her daughter justice unless retains this appearance for longer tha commencement week. And the col girl herself will not make adequate us her four years' training for life unless utilizes the self-discipline which reg attention to daily assignments—be Greek or Beauty—requires. The s girl graduate who will make a name herself—in a career or marriage—is a crammer. Few worth while people

The crammers have their day, yes, it is of necessity a pitifully short It is for them, I think, that the mo expression, poignant though colloq was written—"they don't retain." any rate, this phrase may well stan the epitaph for the members of the cient And Accepted Order Of Cramm

* * *

Free booklets on the Care of Skin by Frances Ingram will be m to eaders of RADIO DIGEST. *Send request to Miss Ingram, in car* RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Av New York.—Editor*

Fashion Formulas

Self-expression for Summer Modes is Decreed by Prominent Stylists—
Cotton Frocks Command Place in Women's Wardrobes

By RUTH WITSON

THE time has come for individuality in clothes, and milady need no longer quiver for fear someone will copy the lovely ensemand interesting effects she has been to create. Every woman wants to different, and the couturiers who the fashion top spinning have deed themselves in favor of a fad self-expression. They believe reen eyes and red hair, they e at deep blue personalities, laugh aloud with joy at the t of the woman whose poise bearing remind them of royal ble. The physical make-up and acteristics of every woman are basis of an idea for a new cose. And these style arbiters t keep their discoveries to nselves; they want to tell yone about them. The imant thing is, they are really g that very thing.

ach Wednesday night the pop- Peter Pan Forecasts present the Columbia network a series he outstanding stylists of the ld to tell American women how express their personalities in r clothes. They give the last l in fashion and suggest how ay be best adapted to express ood or suggest a temperament.

THIS group of broads was opened with a talk from s, by Captain Edward Molyc, world famous designer, who ested gay cheerful colors for spring and summer seasons as dvance fashion note.

e said, "Patterned chiffons and gette, which remind one of a len full of flowers, should have lace in every feminine ward-. They give freshness and va- and will be smart all through summer.

Another note of cheer will be ributed by evening gowns," yneux added, "because women have pretty ankles will be to show them once again. I e designed dresses for dancing end two or three inches above the ankle. Others reach the instep, and, for more formal occasions, there will still be the evening gown that just touches the ground. Women in this way, will be able to wear the length of dress which suits their own individual types."

In a later Peter Pan broadcast, Patricia L. Ballard, fashion expert, stressed the modified silhouette as a style trend. "The Paris couturiers realize," Miss Ballard said, "that American women are going to be practical minded about their clothes this season, so they are discarding picturesque extremes for simpler, more wearable designs. Flares are being restrained, in fact they have a very strong rival in pleats, which give the required fulness but a straighter outline. Waistlines are no longer arbitrarily placed, but are adjusted to the figure of the wearer. Skirt lengths, though definitely longer, do not adhere to any hard and fast rules, but are determined by height and becomingness.



An evening frock of white organdie featuring four scalloped skirt tiers

"THERE are many ways of achieving this individuality," she continued. "Fashions this year have affinities. One fabric allies itself to another, every dress takes a jacket for its mate; the shorter sleeve is united to the longer glove, while color, charmingly fickle, finds its most perfect state in not one, but three alliances. So this is the season to indulge yourself in an extravagant bit of color. The note of contrast is a gay scarf, or the subtle introduction of color in the sash of an evening frock, or a combination of colors in the frock itself, gives the discriminating woman a chance for originality.

"Every woman aspires to be well dressed," Miss Ballard commented, "and this season affords her this exceptional opportunity at a very reasonable cost. For among the many lovely fabrics which interpret our new fashions, cottons are one of the most accepted. The favor shown them in Palm Beach confirms impressions that with the arrival of summer we will indeed be very cotton-conscious. This is the first season that cottons have been versatile enough to cover all the occasions of the day. They serve for tennis and golf, they go to the seashore,

(*Continued on page 95*)

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

While many people are anxious to see television developed and are counting days (months or years) until it arrives Indi-Gest is strongly in favor of forgetting all about it. It will curtail too many of our major industries.

The first industry it will hit and practically exterminate will be that of the explorers who go off into Africa and Lapland and other places where people wear no clothes at all or queer costumes. How do I come to that conclusion? Well, the other day I saw in Indi's favorite paper a note saying that a department store buyer had bought some dresses by television. First thing you know Paris will be televising styles to the Congo and the beauties of the veldt and Darkest Africa will be wearing accordion pleats instead of grass plaits and except for color they'll look just like ladies of Paris, France, or Paris, Ohio. There won't be any sense in taking pictures of them and all the photographers will be jobless.

The next industry that will be hard hit will be the matrimonial agencies. Ladies and gents will demand peeps by television of the prospects with whom they carry on hopeful and marriage-inclined correspondences. The shocks will probably be so great that they won't meet their bills and the matrimonial bureaus will all go out of business.

Warden Lawes of Sing Sing says lonesome convicts are the best customers of those bureaus. They write passionate love letters to single ladies, giving the prison's street address. Imagine the disappointment when the recipients see their romantic heroes televised in stripes!

And Indi-Gest's job will be jeopardized! I believe 75% of my popularity is due to the mystery with which I have surrounded myself. Ladies think I am a handsome Romeo, gentleman think of me as a fair Juliet. When television and telephonivision comes, any fan will be able to call me up and see whether I wear pants or skirts and shoot rubber-bands at me on his or her home receiver.

A VEGETABLE COURTSHIP

A potato went out on a mash,
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me," observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.

"Go 'way," the onion wept and cried,
Your love I cannot be;
The pumpkin is your lawful bride
You cantaloupe with me."

"Oh, give me one cress," the tuber prayed,
"Then my cherryished bride you'll be;
You're not the only skinny maid
That's currant now with me."

Don't turnip your nose at me,
You know you can be beet;
You think that yam just a sap,
But I can be very sweet.

I'll give you a string o' beans
Full eighteen carrots fine;
So you can rice above your lot
As soon as you are mine.

And as the wily tuber spoke
He grasped the rueful prize;
And giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.
—Mollie Zacharias, Kansas City, Mo.

A LESSON FOR LIARS

From WTMJ:—
An evangelist who was conducting nightly services announced that on the following evening he would speak on the subject of "Liars". He advised his hearers to read in advance, Mark, seventeenth chapter.

The next night he arose and said, "I am going to preach on 'Liars' tonight, and I should like to know how many read the chapter I suggested."

A hundred hands went up.

"Now," he said, "you are the very persons I want to talk to —there isn't any seventeenth chapter of Mark!"—*Mildred S. Olsen, 3014 W. Pierce St., Milwaukee, Wis.*

Weber and Fields:—
Meyer (selling life insurance): Do you know, Mike, that every time I breathe someone dies?
Mike: Vell, vy don't you gargle?—*Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.*

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

ASK THE WORM—HE KNOWS

Professor Abe Lincoln Jackson was dri
ing the class in English.
"Erastus, give me a sentence showi
the proper use of the words, 'deba
and 'detail.' "
Erastus, after much head scratchi
"De fishwum am debate what nobo
kaint tell de head fum detail.—*Willis Barrett, Box 951, Rusk, Tex.*

CURRENT SONGS

Watt'll I Do?
Ampere The Ball
Let me Coil You Sweetheart
Volt Go Ohm Until Morning
—Wm. Patterson, Crown Point, I

NOT SUCH A GOOD NECKER

The Interwoven Pair:
Billy Jones: I see Mr. Smith died fro
broken neck.
Ernie Hare: Why I thought all he h
was a wrenched back.
Billy Jones: He did, but his wife rubb
it with whiskey, and he broke his n
trying to lick it off.—*Edgar Died 3217 N. 23rd St., Milwaukee, Wis.*



The little man with a big voice makes a heroic expression—on the air!

MY WISH

:nd a gracious thought
ing on its way,
.in a friend or two
hat I write or say,
elp some weary soul
nsolation find,
make the children
gh
n wishing to be kind,
give new hope and
er
he verse I pen,
ll write from day to
y,
try and try again.
lle C. Critchett, 1515 'ana St., El Paso, Tex.

l joking aside, the au- of the lines above has nto words Indi-Gest's inarticulate wish. If n even make one cor- of your mouth crinkle e tiniest bit in a smile l feel happy!



MORNING CALISTHENICS
Announcer: One, two, three . . . put some PEP in it. Touch the FLOOR.

A TELEVISION KISS

You're content before your fireside
To listen (O, what bliss!)
To your sweetheart's voice o'er Radio,
A word you must not miss.

You now can hear her laughter
For many, many miles;
The next thing, I am thinking,
You will even see her smiles.

But one thing I will wager
And that one thing is this,
You'll never be contented
With a television kiss.

—Bertha E. Meredith, 1100 N. Reed St., Little Rock, Ark.

'Tis true . . . kisses by television will not be popular, but how about socks in the eye and spankings?

S LONG AS IT WASN'T *HER* CALF

N.R Minstrels:—
y from the city called on a country
As they strolled through the pas- s they passed a cow and a baby calf ing noses.
Boy: Oh, isn't that sweet? I wish ld do that.
ntry Girl: Well you can if you want t is my brother's calf.—*Etta Fitz- ld, 1615 S. 12th St., Birmingham.*

HAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?

rybody has a different answer to query. But here are some of the nitions reported to Indi-Gest from West Coast, where Dr. Seth Maker ducted a contest on KJR, KEX and A to find the answer:—

ove is a pain you can't locate.

ove is a funny thing
It wiggles like a lizard
nd wraps itself around your heart.
And nibbles on your gizzard.

ove is a little brook that runs up inst a da(m)n.

LINES FROM BUG SCUFFLE

village gossip sez: Annie Brown, onel Brown's old maid daughter who kers to get married, is ticket seller ur local movie temple, Dreamland. na is real religious and having a dio in the lobby, tunes in on all re- al services. Yesterday Anna was rounded by advertisements for the rent picture, "Oh, For a Man", and never did ketch on to why so many patrons went in grinning. The Radio was singing: "God Will Take Care of YOU!"—*Anne Lee Funk, 3421 Rosedale, Dallas, Tex.*

OH, CAN THE CHATTER

A farmer, asked what he intended doing with an enormous peach crop, replied: "Well, we eat what we can and what we can't we can."

"We do the same thing, brother," said his questioner, a business man. "We sell what we can sell and what we can't sell we cancel."—*Lucien Thomas 54373, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio.*

RECORD

Some men start in at the bottom
And work their way to the top,
They are the wizards 'old man fate'
Just doesn't know how to stop;

And others may start at the bottom,
But regardless of how they try—
Simply stay where they started,
And watch the world go by;

Still others, our 'silver-spoon babies',
Start in where the going is nice.
Some stick there, while others slip backward,
Depending on fate's loaded dice;

But I've made a record performance
Which is bringing me great renown.
I started in right at the bottom,
And I'm rapidly working down!

—E. E. Mann, 611 Greenwood Ave., Birmingham, Mich.

SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

HICCOUGH ON A NATIONAL SCALE—CBS announcer on Van Heusen program: "Ladies and gentlemen, this program has come to you over a coast to coast 'hick-up' . . . err, er, I mean 'hook-up.'" An epidemic of indigestion?—*Etta Fitzgerald, 1615 S. 12th St., Birmingham, Ala.*

ROYALTY BELITTLED—By the Hon. Mr. Kauffman (speaking in place of the King of Siam) over Columbia: "It is unfortunate that His Majesty the King of Siam is unable to appear before this *microscope today.*" But then, he does weigh less than 100 pounds and is shorter than his Queen!—*Clara D. Lange, 2007 Marquette, Davenport, Ia.*

NOW WILL YOU BE GOOD?—It was near the close of the Tabernacle Hour, a KTAP religious feature—Preacher: "And the wicked and unjust shall be cut off."

(Without further notice the announcer cuts the program.) Announcer: "We continue with the Annanac Hour. —*Charles F. Harris, 537 Roosevelt Ave., San Antonio, Tex.*

NO GOOD A'TALL, A'TALL—It was 2 A.M. and WKBF was broadcasting night club festivities. Announcer shouted above the din, "There will next be played a group of three numbers—*Why Was I Born?—For No Good Reason At All*—and, *You Said It!*" I thought it was a wisecrack, but the orchestra played those numbers.—*Morris J. Shoyer, 916 S. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

Dial Hounds

By Charles J. Gilchrist

Secretary of the
Chicago Daily News DX Club

THE game of hunting the ether for far away and little known broadcasting stations came to life again last winter with a bang. Probably the first factor which tempted Radio fans to dial twisting once again was the launching of a new Mexican station, XED, in Reynosa, just across the Rio Grande on the Texas border.

This station came on the air last fall for the first time with such super power that it was heard in all parts of the country. Fans got a real thrill out of hearing the call letters of a station in another country. Then they went to work and developed some expert tuning on far away and little known stations.

The game of DXing revived with all the vigor which had impelled it in former years. To be sure, the long distance fans were not reporting the extremely far distant spots which used to be heard but which are now almost impossible since the United States stations have come to cover practically the entire band of broadcasting. With so many stations in this country and with the high power now being used, some of these spots cannot be found.

However, as the winter developed reports were received from such distant spots as Japan, France, Germany, Central and South America, Australia, Honolulu, Porto Rico, Alaska, and Great Britain. The national networks have done their bit to stimulate DXing by rebroadcasting programs from foreign parts, such as the talk of Pope Pius from Vatican City and the English Steeplechase. From these programs literally thousands of fans developed the DX bug.

Another factor which has done much to bring back international reception has been the general increase of power in all the leading countries. At least two of the German stations are now on with 75,000 watts and one of them in Stuttgart has been heard several times. Then Russia has been boosting its power until it now plans to come on the air with half a million watts in the near future. These Russians are not brought in but the newspaper stories of their continued growth in power have kept DX fans interested, awaiting the time when they will come in to this country easily.

Last winter was particularly good for long distance work. In fact it seems to have been as good as any of the old years back in 1925 and before. Even another reason has been brought forward for this. It is that the sun spots have a distinct affect on broadcasting and are supposed to be at their best for Radio conditions this year. Whether or not this is true is a matter for the scientists to thresh out.

The world is just as full of thrilling Radio catches as the seas are of fish.



Charles J. Gilchrist

And the two games, DXing and fishing are very similar. The fisherman sinks his hook into the waters, hoping and using all his skill to hook the particular kind of fish he seeks. The DXer becomes expert with his dials and uses his talent in trying to hear around the world. Neither can know beforehand what will happen and in that uncertainty is another of the kicks of the games.

Time was when a Chicagoan picked up Kenya Colony, in Nairobi, Africa. The station, 7LO, used both short and long waves and works with the British Broadcasting Company networks in London. Another DX thrill came to the writer when a Royal Mounted Police officer on duty in the wilds of Canada wrote down to join the Chicago Daily News DX Club, having heard one of the weekly broadcasts over WMAQ. The letter had been dated more than six months before it arrived. And it had been dated more than four months before it ever reached a post office.

THE spot from which the officer picked up the broadcast was well within the Arctic circle at a little bay not even shown on any save the largest maps. Apparently it had been held up a third of a year by ice and snow before it could reach the post office some hundred miles away. It took still more time to reach civilization and quick transportation.

A good world log such as the one sent out by the Department of Commerce shows stations in queer spots all around the globe. There is EAR5 in Las Palmas Canary Islands on 1071 kilocycles, and two stations in Cairo, although if you write the Egyptian officials they will answer that broadcasting is barred in that country and there are no stations on the air.

Both Casablanca and Rabat in Morocco are on the air, as are Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Durban in the Union of South Africa. The Fiji Islands have a broadcasting station at Suva and a Radio telephone depot which is listed without wave, location or anything else but the words "frequently broadcasting".

Singapore, British Malaya; Colombo, Ceylon; Istanbul, Turkey, Reykjavik, Iceland; Tallin, Estonia; Caracas, Venezuela; Bogota, Colombia, and Tegucigalpa, Honduras are some of the other queer spots of the world which live on the Radio map.

There is a station, VAS, at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, whose sole purpose is to inform fishermen preparing to embark for the Grand Banks of weather conditions and the prices they may expect for their catches. This is found almost every morning at about 2 a.m., CST.

J. Agusty in San Juan, Porto Rico, has done more to make his city known than any association of commerce or travel bureau could. He has done it by staging special DX programs for American listeners at regular intervals during the winter. These programs, which end up about daylight, usually on Sunday mornings, have been heard each time with very good volume and quality by many west fans as well as those in the east. He has answered literally thousands of letters and sent out great quantities of verifications to those Radio fans who could tell him just what his station had been broadcasting and just when it was broadcast.

Two others who are rapidly making their particular spots on the globe well known to Radio are in Central America. One is Amando Cespedes Marin, owner and operator of NRH in Heredia, Costa Rica, a very popular DX call.

With such possibilities it is little wonder that the modern knight of the ether turns to Radio as his magic carpet.

(Another DX story next month.)

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 79

Central Mountain Pacific

oughout Week

BILL AND JANE—(daily except
y)
m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WBZ WBZA WHAM
WJR WLW

AND GLENN—Quaker Early
(Daily except Sun.)
m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJAR WEEI WTAG
WFI WRC WGY
WTAM WWJ WSAI
WPTF CKGW WJAX
WFLA WSUN CFCF

O—(daily ex. Sun.)
m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEEI WCKY WRC
WWJ WHO WOC
WAPI KPRC WFI
WSM WJAX WPTF
WOAI WBEN WRVA
WIOD WHAS WFLA
WTAM WJDX WJAR
WOW WCAE WGN

ERMONT LUMBER JACKS—
Whitcomb. (Daily ex. Sunday)
m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WBZ WBZA WBAL
KDKA WJR

NG MOODS—Emery Deutsch
m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WFBL WHEC WKBW
WORC WPG WIP-WFAN
WMAL WREC WDSU
WMT KMOX KMBC
KFH KFJF KTRH
CFRB

SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by
ny Wons.
m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WZXE WFBL WHEC
WDRC WORC WPG
W3XAU WHP WMAL
WKBN WREC WDSU
WBBM KMOX KOIL
KFJF KTRH KTSA
CFRB

D DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed.,
m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WZXE WFBL WKBW
WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WMAL WCAO WTAR
WHK WKRC WBT
WXYZ WSPD WREC
WBBM WDSU WISN
WMAQ WCCO KMOX
KOIL KFH KFJF
KTSA KLZ KDYL

AILEY ALLEN—Radio Home
s. (Mon. Wed. & Thurs.)
m. 9:30 8:30 7:00
WZXE WHEC WKBW
WLBW WMAL WCAO
WWNC WDOD WTAG
WISN WBBM WXYZ
KMOX KFH

ERKINS—Libby, McNeil and
Program. (Thurs. and Friday)
m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WBZ WBZA WHAM
WLW KDKA WSB
KWK WHAS WSM
WAPI WJDX WSMB
WGAR

HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—
t Friday and Sunday)
m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WJAR WTAG WCSH
WRC WCAE WWJ
KSD WTMJ KSTP
WEEI KYW WMC
WSAI KYW WOC
CFCF CKGW

ABAKERS—(Mon. and Thurs.)
m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WZXE WFBL WKBW
WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL
WADC WKRC WWNC
WGST WXYZ WSPD
WJDX WLAC WBRC
WOWO WBBM WCCO
KMOX KOIL KFH
KRLD KTSA KLZ

REMAINE—(daily ex. Sunday)
noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WZXE WFBL WHEC
WEAN WDRC WNAC
WPG WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL
WTAR WDBJ WADC
WBRC WKRC WISN
WMT KMBC KLRA
KOIL KFJF KLZ
WTAQ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

COLUMBIA REVIEW — (daily except Sat. and Sun.)

12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WLBZ WDRC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WADC WBT
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WISN WOWO
WBBM KSCJ WMT KMBC
KLRA WDAY KOIL WIBW
KFJF WGR

FELIX FERDINANDO AND HIS PARK CENTRAL ORCHESTRA—(daily ex. Sunday)

1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 10:00
WABC W2XE WGR WPG
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WADC
WHK WWNC WDOD WLAC
CFRB

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 a.m. 10:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WGR WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WIP-WFAN WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WREC WBRC WDSU WISN
WTAQ WCCO WMT KMOX
KMBC KFJF

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—(daily ex. Sun. & Tues.)

2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WPG
WFAN WHP WJAS WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WHK
WKRC WKBN WWNC WBT
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC WISN WOWO KMBC
WCCO KSCJ WMT KLRA
WDAY KFJF KTRH KLZ
KOL

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER—(Wed., Thurs. and Friday)

2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WFBL
WLIT WRC WCAE WWJ
WSAI KSD WOC WHO
WOW KVOO WBAP KPRC
WOAI WKY WTIC WTAG
WBEN WTAM KYW CKGW
CFCF

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Emery Deutsch, Director. (Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. at 3:30)

3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WHP WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WBK WKRC
WKBN WWNC WBT WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WISN WFBM WMT WDSU
KSCJ WMT KLRA WDAY
KOIL KFJF KRLD KTRH
KLZ KVI KOL KFPY

THE THREE DOCTORS—(Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)

3:15 p.m. 2:15 1:15 12:15
WABC W2XE WGR WPG
WDRC WNAC WORC WIP-
WFAN WHP WMAL WCAO
WTAR WKBN WSPD WBT
WREC WISN WTAQ WMT
KMBC KFH KFJF KTRH
KLZ KFRC CFRB

LA GERARDINE PROGRAM—Jean Beaudine. (Mon. & Thurs.)

5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WCAO WHK
WKRC WGST WXYZ KMOX
KMBC KOIL KRLD

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Anthony Wons. (Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat.)

5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WJAS WLBW WCAO WWNC
WXYZ WSPD WDOD WLAC
WBBM WTAQ KMBC KFH
KRLD WACO KLZ KOH

ROY ATWELL'S TIDE WATER INN—(Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WCAU W3XAU WIP
WJAS WMAL WTAR WOKO

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)

6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WBAL KDKA WRVA WPTF
WJAX WIOD WLW WFLA
WSUN

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—(Wed., Thurs., Friday, Sat.)

6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WFI WRC WTMJ WSM
WEBC WCAE WGY WTAG
WTAM WWJ WSAI KSD
WOC WHO WOW WDAF
WSB WSMB WEJX WDNR
WHAS WBEN CKGW WMC

MORTON DOWNEY—With Freddie Rich and his Orchestra. (Daily except Sun., Mon. and Tues.)

7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WDRC WNAC WORC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WTAR WDBJ WHK
WKRC WKBN WWNC WBCM
WDOD WBRC WGL KSCJ
KLRA WDAY KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF KRLD KTRH
KVI KOL KFPY KFRC

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent. (Daily except Sunday)

7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WJZ WHAM KDKA WBZ
WBZA WRC CKGW WRVA
WPTF WJAX WIOD WCKY
WFLA WSUN WLW WJR
WGAR CFCF

11:00 p.m. on following stations

WMAQ KWK WREN WDAF
WTMJ KECA KSL WHAS
WSM WSB WKY WENR
WSTP WSMB WJDX KTHS
KPRC WEBC KGO KHQ
KOMO KGW WFSD WOAI
WMC KAO KFAB WBAP

TASTYEAST JESTERS — (Monday, Thurs., Sat.)

7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WJZ WCKY WHAM WBZ
WBZA WREN KDKA WRC
WGAR WRVA WPTF WJAX
WIOD

PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WOAI
KPRC WJDX KTHS WPTF
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WSMB WHAM KDKA WREN
KWK WTMJ WEBC KOA
KSL WRC WGAR CFCF

EVANGELINE ADAMS — Astrologer. Forhan's. (Mon. and Wed.)

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC
WAIU WWNC WBT WGST
WXYZ WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WFBM WGL WBBM WCCO
KMOX KMBC KLRA KOIL
KFJF WRR KTRH CFRB

DADDY AND ROLLO—Congress Cigar Co. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WLBW
WGL WCAO WADC WHK
WXYZ WSPD WREC WISN
WMAQ WCCO KMOX KMBC
KOIL

ARTHUR PRYOR'S CREMO MILITARY BAND—(Daily except Sun.)

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WEAN WDRC WPG
WWNC WJAZ WTAR WTAR
WDBJ WORC WQAM WDBO
WTOC WDAE

11:00 p.m. on following

11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WFBL WKBW WJAS WLBW
WADC WHK WKRC WCAH
WKBN WGST WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WTAQ WOWO WFBM WMAQ
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KLRA WNAX KOIL
KFH WIBW KFJF WRR
KTRH KTSA WACO KLZ
KDYL KOH KOL KFPY
KOIN KFBK-WOKO

RUDY VALLÉE—Fleischmann Hour. (Thursday)

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WJDX WJAR WCSH WFI
WRC WGY WHO WOW
WDAF WWJ WHAS WSAI
WMC WSAI WSB WSMB
WEBC KOA WRVA KSL
KOMO WOAI WSM WOC
WAPI KGO KHQ KECA
KSD CKGW WTAM KGW
KSTP KPRC CFCF WFLA
WSUN WCAE (WTMJ KTHS
WIOD WBAP WKY, off 8:30)

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Sunday 7:00 p.m. on following stations

WJZ WBZ WBZA WEBC
KDKA WREN KWK WRVA
KOA KSD WRC WLW
WGAR CFCF WJAX KSTP
WIOD WFLA WSUN KOMO
WIPTF WHAS WJDX WSMB
WOAI KTHS KPRC KGW
KFI KHQ KFSD KTAR
WHAM WMC KENR KDAY
KFYR WSB WAPI KGO
WKY

JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT — Blackstone Plantation. (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJAR WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WIBO
KSD WOC WGY WBEN
WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI
WOW WDAF WJDW WEBC
KSTP Thurs. network: WJZ
WBZA WBZ WBAL WHAM
KDKA WCKY

BARBASOL PROGRAM—(Mon., Wed. and Friday)

8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK KRRC WXYZ
WSPD WISN WFBM WMAQ
WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL

RADIOTRON VARIETIES — "Bugs" Baer. (Wed. and Sat.)

8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WRC WLIT
WBEN WTAM WSAI WIBO
WWJ KSD WOC WHO
WOW WDAF WIOD WFLA
WSUN WSM WSB WSMB
WJDX WFAA WOAI KOA
KSL KGO WEAL KGW
KHQ KOMO KTAR KFSD
WPTF KPRC WEBC KVOO
WTMJ WSTP

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS — (Sun., Tues. and Thurs.)

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WNAC WORC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WFBM WCCO
KMOX KMBC KOIL

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA — (Tues., Thurs., Sat.)

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WCAE
WWJ WSAI KSD WOC
WOW WDAF WEBC WRVA
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WSMB KOA KGO WSMB
KGO WKY KECA KGW
KHQ KOMO KTAR KSFD
WIPTF WTAM WAPI
WBEN WOW Thurs.: same except
WAPI KECA are off.
Add
Sat: WEAF WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WRVA WTAM WSAI KSTP
WBAP WOC WIOD KFI
KGO KOMO WSM WEBC
KGW

CLARA, LU AND EM—(daily except Sun. and Mon.)

10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WJR WLW KWK WREN
WGAR WBZ WBZA WGN

FORTUNE BUILDERS — (Sun. & Thurs.)

10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WGST
WXYZ WSPD WDSU WOWO
WFBM WBBM WCCO KMOX
KMBC KRLD KLZ KDYL
KOL KFPY KOIN KFRC
CFRB

RAPID TRANSIT—(Tues. and Thurs.)

11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WEEI WFI WCAE
KSD WWJ WSAI WOC
WHO WIOD

NOCTURNE—Ann Leaf at Organ (daily).

12:30 a.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WNAC WMAL WCAO
WTAR WKBN WRRC WBRC
WDSU WISN WFBM WCCO
WMT KMBC KOIL KFH
KFJF KTRH KLZ

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds. Comedy songs and patter. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 a.m.—WEAF—Cheerio. Irons out frets, frowns and wrinkles. (Daily ex. Sun.)

10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Pineapple Perkins. Silk hat, piano and dash of pineapple with broadcastor oil—program potion for the weary. (Thurs. and Fri.)

6:45 p.m.—WEAF—Uncle Abe and David. Two typical New England merchants in back-store chatter. Stock consists of pins, potatoes, carrots and curtains. (Wed., Thurs., Fri. and Sat.)

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas—Reports news brevities in Literary Digest Radio column. (Daily ex. Sunday)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ — Amos 'n' Andy — Now, Amos, is yoh oh is yoh ain't—and Bill Hay shaking with mirth in the background. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WABC—Morton Downey. Accompanied by Freddie Rich and his orchestra. (Daily ex. Sun., Mon. and Tues.)

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Evangline Adams, astrologer, links your fate to the stars. A Forhan's presentation. (Mon. and Wed.)

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Daddy and Rollo. A humorous series of sketches by J. P. McEvoy, portraying embarrassing moments for Pa. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

8:00 & 11:00 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band. Puts life into your bones. Only 20 words of advertising. But don't count—you may find more. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Vallée—the velvet toned crooner and his Connecticut Yankees. (Thurs.) (7:00 p.m. Sunday on WJZ)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Sanderson and Crumit. Two stage stars gone Radio—nothing like it say Julia and Frank on Blackstone Plantation. (Tues.) (Thurs. 9:00 p.m. on WJZ)

8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Radiotron Varieties with "Bugs" Baer, inimitable master of ceremonies—the voice with the school girl complexion. (Wed. and Sat.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—B. A. Rolfe and his Lucky Strike Orchestra. (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em. Leave it to these Super politicians to disentangle international problems. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC — International Broadcast. Voices across the ocean.

1:45 p.m.—WJZ—Little Jack Little who gets the big hand when he sets himself down to that *pi-aner*.

3:00 p.m.—WABC—Toscha Seidel. Famous violinist draws human tones from his fiddle.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Maurice Chevalier dispenses songs with real Parisian flavor from the Chase and Sanborn fountain.

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour. A palatable program with a mixture of everything.

9:15 p.m.—WJZ—Floyd Gibbons. Man of many thrills shares his world adventures.

9:15 p.m.—WEAF—Atwater Kent. Tales par excellence!

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Edgar Guest. America's own poet. Detroit Symphony Orchestra directed by Victor Kolar on Graham-Paige program.

10:15 p.m.—WEAF—Famous Trials in History. A National Dairy Production.

10:45 p.m.—WEAF—Sunday at Seth Parker's.

Monday

8:30 p.m.—WJZ—Simmons Hour. Brings to mike celebrated opera stars, and charges you nothing but a dial twist.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—A. and P. Gypsies. Orchestra directed by Harry Horlick.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra with its slow tempo.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors Program. Male Quartet and orchestra directed by Frank Black.

Sunday

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MORNING MUSICALE— Emery Deutsch Conducting.

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WZXE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WCAO	WTAR
WWNC	WBT	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WISN	WFBM
KFH	KMOX	WNAX	WIBW
WMT	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KDYL			

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WDAF
WOC	WHO	KGO	KECA
WEBC	WMC	WAPI	KOA
KOMO	KFSD	WENR	

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	WZXE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WWNC
WRT	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WOWO	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KFJF	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY			

LITTLE JACK LITTLE—

1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WJZ	WREN	KFAB	WJR
WGAR	WLW	WJR	

GYPSY TRAIL—Emery Deutsch, Conductor, with Karle Thome, Soloist.

1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	WZXE	WEHL	WHEC
WGR	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WJAS	WMAL	WTAR
WISN	WTAQ	WCCO	WMT
KMBC	WKJF	KLZ	CFRB

MOONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—

2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	KSD
WWJ	WDAF	WEEI	WLIT
WCAE	KOA	KSD	WTIC
CFCF	WOC	KYW	WHO
WOW			

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE— Dr. Daniel A. Poling.

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WFAA	KYOO	WOAI
WFLA	WSUN	KGW	WPTF
KGO	KOA	KSTP	WEBC
WMAQ	WSMB	KPRC	WKY
KOMO	KHQ	WSB	WAPI
WGAR	WTMJ	KSL	WJDX
WSAI	WSM	WDAY	

SYMPHONIC HOUR — with TOSCHA SEIDEL, Violinist.

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	WZXE	WFBL	WNAC
WHEC	WKBW	WEAN	WJAS
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WTAR
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WKBN
WDBJ	WADC	WAIU	WSPD
WWNC	WXYZ	WBCM	WISN
WDOD	WBRC	WDSU	WMAQ
WTAQ	WFBM	WGL	KLRA
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KFJF
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KLZ
KRLD	KTSA	WACO	WAAB
KDYL	KVI	WOKO	

SWIFT GARDEN PARTY—

3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WEAF	WLIT	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WHEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WHO	KYW	KSD	WOC
CKGW	WOW	WDAF	WSAI
WTIC			

CATHEDRAL HOUR—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W2XAU
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKBC	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WFBM	WGL
WHBM	KSCJ	WMTM	WMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KVI	KFPY

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	KOA	WOW	WKY
WOAI	WSAI	WJAX	WHAS
WJDX	KVOO	KPRC	WEBC
WDAF	WWJ	WFLA	WSUN
KHQ	WHO	WOC	KGO
KOMO	WCAE	WFJC	WRC
KGW	WTIC	WMC	WGY
WSM	WSB	WAPI	WBEN
WRVA	WIOD	WGN	KPO
KHQ	WCAE	WPTF	WTIC
WDAY	KFYR		

SERMON BY REV. DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WJAS
WMAL	WADC	WKBW	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WMAQ	KOIL
WCAU	W3XAU	KRLD	WRR

DAVEY HOUR—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WEEI	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WTAM	KSD	WSAI	WENR
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
CKGW	WBEN	WSAI	WWJ
WEEI			

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

SWEETHEART HOUR—

5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	KMBC	KOIL

RCA VICTOR PROGRAM—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WWJ	KPRC	WBEN	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WSAI
KYW	WRVA	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	KSD	WDAF
WTMJ	WEBC	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KVOO
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KFI	KHQ	KTAR
KFSD	KGW	KOMO	WFAA
WWJ	KPRC	KVOO	KTHS

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WTAR	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTRH.	KLZ		

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	KYW	WKY	WJR
WREN	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
WHAS	WSM	WTMJ	KSTP
KDKA	WMC	KOA	WENR
WIOD	KTHS	WSMB	KOMO
KFI	KGW	KSL	KHQ
WLW	WCKY	WSB	WPTF
WRVA	WSUN	WSUN	KFAB
KFSD	KTAR	WJDX	KPO
KVOO	WBAL	WGAR	WEBC
CFCF			

MAURICE CHEVALIER—Chase and Sanborn.

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJAR	WTAG	WCSH	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WIOD	WIBO
KSTP	WHO	WOC	WHAS
WEBC	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WKY	KTHS	KPRC	WOAI
WTMJ	WTAM	WJDX	WFLA
WSUN	WDAF	WTIC	KVOO
WBEN	WLIT	WEAF	

Eastern Central Mountain Pac

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR—

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAI
KDKA	WJR	WLW	KYW
KWK	WREN	KAO	KSL
KHQ	KOMO	WFI	KGW
KPO			

THE COTY PLAYGIRL—Irene B doni.

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPI
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WOWO	WBBM	KMO.
KMBC	KOIL		

ATWATER KENT HOUR—

9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WEAF	WEEI	WRC	WFI
WJZ	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOW	KOA
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KPO
WOC	WHO	WDAF	KSL
WBEN			

'WORLD ADVENTURES WI FLOYD GIBBONS'"—Libby-Owe Ford Glass Co.

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAI
KDKA	WJR	KWK	WRE
KYW	WCKY	WGAR	WBAI

Features

p.m.—WJZ—Chesebrough Real Folks. ys something new at Thompkins Cor- Home town band an' everything.

p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie. Popular tro and his orchestra from Chicago.

Tuesday

p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet. h East and Eddie Dumke—combined ht quarter of ton and you get five hun- pounds worth of fun.

p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman's Paint . Jazz king puts a little fast color on his ram.

p.m.—WABC—Adventures in Words. Vizetelly is great tourist guide through of words. He certainly knows his "P's" "Q's".

p.m.—WABC—Philco Symphony Con- conducted by Howard Barlow.

p.m.—WABC—Mr. and Mrs. Joe and Graybar couple, show how entangled marriage knot can become.

p.m.—WABC—Richie Craig, Jr. Blue on Malt Jester. No famine of fun here!

p.m.—WABC—Paramount Publix Ra- Playhouse. Variety bill.

Wednesday

p.m.—WEAF—Boscul Moments. Mme. ces Alda in program of popular songs Frank LeForge at the piano.

p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour with e Palmer, Paul Oliver and the Revelers rtet.

p.m.—WJZ—Camel Pleasure Hour with y McCoy, Reinald Werrenrath and Billy ghes.

p.m.—WABC—Peter Pan Forecasts. ffy ruffle petticoats of grandmother's day date of modern modes. Gives you latest on fashion market.

p.m.—WEAF—The Voice of Radio est. It's Nellie Revell, the dean of wo- journalists. There's no bottom to her of information.

Thursday

p.m.—WABC—Premier Salad Dressers d Browne and Al Llewelyn in usual rôles ide-splitters.

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Birthday Party celebrates natal day of famous men and women.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble. Don Voorhees Orchestra.

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WABC—Emily Post. Should a girl kiss her fiance in public. Gracious no. And other points of etiquette.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert with Jessica Dragonette—Radio's Sweetheart.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Interwoven Pair with Billy Jones and Ernie Hare whose classic theme song featuring socks, socks, socks announces their program.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Mary and Bob. A real True Story adapted to Radio.

10:00 p.m.—WJZ—Armstrong's Quakers with Mary Hopple, RADIO DIGEST's cover girl for this month, Lois Bennett and a good male quartet.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—March of Time.—Not a mere narration of news—but an actual dramatization of world events. Time Magazine.

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air sometimes direct from NBC and sometimes from the Leviathan. With talent deluxe.

Saturday

6:00 p.m.—WABC—Ted Husing's Sportslants. Get inside dope on Theodore in Peggy Hull's article about him in these pages.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Weber and Fields. Beloved old stage cronies—just as good on the air.

8:15 p.m.—WABC—Ben Alley—and Ann Leaf at the organ.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Hour with dynamic Floyd Gibbons and Walter Damrosch.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WHAM	WJR	WKVA
WHAS	WEBC	WAPI	WOW
WMC	WSB	WGAR	KVOO
WKY	WOAI	WRC	WHO
WDAF	WJDX	WBAL	WSMB
KWK	KOA	WBZ	WBZA
WOO	KTHS	WFLA	WSUN
WJAX	KFAB	KPRC	KDKA
WLW	WPTF	WSM	WDAY
KFYR	KTW	WREN	

RADIO LISTENING TEST—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WFBL	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	WJAR
WHP	WJAS	WCAO	WADC
WAIU	WXYZ	WSPD	WISN
WFBM	KSCJ	KSCJ	WMIT
KMOX	KMBC	WDAY	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KLZ	KDYL	KVI	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KHJ	KFRC

U. S. ARMY BAND—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WADC
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WISN
WBBM	WCCO	WLBW	WMAL
WTAR	WXYZ	WDSU	WTAQ
WACO	KOH	KFRC	CFRB

ART GILLHAM

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
KMOX	KMBC	KRLD	WACO
KLZ	KOH		

MALTINE STORY PROGRAM—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WLW	KYW
KWK	KSD	WFAA	WJR
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KOMO	KFSD		

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenborn.

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WTAQ	KFH	WACO	KOH
KFRC	CFRB		

"HOW'S BUSINESS?"—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WRC	KSD
KOMO	WSAI	WDAF	WDZX
KGO	KECA	KHQ	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WEBC	WSMB
KGW	KTAR	KFSD	KSL
WMC	WPTF	WIOD	WOC
WHO	WLIT	WCSH	KFYR
KAO			

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WJAX	WJDX	WFLA	WSUN
WGAR	WJR	WLW	WOAI
WKY	KYW	KWK	WREN
KOA	KSL	KFAB	WRVA
WTPF	KGW	KTAR	KFI
KHQ	WBAL	KOMO	KFSD
KGO	KTHS		

A. & P. GYPSIES—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAR
WTIC	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	
WGN	KSD	WOC	WDAF
WTAM	WOW	WHO	WBEN

THE THREE BAKERS—Leo Reisman's Orchestra.

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WSFD	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WHAY	WNAX	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
KOIL	KFPY	KOIN	KHJ
KFRC			

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	WREN
KSTP	WOW	KTHS	WKY
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KGO
KECA	KGW	KSO	KOMO
KYOS	WLW	WFAA	KPRC
WGAR	KFYR	WSM	WMC
WBAL	KYW	WDAY	WTMJ

GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSAI
WDAF	WHO	WSM	WMC
WSM	KFRC	WJAX	WFAA
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KFI	KOMO
KHQ	WTIC	WHO	WBEN
WTMJ			

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WLW	KWK	KYW
WREN	CKGW	WJR	WGAR
WBAL			

tern Central Mountain Pacific

AHAM PAIGE HOUR—

30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
ABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
EAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
ADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
GST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
DAE	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
DSU	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
MOX	KMBC	KOIL	KFJF
LD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
DYL	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
HJ	KFRC		

STINGHOUSE SALUTE—

:45 p.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
JZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
HAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
CKY	KYW	KWK	WREN
IOD	WHAS	WMC	WSM
SMB	WJDX	KVOO	WOAI
KY			

DENT CLUB—

:45 p.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
EAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
CSH	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
SAI	WLS	KSD	WOC
HO	WOW	WEBC	WTMJ
BEN	WFI	WDAF	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ROYAL'S POET OF THE ORGAN—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WLAC	WOWO
WBBM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTIONS—Famous Trials in History.

10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTIC
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WOW	WDAF
WSB	WAPI	WSMB	WDJX
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WMC
KYW			

BE SQUARE MOTOR CLUB—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WXYZ	WSPD	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KOIL	WIBW	KRLD
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WHAM	WJR	WLW	KWK
WREN	WENR		

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—

10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WEEI	WCHS	WRC
WGY	WOW	WDAF	CKGW
KSTP	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
KYW	WHO	WEBC	WJAX
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WJDX
KPRC	WKY	KOA	KGO
KGW	WSB	KTAR	KFSD
WRVA	WBEN	WFI	WOC
WFLA	WSUN	KECA	

Monday

THE MADISON SINGERS—Musical Program by Mixed Quartet.

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WOWO	KSCJ
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA			

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—
Robert Burns Panatela Program
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJXAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WMBD WFBM
WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTRH KTSA
KLZ KDYL KOL KFRC
KOIN KHJ KFRC

SYMPHONIC RHYTHM MAKERS—
Vaughn de Leath.
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBZ WHZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KLW KYW
KWK WREN WTMJ WOAI
KSTP WEBC KOA KSL
KGO KECA KOMO KHQ
KTAR KFSD WKY WBAP
KPRC WGAR KGW

BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA FROM CHICAGO—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WKBW WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WCAU
WJXAU WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WJSV WREC WBRC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WFBM
WCCO WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFJF KTRH KTSA
KLZ CFRB

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—
12:00 mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WKBW WEAN
WNAC WCAU WJAS WCAO
WTAR WKBN WREC WBRC
WJSV WISN WTAQ WFBM
WCCO WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFJF KTRH KTSA
KLZ

Tuesday

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJZ WBZ WHZA WHAM
KDKA WCKY KWK WSM
WMC WSB WAPI WSMB
KYW WTMJ WSPD WJDX
WJAX WIBO WREN KSTP
WEBC WRVA WIOD KTHS
KVOO WBAP KPRC WOAI
WHAS WJR WFLA WSUN

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—
2:45 p.m. 1:45 12:45 11:45
WJZ WHAM KDKA WREN
KWK KFAB CKGW KOA
WGAR WGN WMC WSB
CFCF WTMJ

POND'S—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WRC KSD WTAG
WWJ WBEN WCSH WEEI
WAPI WTIC WJAR WSAI
WOC WTAM KYW WHO
WOW WDAF CKGW WSB
WCAE WSM

ADVENTURES IN WORDS—Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly.
5:15 p.m. 4:15 3:15 2:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WDRC WFAN WHP WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WKBN
WWNC WBCM WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WISN WGL
WCCO KSCJ WMT KLRA
WDAY KFJF KRLD KTRH
KTSA KLZ

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WDRC
WHP WLBW WTAR WDBJ
WWNC WBT WBCM WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WGL
WHAM WSAI KLRA WOAI
WDAY KFJF KTSA KLZ
KDYL KVI KOL KFPY

POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT—Frederic William Wile.
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WGR WJAR
WORC WCAU WJXAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WTAR
WJBU WHK WAIM WKBN
WBCM WBRC WGL KSCJ
KLRA WDAY KOIL KFH
KFJF KRLD KOL KFPY
KHJ KFRC WTAQ

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WESH WGY WBEN WTIC

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WTMJ WJR WLW
KYW KWK WREN WOAI
WJAX KGW KOMO KHQ
KFSD KTAR WGAR KOA
WDAF WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WJDX WSMB WOAI
KFAB KGO KECA WSUN
WBAL WPTF WTIC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

FLORSHEIM FROLIC—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WTAG WFI WRC
WGY WWJ WSAI WGN
WSD WJAR WEBC WRVA
WJAX WIOD WSUN WFLA
WSM WMC WSB WSMB
WJDX KPRC WOAI WKY
KOA KSL KTHS WJAR
WHAS WCSH WBAP WBEN
KSTP WOW WPTF WTIC
WEEI

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WTAG WEAF WEEI WJAR
WHEN WCSH WFI WRC
WOW WWJ WSAI WGN
WJAX WTMJ WSD WRVA
WSM WIOD WFLA WSUN
WJDX WMC WSB WSMB
KOA KPRC WOAI WKY
KTAR KSL KGO KECA
KHQ KFSD KGW KOMO
KVOO WWJ KYW WHAS

HENRY GEORGE—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJXAU WLBW WMAL WTAR
WCAO WADC WHK WKRC
WXYZ WSPD WISN WOWO
WFBM WBBM WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFH

HAPPY WONDER BAKERS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WBEN WJAR KYOO WBAP
KSTP WEBC WTMJ WRVA
WTAM WWJ WSAI WIBO
KSD WOC WHO WOW
WDAF WKY KOA KSL
KGO KECA KGW KOMO
KHQ

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WNAC WCAU
WJXAU WHK WJAS WMAL
WCAO WBAL WRC WADC
WKRC WAIU WKBN WBT
WCST WXYZ WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WISN WOWO
WFBM WMAQ WCCO WMT
KMOX KMBC KLRA WDAY
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WLIT WCKY WREN
KWK WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WENR

GRAYBAR'S—Mr. and Mrs.—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WNAC WCAU
WJXAU WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WHK WKRC WKBN WWNC
WGST WXYZ WSPD WREC
WLAC WBRC WISN WCCO
WOWO WFBM WBBM WMBD
KMOX KMBC KLRA KOIL
KFH KFJF KRLD KTRH
KTSA KLZ KDYL KOL
KFPY KOIN KIIJ KFRC

RICHIE CRAIG, JR.—Blue Ribbon Malt Jester.
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJXAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WBT
WXYZ WSPD WISN WDOD
WOWO WMAQ WCCO KMBC
KLRA KOIL KFH KRLD
KTSA

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX RADIO PLAYHOUSE—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WMAK WKBW WGR WLBZ
WEAN WDRC WNAC WRC
WPG WCAU WJXAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WIDEL WTAR WDBJ WSAZ
WADC WHK WKRC WCAH
WKBN WWNC WBT WGST
WTOC WJAX WDAE WJAP
WXYZ WBCM WSPD WLAP
WFIW WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WOWO
WFBM WBRM WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC KLRA
WDAY WNAX KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF KRLD WRR
KTRH KTSA KLZ KDYL
KVI KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC KNX CFRB

FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WDRC WORC WCAU WJXAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WKBN WSPD WREC
WJSV WISN WTAQ WFBM
WCCO WMT KMOX
KMBC KFJF KTRH KTSA
KLZ CFRB

ROMANELLI AND HIS KING EDWARD ORCHESTRA FROM TORONTO—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WDRC WORC WPG
WCAU WJXAU WHP WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WKBN
WSPD WREC WBRC WDSU
WISN WTAQ WFBM WMT
KMOX KMBC KOIL KFJF
KTRH KTSA KLZ CFRB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Wednesday

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD.
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBAL WIBO KDKA
KWK WREN WJDX WSMB
KFAB WBZ WSAI WMC
WSB WBZ WBZA WLW
WGAR WHAM WAPI KSTP
WJR WEBC

BEN AND HELEN—
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU WJXAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WKBN WWNC
WHCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC WISN WOWO WBBM
KSCJ KMBC KLRA KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTSA KDYL

EASTMAN SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WJZ WHAM WREN KFAB
WRC CKGW KSTP WJAX
WSM WBZ KDKA KECA
WGAR WBZA KFYR
WBZ WBAL KGW KOMO
WDAY

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WDRC WFAN
WHAM WLBW WMAL WTAR
WBCM WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WCCO KSCJ
KLRA WDAY KFJF KRLD
KTSA KLZ KDYL KVI
KOL KFPY

GLORIA GAY'S AFFAIRS—(Katterman & Mitchell)
6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
WJZ WGAR WENR WHAM
WBAL

BOSCUL MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA—Frank LaForge, pianist.
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WLIT WBEN WCAE
WSAI WRC WTAM WGY

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"—William Hard.
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WJZ WLW WGAR KECA
KGO WCAE WBEN KOMO
KFSD WSAI WIBO KSD
WOC WHO WDAF
WEEI WJAR WFLA WSUN
KSTP WENR

LISTERINE PROGRAM—Bobby Jones, golf chats.
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WTIC WEEI WTAG
WCSH WLIT WRC WBEN
WTAM WSAI WJAR WJW
KSD WOC WHO WOW
WPTF WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WJAX WFAA WOAI KOA
KSL KGO KECA KGW
KOMO KHQ KTAR KFSD
WGY KPRC KVOO WJAR
WSMB CKGW CFCF WRVA
WTMJ KSTP WEBC WDAY
WDAF KTHS

MOBILOIL CONCERT—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WTAG WLIT WRC WSAI
KSD WWJ WTAM KOA
KVOO WFAA WOAI WKY
WTIC KPRC KSL WGY
WGN WEBC KFAB WCAE
WHO WOC WWJ WBEN
KSTP WTMJ

THE SUNKIST MUSICAL COCKTAIL —Raymond Paige's Orchestra.
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WFAN
WCAU WJXAU WJAS WMAL
WCAO WHK WKRC WCAH
WXYZ WSPD WOWO WMAQ
WJJD KMOX KMBC KOIL
KLZ KDYL WDAY KFJF

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJXAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WKRC WCAH WXYZ WSPD
WLAP WREC WLAC WISN
WOWO WFBM WMAQ WCCO
KSCJ KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFH KFJF KRLD KLZ
KDYL KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC KMJ KFBK

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WCAE CKGW WRVA WJAX
KOA KSL KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ KSD WOC
WHO WOW WWJ
WSMB KVOO KPRC WOAI
KSTP WTMJ KFAB WHAS
WSM WMC WSB KFI
WBEN WTAM KFI

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WREN KLW KYW
WJR KWK WIOD WRVA
WFLA WSUN WGAR WJAX
WSIS WBAL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

PALMOLIVE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
KSD WOC WOW WSMB
WTMJ CKGW KSTP WHAS
WSM WMC WDAF WHO
WSB KOA WFAA KFYR
KGO KGW KOMO KHQ
WFAA KPRC WWJ WTAM
WBEN KFI

ARABESQUE—Desert Play.
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WDRC WORC WPG WFAN
WEAN WJAS WLBW WMAL
WTAR WADC WREC WCAO
WISN WTAQ WFBM WCCO
WMT KMOX KMBC KFJF
KTSA KLZ KFRC CFRB

VITALITY PERSONALITIES—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WADC WJAS
WNAC WKBW WBBM WRC
WBT WXYZ WOWO WMBD
KOIL WCAU W3XAU WEAN
KMOX WFBL WSPD WMAL
WDRC WJSV WREC WRR
KTRH WFBM KLRA WISN
WCAH WLAC WDSU KFJF
KTSA KDYL KHJ KOIN
KFRC KOL KFPY

PETER PAN FORECASTS—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJXAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WMAQ WBBM WMBD
KMBC KOIL KRLD KVI
KOL KFPY KOIN KHJ
KFRC KMJ CFRB KFBK

COCA COLA PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WTAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WCAE WFI WGY KTAR
WKY KYW KSD WRVA
KSTP WJAX WIOD WSM
WSMB KPRC WOAI WFAA
KOA KSL KGO KGW
KHQ KOMO KFSD WJDX
WDAF WHAS WTAM WHQ
WOW WMC WSB WWJ
WAPI WBEN KFI WGY
WTMJ WBAP WFLA

COLUMBIA CONCERTS CORPORATION PROGRAM—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WKBW WGR
WEAN WNAC WMAL WXYZ
WPG WCAU WJXAU WDSU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WADC WTAQ KRLD
WWNC WDOD WLAC CFRB
WISN WCCO KMOX KMBC
KLZ

"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"—Nellie Revell.
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WFLA WSUN WLIT
WTAM WJAR WHO WRC
WEEI WJAR WCSH WGY
WIBO WJAX WIOD

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WFAN WADC
WEAN WNAC WHK WXYZ
WPG WDSU WTAQ WACO
CFRB WKBW WLBW WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WWNC WBCM WLAC WISN
KMBC KFH KLZ

Thursday

FIVE ARTS—Radio Home Makers.
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WPG WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WKBN WWNC WBCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WISN
WOWO KSCJ KMBC KOIL
KLRA KOIL KFJF KTSA

ART GILLHAM—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WHP WLBW WMAL WTAR
WKBN WWNC WBT WHAS
WCCO WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFJF KTRH KTSA
KLZ CFRB

BEN SUNSHINE PROGRAM—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WEAF WTIC WGY WBEN

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WMC WIBO WWJ
WHAS WOC WHO KOA
WSM WEEI WJAR WTAG
KFYR WAPI WJAR WFI
WTIC WENR

SALADA SALON ORCHESTRA—Nathaniel Shilkret.
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJR WIBO
KWK WREN KFAB WCAE

THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WNAC WCAU WJAS
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WJJD KMOX
KMBC KOIL

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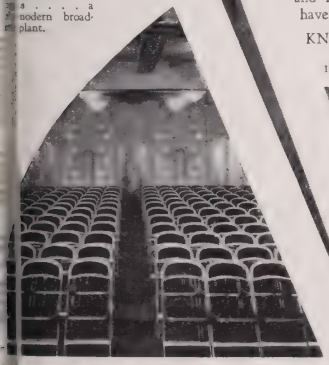
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dcasting in the New York Manner

The Airline to the New York Market

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
336.9	890.4	1,500	XET	Monterrey, N. L., Mexico
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (night)
		500	WGST	Atlanta, Ga. (day)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga. (night)
		500	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (day)
		250	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (night)
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
337	890	50	CFBO	St. John, N. B., Canada
		100	CKCO	Ottawa, Ont.
		500	XES	Tampico, Tampa., Mexico
338	887	100	CMBC	Cuba
341	880	50	CHML	Hamilton, Ont.
		100	CHRC	Quebec, P. Q.
		50	CJCB	Sydney, N. S.
		22½	CKCI	Quebec, P. Q.
		50	CKCV-CNRQ	Quebec, P. Q.
		30	CKOC	Hamilton, Ont.
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash.
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo.
349	860	500	XFZ	Mexico City
350	857.1	100	XEJC.	Juarez, Chili
350	856	5	CMJE	Camaguey, Cuba
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
357	840	500	CFCA-CKOW-CNRT	Toronto, Ont.
		1,000	CKLC-CHCT	Red Deer, Alt.
357	840	500	CMC	Havana, Cuba
		2,000	XETY	Mexico City
355	840	500	CMC	Havana, Cuba
360	832.8	100	CMGA	Colon, Cuba
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5 000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
362	828.7	2,000	XEG	Mexico, D. F.
365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	50,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
380	790	500	CMHC	Tuinucu, Cuba
507	791.7	1,000	XFI	Mexico, D. F.
385	780	5,000	CKY-CNRW	Winnipeg, Man.
385	780	5,000	XEW	Mexico, D. F.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Cal.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Cal. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Cal. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WISJ	Madison, Wis.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Michigan
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		5,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
410	731.3	3,000	CMK	Havana, Cuba
		1,000	XEN	Mexico, D. F.
411	730	5,000	CHYC	Montreal, P. Q.
		50	CKMC	Vancouver, B. C.
		5,000	CKAC	Montreal, P. Q.
		50	CKCD-CHLS	Vancouver, B. C.
		50	CFKC	Vancouver, B. C.
		3,000	CMK	Havana, Cuba
		500	XEM	Tampico, Tampa., Mexico
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KMPC	Beverley Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
435	690	500	CFAC-CNRC	Calgary, Alt., Canada
		500	CKCN-CNRC	Calgary, Alt., Canada
		500	CJCJ-CHCA	Calgary, Alt., Canada
		5,000	CKGW	Bowmansville, Ont.
441	680.2	150	CMBS	Havana, Cuba
440.9	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	New York, N. Y.
455	660	225	CMCO	Marianao
461	650	100	XER	Mexico City, Mexico
461.3	650	100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
466	643.7	250	CMCF	Havana, Cuba
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Cal.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
470	638.3	2,000	XFG	Mexico, D. F.
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbus, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo.
476	630	1,500	XET	Monterrey, N. L., Mexico
		500	CFCT	Victoria, B. C.
		500	CJCX	Yorktown, Sasq.
		500	CNRA	Moncton, N. B.
482	622.4	50	CMBD	Havana, Cuba
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz. (day)
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz. (night)
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (Night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Maine
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wisc. (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wisc. (night)
490	611.9	100	CMBY	Havana, Cuba
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Cal.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y (day)
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
500	599.6	250	CFCH	Iroquois Falls, Ont.
		500	CJRM	Moose Jaw, Sask.
		500	CJRW	Fleming, Sask.
		500	CNRO	Ottawa, Can.
		1,000	CMW	Havana. Cuba
508.2	590	2,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash. (day)
		1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash. (night)
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Nebr.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
508.2	590	1,000	WKZO	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Nebraska
510	588	700	CMW	Havana, Cuba
516.9	580	500	CFCY	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
		200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kans. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kans. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kans.
516.9	580	250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
517.2	580.4	500	CKUA	Edmonton, Alta.
		500	CKNC-CJBC	Toronto, Ontari
		250	CHMA	Edmonton, Alta.
		500	CJCA-CNRE	Edmonton, Alta
		500	CKCL	Toronto, Ont.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (da
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (ni
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Syracuse, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, New York.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (nig
		1,000	KLZ	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (ni
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM,	Miami, Fla.
545	550	250	CMCJ	Havana, Cuba
		8	RA	St. John's, Newfoundland
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (nigh
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		2,500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D. (day)
		1,000	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D. (nigh
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio
546.8	548.6	100	XEY	Surerida, Yuc.
548	588.2	500	XEZ	Mexico, D. F.
555.6	540	500	CKX	Brandon, Manitoba, Ca

Television Stations
Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.

Lines per Picture	Power (Watts)	Call Signal	Location
			2000–2100 kc band
48	5,000	*W2XCR	New York, N. Y. Jenkins Television Corp.
48	5,000	*W3XK	Wheaton, Md. Jenkins Laboratories
48	5,000	*W2XCD	Passaic, N. J. DeForest Radio Corp.
48	100	W2XBU	Beacon, N. Y. Harold E. Smith
45	500	*W9XAO	Chicago, Ill. Western Television Corp.
48	250	W2XAP	Portable Jenkins Television Corp.
			2100–2200 kc band
60	500	W3XAD	Camden, N. J. RCA Victor Co.
60	5,000	W2XBS	New York, N. Y. National Broadcasting Co.
—	20,000	W2XCW	Schenectady, N. General Electric Co.
60	20,000	W8XAV	Pittsburgh, Pa. Westinghouse Electric & M
48	500	W2XR	Long Island City Radio Pictures, Inc.
45	1,000	*W9XAP	Chicago, Ill. Chicago Daily News
60	5,000	W3XAK	Bound Brook, N. National Broadcasting Co.
			2750–2850 kc band
48	1,000	W9XAA	Chicago, Ill. Chicago Federation of Labo
—	1,500	W9XG	West Lafayette, I Purdue University
—	500	W2XBO	Long Island City United Research Corp.
			2850–2950 kc band
48	500	*W1XAV	Boston, Mass. Shortwave & Television Lal
24	5,000	W9XR	Downer's Grove, Great Lakes Broadcastin
48	500	W2XR	Long Island City Radio Pictures, Inc.

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Tom Noonan's Soul Saving Station

(*Continued from page 23*)

apliments a member of a Men's Bible
ss on the good-looking lady who is
h him, wisecracks good-humoredly and
kes everybody like it.

Well, folks, here's a letter from a
y in Massachusetts who wants a leg
her husband—now, don't laugh—
wants a leg for her husband so he can
to work—get a job—a fellow with one
can't possibly get a job—now can
I wonder if something can't be done
that poor woman whose husband only
one leg?"

etters are read from lonely shut-ins
over the country who are listening in
. are no doubt made happy by the
ery voice of this broadcaster from
natown. A blind man from up in
mont has requested a certain poem, a
nan in South Carolina writes if she
y had a sewing machine she could
n some money, a couple from Iowa
phone in their greetings from their
den Wedding Anniversary and the
ly Tom is quick to send them back
wishes for good luck and a long life.

conducts a sort of column to the
elorn, he's a mother's helper, a missing
sons' bureau, mender of broken
rts—through his Radio broadcasts he
locate anything from a lost son to
ollar button. An old newspaper man
es he's listening in somewhere up in
ssachusetts and Tom has a friendly
d for him. An Exterminating Special-
from Weehawken sends his greetings

Tom has the hall roaring with
hter as he wisecracks about this pro-
ion. A little girl had a dime for ice
m but she decides she'd rather send
dime to the Mission in Chinatown
which Tom thanks and praises her.
young boy prayed every day for a
promising God he'd give his first
k's salary to the Rescue Mission if
ever got one. The Mission got his
week's salary. A fireman up in the
nx risked his life to save a child and
n praises him over the Radio for his
d deed.

low up the aisle comes hurrying an
er with a telephone message for the
ngelist. He reads it, grins and
aking into the little iron Mike an-
nces—

Here I have a leg already for the
's husband up in Massachusetts. Mrs.
– of Newark has offered to send the
ney for the leg! We thank you,
;——"

hymn is sung—so contagious in
ody and with Tom Noonan's rhythmic
ures that everybody has to sing.

Two more legs for the lady's husband
in Massachusetts. Fine and dandy,
:s—that's quick work all right!"

With the hand-clasping and back-
ping there's a good show too. You
celebrities from the theatrical, social, political—and criminal world to address you. Not long ago Nora Bayes spoke, another day a well-known rabbi, some weeks ago Harry Haines—famous character of the underworld in the time of Big Boss Tweed. Harry is a lusty Irishman whose looks belie his sixty-odd years. He was a successful crook until dope and then religion got him. Mother Mendelbaum—a famous fence of the nineties who began as the humble keeper of a pawnshop and died with five million dollars in the bank—tried to save him both from dope and religion — but listen in next time he speaks from his Mission and he'll tell you what Tom Noonan has done for him. Besides the talent endorsed by the public, Tom Noonan is glad to give beginners a hand —men's quartets from some remote church—a trombone player who brings tears to your eyes with " 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River"—anyone who'll stand on his feet and sing or talk can have his chance at Tom Noonan's exciting and surprising Sunday afternoon broadcasts.

"The boys," as he affectionately calls the more unfortunate of his guests, enjoy the show as much as those who sit on the platform or tune in from their homes. They're glad to get music and good cheer along with "the feed and the flop."

After the Mass Meetings the visitors go on to their comfortable homes and "the boys" (the Women's Mission is at 10 Mott Street) file down into the basement—bare and scrupulously clean—where they are given a hot supper and a place to sleep and any other assistance Tom Noonan and his staff can give them in the way of a job or advice. Even the ushers were once like the boy Tom Noonan and like these broken men who come for help so that they know the Black ways and are better fitted to give a helping hand.

The men eat silently—there is no pushing and shoving—all is order.

"You get docile like that after you've been cold and hungry and homeless long enough," one of the ushers explained to me. He stopped and spoke kindly to one of the men. "That one's seen better days," he said, turning to me. "He hung around outside for days before he had the nerve to come in. It's the old fellows like that I feel sorry for—there just ain't a place for them anywhere ever. Nobody wants an old man."

Shabby and unshaven as he was, the man he had spoken to didn't look to me over fifty!

They were a shabby, unshaven lot in Tom Noonan's basement that rainy Sunday—Japanese, Negro, Jewish, Gentile—you'd have learned something about geography if you knew where every mother's son of them came from. You'd have learned something too about bad breaks, and ill health and tragedy and perhaps even something about the economic depression!

It's a sort of continued serial—the broadcast from the Cathedral of the Underworld. It's like a social club or the corner grocery—only a great deal kinder.

If you listen in long enough you get to wait eagerly to find out if the woman from Maine is going to get that sewing machine she needs to help support her family, or if the man from Indiana will get his spectacles or the little boy from up in New York State his crutches. And if you're sitting up on the platform in the old Chinese theater listening to Tom Noonan send out his appeals for help, you hold your breath wondering how long before a telephone message will respond to that appeal. You might even catch the contagion of helping someone less fortunate than yourself!

Broadcastor Oil

(*Continued from page 32*)

want to come right out and say that I will take no nonsense from a mere wee slip of a girl, piano player or no.

Do you know what I did to Olga then? Don't guess, let me tell you. Well first I cleared my throat gently, like Evangeline Adams, only I did it standing still, whereas Miss Adams does it in passing. Then I deliberately turned on my heel and walked off in various directions. Well, my dears, that marked a turning point in my career, because I've been a heel turner ever since. I can now turn on my heel as they do in true confession stories and if you think it's easy, just try it is all I've got to say.

I'm inventing a patent ball bearing heel of patent leather that will enable YOU to turn on your heel and get somewhere socially. Only first I have to finish up inventing my laughing kimono. It's a garment designed to facilitate sleeve-laughing-up. Take our hostesses at NBC (Note to Columbia Broadcasting System: do you boys have gorgeous women for hostesses? We do. At any rate we should get together and discuss this.) Most of our hostesses don't even wear sleeves, so naturally they don't amount to much as sleeve-laugh-uppers. But my, oh my, have they got talent in other directions, our hostesses! Most of them went to Finishing Schools, and can finish almost anything you might try to start. Of course I don't speak Finnish myself, but they *are* a wonderful race of people, the Finns. Why in the South Sea Islands they eat halibut fins and all and think nothing of it. So am I.

In closing I would like to point out that there are certain restrictions in writing for broadcast purposes. These are relaxed to some extent in writing for print. For instance over the air you're not allowed to say damn. But here I can say it. Look: Damn.

Ain't I a nassy bad mans?

Tuneful Topics

(*Continued from page 54*)

with headquarters in Los Angeles, and branch offices here and in all the main cities in the country. Arthur Freed, co-writer with Nacio Herb Brown of *Pagan Love Song, Broadway Melody, Doll Dance, Singing in the Rain* and so many other hits, is the financial backer and writer for the firm; Powers, one of the best-liked contact men and professional managers in the music industry, is the other partner.

They have two songs which are growing in popularity every day—*It Must Be True* and *I Surrender, Dear*. Although *It Must Be True* is handicapped by its similarity to so many other titles, such as *Can It Be True* and so forth, it is climbing through daily. *I Surrender, Dear,* being a bit sensational in title and thought, much akin to *Body and Soul,* is heard more often on the Radio. *It Must Be True* is one of these short choruses, like *My Ideal,* and is adapted to the schottische type of tempo, which can be best understood after hearing it played that way.

It has a lovely lyric and a lovely melody. It is authored by Arnheim himself, Gordon Clifford, and Harry Barris, who was one of Bing Crosby's partners in crime in the "Three Rhythm Boys".

Faithfully Yours

THERE seems to be a vogue for titles in the correspondence salutation vein —*Kindly Remit, To Whom It May Concern,* and now *Faithfully Yours*. This song has been picked as the hit of the week by the Campbell Hour, which is a signal victory for it just at its outset. They have rarely been wrong in their selection. Many men have to pass on it before the song is featured in that daily plug.

That the song is there, there is little doubt. Everyone in and out of the profession has reassured Phil Kornheiser that at last he has his much-needed hit, and I sincerely hope the public feels the same way about it. Phil has chosen one of the most beautiful covers I have ever seen on any song; it is bound to attract attention to the song, and inside the covers there is unquestionably a hit with a hit melody. If the bands do not rush it through too fast, play it the way it should be played, you will hear a lot of it.

I would suggest that it be played at fifty seconds to the chorus in order to do justice to it. It was written by a trio whose names alone guarantee a good song; Ted Snyder is one of the greatest writers and publishers, the first to give Irving Berlin a break; James Brockman, whose name I can recall on songs ever since I first took notice of names on songs, and Abe Lyman, one of the most charming and capable of West Coast leaders.

In A Cafe On The Road To Calais

ALTHOUGH I am a little late in commenting on this particular song, I feel it is never too late to talk about a really good song. It was written by three boys who wrote *On a Balcony in Spain.*

I think they have done a good job with an extremely dangerous type of song. A road at best is a dangerous thing to describe, and the "road to Calais" which might be, as far as the average lay American mind knows, any place anywhere—well, I think that the boys had a great deal of nerve in writing this type of song. In fact, when they first approached me with it I thought they were crazy!

If the song succeeds, I think it will be on its very lilting melody, as it lends itself extremely well to dancapation, i. e., the tickling of the feet, although most bands rush through it as though they were going to a fire. In fact, I have been extremely amazed at hearing some of the vocalists trying to keep up with the band in singing it.

There is one line near the end which absolutely must be taken very rubato, otherwise it means nothing.

Similarly as in the case of the publishing of *The River St. Marie,* there is a French verse underneath the English. I have not looked at it very carefully, though I intend some time to try singing it in the patois of Calais itself.

This is the Red Star Music Co.'s nearest approach to a hit since *I'm In the Market For You,* and I sincerely hope they make it.

As I said up above, on account of this one line, namely, "Was I the only one you gave your precious kisses to?" the whole song must be slowed down or the singer must race when he gets to this particular phrase. Very often I either change the wording or the notation, or deliberately fight the band in tempo on that particular phrase, but this is often bad as it gives the impression that the whole song is hurried, and at best does not help the vocal rendition of it. So the wisest thing is, as in the case of a chain being no stronger than its weakest link, to slow the whole composition down for the weakest phrase in the song.

Ho Hum

LARRY SPIER is the capable mentor of the Famous Music Co., writer, composer, picker par excellence of song hits. Larry may take the bow for most of Chevalier's songs, *Out of Nowhere, Baby's Birthday Party,* in fact almost everything the Famous Music Co. has had since its organization. Personally I think he is one of the keenest psychologists in the music profession, and I pay that tribute to him very sincerely, with no ulterior motive.

Famous Music is one of the few firms which had a successful year during the past one of extreme depression and bad sales. While in Rochester he sent me a group of four or five songs, but chief among them was this little spring fever tonic called *Ho Hum,* written by Ed Heyman, the boy who worked with Johnny Green on *Body and Soul, Out of Nowhere,* and who gave me the beautiful lyric of *Then I'll Be Reminded of You* for the last song in my picture.

His collaborator is none other than the young girl who seems to be a most prolific young lady, although a newcomer to Tin Pan Alley, Miss Dana Suesse, who already has *Whistling in the Dark* to her credit, and whose name will soon be as famous as Irving Berlin's if she keeps up.

It is a typical spring type of song, dealing with the end of the winter season, the yawning of the individual as he sings the song and tells about various things which he and a girl are looking forward to on beautiful spring nights.

The Lombardos are riding the devil out of the song, with the rest of us close behind them. I think it is done best the way the Lombardos themselves play it allowing between forty-five and fifty seconds for the chorus. Coming out just at the right time of the year, it should be one of our most popular songs. If not from a standpoint of sales, it already is from a standpoint of records and Radio.

Have You Forgotten?

IT ONLY goes to show that one can never tell what is going to happen when one writes anything of a classic nature. It may start out as a classic and end up as a popular song whistled and sung by the masses. Such is the story of *Have You Forgotten?*

Nat Shilkret collaborated with the young lady just mentioned—Miss Suesse —in an idyll called *Syncopated Love Song,* minus lyrics. Just what it was intended for I do not know; it remains for Leo Robin to write the lyrics for the most delightful part of the piece, and call it *Have You Forgotten?* Although it still has its classical flavor, there is something very fascinating about it, just there is about the most beautiful part of the *Rhapsody in Blue.*

One hears a lot of it on the air. Bands play it if no one else does. They realize it is good music and quite different.

Since, like *You Brought a New Kind of Love To Me,* there are a lot of triplets and quarters written in triplets, it is quite essential that the whole composition be slowed down that these triplets may not be made to sound absurd. I think this is one number that the average band realizes must of necessity be played slow.

We do it at about one minute to the chorus, and it is published by Harms, I

The Prodigy Who Grew Up

(*Continued from page 13*)

The European triumphs continued for more years, and then Leopold Auer that his pupil was, at last, ready America. And so, in 1918, a mere —too small for his evening suit— his romantic shock of black curly hanging over his forehead, he made first appearance at Carnegie Hall. v more than ever was there magic in e unerring fingers; now more than was his bow smooth; now more than was there an infinite variety to that shed style of his. Toscha conquered erica as completely as he had con- ed Europe. With that first concert is he was judged to be one of the t violin-virtuosi of the age.

rom that time on, his life became ndless series of concert-tours—and an ess series of triumphs everywhere. year, he reached a new peak in career. The Radio had conquered erica. Seidel, realizing the tremen- s scope of the Radio, associated him- with the new field, as advisory ctor and as performer for the Colum- Broadcasting System. Today, he is io's outstanding fiddler: the magic n of Toscha Seidel is being heard a week from one corner of the ntry to the other in a series of pro- ns illustrating the growth and develop- t of violin music. Few, there are, in whole world who are so well equipped so prodigious a task and who could mplish it so gracefully and artistically he incomparable Toscha!

oscha Seidel is thirty-one years old, the thirteen years he has been in erica have wrought a great change in . Those of us who remember him n he made his sensational debut, re- ber him as a romantic looking boy , in appearance, dress, behaviour, ediately suggested the musician. To- however, there is nothing but that uresque name of his to hint at his ession. He is short, stocky, and gen- ly well-dressed. His once picturesque k of curly hair has now been othly levelled and evened into a neat -comb; even his once delicious sian accent is rapidly disappearing. rything about him—the way he be- s, the way he talks to you, even his point—suggests the American busi- man, rather than the musician.

e lives in a private home at Pelham or, with his charming wife, a home pletely fitted out with music-rooms, ing-pong room, a bridge-room. For cha is not only a devoted musician; s equally enthusiastic over contract- ge and over ping-pong. More re- ly, the latter game has come to the in the list of his preferences. At , Toscha is far better at ping-pong ing than he is at contract-bridge— ough he does play bridge with skill.

And so, just as likely as not, there may be a heated ping-pong game at the Seidel home during the evenings. Only recently, another ping-pong enthusiast—Mr. Jascha Heifetz—was up at the Seidel home to challenge Toscha. "We could never find out which of us two is the better fiddler," Jascha told Toscha laughingly. "At least we can learn which of us two is the better ping-pong player!" The game was a very heated one, but—if you are really eager to know—it was Jascha who emerged as the winner.

Toscha rises methodically every morning punctually at 7:30, and then he drives down to the Columbia Broadcasting Company. He is at his office all day, attending to the vast amount of work which he, as the musical advisor of the System, must complete; at the Columbia Broadcasting Company, too, Toscha does all of his practising these days. For, although Toscha is the consummate artist, he still practises a good many hours every day. The officials, therefore, generally have very little trouble in locating Toscha when they need him; nor do they have any need of asking anyone where he is. They merely prick their ears to catch the sound of a violin, and then they follow that sound until it leads them straight to Toscha.

His favourite pet is Hector, a one-hundred seventy pound dog, who is an all-important member of the Seidel household. His favourite dish is *crepe suzette*, a dessert which, because it is a mixture with cognac, cannot be procured in this country—Toscha, therefore, looks forward to each of his European trips as the time when he can gorge himself with his delicacy. His musical tastes are most orthodox—Brahms, Beethoven and Mozart are his favourite composers; his favourite piece of music is the Brahms Violin Concerto. He does not think very highly of jazz as a form of musical expression, although he does enjoy listening to it.

Toscha, generally speaking, does not care for night life. He would much rather spend a peaceful evening at home with his wife, with Hector, and in the company of agreeable friends.—and indulging in his few preferred pastimes. The pleasures of European trips have long ago palled for him. He is not interested in luxury. Toscha, as a matter of fact, is one of those very rare individuals who believe that their present existence is the best of all possible existences and who have no aspirations or ambitions other than to continue their present pleasant mode of living. Except for one —namely that Hector should some day have a companion in the form of Toscha Seidel, Jr.

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J. A. Vaughn, 4075 South Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo., went from $35 to $100 a week in one jump. J. G. Dahlstead, Radio Station K.Y.A., San Francisco, Cal., makes over $400 a month—much more than he could make before. The $50 to $75 a week jobs that are opening now will in many cases lead quickly to $100 to $150 a week.

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RADIO DIGEST One year and your personal Horoscope $3

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 51*)

In Siberia she wore her military uniform with the correspondent's "C" on her arm. She endured hardships with the men. Often she was hungry, often cold. Once when going from one outpost to another she was pursued by bandits and wolves. More than once there was a machine gun battle just outside her window.

All this seems like a very bare outline of Peggy's amazing career. You may hear her adventure tales if you listen in to the RADIO DIGEST programs. Or you may soon read them in her book which she is getting ready for publication.

And where will Peggy go next? Who knows? But it would be hard to keep her away from another war.

Floyd Gibbons

"IT'S the breaks." A lot of people say they count more than talent in this world. Well, Floyd Gibbons has both—talent and the breaks. And what breaks!

Remember back in 1915 the Johnson-Willard fight? The Chicago *Tribune* sent Gibbons to the border to cover it. The fight did not come off, but just across the line General Pancho Villa started to stage some fights of his own. Not such a bad story for a young newspaper man wanting to get ahead.

Remember 1916 and Pershing in pursuit of Villa? Gibbons was with Pershing. Lucky again, you see. For in 1917 Gibbons was in France with the American Expeditionary Force, and the commander of that force, as everyone knows, was that same John J. Pershing.

Before Gibbons ever got to France there was his incredible luck of being torpedoed on the "Laconia." Being blown up in mid-ocean by a German submarine, might not be considered lucky by many, but if you were a reporter and lived to tell the tale, then you would be lucky.

He lost an eye in Belleau Wood, while creeping across a machine gun-swept field to the aid of a wounded comrade. Nothing lucky about that, you say. Still, if one is going to lose an eye, it's quite the best way to lose it, going to the rescue of a comrade. So, one gets the Croix de Guerre with palms, a citation from General Petain. Afterwards one can write a literary classic, "How It Feels To Be Shot." (In his war book, *And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight.*) Also if one does have to lose a portion of one's anatomy an eye is the easiest thing to part with. Losing an arm or a leg would be much more crippling. With an eye gone, one wears a white patch and is unforgettably picturesque.

I first knew him in Morocco, where I was doing some free lance writing for American newspapers.

In September of 1925 the Spanish fleet was bombarding Abdel Krim's capital, Ajdir, in the bay of Alhucemas. Gibbons was one of the seventeen other correspondents—Spanish, German, Portuguese, English—aboard the Spanish troopship, "Escolano." I was on the "Escolano" also, and can give a first hand account of the Gibbons luck at that time.

It seemed that the Spanish governme had provided for the comfort of t press, luxurious staterooms in the secti of the boat devoted to the officers. had furnished them interpreters to e plain operations. It gave them afterno tea. It served hors d'oeuvres and liquet at dinner. It had provided everything, fact, except that one thing all importa to a newspaperman—means of comm nication with his paper.

At first the correspondents had be patient. They had acknowledged th couldn't use the Radio before the atta and so let Abdel Krim know of our whe abouts—though how a fleet of seven five ships could escape notice, I do know—but with the landing made, w the Spanish flag flying from the top Cape Moor, they began to demand fa ities for sending out their despatches, at least to be allowed boats to Ceu Gibraltar or Malaga.

"The world waits," they cried d perately in Spanish, German, and E lish, crowding around the command major.

And the major, unmoved, said p haps "tomorrow after tomorrow," didn't quite know how, he didn't q know when, communications would be tablished and the news could go out.

The correspondents raged in helpl fury. That is, sixteen of them raged. T seventeenth, Floyd Gibbons, late night, was sitting alone on the deck. seemed that his customary luck had serted him. Here he and his story w in the middle of the Mediterranean w no means of getting either off that bo But just then a little launch nosed against the "Escolano" to deliver a m sage. In a second Gibbons was do the gangplank and aboard her. Yes, was going to Malaga.

In Malaga he put his story on the bles, and took one of the daily passen boats to Melilla. There still remai the problem of how to get back to Spanish fleet at Alhucemas. But G bons' luck come to the rescue! Ab cadabra, a French battleship, was in harbor. Gibbons happened to know commander of it. It took him back the Spanish fleet and the bombardm

One more incident—a small one.

In Washington once I was driving a taxi with him down to the Albee bu ing. After the taxi had gone he disc ered he'd left his gloves on the seat. N any ordinary mortal would have ne seen those gloves again. But the v next day in a totally different part of city, as he was crossing the street in fr of a waiting line of automobiles, a driver stuck his head out of a car, yel "Hey, chief, got something for you," handed out the gloves.

Do you wonder that once when he bled his paper that he was in Pisa, prompt answer came back: "Stay in I That tower has been leaning for six h dred years. It will probably fall w you're there."

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ynamic" Rubinoff

(*Continued from page 49*)

st get back to the theatre for an on rehearsal. By this time re- ls were just about getting bore- o a mere scribbler.

he theatre again, Rubinoff invited come down to the rehearsal rooms "few minutes" while he arranged eatre program and did some work next week's Radio program. In n snatches of work, in the two we spent in the rehearsal room, he ed to tell something about himself. was born in the little Russian town dna. Before he was five years old wed musical aptitude, but the only nent the family owned was a ka. Imagine little David and the lalaika! But his small fingers must een able to create melody, for one e music-master of the town heard rumming and offered to teach him playing free of charge. For the lent of three dollars in American , Dave's mother bought him a and the lessons began. He had to four or five miles for his lesson— through snow and sleet. His home old, dark and lonesome. He prac- when his fingers were chilled to ne and he was hungry. Those lean under the oppression of the czar t to music in the minor melody uns through the Russian music he sed in later years.

four years he studied diligently on, as a reward, a scholarship to yal Musical Conservatory at War- Then—study in Berlin, Vienna, and . the New World, when he was but years old. More study—then his won recognition and he became hestra leader.

v did he enter the Radio world? ys he owes it to his friend, Rudy . Rubinoff is director of the tra at the Brooklyn Paramount. Rudy appears when he isn't out ir. Rudy arranged for an audition C . . . Rubinoff clicked and he was l up as orchestral director of the and Sanborn Hour.

er two hours of answering our ques- and working on two programs, aestro suddenly rushed out to con- his mid-afternoon overture in the e.

n came a long interview with rrangers, after which Rubinoff sug- l another cup of coffee. We visited me place, ate just about the same and Rubinoff rushed back to the e for his final afternoon overture. e minute he was finished with this n down stairs, jumped in an auto- e and, behind two motorcycle cops their sirens screaming, we were ed through traffic to the NBC s.

binoff then went on the air. The am, lasting a full hour, was one of the finest that we had ever witnessed. There was Rubinoff, in all his glory, in front of his enormous orchestra, first waving his magic baton over them, then playing his inimitable violin solos.

Emerging from the studio, Rubinoff turned to us and said: "My greatest thrill while broadcasting is to think of all the people listening in. I can almost see them sitting by their Radios. While I am accustomed to a theatre audience, my imagination produces my Radio audiences. I hope that each and every one of those people listening in enjoyed my music."

But do you think that this finished the day? It did not. The mounted policemen were there to meet us when we came out of the studio and back through the thick traffic we went. The theatre again and the final overture of the day. When this was finished we looked at our watch and eleven o'clock was only a few minutes off. We must hurry home and to bed as an early appointment in the morning necessitated our arising at eight.

Rubinoff said he would drop us off in Manhattan, as he was going to the Astor to appear at a Benefit performance. What, another appearance? Why it would be long after midnight before he could "hit the hay!" The maestro said that he would try and get away from the Astor by one at least, as he had a rehearsal at seven-thirty in the morning!

And right then and there we said *Bon Soir*. And now we know why they call him "Dynamic Rubinoff" and, though Rubinoff is a mighty fine fellow and all that, we are not so anxious to spend another day with him and try and keep up with his pace.

Wedding Bells on the Coast

(*Continued from page 65*)

KMOX, St. Louis, gets back on the air again after an absence of two or three years. Now resident organist for a Los Angeles mortuary, he is doing a daily program through KMTR.

When a dark eyed youngster was born to the family Alvarez in far-off northern Spain they named him Luis and picked out a mechanical career for the lad. But the opera offered more reward than any machine shop, so he toured most of the continent as a tenor in Italian opera. He finally came to the States and to Los Angeles. Now heard often over KECA.

SONG WRITERS



Don't Fail To Read

"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. *Write Today.*

R. D. Newcomer Associates,
1674 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



In the Great Shops of

COYNE

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere $20 or $30 a week. Let me show you how to make REAL MONEY in RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!

Jobs Leading to Salaries of $60 a Week and Up

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying $3,000 to $10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work, at $45 to $100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at $1,800 to $5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—HUNDREDS of Opportunities for fascinating, BIG Pay Jobs!

No Books -- No Lessons
All Actual Work

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence School. We don't attempt to teach you from books or lessons. We teach you by ACTUAL WORK on the greatest outlay of Radio, Broadcasting, Television, Talking Picture and Code Practice equipment in any school. And because we cut out useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 10 weeks' time.

TELEVISION
Is Now Here!

And TELEVISION is already here! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS of TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who gets in on the ground-floor of Television can make a FORTUNE in this new field! Learn Television at COYNE on the very latest Television equipment.

Talking Pictures
A Big Field

Talking Pictures, and Public Address Systems offer thousands of golden opportunities to the Trained Radio Man. Learn at COYNE on actual Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment.

Earn As You Learn

You get Free Employment Service for Life. And if you need part-time work while at school to help pay expenses, we'll help you get it. Coyne is 32 years old. Coyne Training is tested—You can find out everything absolutely free. JUST MAIL the Coupon for My BIG FREE BOOK.

H. C. LEWIS President
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. A1-9H, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Mr. Jones Tunes In!

Lemuel Is Taught a Lesson in Economy and Makes a Quick Decision

By Robert L. Kent

LEMUEL JONES was sore—mad clean through, in fact—and he didn't give a whoop who knew it. Now when anything irked Lem he was prone to say a word or two about it—sometimes a whole flock of words. And this happened to be one of the times when he found plenty to say.

"And," he continued, squarely facing Ann, his wife, "I don't think much of a set that always has something wrong with it." Lem, you see, had started talking some minutes before and he was now thoroughly warmed up, so to speak, and he was full of his subject, if one can be full of such a thing as radio. "No," he carried on, banging the arm of his easy chair for emphasis, "I simply can't become enthusiastic about that set. Three times this week it has gone dead and just when there was something on the air I really wanted to hear. If it was some mushy, uninteresting program the darn thing would work fine, but—oh, well what's the use."

"But, Lem," protested Ann, who was placidly doing a bit of darning and at the same time listening unperturbed to Lem, "you know that set is pretty old. We have had it several years now and it has had rough usage, what with the children and all tuning in every day. We have used it every day, from the first thing in the morning until we turn out the lights to go to bed. It simply can't last forever."

"Why, Ann, how you talk," retorted Lem, moving impatiently in his chair. "That set is not so very old. When you mentioned children, though, you told the whole story. Those kids use the radio like it was a-ah . . ."

"Lemuel Jones don't you dare to blame the children simply because

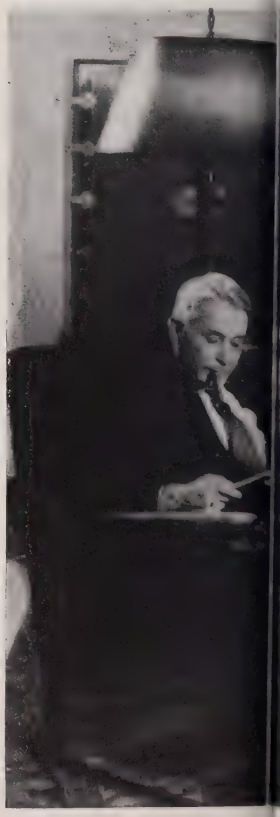


Merlin H. Aylesworth

President, National Broadcasting Co.

BROADCAST programs have reached a point of perfection undreamed of a few years ago. Millions of dollars have been spent by the broadcast companies for equipment and facilities designed to perfect the transmission of programs. Millions more have been spent to bring before the microphone the greatest artists of our times. The broadcasters may justly claim that they have brought radio transmission to a point where the listener may expect fidelity of reception provided he has a radio receiving set in his home that is capable of reproducing without distortion what is transmitted. The modern radio receiver will accomplish this. Antiquated radios (including tubes) in homes are the chief factor in unsatisfactory reception. No matter how entertaining a program may be; no matter how well music or speech may be transmitted through the ether, unless the radio set in the home delivers what we send, the radio listener may be likened to the theatre patron who sits in the last row back of a post.

that radio refuses to go on fore
You know as well as I do that it
outlived its usefulness. Why,
getting to be an antique and the
vice man is here practically all
time. You just said he has been
three times this week and the mo



r repairs would practically pay
w radio."
jumped up from his chair. He
lly excited now. Ann had sug-
buying a new set three months
sly and in the interim had
ed action on a number of
is.
re you go again, Ann, always
about a new radio. You know
t afford it. Times are pretty
d we must economize. That
repeat, is not too old to give
sults and by jingo I don't see
se of spending a pile of money
isn't necessary."
nomize!" exclaimed Ann. "You
t a pencil and paper and
ut how much we have spent
this radio in halfway good
Each time the service man
he charges us a dollar and a
d when he tinkers the price is
higher. Economy! Don't you talk. Why you don't know the meaning of the word. This week alone I have paid the service man six dollars. Is that economy? You just figure our service charges during the last three months and you will see where real economy lies. And besides," continued Ann, determined to have her say, "these new radios are wonderful. They're lovely, the cabinets I mean, and the tone makes ours sound like beating on a dishpan. And you can tune in on ever so many more stations." Ann had stopped knitting and she was a little breathless from talking.



Courtesy RCA Victor Co.



William S. Paley

President, Columbia Broadcasting System

RADIO entertainment and instruction have become a salient part of the average American's cultural diet. A nation-wide audience, however, is not merely a cause for pride; it is a tremendous responsibility. The knowledge that microphones lead to millions is a challenge to originality and to every imaginable form of talent—the presentations bringing celebrities of stage, screen and recordings to homes where they heretofore had been strangers. The new blending with the best of what has gone before has kept radio vitality alive and the audience conversant with every phase of modern entertainment. Whatever the individual taste—whether it be for the Philharmonic Symphony or melodic jazz—radio of today is equipped to satisfy it. Lack of a radio constitutes a definite deprivation. An up-to-date receiving set for up-to-date programs belongs in every home; without it the listener cannot possibly obtain maximum enjoyment from the wealth of entertainment that is broadcast.

No matter how good a man may be in an argument a woman can usually stop him, and Lem was no exception to the rule. He was beaten and he knew it, so, wisely, he said nothing. Instead, he reached for the evening paper and retreated behind it. He was doing some serious thinking, however, and while Ann continued her darning he turned the pages of the paper until he reached the radio programs and advertisements. As usual he noticed the programs that were featured that evening as being the most worth while. There was the Happy Go Lucky Orchestra, news comments by the great world traveler, Tom Lowel, and later in the evening a championship prizefight. Lem was unhappy. Of all nights for a radio to go dead it had to be the night of the prizefight. He had been looking forward to that for weeks. "Darn radio," he muttered half under his breath. "Worthless trash." His thoughts rambled on. There was much truth in what Ann had said. The radio had been costing them considerable for service and to make matters worse even then it could not be depended upon to give satisfactory performance. Lem's glance strayed over to the next page—a page filled with radio advertising. "By George, the prices are not so high," he murmured, "and the terms are reasonable. Hang it all, we'll have to get a new set soon and it may as well be now, I suppose.

"Oh, Ann."

"Yes, Lem."

"You know, dear, I've been thinking it over and perhaps we ought to buy a new radio." Ann's eyes twinkled. "But, Lem, darling you know we can't afford it. Times are hard and we must economize."

"Now, Ann, be reasonable. Don't rag me. I've admitted I was wrong. Shall we order a new radio tomorrow. What do you say? Some fine ones are advertised in this paper" . . . and Ann and Lem had a glorious time deciding.

Next month Lem gets into another peck of trouble. Be sure to read about the Million Dollar Program that caused this typical Radio listener to tear his hair in anguish.—Editor.



Sometimes WE *are surprised*

BUT we try not to show it... This time a husband said his wife was arriving in 10 minutes, and could we help him arrange a surprise dinner party for her? Here was a list of 12 guests ... would we telephone them and "fix things up" while he dashed to meet his wife at the station? There were 14 at that dinner ... and his wife *was* really surprised!

It's our belief that a hotel should do *more* than have large, airy rooms, comfortable beds, spacious closets. Beyond that, we daily try to meet the surprise situation *(without surprise)*, no matter what the guest wants.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United* ....The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. ..... The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. ..... The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. ..... The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. ..... The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. ..... The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. ..... The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. ..... The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. ..... The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. ..... The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. ..... The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. ..... The Niagara
ERIE, PA. ..... The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO ..... The Portage
FLINT, MICH. ..... The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. ..... The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. ..... El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ..... The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. ..... The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. ..... The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. ..... The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. ..... The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

Cues for Cupid's Captives

(*Continued from page 69*)

a toast to his daughter and son-in-law to be.

On the subject of the presents that a man may make to his fiancée, a rich man who is marrying a girl who is poor, may give her jewels or almost anything he chooses that is for her adornment, but he may not give her anything that can be called maintenance! He may not give her clothes or pay her rent—even pay for the wedding. On the other hand if a man has a modest salary out of which he is trying to save in order that they may be married, a girl would prove herself a not very promising helpmeet were she to encourage him to spend his savings on flowers and gifts to her.

The detail that is of greatest concern to etiquette—or to good taste—since they mean the same, is the behaviour of the engaged couple in public. Conspicuous demonstrations of affection such as kissing and snuggling and whispering in public is entirely outside the pale of proper conduct. To be sure, they might hold hands in a movie, and one expects their attention absorbed in each other, but the behaviour that they should strive for is to appear as nearly as possible like brother and sister who are obviously sympathetic and devoted. This is an ideal attitude to keep in mind, because it perfectly includes loyal devotion, interest and sympathy, yet at the same time it avoids every suggestion of lovemaking in public. Remember that good taste never approves of any public display of intimate feelings or emotions and that instinctive reserve is one of the hallmarks of the thoroughbred.

(*Copyright Procter & Gamble*)

From Dog Whip to Baton

(*Continued from page 16*)

"I know, but how come you're a symphony conductor?" I insist.

"Well," he admitted, "I once composed a symphonic suite for orchestra, called *Les Etoiles*. Walter Damrosch heard it and recommended me for a scholarship that gave me three years of study under Andre Bloch, at Fontainebleau, France."

It subsequently developed, in our conversation, that three years of the best instruction in composition was not all he brought back from Fontainebleau—it seems that he met the charming and talented Mrs. Crawford while she was also a student there.

A fine tribute to his vocal accomplishments is manifested in the pre nence of the baritone solo parts he s each year with the Bach Choir on t annual Bethlehem Pilgrimage.

For a man thirty-one years old, Crawford has climbed high on the la of musical fame, yet his ambition is one whit lessened. He intends to ge the top, and my prediction is that he His vitality is tremendous and his nerves, that received their early trai facing daily dangers, are as taut as strings of his beloved grand piano.

He is always on the go. So muc that he sometimes uses an airpla which by the way has been his h ever since he got his aviator's lic three years ago. His life is a merry round of rehearsals, concerts, broad and composition work. Regular d may be listed as Conductor of the N ark Music Foundation Chorus, Air D tor of the Newark Symphony Orche Conductor of the Bach Singers Clu New York, and last, but not least, sin a little pink bundle known as "Ski Crawford to sleep. It isn't every yo ster that can have a concert bari sing his lullaby for him.

And that is what talent, coupled ambition, will do for a man who once a dog musher. The next time hear that beautiful music setting of T A. Daly's *Romany Rye* just remer that it was written by a true, th truant, Alaskan . . . Robert M. Craw

Gabalogue

(*Continued from page 55*)

Mr. Rice brings personages of no the studio and puts them on the ai

Many humorous episodes take pla which the Radio audience doesn't s . . . For example, one night Mr. Rice a very shy and timid golf profess up before the mike. . . . He shi when Mr. Rice invited him to the st and declared that he could neve through with it. . . . But once he started he was at perfect ease, an clear and outspoken in his commer Graham McNamee himself. . . . On other hand, a few weeks later, Mr. had another star in another sport o program. . . . This man had won se championships before admiring cr . . . Yet he was suddenly overcom microphone fright and collapsed! . .

Ring Lardner obliged once. . . . *only once*. . . . Mr. Rice wanted hi a second appearance. . . . He remi the author that the program lasted five minutes. . . . "Yes, I know t wrote Mr. Lardner, "and I also kn was in bed two days afterwards . . haven't really got over it yet". . . .

Mr. Rice was born in Murfreesbor Tenn., in 1880. . . . He was grad from Vanderbilt University, class of . . . He began his newspaper care Nashville, Tenn., writing sports, and went to New York to The *Tribune*.

"GET-ACQUAINTED CLUB"

For Ladies and Gentlemen. Big List of descriptions (FREE). Send for one. American Friendship Society. Box 100-R. Detroit, Mich.

STATE CHAMPIONS

TE election is over . . . the last ballot as been counted, and the most pouplar ns in each state of the union have been n by popular acclaim. Readers had an tunity to vote for their four favorite ns in their home states.

ch station has been presented with a some medallion. Here's the line-up:

ALABAMA
J Birmingham
C Birmingham
BC Birmingham
A Montgomery

ALASKA
Ketchikan
C Juneau

ARIZONA
R Tucson
R Phoenix
A Tucson

ARKANSAS
S Hot Springs
H Little Rock
A Little Rock
F Little Rock

ALIFORNIA
W Oakland
C San Francisco
X Long Beach
San Francisco

OLORADO
Denver
Denver
L Denver
F Denver

ONNECTICUT
C Hartford

DELAWARE
EL Wilmington

OF COLUMBIA
AL Washington
Washington
Washington

FLORIDA
A Clearwater
N St. Petersburg
X Jacksonville
R Tampa

GEORGIA
Atlanta
I Toccoa
AZ Macon
C Savannah

HAWAII
Honolulu

IDAHO
O Boise
T Twin Falls

ILLINOIS
R Chicago
Q Chicago
Chicago
Chicago

INDIANA
WO Ft. Wayne
M Indianapolis
T South Bend
F Indianapolis

IOWA
Ames
O Des Moines
T Waterloo
F Shenandoah

KANSAS
Wichita
B Milford
N Lawrence
W Topeka

KENTUCKY
S Louisville
Y Covington
W Hopkinsville

LOUISIANA
B New Orleans
U New Orleans
O New Orleans
L New Orleans

MAINE
M Portland
Z Bangor

MARYLAND
O Baltimore
L Baltimore

SSACHUSETTS
Z Springfield
C Worcester
A Boston
C Boston

MICHIGAN
R Detroit
J Detroit
Z Detroit
M Detroit

MISSISSIPPI
X Jackson
C Meridian
C Vicksburg

MINNESOTA
1 WCCO Minneapolis
2 KSTP St. Paul
3 WDGY Minneapolis
4 WRHM Minneapolis

MISSOURI
1 WDAF Kansas City
2 KMOX St. Louis
3 WIL St. Louis
4 KFEQ St. Joseph

NEBRASKA
1 WJAG Norfolk
2 WAAW Omaha
3 KGBZ York
4 WOW Omaha

NEW JERSEY
1 WAAM Newark
2 WPG Atlantic City
3 WCAP Asbury Park

NEW MEXICO
1 KOB State College
2 KGGM Albuquerque

NEW YORK
1 WHAM Rochester
2 WEAF New York
3 WABC New York
4 WBEN Buffalo

NORTH CAROLINA
1 WBT Charlotte
2 WPTF Raleigh
3 WSJS Winston Salem
4 WWNC Asheville

NORTH DAKOTA
1 KFYR Bismark
2 WDAY Fargo
3 KGCU Mandan
4 KLPM Minot

OHIO
1 WTAM Cleveland
2 WLW Cincinnati
3 WAIU Columbus
4 WHK Cleveland

OKLAHOMA
1 KVOO Tulsa
2 WKY Oklahoma City
3 KGGF So. Coffeyville
4 KFJF Oklahoma City

OREGON
1 KOAC Corvallis
2 KOIN Portland
3 KEX Portland
4 KTBR Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
1 WPEN Philadelphia
2 WCAU Philadelphia
3 WFI Philadelphia
4 WRAX Philadelphia

RHODE ISLAND
1 WJAR Providence
2 WEAN Providence
3 WLSI Cranston

SOUTH CAROLINA
1 WCSC Charleston
2 WIS Columbia

SOUTH DAKOTA
1 WNAX Yankton
2 KSOO Sioux Falls
3 KGFX Pierre
4 KGDY Huron

TENNESSEE
1 WSM Nashville
2 WLAC Nashville
3 WDOD Chattanooga
4 WMC Memphis

TEXAS
1 WFAA Dallas
2 WBAP Ft. Worth
3 WOAI San Antonio
4 KTSA San Antonio

UTAH
1 KDYL Salt Lake City
2 KSL Salt Lake City

VERMONT
1 WSYB Rutland

VIRGINIA
1 WRVA Richmond
2 WTAR Norfolk
3 WGH Newport News
4 WJSV Mt. Vernon Hills

WASHINGTON
1 KJR Seattle
2 KOMO Seattle
3 KGA Spokane
4 KHQ Spokane

WEST VIRGINIA
1 WWVA Wheeling
2 WOBU Charleston

WISCONSIN
1 WTMJ Milwaukee
2 WIBU Poynette
3 WHA Madison
4 WISN Milwaukee

FREE . .

Your Horoscope

by

PEGGY HULL

who • •

in each issue of RADIO DIGEST tells how the STARS influence the lives of popular Radio Artists.

You can obtain your horoscope by filling in the coupon below with the necessary information and mailing it to us, together with a remittance for a year's subscription to RADIO DIGEST.

RADIO DIGEST,
420 LEXINGTON AVE.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Herewith is the information needed to cast my horoscope.

Name .....

Date of birth .....

Year of birth .....

Place of birth .....

Present address

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Enclosed find remittance of $3.00 for year's subscription to Radio Digest.

Thus you will receive a double benefit — RADIO DIGEST delivered to your home each month and a horoscope cast by an expert.

Helen Keller's Radio Adventures

(*Continued from page 20*)

music that comes to us through the Radio —we can get these sounds through our ears—but Helen Keller has had to hear with her fingers. And into those sensitive fingers and palms have been spelled words contained in thousands of books, fascinating descriptions of events and conversations with the greatest persons of today.

I asked her what her biggest moment was and she said, "When I was able to utter my first phrase, 'I am not dumb any more'. It was like entering a new life —like gaining a freedom for which I had been struggling for many dark years. It was like the sudden removal of a gigantic barrier against which I had been vainly beating to make room for everything that cried within me for expression.

"I think my next greatest experience was my meeting with Professor Einstein. I felt of his head and when I did this it was as if I had suddenly come upon a new universe—a spiritual universe."

Miss Keller spoke very clearly, carefully and slowly, and all of my questions were spelled into her hands by her other companion, Miss Thompson, an energetic woman whose scintillating personality would brighten up any dark corner.

Miss Keller's first trip in an aeroplane was another experience that she has stored away in the abundance of her memories. "The plane rose higher and higher until we lost the odors of the earth. Then we soared over the tops of the buildings—and finally we felt ourselves at home with the clouds."

Her manner of expression is poetic and has no taint of the platitudes which find their way in the best of conversations. Her favorite poets are Keats, Shelley, Swinburne and Wadsworth, and of her trip to London she said that she enjoyed the voyage in spite of the heavy storm which lasted several days. "And I was very happy to put my feet on English soil—for I realized that it was the land of my favorite poets and the country from which our Pilgrim fathers came.

"What do you think of the younger generation?" I asked. "Do you agree with some of the religious leaders that they are heading for wastefulness and destruction?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "The youth of today is the hope of the world. Its freshness and force are opening up new opportunities for the development of nations. Its buoyancy and optimism are foundations for a greater faith and understanding."

At this I looked towards Miriam Brown who was quietly sketching away in a corner. She said nothing, but I interpreted her expression to mean, "Now, that's the first intelligent attitude that has yet been expressed with regard to the young boys and girls."

Those who have read Miss Keller's book, *The Story of My Life*, will recall the incident that led to her understanding of the word "love." She writes, "I remember the morning when I first asked the meaning of the word 'love'. This was years ago before I knew many words. I had found a few early violets in the garden . . . and brought them to my teacher, Miss Sullivan. She tried to kiss me; but at that time I did not like to have anyone to kiss me except my mother. Then Miss Sullivan put her arm gently around me and spelled into my hand the words, 'I love you, Helen

" 'What is love?' I asked.

"Miss Sullivan drew me closer to and said, 'It is here', pointing to heart. But still I could not understan

Miss Sullivan persevered for m weeks and one day she said, "Do know, Helen, that without love you cc not be happy and you would not wan play."

And then like a shaft of light penetrates the thick darkness the w "love" took on a new meaning for little deaf, dumb and blind girl. was some forty years ago.

Today Miss Keller's keen intellect mastered the most abstract subjects discusses them with great facility.

Miss Keller enjoys music, she goe the movies, and likes to jostle in Br way crowds. She enjoys the organ cause she says it is so like the voice— man and appealing. She listens to Radio by placing her fingers on the ceiver and in this way the sound w are transmitted to her.

Her home in Long Island is far f a dreary place. It bristles with acti Parties are held on the slightest pr cation, Miss Keller's dogs are eter romping about their beloved mistress there are no wasted moments.

Time is a very precious elemen Helen Keller. No minutes are allowe slip by. There are always things a that must be done and most of her tir spent in writing letters and in reading

During the interview as Miss K was speaking, I must confess the were streaming down my cheeks. those who were around us and who listening to our conversation also moist eyes. We could not hold back tears. No one could who understood i slightest how the chains of blindness deafness had tried to hold back woman from the rest of the world.

Our hearts welled up with admir for this great woman who rose abov tragedy that has made pitiful wrec so many human lives.

Her imagination has been the which has lighted up so many of human experiences, and in a way s able better to preserve her ideals in sublimity and chastity than are we eyes are continually faced with ir that would shatter every temple r in an hour of solitude.

Miss Keller's life is an indicati man's potentialities. Handicappe the loss of two vital human faculties has accomplished more perhaps tha woman who is in possession of them. secret is that her capacities are awake and there is not a dormant q in her make-up.

Miriam and I left Miss Keller wit inspiration that made our steps ligh our hearts happier—with a feeling all's still well in the world and indomitable courage, an unfalterin and an innate sense of beauty can up for any lost physical senses.

An Easy Way to Earn

EXTRA MONEY

Every radio listener should read RADIO DIGEST. Tell your friends who own radio sets about it—then get their subscriptions.

----------Mail This Coupon Now----------

RADIO DIGEST,
420 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Without obligation, please tell me the details of your money-making offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... **State**.....

Fashion Formulas

(*Continued from page 71*)

come to town in tailored suits, and formal occasions, they appear in versions of organdie or soft eyelet e. They adapt themselves beautito fashion's new mood. They are ful, practical and comfortable."

ien Winifred J. Ovitte of *Women's* talked she called attention to two novelties.

etticoats," Mrs. Ovitte declared, thought to be gone forever—but they are, swishing and ruffled as h they had been taken out of the and with a nice naughty flavor of mother's days. In taffeta or crepe th lingerie or lace ruffles, they apunder spring frocks and summer ng gowns. Why not? There is y of room under the full skirts.

ow, the question goes around," Mrs. e said, "as to whether or not you l or wouldn't wear evening pajamas? are really evening gowns with a ed skirt. Paris couturiers have made in lovely filmy fabrics, some of veiled discreetly, others draped so give almost a pantalette effect. we ski in trousers, ride in them, sun in them, swim in them, bridge in sleep in them—why shouldn't we in them?"

isters of the Skillet

(*Continued from page 18*)

en follow "Hints to Housewives" by oys who brag, "When Better House-Hints are Hinted, We Will be the rs." Next come answers to domesroblems sent in by Sisters all over Jnited States. These come in at the of 1500 a week, and as nearly every contains a problem they have plenty estions to answer.

re is an example of a typical letter Newton, Kansas, "our home town".

Eddie and Ralph
re Sisters of the Skillet
NBC, Chicago

e are having a great deal of uble at our house because we are forgetful. Our basement lights on a switch at the top of the irs and by the time we climb them cannot remember whether the hts are on or off. As a result our ht bills are terrific. What can we ? You have helped thousands of ers, now help us.

A Sister of the Skillet in Distress

ys Ralph, after reading this, "A r of the Skillet in Distress"—I ght she was in Newton, Kansas. e explains that a Sister could be in ss and Kansas at the same time—

re is a typical solution of the em.

RALPH: Well, what she needs is something to jog her memory, so why don't she just nail a board across the top of the stairs and then every time that she comes upstairs she will hit her head on the board and that means, "Lights on!"

EDDIE: A simpler thing to do would be to replace all the floors over the basement with glass. Then you see she could always look down through the glass and see whether the lights are on or off.

RALPH: That's a great idea. And there's an advantage in that for she could fill the basement with water and have a goldfish farm. And it would give her the effect of being in a glass bottomed boat.

I might mention also the two ladies who appear in these programs—Miss Isabella Fryit, the domestic science expert, and Miss Pet Plenty, the love authority. Or in private life Messrs. Dumke and East.

As you may imagine all these laughs and comedy don't just happen. Eddie and Ralph have a studio where they put in many hours of real work on their skits. They personally read all their mail and say that most of their inspirations and laughs come directly.

Ed East told me that he had scarcely any appetite recently. Said that all he could eat at a meal was three steaks, rare and smothered in pork chops. Ralph added dolefully, "And all he gives me is a carrot."

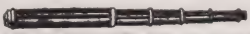
When I asked them why they didn't try the eighteen day diet, I received a scornful look and a "Huh, we did. Ate the whole eighteen days' worth in two, and so came to the conclusion that a man can drive an ice wagon all his life and not learn to skate."

Mid-West "Folk Tales"

(*Continued from page 64*)

on the Philadelphia Press, Pontius was offered a job as secretary to him when he was appointed consul to Hull, England. An agreement was made that Pontius should go to England shortly after Watts arrived at Hull. The new consul wrote back to Pontius that college graduates were getting $3 a week running street cars, so he decided to stay in America.

Even then he did not know he could sing and it was not until after he had married his girlhood sweetheart that he became interested in being a concert tenor. Pontius says he owes all his success in his profession to his wife. . . . After singing in the camps during the World War, Pontius became known as the "John McCormack of the Moving Picture Theatre," and toured the United States.



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Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation.....

Morton Downey

(*Continued from page 9*)

where he could pick up an honest penny or two with his voice. Why should the boss have to have a particular weakness for the pigs' knuckles in the identical place?

But however it might have been—so it was—and the boss failed utterly and miserably to appreciate the worthiness of his minion's ambitions just as thoroughly as the station master had failed to see comedy in the eggs.

So there was a sudden and precipitous end to train "butchering" for our young hero.

There followed more casting about and some singing, until one day, probably through acquaintances he had scraped up on trains, he landed a job as manicurist and masseur to a donkey engine in New Haven. The engine liked Morton at first, and Morton liked the engine to the end, but he developed an undownable desire to see how fast the darned thing would go. This annoyed several people and things, including both the engine and the boss, so Morton bade farewell to what was left of the engine.

The next phase was not so eventful, nor even so profitable, though time was found for an occasional job of singing —minor vaudeville engagements and this and that—but the vocation of the moment became the selling of phonographs to the public.

AS THE most obvious prospects, and the easiest, he picked on his friends and many acquaintances. Many of them bought his talking machines all right, but only a few seemed prepared to pay for them. In fact it became increasingly and painfully evident that they either would not, or could not, pay their bills. All this failed to look very profitable to Morton after he had figured up the red side of the ledger and found it impossible to make t'other come anywhere near it. So he turned to insurance—but that even his friends would not buy.

Now all this does not take so long in the telling, but the years of Downey had meanwhile been mounting regardless and he was just about to break from teens to twenties.

Today, when one sits down of an evening to enjoy the really pleasant, and as supper clubs go, refined atmosphere of the Club Delmonico, more familiarly known as "Morton Downey's Club Delmonico" and to revel in the verve and freshness, the spontaneity, the really unstudied wit of the entertainment that follows upon Downey's taking his cue—yes, indeed—it is hard to picture in the pleasant, well-groomed and impeccably clad host, the lad who a few short years ago could not even get a steady job as a song plugger, who was leading a hand to mouth existence singing when and where he could—and for what he could get.

Here he is—proprietor of the only remaining supper club in New York City where formal dress is still *de rigueur* in fact, of the only bonafide supper club, for they call the rest of them "night clubs" now, and rightly, for the doings in many would never bear the light of day. And he is getting away with it—the club is an outstanding success in a city of fly-by-nights.

But that is getting way ahead of the story again.

There he was, just another voice that did not click—waiting for a break. Among his friends he numbered a Congressman of no little influence in New York's theatrical district. He brought that influence into play in his frantic fight to land that song plugging job.

He went to a producer and publisher armed with a potent letter from friend Congressman, calculated to open most any door to most anybody.

Did he land? He did not! They wouldn't even listen to his voice. In fact, hardly let him inside the door. Told him they had so many song pluggers, as it was, they were using them for window washers and porters.

STILL under thirty Morton Downey has seen a great deal of life. He has been through most of the vicissitudes that come in the ordinary allotted years of threescore and ten. But now he is on the crest. His tide is high. How did he get there? How can anyone get there? You will be inspired by the second chapter of this man's life which will appear in the July RADIO DIGEST.

BUT hark—hardly more than the other day it was, that that selfsame publisher sought out Morton Downey and nearly on bended knee asked him would he please be so kind as to sing a certain song in the club and on his Radio broadcasts, and would he do so he would be eternally in his (Downey's) debt.

Downey, however, has songs of his own now, chief among them being *Waba Moon,* which is selling faster than pu lishers can print it or recorders pre it. The writing of this number is rath a romance in itself, but of that mo anon. Suffice it to say for the prese that any time Morton takes it into h head to trip out to Indiana they w mobilize the National Guard in his hon and hand him the state, with the Waba thrown in, on a platter.

To digress for a moment, that incide of the song publisher who turned Mort down cold a few years ago serves a mirably to illustrate a peculiar sid light of the Downey character.

There will be others, both funny a fascinating, before the tale of Mort Downey is fully told, but here be known that like the well-known Indi he never forgets a good deed and ne forgives a bad one.

Not that he harbors any malice ill feeling in the latter case—for t sort of thing seems rather far remo from the makeup of Morton. But bides his time, waiting for a break as he once waited for a break to pul favor and acclaim, until the time wh he can cancel the debt in his own go natured and often prankish way.

ONE of the richest an dotes in this category is that built arou the foibles of an English steward on Leviathan—and that brings us up to point where mischance was left behind a time, where the fickle goddess deig not only to smile but to show signs beaming broadly.

Morton found himself aboard the S Leviathan on her historic trial trip fore it was put into transatlantic ser for the U. S. Shipping Board. passenger list was made up of mill aires, the elite of political Washing outstanding newspaper writers, and a l of others who were prominent in m spheres.

Almost before he knew it Dow found himself setting out to sea in company and that of the Paul White organization. He sang his head nearly. They liked it—from the mill aires on up. Several of them bec interested in the clear-eyed, chunky, likeable youth, and life began to rosy indeed.

(Next month Mr. Richards will tinue his story of Morton Downe other spheres and better times. An other things he will paint word pict of Downey as he found him in his h and of his beautiful wife, Barbara net. Don't miss the next installmen this thrilling biography.

Radio Digest

IER NUMBER, 1931 25 Cents

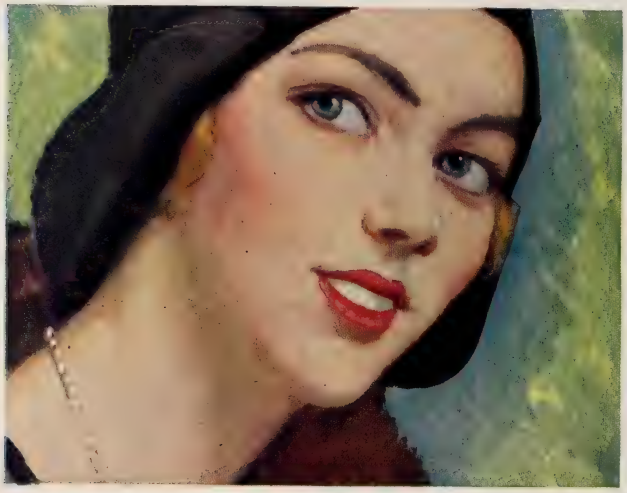
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LILY PONS, CBS

Sinister
s are back of BIG WAVE GRAB?

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *BUT* KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN





What is *"pyorrhea"* that millions dread it so?

IT'S a pretty grim statement, but the truth is half the people who wear false teeth must do so because they failed to guard against pyorrhea, which is responsible for one-half of all adult teeth lost.

They cannot, however, be entirely blamed for their line-drawn lips and sunken cheeks—those telltale marks of artificial teeth.

For pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of forty, is a sly, insidious disease. It may infect your gums early in life, and lurk there for years before you become aware of its dangerous presence.

Do not wait for gums to bleed

The first warnings of pyorrhea are tenderness and bleeding of the gums. If neglected, pyorrhea softens the gums, loosens the teeth in their very sockets, until extraction is essential to preserve the health.

But do not wait for these warnings. Take care of good teeth while you have them. See your dentist regularly—before trouble develops. Visit him at least twice a year.

And in your home, brush your teeth, massage your gums with Forhan's. This dentifrice is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

Protect the teeth you have

Your own teeth are far better than anything you can get to replace them. Perhaps you do not realize what a blessing they are, so long as they are firm and your gums are in good health. But do not risk the unhappy experience of losing them. There is no finer dentifrice than Forhan's—no better protection for gleaming teeth and the mouth of youth. By all means, make Forhan's *your* dentifrice—you can make no better investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

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YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40

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New Forhan program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday and Wednesday at 7 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time—Columbia network.

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A Clearer, softer skin

Frances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

"YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," I told a charming woman who recently came to consult me. "Keep your skin immaculately clean... Keep it youthful at my six stars... And *you* are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen.

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points starred on my mannequin.

"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

* * *

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

* * *

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't *you* follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.





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★ THE EYES — *If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.*

★ THE MOUTH — *Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.*

★ THE THROAT — *To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.*

★ THE NECK — *To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

★ THE SHOULDERS — *To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.*

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Radio Digest

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Summer Issue
July-August, 1931

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DOROTHY KNAPP has a perfect television face, the NBC engineers say . . . not to mention her figure Since winning the title of Miss America at Atlantic City she's been a Broadway star. Coming soon—— a cover picture of her.



HELEN BROWN may be a Queen one moment and a chorus girl the next. In fact, she may be from two to eight different people in just one "March of Time" newscast on CBS. She is hereby nominated as "Most Versatile Radiotress".



ANN CARTER . . back home in Cleve land from Hollywoo with a few beauty prize and titles . . . found a bore to do nothing, s what does she do bu land at WJAY, whe visitors all ask for hi now as "The Girl wil the Lovely Voice"

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Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

JULY and August are relatively poor months for the news stand sale of RADIO DIGEST, a seasonable condition that obtains with practically all other magazines. It was therefore decided to produce one Summer Issue for these two months and advance the publication date for subsequent issues. All mail subscriptions will be automatically extended to include an extra issue.

* * *

WHAT is a good old-fashioned beef-steak dinner? You'd be surprised. The invitation was in honor of the opening of the new Camel quarter-go over CBS. It was a sort of "Here's how and good luck" to Morton Downey and Tony Wons at the Hotel Warwick. You hook one leg around the iron pedestal of a round table and hoist a piece of toast with a juicy slice of steak atop: "Here's looking at you!" Then you gnash into the toast with the dry crumbs rattling down from corners of your lips. Of course there was more than toast and steak—quite too many things to mention. And it was not at all necessary for one of the gentlemen to go to such extremes as he did when he suddenly stood up and began biting off the heads of the flowers in the table decorations, then he ate up the ferns. He seemed to enjoy hugely eating lighted cigars and cigarettes. One delicacy was a book of matches. With the eager delight of one who chooses well and enjoys what he eats he tossed a stream of lighted matches into his mouth. Then his eye caught the fluffy collar of Uncle Nick Kenney, Radio editor of the New York *Mirror*. Nick remonstrated vigorously, and he is a big, strong man, but the glutton reached, grabbed, rip—and the upper layer of the fluffy collar had gone the way of the matches and the lighted cigars. Of course, you know now, as we all soon discovered, that this omnivorous gourmand with the insatiable appetite was just part of the show. But the beef-steak dinner was grand.



DOWNEY



WONS

* * *

COME to order, please. Mr. Floyd Gibbons has been nominated to the office of editor-in-chief of the world's first great Radiozene. Who will second the nomination? The chair recognizes Linda O. Frome of Hillcrest, Phillipsburg, New Jersey, who writes: "I just received my June RADIO DIGEST today and you see how prompt I am in responding to your invitation on Page 4. I think your idea of a magazine of the air is fine, *if* Floyd Gibbons is editor-in-chief, so I heartily second the nomination, and third it too . . . Here's hoping you get a million other letters seconding the nomination." Well, they're still coming in, Linda, and also a few nominations for other possible candidates. Sorry we haven't room to print them all. Wouldn't it be swell to have a three hour program with all the finest kind of entertainment selected and balanced in a magazine of 180 minutes between the covers of 8 and 10 o'clock!

* * *

DON'T you ever believe again that a lion is a ferocious beast. Carveth Wells, famous author and explorer, whom you hear regularly over the NBC network, proved that the lion is a patient plodding animal who will permit himself to be disturbed and driven away with no more than a reproachful look toward the person who approaches his resting place. It was all ludicrously revealed at a Radio party Mr. Wells presented to a few friends in New York a fortnight ago. He proved his statements with motion pictures. "You clap your hands or honk your motor horn and he will reluctantly give up his place in the shade. But he'll plop down again beneath the next tree." The pictures showed Mr. Wells driving a pack of lions through the grass while his photographer took the pictures. Pete Dixon vowed he'd like to get one of those lions to raise after Mr. Wells showed a young cub tumbling around with the author as playful as a puppy.



* * *

SPEAKING of magazines and their contents—and what do the readers say—should RADIO DIGEST go in for scandals, divorces, and domestic tribulations such as have found much vogue in the movie magazines? For instance, was RADIO DIGEST remiss in deliberately avoiding mention of the generally known facts that led up to the divorce proceedings against a well-known Radio artist recently? Should RADIO DIGEST have gone Hollywood and blabbed everything? Someone declared not long ago there never had been a worth-while scandal in the Radio firmament that amounted to a whoop as copy . . . And, goodness gracious, what a story it would make to tell about that world-famous sponsor who surprised his wife not long ago as they were stopping in Paris. They were visiting the tomb of Napoleon. Mr. X paced back and forth in front of the tomb thinking of himself as a Napoleon. Suddenly he paused and pointed his finger at his astonished spouse as he said: "When Napoleon decided to go forward for greater things he told Josephine to go. So say I, now, Ellen, I am through with you." And sure enough divorce proceedings followed shortly after. Somehow we never quite liked that sort of literature for RADIO DIGEST. But maybe we're wrong. H—mmm.

* * *

DON'T miss Doty Hobart's exposé of the attempted Radio Wave Grab which begins in this issue. The next installment will present even more amazing revelations concerning the activities of certain groups and individuals to gain a monopoly of American broadcasting.

•WJR

N THE GOLDEN
OWER OF THE
ISHER BUILDING
• DETROIT



•THE STATION *with* PERSONALITY

Tune in right in the center of the dial—and leave it there. Throw your switch at 6:00 a. m. and start 19 hours of the most complete entertainment on the air. Music — melody — educational features — shopping news — markets — everything the modern woman is interested in from beauty culture to travel news. Starting with the "Night Watchman," ole Jack Douglas, personalities and entertainment are offered in stimulating variation throughout the day.

Amos 'n' Andy lead off on evening entertainment of the highest standard in broadcasting — an evening for men and women alike. And you may leave your dials set for the next day—assured of the continuance of high quality entertainment.

WJR • THE GOOD WILL STATION

5000 Watts • Cleared Channel • 400 Metres

LEO J. FITZPATRICK, *Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.*



Harry Horlick

"TO ME, m violin is every thing. With it, t world is mine. have but to aspi and in the mus I create for myse I find attainment. So speaks M. Horlick who h created a gre character for hin self and distinctio for his associat in the A. & E Gypsy progra

Real Gypsy of the Tribe is

Harry Horlick

Famous A & P Chief Knows His Romany Rovers Through Actual Personal Experience as Refugee from the Bolsheviks—Once His Violin Saved His Life as unruly Mob distrusted His Loyalty

By TED DEGLIN

THE streets of Petrograd were white with the deepest snow of winter. The dreamy old city lay under a fleecy blanket, quiet in coma of hibernation. Peace there was, nd hush, then out of the stillness the many-echoed reports of guns, screams of orror, rapine and murder! And the hite snow turned a brilliant red from ie blood spilled in the name of Revo- ution——.

A regiment of soldiers had recently een quartered in the city. Weary and agged from fighting the Turks in his- oric Crimea, they were now to have a ew weeks respite. But at the clarion all of Bolshevism they turned against ie Czar they had been fighting for, and ook a lustful revenge from the Aristoc- acy which had made them slaves.

Restraint is not an easy lesson to learn, specially when a new world is to be had or the taking. The wild-eyed revolu- ionists saw freedom, and in the sweep nward painted the way with the blood f their victims and sang to the tor- ured shrieks of the unfortunates who ell into their hands.

Many were the deserters then; men who had joined the Revolution because f ideals, but whose Utopian hopes had oon been shattered. A young soldier vas one of these; a music student from he Caucasus Mountain city of Tiflis. He had fought for the Czar, gladly joined he revolutionists and had been horror- tricken at the wholesale bloodshed. Death loomed ahead for deserters such s he, whether against the wall by a quad of comrades, or by the chill cold f that Russian winter. But, thought he dark haired, dark eyed youth, better eath than such existence. On to Con- tantinople—on to freedom! The youth endured extreme suffering and privation, but was befriended by a band of Gypsies, and with their help finally made his way to freedom.

The American Consul in Constantinople took an interest in the young man. Perhaps it was because he heard him play his violin in a cafe there. Perhaps it was the certain fire in this young man's eyes. At any rate, the Consul helped the deserting soldier achieve a lasting freedom by arranging for his passage to the United States. And now the dark eyed youth immersed himself entirely in music. The haunting memories of the months spent with the Gypsies, months of wanderings to the accompaniment of soul-stirring songs and dances, blended with the memory of his studies at the Conservatory at Tiflis. He created melody and introduced a new spirit to the country. People began hearing of him. Now millions know him and listen to the orchestra he directs over the NBC network. Harry Horlick, former soldier of the Imperial Russian Army, revolutionist and gypsy, has achieved tremendous success.

TODAY, as director of the A & P Gypsies, he is secure and firmly established, but the thought of those days of horror still remains with him. One incident he recalls with mingled emotions of pride and fear. One of the comrades, drunk, and lusting for the sight of more blood flowing in the "Cause of Freedom", questioned Horlick's loyalty to the new order. He called the young soldier an aristocrat because he always withdrew from the blood-spilling adventures. A few others of the ragged, dirty horde began muttering to themselves. It was a bitterly cold night, but a night without a breeze. The men were huddled about a fire fed with wood from the demolished palaces. Horlick knew his danger—these were creatures of instinct. Let the cry be taken up, and he was a doomed man. He admits that he was terror-stricken, but some instinct showed him the path to deliverance. Calmly, as though nothing were amiss, he took his violin which he had kept carefully wrapped in a dirty blanket, and began playing the folk-songs dear to the heart of every Russian. He motioned to a friend to start singing. All of the men were homesick to some degree, and the sound of familiar melodies caused a wave of feeling to come over them. One by one they joined in the song, and soon the entire encampment had taken up the tune. And Harry Horlick played his violin in tremulous happiness, blessing the instrument that had saved his life.



A thrilling story it makes. Harry Horlick likes to reminisce of his adventures in Russia with the soldiers of the Czar; as a Comrade of the Revolution; with the peasants of South Russia; of his stay in Constantinople. Weekly he tells a new story, and he tells it with the words of music. As he directs the A & P Gypsy orchestra he tells of those bitterly cold nights around the Bolshevik camp fire. He tells of desperate encounters with the Turk. His orchestra repeats

the saga of the wandering gypsies. And Harry Horlick becomes more personal in his musical reminiscences as he takes up his violin and tells of Tiflis, his native city; and of the quaint Constantinople cafes.

When this war veteran came to the United States he brought with him a few compatriots whose bodies were racked with privation but who glowed with the fire of music. They, as well as Horlick, had learned the Gypsy songs from the Hungarians, and were such able musicians that when they expressed their emotions musically, a hardened New York took to the string quintet immediately. Their fame grew. In 1922 they signed their first contract as the A & P Gypsies, under the direction of the round-faced, dark haired young man, their comrade Harry Horlick. Of the original Gypsy orchestra, after eight successful years of broadcasting, Horlick still retains three men, and the four of them are inseparable companions. The A & P Gypsy orchestra has now reached true symphonic proportions, having a personnel of twenty-seven musicians, a tenor and a contralto.

AT the NBC studio the leader is "Harry" to all of his men. His quick, vibrant personality allows for a spirit of good fellowship that is recognized and appreciated by the members of his orchestra. After the weekly broadcast, Mr. Horlick and his men always find their way to some quiet restaurant where they solve the music problems of the day, and where they sing Russian and Gypsy songs. He likes his men. He wants to be, not the Maestro Horlick, but plain Harry Horlick, one of the Gypsies. "I am just a friend with my men," he says. His voice has a strong Russian accent and his speech retains the academic touch that his English studies in Russia left with him. "I want always to keep in very close contact with them. I am not strict. I do not have to be. My men are true musicians, they are all artists. I do not tire them out with weary rehearsals, and that is why they are at their best during broadcasting." He alludes with evident pride to the fact that there are members of his orchestra who are also members of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, a world-famous group admitting only outstanding musicians.

A true Gypsy is Harry Horlick. He has two great loves: primarily his music; and then, to be in the sun's rays. He chose his studio because it is such a sunny place, and he delights in playing his violin in the spotlight of the sunbeams that come in through the wide-open windows. And he is an outdoor man, also. An excellent swimmer and oarsman, he spends the summer days at a beach, and finds keen enjoyment in motor boating and yachting. He goes for long tramps, his ears tuned to the music of the wayside. The snatches of songs he hears he jots down, and now has thousands of these musical notes—the Gypsy songs he keeps in the form of memos, and also the tunes he heard in Russia and Turkey. From these he takes the music which brings relief to those who turn aside from the jazz of the modern day.

HE has often been called the apostle of the "popular concert", and well he might be, for his musical philosophy gives no quarter to "hot-stuff" (as he calls it, with a grimace). "I cannot stand dance arrangements as they are done now," he said, his black eyes flashing with the spirit of the evangelist. "There is no soul to the music, but only a thinness that makes the music disappear. That is not music—it should be tangible, and should be retained in the heart of the hearer. Concert music is slowly coming back; there are many lovely songs in the popular vein today, and these in concert form are melodic and stimulating. I am trying to make every popular number I offer have concert form. That is why Max Terr is with me. I want my presentations to be original, of course, and I also want to contribute something to the spirit of music here, just as the music of the Gypsies has given something to the music of every country. So many people write me that my orchestra is filling a musical deficiency in their lives. I think soon all orchestra leaders will realize that such music is wanted and needed. Everybody *needs* music." He speaks with great feeling. It is his life. He becomes excited and glows with an inner fire.

When he speaks of Max Terr—his concert arranger, he speaks with the warmth of close friendship. Terr, while comparatively a newcomer to the A & P Gypsies, has carried out the spirit of the organization in every sense. His arrangements, unique and inspiring, have raised the orchestra to new heights of musical success. When Milton Cross announces a Max Terr arrangement, listeners-in settle back to a period of keen enjoyment, for the melody of the number is woven with the symphonic countermelody into a delightful pattern. The reputation Mr. Terr achieved while music supervisor of the Paramount West Coast studio has been more than sustained by his record with the Gypsies; hence Harry Horlick, whose religion is music, offers whole-hearted friendship to a man who unfolds the beauty in the world of melody.

HORLICK is thirty-four years old, unmarried. He makes up the paradox of the artist and business man in one. In his frequent conferences with members of the corporation to which he is contracted, he shows a surprising grasp of those things too many artists find beyond comprehension. Perhaps it is this spirit of worldliness, which enters into the interpretations of the compositions he and his orchestra play, that accounts for the popularity he enjoys in a field where success is often all too transient.

"The satisfaction I find in conducting is but a vicarious one," said Mr. Horlick. "To me, my violin is everything."

So the history of a lad who had many adventures; who saw the primitive side of life, but who *heard* much of the harmony of the land. So a history filled with blood and terror, with privation and suffering, but one with an ending even happier than tradition demands. Harry Horlick has not only carved himself a niche in the hall of Radio and musical fame but has opened a new road to musical enjoyment for those who find the usual symphonic way too rocky, and the primrose path of the "hot stuff jazz" too artificial and unreal for enjoyment



Max Terr (left) and Frank Parker

LITTLE JACK LITTLE

Finds Radio Listeners Love Him Still as . . .

e omes ack on ational ig Time Net



Little **Jack** Little

Harold Stein Photo

F LITTLE JACK LITTLE hadn't been so restless when he was a small boy, probably he now would be leading a more prosaic life than that of lebrated NBC entertainer.

ick was an energetic lad. Left to his devices, he was always in mischief. had a genius for disarranging well-red rooms. And because his mother ys had to keep her eye on him, Jack taught to play the piano—to keep busy. ck was born in the Silverton section ondon. Not far away was the London servatory of Music. The authorities he conservatory permitted the women the neighborhood to use the vacant o studios several mornings each week, Jack's mother was one of those to advantage of the opportunity.

ack was too small to be left at home le his mother was studying music at conservatory, and it would have im-lled the draperies and ornaments of studio had he been permitted to fol-his undisciplined impulses when his her sat at the piano. There was noth-left to be done by Mrs. Leonard—for le Jack Little was born John Leonard —but to take her four-year old son in her lap as she played.

At first the music was so interesting that the lad forgot to fidget. But as soon as he discovered what caused the music he began to bang away at the keys with his chubby fingers. No one but a mother could have discerned in this childish prank that the boy had a natural gift of melody. Mrs. Leonard proudly predicted to the neighbors that her little Johnny some day would be a great musician. And instead of perfecting her own playing, she began to teach Jack. Later private tutors were employed.

Jack's father was connected with one of the large English manufacturers of motor cars. W. W. Marsh, late Democratic leader in Iowa, purchased one of these cars on a visit to England. During the transaction he became acquainted with the elder Leonard. He urged Jack's father to come to America and promised to establish him in business if he would make a home for himself and family in Waterloo, Iowa.

So, when he was nine years old, Jack left England. A certain Patsy Campbell, now a successful London business man, was his best pal and playmate. Tearfully, Jack gave young Campbell his most prized possession as a goodbye gift—a bag of marbles. Last summer, visiting the scenes of his childhood for the first time since he left, Little Jack Little met his old friend on the sidewalk in the Silverton

district. Surprised, they halted instantly. Each recognized the other immediately, and both recalled the gift of the marbles.

It was a wan and sea-sick lad who landed in Montreal after a rough voyage across the Atlantic. Even if the boat on which the Leonards crossed the ocean had been larger, they all would have suffered from the usual landlubbers' ailments, Jack says. One rough day Jack was wandering around the pitching, wave-washed deck in a blind search for more comfort. He paused on the stern deck and held weakly to a wobbly air vent on the ship's very end. The vessel was tossing, the wind was howling and the sea occasionally flooded the deck. If his parents missed him from their cabin, they were too exhausted to look for him. Little Jack Little doesn't understand how he managed to keep his precarious perch, but he remembers that he didn't care then whether he was washed overboard or not.

JACK'S introduction to the neighborhood boys in Waterloo was memorable. His mother dressed him up in his best clothes, and sent him forth to meet his future playmates. But Iowa boys had never seen anything like him before, and probably few such specimens since. Jack wore an Eton suit with a wide white collar, a cap of marvelous shape and he carried a cane.

"And did those kids give me the raspberry!" Little Jack Little grins now as he recalls that first day in Waterloo, Iowa.

But before his father had completed his naturalization, Jack was completely an American boy. He learned to play baseball and was a star shortstop on the high school team. He still is an ardent baseball fan.

His parents wanted Jack to win a degree at the University of Iowa, but the young man never could get excited about his various courses. He organized a band and soon was playing at numerous dances and social functions around Iowa City.

In two years he decided that he had all the academic training he could use. He planned to go to California. With two other young student-musicians, he set forth. They found Kansas City a congenial city and for a week took in the sights. When they checked up on their finances they discovered they didn't have enough money to get to Denver. But it was May, and they had fine overcoats. So they sold them for enough money to get to Denver.

But May in Denver was different. A thick blanket of snow covered the "mile-high city" when Little Jack Little and his three companions, in their light spring clothes and minus top coats, reached there. Jack and another of the trio obtained jobs washing dishes in a cafe. They were able to eat heartily again, but his two companions were discouraged and wired home for money to return East.

Jack found a job playing the piano in an orchestra. For the next eight months he remained in Colorado. Then, when he had money enough for a ticket to New York, he set out for the Mecca of musicians on Manhattan Island.

While he was looking for work he loafed around the publishing house of Irving Berlin. One day he was playing idly on a piano when Yvette Rugel, featured vaudeville entertainer, dropped in. She was impressed with his playing and invited Jack to become her accompanist on a tour "around the big wheel". Six months later

"And did those kids give me the raspberry!" exclaimed Little Jack Little as he recalled the day he made his debut in Waterloo, Ia., after his arrival from England. His mother had dressed him up in his best Eton suit with a wide white collar and he carried a cane. It was like circus day for those Iowa tads when Jack sallied forth in all his finery. He was 9 years old at the time.

the tour ended and Jack was looking for a job again.

"The need of money caused me to begin writing songs," Little says. "But I had difficulty in getting publishers to print them. That was nine years ago and Radio was enjoying its first wave of popularity. The idea of popularizing songs by broadcasting then occurred to me, and I sold the notion to Henry Waterson, a music publisher. He found a singer to team up with me, and we went from city to city, singing over any station that we could reach. There were only a few Radio studios in those days.

"That proved successful and Waterson formed other teams to follow up our work. When my partner succumbed to too much hospitality and failed to show up, I began to sing as well as play. At first I thought little of my voice, being more interested in introducing the lyrics to the listeners, but my peculiar whispering style clicked. I used informal monologue between the songs; just a bit of homey stuff as though I were talking directly to a family group. Folks began to write in that they liked me."

Soon theatres began to make offers to Little Jack Little for personal appearances. There he proved as successful as he had in Radio. For several years he divided his time between broadcasting and stage appearances.

Then he tried to attract an offer from the big broadcasting chains. But he failed to make a connection. He thought he was destined to remain a sectional favorite of the Middle West.

"That wasn't such a bad prospect, after I forced myself to quit dreaming of a wider audience. So I settled in Cincinnati.

"I built a fourteen room house in the exclusive residential district of Hyde Park. The big home was built on an acre and three-quarter of land. During the three years I lived there I spent a great amount of time, thought and money on improving that ground, and when I came to New York to live after I signed with NBC late last December, it was a garden spot. I was glad, of course, to begin my career as a national entertainer, but it nearly broke my heart to leave my beautiful home in Cincinnati."

Little says that he experiences greater nerve strain when he's singing before a microphone than he does before an audience.

"Before a crowd you can gauge your performance by the way the folks out front are receiving it. You can sense the mood of your visible audience, and tell whether light, classical, dramatic or humorous songs would better suit its fancy. But in a Radio studio you feel pretty much in the dark. You don't know what they'd prefer to hear, nor how your voice is coming to them.

"Then often you don't put over a song like you rehearsed it, and that bothers you. I try to figure out exactly how I'm going to sing, but often when I'm on the air I don't put the accent where I intended to.

When Little Jack Little broadcasts he sits at the piano accompanying himself and sings close into the microphone with his peculiar voice, half talk and half melody, which has been termed a "speaking easy baritone". His voice transmits the bright and magnetic personality which characterizes him in real life.

THIS NBC star stands five feet four inches, weighs 130 pounds, but is broad and husky. One of his early partners also was about Little's stature and Jack changed his pal's name from Paul Lougher to Paul Small. In the Middle West the pair was booked as "Jack and Paul; Little and Small". Paul Small now is a prominent Radio entertainer.

Even in the coldest winter Little Jack Little doesn't cover his smoothly brushed light brown hair with a hat.

Automobile speeding is his greatest delight. Although he employs a chauffeur Little is always at the wheel when he is motoring where city traffic doesn't interfere with speed.

His other chief outdoor diversion is golf. And he shoots a good game, too. Last summer on his home course in Cincinnati Little was going around in the middle eighties. This year he expects to score in the seventies before winter forces him to sheath his clubs again.

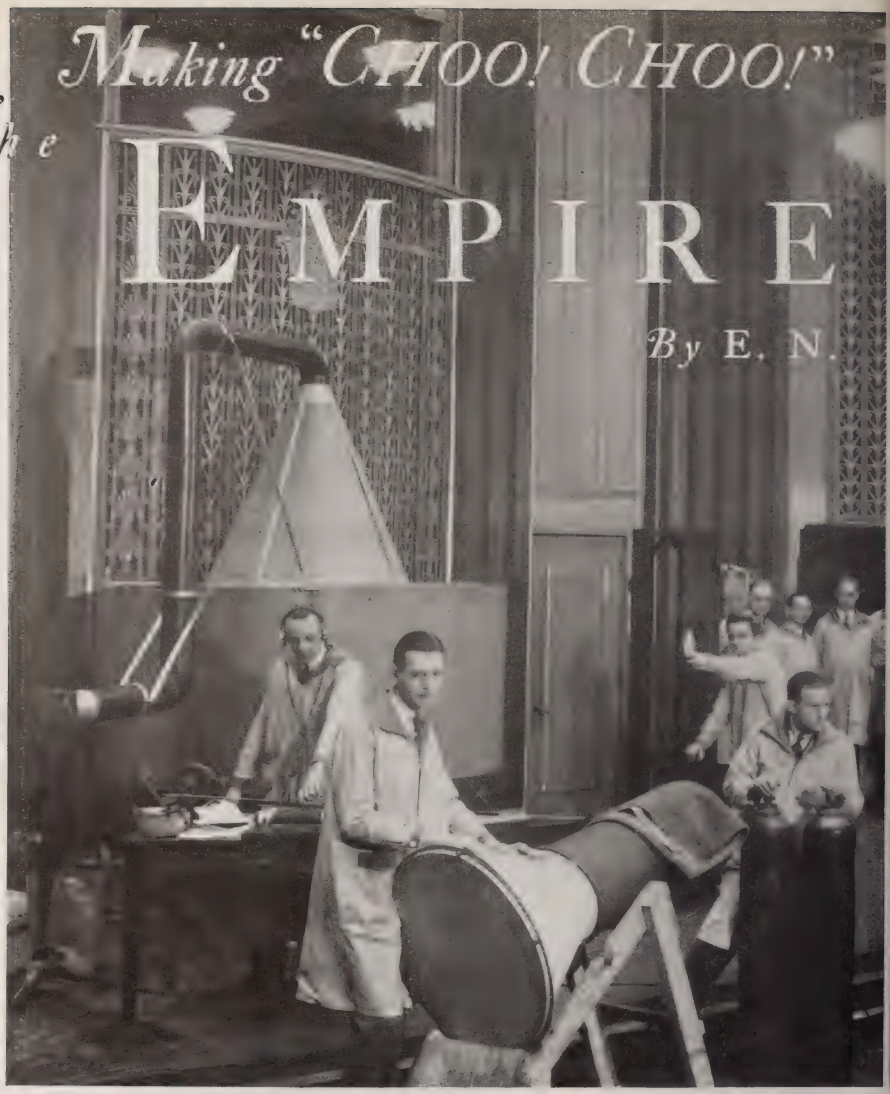
Jack rehearses his songs and programs many hours each day. He is always trying some new arrangement of his own melodies, or playing some new tunes.



LUCILLE HUSTING, feminine star of the Empire Builders, is especially fitted for the part as her own ancestors had a share in the scenes she portrays. In one of the productions Miss Husting wrote the script and created for herself the role of her own great-grandmother.

The Making of "CHOO! CHOO!" EMPIRE

By E. N.



Here are the "soundicians". Left rear, funnel picking up roll of toy car on circular track, beneath, and conveying it to mike at end of stove-pipe. Incidental effects by man with earphone. Choo-choo in front. Hissing steam, and door-slam, right.

A-BO-O-O-ARD!
A-bo-o-o-ard!

The engineer in the locomotive cab acknowledges the conductor's "highball" with two short blasts of the whistle, pulls the throttle open a couple of notches, the super-powered locomotive puffs, steam hisses, and the long train of heavy steel pullmans gains momentum, and is whisked away, becoming fainter and fainter in the distance until only an occasional distant whistle is heard.

It is the Empire Builder leaving—via Radio. The National Broadcasting Company and the sponsors of this program, the Great Northern Railway, receive hundreds of letters each week asking how the train effects, which are an important part of the "Empire Builders'" dramatic sketches, are produced. "Are they recordings?" some inquirers want to know. A great many others seem to think that the train effects used on "Empire Builders" are obtained through some ingenious system of microphones strung out along the right of way some place between Chicago and the Pacific Coast, so that the studios in Chicago can pick up a train sound somewhere along the line any time it is required. Still others give the orchestra credit for producing these effects. There is an inter-





Bernard, directing, center. Harvey "Old Timer" Hayes, facing mike; Don Ameche, beyond him and Lucille Husting and adine Flynn are at right. Ted Pearson, announcer, is seated below Bernard; Joseph Koestner, orchestra leader, is in back.

g story behind the Empire Builder ie air.

hen this program first went on the from the New York studios of the onal Broadcasting Company, in Jan- of 1929, an imitation train was ob- ed, through a combination of or- ra effects, a tank of compressed air, comotive bell, and a small wooden le. The effect was considered pretty in those days, but it was hardly more than suggestive of a railroad train and hardly close enough to the real thing to be called an imitation.

All Radio listeners will recall the great broadcast that opened and dedicated the Great Northern's eight-mile tunnel under the Cascade range in western Washington, as well as the remarkable program broadcast from Chicago six months later when the railway inaugurated and dedicated its new fast train between Chicago and the Pacific Coast—the Empire Builder. On these two occasions microphones were used to pick up actual train sounds and thousands of letters were received by the railway expressing the thrill of listeners in hearing a railroad train roaring in their own living rooms.

These two programs set a standard for Great Northern sound effects that the sponsors of the programs were determined to live up to. Naturally it was



Tiny car, beneath funnel, that produces click of rails by "express".

impractical to broadcast actual train sounds each week—but it was imperative to find means of simulating the real sounds as closely as possible. This gave Harold Sims, the man in charge of the Great Northern programs back in St. Paul where the headquarters of the railway are located, the idea that every train used in a Great Northern program should be the real thing and he began work on a plan of recording a wide variety of train sounds which could be fitted into each week's dramatic sketches as required. While the plan presented a great many serious obstacles of a mechanical nature the thing that finally caused the whole scheme to be abandoned was the broadcasting company's positive refusal to permit the use of a recording on its network. A prolonged controversy ensued in which the broadcasting company was adamant and no choice remained to the program sponsor, if he wished to continue "Empire Builders" on that chain, other than to build up a synthetic train effect that would be as satisfactory as a recording.

Developments in the talkies and in the making of recordings made it imperative that this objective be accomplished. Where a wooden whistle, a bell and a drum was acceptable as substituting a railroad train two years ago, it was becoming increasingly obvious that they would not long remain acceptable substitutes. Some recording companies had obtained fairly satisfactory recordings of trains and these were being sold to local Radio stations and used by them on local programs. The result was that the local stations were using better train effects on their programs than the Great Northern was able to use on its big chain broadcast. In addition, the talkies were being developed and people were commenting on the excellent train effects heard in the movies, which reflected unsatisfactorily upon the Radio reproduction.

This would not have been so serious if "Empire Builders" had not been a railroad program, but being such, it seemed to the sponsors of the program imperative that their train effects should be second to none.

There was only one thing that remained to be done and that was to attack the problem with a view to reproducing, through mechanical means, the sounds of the real thing. It was particularly necessary to do as good, if not a better job, than could be done by recordings.

THIS looked like a large order, and it was. However, there was one slight advantage enjoyed over recordings, and that was that none of the recording companies had gone to the expense of elaborate experiments to get train recordings that were entirely satisfactory. The recording might be virtually authentic, but the discs invariably recorded a large volume of varying sounds which reproduced as more or less of a meaningless jumble. For theatrical purposes, trains have certain distinguishing sounds which listeners clearly identify and a synthetic effect built up with only such sounds and without the meaningless jumble of noise, would have sounded more real than the real thing, if such a paradoxical situation might be stated.

To illustrate, the most impressive paintings of scenery are not a mere process of duplicating form and color. If it were, an actual photograph, carefully colored, might be presumed to surpass any painting that an artist could hope to do. As a matter of fact, the artist develops and emphasizes form and color so that it appeals to the eye and the imagination. In the same way, it was with this thought that the Great Northern Railway wen about the problem of reproducing trai sounds which, while not entirely authen tic, would seem fully as real as hearin the train itself.

Experiments along these lines were be gun while the program was being broac cast from New York last year. A crud circular device with parallel rails, an three rail joints, was constructed to sim ulate the clickety-click-click of the rail A set of wheels were operated over th circular track to produce this effect. Th rumble of the train was produced by couple of wooden wheels mounted on four-foot turntable which had a wood base. Long wire brushes were made a used on a tympanum and snare drum were used to reproduce the "chuggin of a locomotive. A Great Northe locomotive bell was sent to New Yor A wooden whistle and a tank of co pressed air completed the outfit. Th did very well for the time being but h many shortcomings of which it was o vious the Radio public was aware.

THE bell, for instan despite the fact that it was a real lo motive bell, sounded too much like cowbell. This probably was due to fact that it was in the studio and n out-of-doors. The whistle did not s isfactorily imitate a real whistle with tremendous power and volume. An fort was made to see what could be do about installing a real whistle on roof of the National Broadcasting Co pany in New York and also about putti the bell on the roof, with a microph pickup. This plan had to be discard for the reason that about the time "E pire Builders" went on the air there usually a traffic jam down on the str below and it was feared that in some the playlets where the train was suppo to be rushing over the Montana plains roaring through a canyon out in Rocky mountains that the microph would pick up also the noises of a tra jam in New York at night, with all motors honking their horns. Too, might have been something of a surp to Fifth Avenue suddenly to hear an gine whistle and bell sounding high up the stately skyscraper.

The matter of these sound effects, well as the sponsor's desire to assu direct responsibility for the productio its broadcasts, resulted in transferring current series of shows to Chicago autumn.

The National Broadcasting Comp was just opening new studios on the floor of the great Merchandise M built by Marshall Field & Company. building, with more floor space than other building in the world, had space far above the street and sev blocks from the congested Loop would be available for sound effects, it was decided to utilize this advanta

Throughout the summer various dev

ere experimented with at St. Paul with view to perfecting a device that would produce the sound of the heavy Pull- in tracks whirling along over the ls. The work was undertaken by arold M. Sims, Executive Assistant of e Great Northern Railway, who has en in charge of the "Empire Builders" ograms. After numerous plans were olved and discarded, a circular track as built at the railway's shops, consist- g of thirteen pieces of rail steel. This ack was built absolutely to scale. Trucks nilar to those used on the big heavy ullmans were also built to scale and all nditions which could conceivably have y effect upon sound were carefully sim- ated. For instance, even wooden ties re used, and elevation provided to take re of the curvature of the track. The ints were fastened together with fish ates, similar to those used on real rails. hen came the matter of determining hat kind of ballast should be used. It as found that sand or gravel produced e sound of a train passing over a estle and after much experimenting it as found that the most natural effect as obtained by the use of a certain type wall deadening material placed between e ties and the board upon which the ack was mounted, with another piece the same deadening material under e board. A motor to drive the machine s placed under the table.

In the meantime, Mr. Sims had been refully analyzing the large variety of in sounds. We cannot go into any borate discussion of this work, but we ll use one effect as an example of the pains and effort that were expended on all of the sounds that one hears on "Empire Builders"—that is the effect of a passenger train coming from the distance, up past a certain point, and fading again into the distance. After stationing himself at different places along the right-of-way on fifteen or twenty different occasions, Mr. Sims found that almost every locality produced a different sound. Working with a stopwatch, it was found that the sound varied greatly also with the speed of the train, the weight of the train, topography of surrounding country, direction the wind was blowing, whether the train was picking up speed, slowing down or coasting; also the type of engine on the different trains accounted for quite a variety of sound. Finally the figures on about fifty different trains were taken down and an average reached that gave an index to the principal sounds, i.e., whistling, puffing of locomotive, roar of train, steam, bell, etc.

THE track machine has now been developed to a point where it reproduces very faithfully the click of the rails and the roar of the cars.

The "chugging" of the locomotive as it is now done, was the result of the construction of probably more than one hundred different kinds of wire brushes and it was quite by accident that the method now used in reproducing this part of the effect, was discovered. One of these brushes had been left lying on a kettle-drum during a sound effects rehearsal, when one of the assistants happened to pass a tiny wooden mallet over the brush. The sound was picked up by the microphone and carried into the control room where Mr. Sims and his assistants were discussing the problem. It was quite a faithful reproduction of the "chugging" of the locomotive!

Special valves were built to operate on compressed air tanks in order to get steam effects. It was found necessary to try several locomotive bells, before two bells were obtained which registered correctly over the microphone.

To bring these various units together into one effect is accomplished through a time chart which looks about the same as music does to a musician. It is spaced off as to seconds and Mr. Sims sits in the control room during each program with a large second clock in front of him and beats off the seconds with his hand, as well as counts aloud. The men who are operating the track machine, the steam tanks, the drum which produces the puffing, count each second with Mr. Sims, as they can see him through three panels of glass which separate the studio from the sound-proof control room. They know just what is required at each second, so that just as the engine, in theory, whisks past the bystander, all sounds are brought to their proper volume and speed.

The studio audience, which usually comprises between two and three hundred people, hear neither the bell nor the whistle, nor the noise produced by the track machine. They hear only the puffing as done by the drummer, the operation of the steam tank, and the clanking of the swiftly moving mechanism of the engine.



Some of the more impressive sounds are produced on the roof as shown above and piped into the studio for blending into program at proper sequence.

The LUCKY *Adam's*

From a Radio Interview about and with G. W. Hill in the Columbia Fortune Builders Series

By Douglas Gilbert



Douglas Gilbert, who conducts the Fortune Hunter series



THIS is Douglas Gilbert, generating to you tonight the voltage of George W. Hill, dynamic president of the American Tobacco Company; third-rail power of his industry—the lighted end—of Lucky Strikes. Mr. Hill is here beside me. He will clinch for you, in this mike-to-mike manner, some of the points I shall make at the close of my talk.

Last year George Hill earned for his company $43,294,000, and distributed to his common stockholders $29,293,000 in dividends. These are figures unequalled in the tobacco trade. The whole tobacco trust, dissolved in 1911 in the trust-busting days of Teddy Roosevelt, never approached them. This money is the financial Phœnix arising from the ashes of six billion two hundred-nineteen million cigarettes sold by one man—Hill—and smoked by 30,000,000 customers.

A record is supposed to speak for itself. It does. But in Hill's case it has to be, it ought to be, translated, interpreted. Such earning power must be deserved. There's more to Hill than dollars and cents. High-spot, red-hot, head-line Hill, sloganeer of cigarettes, means something. Stands for something. Is a symbol of some kind or other. Let's try to smoke him out from under that battered Borsalino he wears so rakishly. We'll turn off the switch that makes him revolute. For fifteen minutes Hill's going to be powerless, while we chuck away our rubber gloves and dismantle, barehanded, this human dynamo to find the spark of his success.

That spark glows for a psychological reason. For Hill is a business bundle of suppressed desires. Graduating from Williams College he came to the American Tobacco Co. in 1904, serving under his father, the late Percival S. Hill, then president of the company. He was curbed by tw handicaps at once. He was a rich man's son—and the son of the presi dent; tie-ups at which the rank and file of any company bristle.

Moreover, he was the son of his father, a company baron of the ol commercial school. When George offered a suggestion he was pipe down by the parent quickly. George was given to understand at the star that he was there to learn—not to suggest. He started learning; an kept his suggestions to himself for future reference. As a matter of fac he did pretty well, since his first major activity was the promotion o Pall Mall cigarettes, a swanky and expensive smoke in the old days yo old timers like to remember. He put them over as a swanky cigarett with his first slogan—"a shilling in Lor don, a quarter here". Not so hot a "reach for a Lucky", but it got over h idea—the suggestion of the Savage Club

APPLE MAN

my word, my cigarette"
of Mayfair and Picca-
Still, the elder Hill
him pretty well curbed.
e was rarin' to go, but
residential father, the
bacconist, couldn't see
ien new-fangled notions
n is exploiting so suc-
lly.

PENT up, held
leashed by the easy-
methods that his senior
found so practicable,
e proceeded as best he
until, only six years
is father died. And on
nber 16, 1925, the son
d into his father's
— and the company
d out. Today Hill's
rise represents the pin-
of tobacco effort in
production and distri-
of cigarettes. A six
achievement that
its, ladies and gentle-
to a commercial com-
n.

as the new directing
snapped his company
its industrial compla-
at once. His new au-
offered him the nec-
escape for the ideas
e had been storing up
observing and learning
his father. It offered
tlet for the enthusiasms
ad so long been stifled.
uppressed business de-
here had their vent.
unlocked the first door
guards the secret of
e W. Hill's success.

was but 41 when
president. A man re-
ve, constantly clicking
modernistic note that
vas jazzing up the fox-
of American business.
mber, were talking
Hill, who once gave
his definition of his
Strike dance orches-
breast of chicken à la
served HOT; without
g."
that's how this 41-
old new executive



G. W. Hill, President of the American Tobacco Co.

started in with his board of directors—HOT, without dressing. He laid down the law to them with a hitherto unheard of money-demand for promotional work and advertising. You can imagine the battle that took place. Enough of the representatives of the old régime remained to bristle up a series of tut-tuts that later gave way to unqualified rage. This young business upstart with his costly highfalutin' methods wasn't going to jazz them out of their shells.

To all of which Hill replied with the equivalent of "oh, yes" and proceeded to move his advertising Big Berthas into position. You have felt the raking fire of his barrage. But have you sensed the advertising psychology behind it? Hill's policy is to advertise so as to compete with the news columns in interest. This interest he makes a highly specialized, super-subtle appeal. Its note is personal and interesting. It is designed to reach not only the pocket-nerve of you readers but also your intuition, your subconsciousness, your self-interest. Yes, Hill's whole advertising, for which his annual outlay this year will exceed $12,000,000, is written (mostly by him, by the way) to this special purpose, or this special effect.

THIS accounts for the editorial quality in his advertising — "sunshine mellows"; "heat purifies"; "Luckies are k-i-n-d to your throat"; "an ancient prejudice removed"; and his calling attention to overeating. These are declarative and significant statements such as you find on the policy or editorial page of your newspaper.

Well, all this was a tidy morsel for his colleagues to chew over. But remember, he promised to justify his

methods. And, I started this broadcast with the record figures of his last year's earnings, earnings, recall, in a year of depression. So now does he meet with opposition? Listen, his old opponents lap it up. Nobody ever quarrels with success. If someone showed you how to redouble your profits, how to make that financial spade slam in your business contract bridge game, you wouldn't fight back. No one does with Hill now either.

A couple of years ago Hill became president of the American Cigar Company, a subsidiary of the American Tobacco Company. And again he started stepping out. The revitalizing methods of the vital Mr. Hill were at work. And again Hill did the unexpected. He employed the late Alfred W. McCann to visit his newly acquired, dirty and in-the-red cigar factory, and tell him what was the matter with it. Whoever heard of hiring a food expert to analyze the vitamins in an ailing cigar? Well, McCann put his whirlwind vacuum cleaner to work and swept Hill's factory clean.

HILL installed modern machinery—"no human hand touches your cigar"—I'm quoting Mr. Hill, who proceeded to apply the same kind of mass production to cigars with an intensity that marks his labor for Luckies. The tremendous advantages in cleanliness in smoking struck Hill forcibly at this time. Nothing is more personal to you than your smoke.

What is it in a word, Hill asked himself some eighteen hours a day for six months or so that epitomizes what I have done. The answer, ladies and gentlemen, rests against an easel above a box of Cremos in his office at 111 Fifth Avenue, New York—it is a framed work—"Spitless".

A while back we called him a sloganeer, for Hill is responsible for the catch phrases that confront you on the billboard, in your newspaper, and magazine, or beguile or startle your ear over the Radio. He must have raised you out of your chair a few weeks ago with his "one man's spit is another man's poison". Startling, but true, and saleable.

He is a master of epitome—the electrifying word or phrase that sums up his two hundred million dollar tobacco enterprises. And he knows almost to the penny what its response will be.

The candy manufacturers, through the Sugar Institute, were up in arms against him two years ago when he reached for his Luckies instead of a sweet. Boycotting methods were suggested against him; suits were threatened; the Federal Trade Commission was invoked to call him off what the Sugar Institute called his "unethical" advertising, whatever that may mean. Hill faced them and fought them back. Get the psychology back of this.

"Don't you see what I'm doing for you?" he asked. "I'm centering the nation's attention to two things—sugar, and cigarettes. Wait 'till the results are shown". They waited. At the close of the year Department of Commerce figures revealed that more sugar had been consumed and more cigarettes sold than at any other time in our commercial history. Then Hill, the victor, and maybe this means something, withdrew the criticized slogan.



B. A. Rolfe, conductor of the Lucky Strike Orchestra

The doodads and gadgets that he has installed in his factories are equally humble, and interesting, in their origin. For example, the ultra-violet ray that is now applied to the blend that goes into Luckies. Hill, in London some years ago, was guesting some friends at dinner. One was served with an unripe melon. Hill had recently yielded to the high-pressure methods of a British salesman who expanded on the miracle of synthetic sunshine that was his for the price of an ultra-violet ray lamp. He bought one Presto! The unripe melon was a chance to prove its mellowing, purifying, ripening sunshine claims. Hill took the melon and exposed it to the ray. In twenty minutes it was edible.

"WELL!" said Hill, "if it'll do that to a melon, its effect on tobacco might be equally advantageous. I'll try it anyhow." He did. The tobacco seemed improved. Scientific tests substantiated his belief. So today the factories are equipped with th process.

Competitors are often aroused by h aggressive methods—but his wise friend enemies hold back and let him have h way. For they know that his methods methods that are in step with the jaz mad beat of America's currently pulsin life—are for the good of the industr More cigarettes are sold of *all* bran because of Hill. And Hill knows it. looks over his annual report and those his rival companies, and believe me they satisfy. For an analysis shows th for every dollar earned by eve cigarette sold in America, Hill and the American Tobacco Co. takes 68 cents.

He can afford to be frank. A he can also be decent. No i industrial executive in the Uni States shepherds his stockhold with greater zeal. His reports veal—always—the soul of company. His statement at close of 1930 told—and for first time in tobacco history—h many cigarettes he sold.

IT WAS some billion odd, you'll remember.

And about six months bef that, if you were a stockhol you received a letter advising of a contemplated split-up stock on a two-for-one ba This letter was in line with H belief that owners of shares v entitled to know the plans of management so that they c be guided in their holdings cordingly.

And there's our man, the man dynamo we took apart, ning up Hill, a mile a minut dollar a second. SPLIT-se symbol of America's high pres industry. And here he is in per

Interview with Mr. Hill

GILBERT: Mr. Hill, do you mind s ping here to the microphone a mom The American people are smoking m than 46 billion of your Lucky Strike arettes a year and several billion c ettes of other brands. That's a lo cigarettes, Mr. Hill, and I have wondering just what the possibilitie expansion are.

HILL: Why, Mr. Gilbert, that's f easy. Mr. Ford and Mr. Firestone answered that question for me a time ago. On the other side of th lantic is potentially as fertile a fiel future development as *this* country been for the past ten years. South A ica is another strong possibility. T lieve that our foreign sales have incr at an even greater speed than our A ican sales. You know, Mr. Gilbe cigarette that is good and pleasing is ally just as pleasing 5,000 miles away

GILBERT: Do you think, Mr. Hil

will ever come when the people in country will develop a taste for thing different from the cigarette?

LL: It may be, but I think the time ar way off. The cigarette, you know, perfect tempo with contemporary rican life. If the time ever does , however, when the American pub- ill turn to something else, well, I be- that the same qualities of perform- and imagination that have made y Strikes and other cigarettes out- ling in this country will establish a rship in that other field, whatever ay be.

LBERT: Do you look for an up-trend ur own industry, Mr. Hill, during the year?

ILL: Why, I think my industry is not different from the general run of r major ones in this country. I per- lly feel that they are all on the up- l. I'm not given to predictions, you v, but a man would be foolish to for anything but forward movement his country during the next few s."

Man Behind the Program

y A Radio Digest *Staff Writer*

WHEN thirty or forty million people tune in on the Lucky Strike pro- ns every Tuesday, Thursday and Sat- y night, and cock their ears and wiggle r heels to a distinctly Lucky Strike po and harmony, they are registering roval not merely of B. A. Rolfe and orchestra and soloists, but of the men hind the set" who also play an impor- part in putting the programs over. adio has its stage managers too. For Lucky Strike hour the stage manager e impresario—is George Washington

Hill picked Rolfe and he helped Rolfe ct the members of this fifty-piece or- stra. Hill names the soloists and goes to some effort to get the people he wants. (When he gets them they never have any reason to complain about the size of their cheques). He controls the expenditure of more than two million dollars in time and talent yearly to make the Lucky Strike Hour one of the most popular features on the air. It was Hill who decided upon the type of music to be played and the instruments to play it; who developed the formula of interspersing dreamy and spirited selections; who devised most of the hundred and one means of keeping the orchestra and the audience on their toes.

And yet, so far as the public is concerned, George Hill is self-effacing—and virtually unknown. He is not mentioned on the programs. You don't hear his voice on the air. He doesn't wield a baton or pull a bow or toot a horn, in public or in private. He is not a "professional" musician or Radio technician (although listeners must agree he knows as much about these things as some top-notch professionals.) He is a manufacturer and a salesman of cigarettes. And the reason Lucky Strike programs are popular is precisely the same as the reason Lucky Strike cigarettes are popular. It is because George Hill knows "people." He knows how to interest multitudes in programs and products because he knows, better perhaps than any other man in America, what scores of millions of Americans want. And he knows also how to persuade them to want and enjoy what he has to offer. Showmanship and salemanship are pretty much the same, and George Hill has both.

BILL SCHUDT has a pair of ears to be proud of. They are useful as well as ornamental. Not long ago he had one of them screwed to a telephone receiver when he received a very agreeable shock. "Say, you've got a great Radio voice!" he exclaimed to the party at the other end. That party was Douglas Gilbert, the author of this article. He first appeared on Bill Schudt's Going to Press Period. Then he was engaged for the Fortune Hunter series. He is a newspaper man of long experience and is said to have interviewed every person of national prominence in the country.

Let us drop in and watch the man at work. He may be said to have two "headquarters"—one is at the executive offices of The American Tobacco Company, at 111 Fifth Avenue, at Eighteenth Street, the other at the Directors' Room of the National Broadcasting Company at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. The first building is blackened with age, the other is new and bright. George Hill is oblivious to both. He is working with tremendous energy at the particular task at hand. Surroundings mean little to him.

You are ushered in to the President's office in the corner of the tenth floor at "111". (One of American Tobacco's brands of cigarettes, you may remember, had that number as a name.) You pass a life-size statue of an Indian, which appears on the company's trade mark. You enter the corner door and find yourself in a large room. There is plenty of light in the room, but the fittings are black. On one wall is a photograph of an elderly man —probably Percival S. Hill, father of the present President, or perhaps it is James B. Duke, one-time king of the tobacco industry. Until now it might be a law office. But on top of the bookcase is a statue of a bull. The bull has his "associations" too—he typifies Bull Durham. On a dark colored desk in the far center are boxes of cigars and cigarettes. Yes, Hill smokes, when he has time. He prefers cigarettes to cigars.

At a long black table in the center, big enough for a directors' meeting, a red faced man in a blue suit is writing. Although

(*Continued on page 90*)



The Lucky Strike Orchestra

Chicago as

By MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH

President of the National Broadcasting Company



Grant Park, below, beautifully landscaped and including the million dollar Buckingham fountain, gives approach to the bristling skyline and to the forthcoming world's fair

CHICAGO, Radio's capital?

The prediction has been made many times. Regardless of the opinion of any one individual, it is certain that there is already enough evidence as to the trend in this direction to cause discussion of the question. No doubt can exist in the mind of any individual but that Chicago already is a Radio center. It was one of the first Radio Centers in the world, and it has to its credit many other of the "firsts" in broadcasting. It had one of the first broadcast transmitting stations in the United States. It presented, over the air, the first broadcast of a grand opera production from the stage. This was nearly ten years ago, in November 1921, when station KYW picked up a performance of what is now the Chicago Civic Opera Company from the stage of the old Auditorium Theater.

Geographically, of course, Chicago occupies a preferred position in the heart of the country and a vast population.

In matters pertaining to nearly all phases of broadcasting, from the development of talent to the invention of mechanical equipment, Chicago has always been to the fore. This is due to

Within sound of the demolition of Fifth Avenue skyscrapers in New York, to make way for the new Rockefeller Radio City, Mr. Aylesworth states his belief in Chicago as the Radio Capital of America, and tells why. With the Midwest metropolis radiating into thickly populated sections unhindered in all directions the NBC president's contentions seem especially well founded.

t h
fact that a
most from the sta
the mid-western city had
number of active, intelligently ma
aged individual Radio stations. Amo
them the spirit of rivalry has be
stronger, perhaps, than among the broa
casters of any other city in the Unit
States. The foremost of these statio
were owned or affiliated with newspape
which insured for them a most inten
spirit of progressivism, and fostered
ever advancing standard of program pr
duction.

The broadcasters of Chicago have n
been content to permit the stage, t
cabaret, the Lyceum Bureau, the conce
hall and vaudeville to supply them wi
most of their entertainers. On the co
trary, they have developed and ma
many names that were never heard
before, and are now nationally know
One outstanding instance is the int
nationally known act of "Amos 'n' And
which was incubated in the studio of
local Chicago station.

From the viewpoint of music, the ci
is adequately supplied with musicians

Radio Capital



Merchandise Mart, home of the new NBC studios, looks down on the river that "runs up hill" from the lake

hest class, and it has within its ies many well conducted schools nservatories of music.

it becomes plain that the spirit of tion among the Chicago stations veloped and will continue to de- many new supplies of Radio talent.

NOR have these individ- tions been lacking in progress in tter of equipment and studios. e in the world are there any finer al broadcasting units than in . All of the more prominent have new studios and offices ave been created within the past of years. There have been con- mprovements in the transmitting f these stations, located outside of y limits. From the eye of an ; these transmitters are on a par y in the world. Their capacities ll the way from 500 to 50,000 Many of them maintain their search laboratories and are con- experimenting with television, ave transmitters and other forms less communication.

Because of its early start in Radio, there are now announcers, entertainers and engineers scattered all over the country whose experience in broadcasting came first in Chicago. It is certain that the backbone of broadcasting is, and always will be, individual stations. Without these to carry the programs, it would not be possible, naturally, for the American people to have such major production units as have been created by what are popularly known as the chains.



Merlin H. Aylesworth

Some idea, therefore, of the completeness of the broadcasting service given the listening public in the Chicago territory and states adjacent, can be gained from the statement that there are at least eight grade A stations in the city.

Ample and concrete evidence of the faith that broadcasters themselves have in Chicago's future as a Radio center is already at hand. The National Broadcasting Company has created the newest and most completely equipped network broadcasting center in the world on top of the Merchandise Mart in Chicago. There, in a prodigious penthouse, are housed six of the finest broadcasting studios in the world, and one of them is the largest in existence. Into that plant has been put all of the knowledge and experience gained in the past ten years in broadcasting.

Some further idea of the importance with which we regard Chicago is indicated by the fact that the office force of the National Broadcasting Company, exclusive of entertainers, has been increased from two to more than two hundred persons. More than sixteen hundred people appear before NBC microphones each month in the six studios mentioned.

Further than that, provision has been made for the addition of at least four more studios when necessity arises.

It should be understood that the Chicago unit is not merely a branch office. It is a complete broadcasting organization and has every department necessary for the production and presentation of



Niles Trammel, vice-president of the NBC, in charge of the Chicago studios

Radio programs. In fact, there is nothing in New York that is not duplicated in the Chicago quarters.

Some more concrete idea of the Chicago plant may be obtained from a recitation of statistics. It is, in reality, a large two story building that has been erected on top of the Merchandise Mart, which in itself is the world's largest building. It contains more than 66,000 square feet of space, and two of its six studios are two stories high. The studios themselves measure more than 240,000 cubic feet, and more than 56,000 square feet of sound proof material was used in their construction. Light for the studios is obtained from more than 95 light fixtures or chandeliers, and more than 33,000 watts of electricity are required for this purpose. The halls, corridors and offices have more than 13,000 square feet of carpet, and the total floor space of the studios is more than 11,000 square feet. The various hallways and corridors have a total length of more than 1,760 linear feet. In the observation rooms, which permit visitors to watch broadcasts, there are more than 8,000 square feet, and these visitors look through more than 1,500 square feet of glass.

AS THE Radio audience of the country already knows, there are a number of Radio acts originating in Chicago that have become immensely popular. Among these are Amos 'n' Andy; Paul Whiteman and his orchestra; Phil Spitalny and his Edgewater Beach orchestra; Clara Lu 'n' Em; East and Dumke, with their "Sisters of the Skillet" sketch; Joseph Koestner and his orchestra; Lee Sims, piano individualist; Al and Pete, recording artists; Abbie Mitchell, interpreter of blues; Wendell Hall, the red-headed music maker; the Empire Builders dramatic cast headed by Harvey Hays, the Old Timer; the cast of the semi-dramatic sketch, "The First Nighters"; Chauncey Parsons, noted tenor; Coon-Sanders and their original Nighthawk orchestra; Adolphe Dumont and his symphony orchestra; George Dasch and the Little Symphony orchestra.

Only recently the production of the WJZ-NBC daytime sustaining programs were shifted from New York to Chicago.

ATTENTION is also called to the fact that the National Broadcasting Company has already completed arrangements for the acquisition of Station WENR, Chicago's popular 50,000 watt unit.

The Columbia Broadcasting System also has been continually enlarging its Chicago quarters. Only recently it completed large new studios in the Wrigley Building. It has enlarged its personnel many times over its original force.

It was only yesterday, figuratively speaking, that no nationally broadcast programs originated in Chicago. Now nearly two hundred come from that city every week. Argument in rebuttal has been advanced that the National Broadcasting Company is soon to build in New



York a great Radio City. This is true, but those who argue make it appear that this huge project that is to house Radio City is to be devoted exclusively to broadcasting. On the contrary, it will have, in addition to broadcasting studios, such enterprises as theaters and many other activities that are only indirectly connected with Radio production.

The success of any center that is to be considered in this argument regarding the capital of broadcasting, must depend to a great extent on its program talent supply. It is obvious that a town of two hundred people would have difficulty in finding among its citizens enough persons of sufficient musical and histrionic ability to give a complete broadcasting service sixteen to eighteen hours a day. As in the past, such talent has gravitated toward the larger centers of population. For this reason most of the men and women who professionally entertain are found in New York and Chicago.

Certainly it is true that New York is the theatrical center of the United Sta but such a statement does not mean t it is the home of all the talent in country. If the argument regarding N York's supply of talent held good, t Hollywood would not be the talking ture capital of the United States at present time. There is no argument that the "talkies" need and use all k of musical and histrionic ability. I also true that because talking pict are produced inside on the sound sta sunshine is no longer a factor.

Consequently, it is logical to assu if we are to believe all the argument hear, that when talking pictures bec a success two years ago, the produ companies would have immediately t ferred all of their activities to New Y City. These facts are pointed out in endeavor to show that New York ha exclusive hold on talent.

Even more important, however, any of these thoughts, is another one has to do with the year 1933. At time, in Chicago, as we all know, is to be held the greatest fair and position the world has ever known. it is not debatable that during 1933 cago will be the amusement center, of the United States alone, but of world. Naturally it will draw to it leading entertainers, artists, orche and bands of the world. This ex by the way, has already started. recently, Paul Whiteman, conceded one of the foremost orchestra leade the world, signed a contract with NBC Artists' Bureau in Chicago five year period. In addition to W man, the mid-western city is even playing host to some of the most fa orchestras. Internationally know Frederick Stock's Symphony Orch Numerous other symphonic organiz claim it as their home. There is need to discuss the artistic and m reputation of the Chicago Civic

CONSEQUENTLY, now on the city will play an increa important part in the amusement It is obvious that its position in casting is to be advanced in measu

In conclusion this can certai said: Chicago is a world's cen broadcasting; whether it will THE world's center is debatab everyone has a right to his own o





A Great Drawing Card . . . Nellie Revell, Voice of RADIO DIGEST, Honored by New York Cartoonists at her first birthday party after leaving the hospital. Bottom Row, left to right: George McManus, Rube Goldberg, Irvin Cobb, Miss Revell, Windsor McKay and Harry Hirshfield. Among those in the back row are Martin Branner, Tom Powers, Bugs Baer and Milt Gross

GABALOGUE

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and the near-great of Radio and stage circles.

HOWDY, friends. I think I could call this "old stagers'" night, because most everybody on my program tonight comes from stage. . . . My first is to be about e two gloom chasers, Snoop and p . . . or I should say, Messrs. Finan Winkopp. These boys were both in New York and have been friends e their boyhood days. . . .
y went to public school ther, played marbles and key, went swimming and ng, and then they entered mbia together. . . . At mbia, they played on the ball team, before the cap- found out what was g with the team, and decided he'd er have football players than come- s.

hen they decided to go on the stage. Finan joined the road show with the *Boots* company—then came back to York and joined George M. Cohan's *y Malone*. . . . Winkopp was a mem- of the late Sam Bernard's company, *old You So,* which played here on dway. . . . The boys teamed up n and went into vaudeville—but they tired of looking for the last half ext week. . . . So they left the stage d each tried a business career. . . . wasn't so good, either, because they were already theatre-minded and were ruined for any other profession. . . . So, they decided to uplift Radio and wrote a series of burlesque detective stories, "How to Find out the Reason for Which." . . . They took these sketches to an executive of the National Broadcasting Company. . . . One week later, they had an audition, and two weeks later, the Radio audience were chortling at "Snoop and Peep," solving such startling mysteries as "Padlock Holmes," "The Shooting of Dan McGoo," and "Phil, the Phoney Firebug."

IF YOU happen to be passing the National Broadcasting Company on Fifth avenue, and see a big truck in front of the place, and five or six helpers unloading it, you'll know that "Snoop and Peep" are broadcasting and those things are their property sound effects. . . . In a recent program, their sound effects property list included: a bulb horn, train whistle, bell plate, tin pan, railroad locomotive, wire beater, (only the stenographer hit the wrong key, and made it *wife* beater) a chain windlass, a cow bell, a wood block, a Ford motor, and one announcer. . . . In fact, nearly every program includes everything from a baby pacifier to a steam dredge.

The boys are both single and live with their parents. . . . They write their own sketches, and say they've never had so much fun in their lives as they do putting these on. . . . They're on at eleven o'clock every Tuesday night and if you've got any mystery story to solve . . . such as why somebody always rings the telephone when you're in the bathtub; or why, in a restaurant, you can never get your coffee served with your meal, instead of afterward; or why the waiter always runs away with the menu before you get through eating . . . just write to "Snoop and Peep"; they will tell you.

Well, to change the subject, here's a lady who really did leave a vacancy on the stage when she stepped out. . . . I mean Lucille Wall. . . . She is known as the "Collier's Love Story Girl," and has been four years on the Collier program. . . . She's also on the "Polly

(*Continued on page 88*)

What is the Secret of *Charm?*

IRENE BORDONI, Grace Moore, Mary Pickford and Ruth St. Denis discuss this delicate and peculiarly feminine subject from their own respective viewpoints

By Lillian G. Genn

EVERY woman, since the day of Eve, has longed to be charming. She knows that with this shining armor, she can sally forth into the world and capture many of the prizes of life. But never before, however, has its possession been of such primary importance as in this age of beauty, of youth and of self-development, when every woman must be able to hold her own.

Naturally, we are tremendously interested in the women who have reached the top and who are famed for their ability to sway the hearts of all. What are their views on charm? What secrets have they to impart? What things have they learned which will help others to open the magic door to success, whether it is in the business or social world or that of love?

Four fascinating women of different types were chosen. Each has won renown in her field and is known to a wide personal and Radio public. Let us first "listen in" to that international musical comedy star who is winning new laurels over the air—Irene Bordoni. She is small, petite and vivacious, and has that proverbial captivating charm of the French woman which at once draws you to her.

"Ah, charm," she smiled. "That is a very necessary thing for a woman to have. If she hasn't it, she must set about acquiring it right away!

"Of course, to tell you what it is requires a lot of thought. I don't know if I can tell you, even after thinking! But I am certain that it is a hundred times more important than beauty. The world is full of beautiful women. But how many do you hear about, or know about? But a charming woman—ah, that is different. And if she is a beautiful woman with charm, she will be known the world over.

"No matter how beautiful a woman is, if she has not charm, she soon palls on one. But with that quality added, she becomes *vivant*—a person who has glow and animation to her. She is one who gives pleasure to whomever she meets.



"Each one of us has something different . . . which gives us charm," Grace Moore.

"In France, a baby girl, from th time she is old enough to under stand, is taught to be charmin She is taught to be particularl charming to men," twinkled th actress, "so that some day she ca make a suitable match. The im portance of good manners, of grac and of tact is emphasized. Tha is all a part of charm, is it not She studies music, singing an dancing, and cultivates a pleasan speaking voice. These things giv her poise and help to make her companionable person.

"She also learns the necessity f a sweet disposition. A girl, or f that matter a man too, who is i tempered and inclined to argue the slightest provocation, can nev be charming. As for a pessimi or a grouch, do you know a charm ing one? I do not. It is the o who smiles and is cheerful, w radiates charm.

"That is why I say, forget wor when others are around. Even you must force yourself to sm and laugh, then do so. Life is full of cares and troubles, that t woman who can dispel them w her good humor and her smiles v never lack friends. People v flock to her, for she soothes th and makes them happy.

"The girl who wants to deve charm should also be an interest conversationalist. She must r and know what is going on in world. In that way she makes her co pany more desirable.

"But at the same time—" Miss E doni paused to lift a cautioning fin "she must be able to listen well. must not monopolize the conversation be indifferent. If she listens sympath ically, that flatters the other person makes him feel," she smiled roguis "that she is a very, very charming son!"

The fairy godmothers were lavish v their gifts when they came to the cr of Grace Moore. Given a voice of ly



"It is the one who smiles and is cheerful, who radiates charm," Irene Bordoni.

is, exquisite blonde beauty, it dramatic talent, she has not ained a much coveted place at ropolitan Opera House, but is he foremost of our screen lu- . Yet the brilliant success has achieved in these fields, turned her head. She is simple, ed, and very much herself. as not surprising, therefore, ie was asked what she consid- portant for charm, to have her reply: "Naturalness. pose," she continued, "that is h to impart. But it seems to a great many young people e or lose their charm simply they try to be like someone m they admire. They adopt id affectations. They imitate sms. They try to be cute or ated when they might be really if they were simple and dignified. one of us has something in us akes us different from the next And it is that 'differentness' which charm. That is why I advise the eker to let her manner, her con- and everything else about her al.

I think that the qualities of the d mind have much to do with it: yous and happy and enthusiastic, ng a genuine desire to make others will find that the charming man an are always trying to do some- other people. There is a gallant in the way they carry themselves, patience and a kindliness of and impulse. Nothing is too ouble for them.

"Culture is another great aid to charm. The person who has many interests and hobbies and who has an appreciation of the arts and of beautiful things, makes a better and more lasting impression than the girl whose only possession is a pretty face.

"A woman's charm needs an effective setting. And that of course includes all the feminine lure of clothes, physical loveliness, and poise. No matter how little a woman can spend on her wardrobe, she can at least be immaculately and daintily groomed. Well-kept hands, a fine, clear skin, and shining hair, add to the appeal of fastidious grooming. Carriage, graciousness and ease, all these things that comprise poise, are contributing factors to



"Steadiness, balance, serenity and self-confidence are important to the element of charm in personality," Ruth St. Denis.

charm, and pleasing personality.

"But perhaps more than anything else," the prima donna said in parting, "I believe that the secret of charm lies in the beauty of one's inner thoughts. It is these which project themselves in an attractive personality."

We next went on the trail of Ruth St. Denis, the world-famous dancer, who has given a very delightful talk of her art over the Radio. Dressed in a nile-green robe, her bare feet encased in sandals, she formed a lovely picture against the exotic background of her Denishawn studio. It is a large, artistic house, built in Spanish-Moorish style and filled with treasures that she and her husband, Ted Shawn, gathered in their years of travel in every quarter of the globe.

The famous dancer has the grace of movement and of gestures which give one a sense of beauty as one watches her. Her face, devoid of makeup, is smooth and firm and is framed by a mass of white hair. She was very much interested in our search for charm recipes, and thoughtfully considered our questions.

"I think," she began, "there has to be a combination of elements to produce that special glow of personality which attracts others to us. And these, people are usually born with.

"However, there are things that can be acquired and which make very acceptable substitutes for the natural elements that are lacking. Grace, social poise, and ease of manner are among them. The best aids for these are the dance and contact with the world, which comes under the head of travel.

"I do not mean that it is necessary to travel physically, but rather mentally. One should have a curiosity about life that is fed by reading, studying, meeting people, attending clubs, lectures and concerts. Such a background of culture helps in contacts with people. One knows how to approach them and to draw them out.

"The art of repose is a distinct and a rich asset to charm. Most of us nowadays are nervous and distrait. We are either tired to death

(*Continued on page 96*)

"This subtle quality is a composite of daintiness, perfect grooming, joy of living and love of one's fellow-beings," Mary Pickford.





Julia

Julia and Frank

Famous Radio Sweethearts Are Married and Proud of It — Stage Romance Sticks for Crumit-Sanderson—on Both Chains

By DUKE PARRY

PERHAPS it's because they don't take themselves too seriously in the Radio studios.

Possibly the explanation lies in the fact that they frequently skip around a microphone that they use jointly, ad lib at will, and refuse to be terrified by their audience, no matter how large the coast-to-coast networks that carry their voices, may become.

At any rate Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit are rated by broadcast critics as among Radio's most popular teams. Superlatives crowd upon superlatives when the fans and the critics express themselves about this pair who are credited by the Columbia Broadcasting System for materially increasing the morning audience during their Friday morning Bond Bakers broadcasts.

"The greatest Radio romancers"—"clowns, lovers and delightful song birds all rolled into one"—these are just a few of the comments that are collected weekly from the fan mail which long ago had run into the hundreds of thousands of letters and post cards.

It has gotten to the point where the fans take sides. They argue about whether or not, during their Blackstone Plantation broadcasts on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the evening and in their morning broadcasts, Julia is singing enough and indulging enough in her distinctive giggle—in a word if she is getting her share of attention on the programs. Equally loud in their plaints are others in the Radio audience who want to know why "funny Frank Crumit" doesn't devote more attention to his comic songs such as the famous *Barnacle Bill the Sailor*. But the letters end by assuring Frank and Julia that they are the best Radio team on the air.

The first words Julia Sanderson uses when she starts in to tell you about Radio may explain the key to their success as stars dealing purely in Radio entertainment.

"The funny thing about Radio is that we started into it just for fun . . . sort of a lark," she will tell you. "And the fun keeps up even when we have to get to the CBS studios early in the morning to sing for the Radio early birds".

Julia contributes a contagious giggle during the moments between the songs of their program. One of her admirers calls it a "merry little musical laugh". The other day, in the studio she and Frank were ad libbing, indulging in bits of nonsense when, without warning she almost took him completely off his guard by saying to her Radio audience as well as to her Radio partner — "Look out, I'm going to sneeze!"



Frank

AS A Radio funster Frank Crumit is in as much demand as he is while singing such romantic songs as *It Looks Like Love* and *That Homestead Steady of Mine*. At the moment he is president and "General Factotum" of one of Radio's most unusual clubs, "The F Facts Club", which he sings about i Plantation programs. The foolish he sings about are not unlike his fa song *What Kind of a Noise Anno Oyster?*, which explained that a ' noise annoys an oyster more". Wh first started introducing his own f facts to the Radio, the Radio fans them so well they sent in voluntee of foolishment.

Frank formed Foolish Facts and Radio fans promised a copy "Foolish Facts" music, with man ses if they sent cigar band. Ther twenty thousan sheets of musi out within two But best of all, Frank tell it, the so many "foolish submitted to h use on the air has enough on l supply his progr mand for the the year. Tho write in to the eral Factotum" tomatically mac bers of the Facts Club."

The Crumit son team dates back to the le stage days. Both Julia, who car Springfield, Mass., and Frank, from Jackson, Ohio, heard the ca

e early in life. Overcoming parental
ctions she came down to New York
et into musical comedy at the age of
en. Shubert saw her and gave her a
ract and then Charles
man featured her in
e Sunshine Girl".
re were other plays
other parts—one of
happiest moments was
n the late President
presented her with
rmful of flowers when
e Sunshine Girl"
ed in Washington.
Frohman went down
the Lusitania. She
lost the manager who
the inspiration of
actresses as Ethel
ymore, Billie Burke,
de Adams. She be-
to drift . . . and then
and Frank Crumit
and he sang *Sweet*
to her in "Tanger-

THE rest is Ra-
istory. She and Frank
e their fortunes and
ted the stage for
imony. They bought
selves a home at
ngfield, Mass., and
d it "Dunrovin" and
ed down. There was
nearby—even then
wanted to defeat
k at golf—there were
lowers and birds and
s they had sung
t in their musical
dies. And then one
they heard the Ra-
-a strange new toy.
Ve could do that,"
Frank.
t would be fun,"
ed Julia.
d soon the audiences
h had truly missed
heard their voices
t. He sang *Sweet*
y to her. She
hed romance with
ve Just One Heart
Just One Boy. The
o audience liked it.
sang *By My Side,*
n't Get Enough of

ey helped sell the
bled world on the
that there was some
nce left in matri-
after all.
hey sing like that—
they say they are
ied!" queried the
s. "Two Little Love
s—it's just make
ve", remarked twen-

tieth century America. "Romance—it's all right for the stage and the Radio. But they're too happy—it's just an act."

To all of which Julia and Frank offer themselves to the listening world as two artists who can be happy though married.

Julia may be called diminutive. She weighs a scant 126 pounds . . . she has a pet bull dog who's been named "Lindy Lee" . . . Jocko is her pet parrot because he mounts Frank's shoulder, cackles into his ear and attempts the inimitable Sandersonian giggle of Julia . . . her greatest extravagance is perfumes, but she wears the heavier sort with velvet and lighter ones with chiffon . . . she has no idea of the size shoes she wears but admits, embarrassedly, that her foot takes one of the smaller sizes . . . and her sweetest moment in life . . . she will tell you so . . . was when Frank Crumit, comparatively unknown to her, strummed his now famous ukulele to her and sang his own composition of *Sweet Lady*.



Scene from *Tangerine* when Frank sang *Sweet Lady* to Julia—and meant it for life

AND SO the fairy story said—they were married. And they all lived happily ever afterward.

They are probably one of the most observed pairs that enter the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System. They aren't at all heavy with their affection for each other. Rather, they are nonchalant, much the same as one of Frank's brother Phi Delta Thetas in the University of Ohio —by the way Frank is proud of the Phi Delts and Ohio University—would be with a fair co-ed.

Now Frank, leaving Julia out of it for the nonce, has revived some of the most famous characters of light music. What would the records do —and Frank was famous as a reporter long before Radio came into its own—without Frankie and Johnnie? And Abdul Abulbul Amir? And the Gay Caballero? Not to mention Donald the Dub, one of America's championship golf songs of the King of Borneo. Many of them he wrote himself. And—as a parting shot—Frank weighs 209 pounds!

FIGHT *tha*

Do You *Want the*

MAJORITY of Listeners Has Poor Taste, Say Educators, Who Seek Share of Time for Exclusive Use—Subtle Hand of Politicians Seen in Move to Break Competitive System

By Doty Hobart

Cartoon by Fred Morgan

HOW would you like to have a Washington Bureaucrat go over Radio programs for the day, run a blue pencil through your Amos 'n' Andy, scratch out Rudy Vallée, cross off the most of your other favorite entertainments and substitute lectures by Mr. John Lobby, talks on the activities of various Washington bureaus and permit you to listen to some of the boresome repetitious cadenzas from the time hallowed classics? Of course it would all be prepared for your cultural uplift, but how would you like to have it happen?

Now, don't scowl and shake your head. You may have to take it and like it. You have already been declared, dear listener-in, incompetent to choose what is good for you to hear. The campaign is now well under way to throw out the American plan of free, competitive broadcasting for the European plan of government bureau broadcasting. Of course you would pay a tax for the privilege of hearing a choice of two or three programs the Washington bureau would prepare for your uplift.

Americans would never stand for such a scheme, did you say? But you do not realize how deftly the unseen hand is leading you through insidious propaganda to accept this point of view, so adroitly conceived by the Hon. John Lobby and his surreptitious cohorts. John has beguiled some very wise people.

Who is John Lobby? So far as this article is concerned he is just a name—just one of those persons who works behind the scenes pulling strings that operate dummies of other people who are out on the stage and ostensibly putting on the show. By recognizing the signs and following the tracks we may find him in the Little Green House, or possibly in the end room off the corridor on the top floor of the hotel.

Here he is lolling back in his easy chair, a fat cigar screwed into the corner of his mouth. The room smells of departed spirits and stale smoke. We remain invisible to John and his visitors. The Radio is going. Enter Peter Pickwick, the high-powered press agent.

"You know," says John, grumblingly, "this spread has been goin' on for twenty minutes an' my man Senator Dunmore ain't made a peep. What's he waitin' for?"

"Give him a chance, John. Maybe he's waitin' to hear their cases then spring his own oratics and shake 'em off the boxes."

"Maybe you're right. Gosh, if there was some way we could get a strangle hold on this here Radio, control it and use it so it would do the most good—"

"That shouldn't be such a trick for a guy like you, John."

"I've been thinking. But we didn't grab quick enough. They're too strong now. Everybody's suspicious. There's an Ethiopian in every woodpile. And you can't pull nothin'."

GUESS you're gettin' old, John. You didn't use to talk that way. Remember what the war did for you? I'm the fellow who dopes out the propaganda to fit. Don't forget, Big Boy Propaganda."

"No, I ain't forgettin'—that's why I asked you to come up and talk things over with me. Can't we hatch up somethin'?"

"It's a cinch you got to keep your own mug out of the picture."

"Don't tell me things I know already."

"You can't use any of the Big Guns in the Capitol."

"Yeah, go on."

"How about the churches, the Reds are gettin' over some swell pacifist stuff to disarm the country?"

"They might—but where would we get off? What we got to do is work in som where with some big power that ain't be mixed up with anything yet."

"Well, John, there ain't nothin' left b the schools. And nobody is goin' to st for any monkey business with the schoo you know that."

"Listen, don't be a sap. Who said ar thing about monkey business? Who d covered this Radio business anywa Wasn't it the professors? Who ought have first rights by discovery? T schools, of course. And who robbed schools? The big trusts and commer interests? Do you see the line?"

"DO I! John, I alw said you were a genius. And will I that idea to the dear public—watch m

"Well, don't try to go too fast. T it easy. Ask for about 15 per cent these here waves *back* for a starter—mind you put it that way, say the teach have got to have 'em *back*. Make ou though they had been cheated out of 'e

"Right again, John. Then after we the 15 per cent we'll find that in orde do the job right for the little kid they'll need another 15 per cent—"

"Wait—wa-a-a-it a minute. Don't too fast. How about some of these o interests that will be wanting a sha Ain't they got no rights? Don't put your waves in one basket, young fel Wait till they git to squabbling am themselves. Just as soon we crack the present system and hand out a to the educators we'll be havin' a pr dent to go on and all the other gr will be wanting their slices. We'll 'em along against each other until we the whole thing in a mess and then have old Dunmore introduce a bil establish a bureau to operate all these waves under my control—but it won my name you'll see in the papers."

"You must have had this pretty figured out before you called me in, d you, John?"

"Well, I've had parts of it on my for quite some time now, Peter."

"It can't fail."

"Don't forget to get the little Have the teachers send 'em home to

Wave Grab!

merican or European Plan?

nts to write to Congress and have
push that legislation through.
have that Radio Bureau so we
our lines into every state and
America. Then we'll be sittin'
th plenty of ways of collecting
ugh and tellin' the Whosis where
."

ar reader, this has all been an
conversation between imagi-
acters. But watch your news-
r covert slams from Peter's pen
ercial broadcasting stealing the
annels from the educational
the country. The newspapers
don't write it. They get it as prepared copy. It sounds interesting and costs nothing. Besides that some of the newspapers claim the "commercial broadcasting" is taking away some of their advertising revenue. And don't you forget that Peter isn't overlooking that bet either. He's watching out for "the poor starving newspapers."

SOME of High-pressure Peter's 'ganda is pretty thin but he's pumping it out from every possible angle. You'll probably recognize it when you see it now.

Granting that all the comment about John and Peter has been only by way of parable, visitors to the First Annual Assembly of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education in New York, May 21 to 23, were surprised to find how far the encircling movement to corner Radio had progressed.

Senator Simeon D. Fess, Republican, Ohio, had introduced Bill S. 5589 in the United States Senate, January 8, 1931. The bill provides:

"Not less than 15 per cent, reckoned with due weight to all factors determining effective service, of Radio broadcasting facilities which are or may be subject to



the control of or allocation by the Federal Radio Commission, shall be reserved for educational broadcasting exclusively, and allocated when and if applications are made therefor, to educational agencies of the Federal or State governments and to educational institutions chartered by the United States or by representative States or Territories."

With less than 100 broadcasting channels at our disposal this bill would provide for the confiscation of 15 per cent of the facilities to be administered by forces which so far have failed to utilize a generous share of broadcasting facilities already placed at their disposal.

This demand was made also in face of the fact that the two principal networks and most of the individual stations contributed and are contributing an average of nearly 15 per cent of their time to carefully worked out educational programs and are willing to increase the volume as fast as suitable programs can be developed.

In the rush of business during the closing hours of the spring session the Fess bill died without coming up for a hearing. But it will be reintroduced at the next session. And it may win.

It was made evident at the national assembly of the Radio Council that the following eminently respectable and wholly unquestioned educational organizations had been persuaded to join the National Committee on Education by Radio, which sponsored the Fess Bill:

The National Council of State Superintendents of Public Instruction.
The National Association of State University Presidents.
The Association of College and University Broadcasting Stations.
The National Education Association.
The National University Extension Association.
The National Catholic Education Association.
The American Council on Education.
The Jesuit Education Association.
The Association of Land Grant Colleges and Universities.

EVERY one of these educational groups has a sincere interest in educational promotion, and there are hundreds of other educational groups ready and willing to align themselves with any move which has as its fundamental principle the promotion of learning.

One of the most startling and enlightening papers read at the First Annual Assembly was by Mr. Joy Elmer Morgan, chairman of the National Committee on Education by Radio, editor of the Journal of the National Education Association and former president of the National Education Association. Mr. Morgan's view may be summed up in the following excerpt:

"The most powerful educational tool of our day is the Radio. Every other country in the civilized world has recognized from the first its educational and civic possibilities. America is the only great civilized country that has allowed this new garden of opportunity to grow up to the weeds of commercial advertising, competitive exploitation and selfish greed. . . .

"The commercial stations seek to reach great numbers of people. They measure the worth of their programs by the size of their audiences. In order to get large audiences they cultivate the lower appeals. The educational stations realize that the finer things of life have always appealed first to the few. Education seeks to maintain standards and pull up."

IT IS perfectly obvious from this attitude that Mr. Morgan is quite out of sympathy with our American plan of broadcasting. If Mr. Morgan should succeed in adding to his other official functions that of the Chief Dictator of the Department of Radio there would be considerable shake-up in our system.

Whether or not you want to be elevated by your ears would not be for you to choose. The better things are appreciated at first only by the few, Mr. Morgan declared in the course of his speech. And the few would decide for you what would be best for you to hear. Your "weeds" would be taken away from you. For elsewhere in his speech Mr. Morgan said:

"There has not been in the United States an example of mismanagement and lack of vision so colossal and far-reaching as our turning of the Radio channels almost exclusively into commercial hands."

You see the scheme goes all the way back to the beginning, to the fundamentals of our form of government—our democracy. The masses are too dumb to know what is good for them. Uncle Sam should be looked upon rather as a father protecting his infant progeny, tasting the candy first to see whether it is pure.

What is this European plan of broadcasting which Mr. Morgan considers of such superior vintage? Probably the British Broadcasting Corporation could be regarded as typical. R. S. Lambert of that organization is quoted as follows:

"The British system of broadcasting is operated under monopoly conditions. The British Broadcasting Corporation is licensed, by a royal charter, to hold monopoly over a certain number of years. The majority of listeners in London have a choice of two programs from which to select a preference throughout the most important listening hours. We think that the listener will be satisfied if he has a choice of two good programs wherever he lives. Our corporation has an income approaching $5,000,000 a year, most of which is derived from licensing of receiving set owners. The government turns over to us one-third of this license money, but they take away 12½ per cent f cost of collecting it. We operate one-third of the revenue which we sider we earn."

How do you like that idea? T ceiving set owners pay the gover $15,000,000 for the privilege of tu to one of two possible programs. service they get on these two progr presumably the best that the supe judges possible for $1 out of $3 t paid to produce it. There is no inc to command your interest by any ordinary effort. Nobody has to se any new ideas. You can take wha fered or leave it. If you don't li Radio wind up the old "gramophon the English call it.

Following is a typical four day gram listing as published in the *Radio* (of London) for dates ind There is also a "Midland Regiona made up mostly of one or the o these programs.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20

National	London Regic
Gramophone Records	Organ Recital
Organ Recital	As Midland Reg
Restaurant Music	Gramophone Re
Talks	Ballad Concert
Symphony Concert	As National
Talks	Light Music
Military Band	German Talk
Chamber Music	Orchestral Conc
Dance Music	Dance Records
	Dance Music

THURSDAY, MAY 21

National	London Regi
Cinema Organ	As Midland Re
Military Band	Cinema Orchest
Abbey Evensong	As Midland Re
Restaurant Music	Light Music
Talks	Relay from Con
Orchestral Concert	Garden
Speeches from Empire Society	Musical Comed
Dance Music	Dance Music

FRIDAY, MAY 22

National	London Regi
Ballad Concert	Gramophone R
Organ Recital	As Midland R
Gramophone Records	As Midland R
Restaurant Music	Light Music
Talks	Chamber Musi
Vaudeville	Dance Music
Orchestral Concert	
Dance Music	

SATURDAY, MAY 23

National	London Re
Cinema Orchestra	As National
As London Regional	Military Banc
As London Regional	Cinema Orga
Talks	Light Music
Musical Comedy	Orchestral Co
Prime Minister's Speech	Vaudeville
Dance Music	Dance Music

TIME and te proven that competitive ownersh the interest of the general p better than monopolistic cont example: The traveling public an payers are well aware of the imposed through incompetent ma of our railroads under governm trol in 1918. Radio is a pub

(*Continued on page 9.*)

BETTY'S *Big Thrill*

I are invited, dear reader, to a party ebrating the opening of a pretty little p in the hills of Westchester . . . re we are in the reception room of the globe trotter, Mr. Stuart Levussove, Salmon Tower in Manhattan. Au- artists and famous Radio entertainers ming in—wit, beauty and glamour. petite blond—so vivacious and smil- e knows everybody. Who is she? Ross, none other! You remember ie girl who has lived so much during t seven years since she ran away from eltered home in Hartford to find ad- . Have you read her book, Bread ve? *She lived in the squalor of Rus- get her material first hand. And you er over the NBC in the series, Around rld with Betty Ross. What a lot of she has had! What was the biggest Let's ask her as we whirl away through ntry. Miss Betty, tell us about the t thrill you ever had, please. . . .*



By BETTY ROSS

HRILLS? My greatest thrill? Need you ask? Life itself is the greatest thrill—life and the present moment. Now, now, NOW! alive and going to a party surd by friends who also are alive, rilled, although they may not be ware of it. The Big Thrill always Tomorrow—and what new thing in will bring. Yesterday is dead and . At best it is only a memory.

re have been millions of thrills in buried yesterdays. Precarious mo- with odds against all Tomorrows. stand out like jagged peaks from a ng plain. Vagabonding through a world I have touched hands with great persons and felt that these were s from a life-time never to be for-

n in strange places I am lost in the ain folds of the Canadian Rockies— n the heart of an ice-field. On my a glacier, my timid riding had left behind the party. One false step Indian pony meant a drop over a foot precipice. Dreadful, nerve- g seconds as those tiny hoofs felt cautious way falteringly over the y ice . . .

ice and snow remind me of another lay in Russia as we plodded over the as steppes in the dead of night pur- y bloodthirsty brigands . . . and the f that moment when our car mired ly in a mud hole, sinking hopelessly ve could hear the shouts of the cut- riders at our heels. . . .

look back over the last seven years life I think the experience etched eeply in my memory is the adventure that carried me by armored car through the Arabian desert to interview Abdullah, Emir of Transjordania, in the arid fastness of his glamorous kingdom. That was a real thrill.

MY INTERVIEW-CARAVAN had trekked into Jerusalem where immediately I began to hear many strange tales about this Emir and his Oriental splendor. He was fortified by vast barriers of burning sand and the hazards of meeting roving bands of barbarous robbers. But I also heard of Abdullah's harem of beautiful queens and his retinue of eunuchs.

To interview this mysterious monarch promptly became the obsession of my life and forthwith I started action to achieve this purpose.

"I'll bring back Abdullah's first interview to America," I eagerly exclaimed to the officer of the Royal Flying Corps who brought these stories from the desert.

The officer looked at me in amazement. "You know why no one has ever interviewed him before? The trip is too dangerous. It takes you through the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, which lies hundreds of feet below sea-level, and Jericho, in summer one of the world's hottest places. Then the desert—."

Graphically, he depicted the hardships of reaching Transjordania, a little principality lying between Palestine and Arabia, whose Moslem population is about 300,000.

Although under mandate to Great Britain, the country is run independently by Abdullah, whose family is well known in contemporary history. His brother Faisal is ruler of Mesopotamia. Another brother, Ali, is the recently deposed King of the Hedjaz. Hussein, his father, formerly ruled the Hedjaz, and traces his ancestry back fifty generations directly to the Prophet Mohammed.

This colorful background made me more determined than ever to interview Abdullah.

STILL the officer shook his head: "You'll never get there. No driver dares brave the desert."

He was right. For once, the magic of American dollars failed me. "Who wants to die?" all guides and drivers queried, and dismissed the subject.

Finally I appealed to Sir Ronald Storrs, at that time Jerusalem's governor, to send me in a government car. Sir Ronald immediately refused.

"The desert is unsafe these days," he explained. "The Druse are revolting against the French in Syria. They escape into the desert. Deserters from the French Foreign Legion also hide there. After wandering around a few days, they become crazed by heat and thirst. They're bloodthirsty and lie waiting for travelers to pass. These desert bandits not only steal the car and rob the passengers, but strip them of their clothes, leaving them naked to die in the sun."

"But to a woman. . ." I began.

Lady Storrs interrupted, "The last woman who crossed that desert shot herself on her return."

Gravely I listened to them both. "Well," I said, "that settles it. I'm going!"

"You're not!" snapped Sir Ronald. "I refuse to sanction your trip. I will not be responsible for an American life."

That night my dinner was tasteless. My soup was salty with tears.

Suddenly I heard my name called:

"Betty . . ." it was the English officer, "do you still want to visit the Emir's palace?"

I hated his sudden sense of humor, so didn't reply.

"Here's your chance!" he continued, "A

Pasha is going there tonight in his armored car. He heard about your courage—and said he'd take you along!"

But no longer was I encouraging false hopes. "Even if he does take me," I argued. "What's that? Sir Ronald tells me there are no hotels or lodgings. The natives all live in mud huts and sleep in clusters on the floor."

"The Pasha, as Commander of the Arab Legion, has the only real house there," replied my friend. "You're his guest."

Just then the Pasha approached. "Bring a revolver and water," he said, tersely, "we leave at midnight. The Jordan Valley is unbearably hot during the day. We must get there before sun-rise."

A long, low car . . . armed guards . . . a black-skinned Kurd chauffeur—and into the night we rode. The mosques and minaret-spires of the Holy City were soon lost in blackness as we threaded our way along winding, serpentine roads with hair-pin bends.

Each moment it seemed we would tumble down a steep precipice. The great mountains of soft limestone took on outlines of gigantic beasts. From behind them ran skulking figures . . . desert bandits . . . snipers. Every minute we expected them to fire on us.

DULL and listless lay the Jordan River. Tranquil and calm as a stagnant pool gleamed the Dead Sea. The river valley, hundreds of feet below sea-level, was hot, stifling.

I didn't dare utter a sound. I could catch my breath . . . Stifling. Choki for breath. Gasping. Fiercely I clutch the goat-skin filled with water. . . .

On ascending to sea-level once more, became warmer. To my amazement, companion handed me a blanket! "C he be losing his senses?" I wondered, wh he began tying his head-dress about neck and face and wrapping the blank around him. Suddenly I understood actions, for along came a rain of sting sand, cutting, piercing every particle my skin.

We were in the desert! The heat came little tongues of flame licking cheeks, my arms, my neck. Stinging sa blinded my eyes, choked my breath. ward off all this, I crawled underneath blanket. Still hot. I wished I had a coat to keep off those flaming hot sa Then I understood why the Arab in desert, on a hot day dons extra ha garments!

Hours we rode. Past primordial li stone mountains, past miles of sand-du harsh bushes, with sinister figures cr ing behind them, past black, low-h tents of the Bedouins.

The sun was peering through the bl ens when we reached Transjordania.

(*Continued on page 92*)



"Kief Hallec! exclaimed . . . extended my



DEMURE, yet fearless, his young woman has dared every sort of danger from the Russian steppes to the Arabian deserts. Read her most thrilling experiences on the preceding pages. Maybe you heard some of her talks over the NBC circuit, "Around the World with Betty Ross."

Betty Ross



Agnes Moorehead

DO YOU like Radio drama? So d we. And this young lady has held u breathless many times in her thrilling role as you hear them in **The Adventures of Sher lock Holmes.** She's also heard in **Bertie Sees the World** and **The Silver Flute**

Helen Gilliga

(Right)

BROADWAY musical comedy prima donna engaged by CBS to lead in a series of condensed operettas featured as the "Star Reveries"—sched uled for 10:45 EDST, every Sun day night





Bebe Daniels

(Right

WHEN Mr. Mike appeared on the movie scene and demanded voice as well as looks Bebe simply said "Listen now—' And Mr. Mike did, to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. All Mikes look alike to her and she has won a large Radio audience as recently proved on the Camel Pleasure Hour

Claudia Ivanova

SHE'S on the Red network from NBC Chicago studios—but that's not because she is featured soloist of the Russian Symphonic Choir. She was born in Russia and is a graduate of the Petrograd Conservatory of Music. How do you like that beret—or is it a beret?





Arabelle
Chambers

SHE croons all the way up to High C through the WCKY, Covington Ky., microphone. Will be on theatrical tour with other WCKY artists by the time you read this.



Mae
Questel

SHE'S practically a carbon copy of anyone of the stage or screen whom she may choose to imitate. Recently she doubled for Helen Kane boop-a-dooping Broadway and no one tumbled.



ances Shelley

(left)

"WHAT Is This Thing ed Love?" Don't ask Miss ley because she was the first to sing it—and she's still sing- it, as you may have heard her WABC et al, New York. was a member of the English e, **"Wake Up and Dream."**



Claudette Colbert

RADIO gave Miss Colbert an unsuspected voice. Until she was cast for a singing part on Vitality Personalities programs she thought her talents were confined to speaking parts. But she went in for intensive training and filled the bill very satisfactorily.



Karena
Shields

MAYBE you would like to be among the little boys, and girls who have this smiling story lady to entertain them over KTM, Los Angeles, every day. She also directs the women's hour and drama activities at this station.



Lucrezia
Bori

IT WASN'T so hot when this picture was taken of th
famous Metropolitan soprano and her fluffy bow-wow. Sh
was among the notables heard on the Simmons hour. CB
How's the pulse, gay dog, when fair lady holds the paw



Lois Bennett

MISS BENNETT has distinguished herself on many notable programs over the National Broadcasting Circuit. You have heard her on the Armstrong Quaker period, and more recently on the General Motors program, where she is presenting selections from the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.

LITTLE AMERICA TUNES in

Aunt and Uncle Mike

By Evans E. Plummer

ONCE upon a time—Funny, but it is certainly apropos that I should begin thus a tory about the "aunts" and "uncles" who ell Radio's young listeners their nightly edtime stories, but anyhow, once upon a me—

Back in 1920 and before, there were eally very few important figures outside f the family circle who meant a thing o Annie and Willie or Johnnie and Mary, unless it was the Boogy Man and anta Claus. The Goblins, of course, uled over a portion of Childom, but henever Satan or Old Man Boogy was rought to the rescue by a despairing arent as aide de camp in laying down he law to an unruly tot, its eyes opened n wide-eyed fear, and the battle was on without a casualty

But since Radio—well, even old Saint Nick hasn't a fraction of the invested ower young America has surrendered to s favorite Aunt So-and-sos and Uncle Whosits, broadcasting nightly at 5:30 or hereabouts from Stations A to Z. These unts and uncles, sometimes known by ther titles, are real flesh and blood peo-le—not mere figments of the imagination r illusions—and their mysterious power over youngsters is greater than that of parent, teacher, candy or even the frowned upon rod. And so good is the work of these children's idols, that, were there no other kind of program on the air, still the aunts and uncles would be reason enough for broadcasting and the necessity of a Radio receiver in every home with a growing child

These broadcasting guardians of America's future citizens are doing a noble work in setting up ideals in the young mind. They teach honesty, obedience, care and safety, rules of hygiene and health, civic pride, etiquette, kindness, thrift, unselfishness and other sterling qualities. They inspire the growing mind with faith. They create in youth a love for the wonders of nature—the trees and flowers, the beasts and birds.

In nearly a score of years the Boy Scouts of America organization has finally reached a membership of over five million, but in less than a half-dozen years the children's clubs of the broadcasting stations in this country have attained a total enrollment, conservatively estimated of over ten millions of youngsters! There are uncles, aunts and story ladies on every network, and also broadcasting individually from ninety per cent of all stations. Who are some of the better known of these "pied pipers" who've won such lofty places in the esteem of the little tots?

Uncle Don, of WOR, Newark, is one of the more famous. He has an Etiquette Club for the little ones that has grown to almost 600,000 members. His mail knows no boundaries, coming, as it does, from Germany, England, and even as far south as Panama. One of the requisites of being an Uncle Don club member is that you must perform a daily good deed And DO his members do those daily deeds? You should watch them.

Uncle Don's full name is Don Carney.

(*Continued on page 48*)

Just below you see Tiny Renier the Lullaby Man of WDAF, Kansas City. He's not so tiny but he could out-balance a half-dozen of his young listeners on the other end of a teeter-totter. But turn the page and see all the snap-shot photos the children sent Uncle Peter of CJRW-X-M of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. "It's a great life being a Radio Uncle," writes Uncle Peter to Radio Digest, "I even have Peterkins in far-away New York, besides three of my very own at home in Winnipeg."







Aunt and Uncle Mike

(Continued from page 45)







HE GREW up in Michigan's fruit belt, graduated from high school in St. Joseph, and ambled on to Chicago where the first notes in his varied career were those he struck on the piano of a nickelodeon, playing six or seven hours at a time. Harry Weber, a Windy City booking agent, saw and heard him, booked him in vaudeville at the Majestic Theatre and other Chicago playhouses, and finally Carney wound up in New York at the end of his contract the better for several hundred dollars he'd saved. The Louisiana land boom was in full bloom, and Don sunk his money in a "farm" there. After a sad attempt at running it, he went to work in a lumber yard to make money to pay a farmhand to do the farming by proxy.

I finally took the rap," Carney said, "and sold the place to another sucker for half what I paid for it." Then he came back to New York, tried vainly to regain the stage, obtained work with a watchmaker until his employer learned Carney knew nothing about watches, and next was hired as a laborer in a shipyard at 30 cents an hour. Then the war broke out! In less than a year's time Uncle Don had become assistant superintendent of the yard at a salary of $10,000 a year. But wars end eventually, and with the last one went Carney's job. Next he became an extra—$10 a day—in D. W. Griffith's motion picture *America*, and while thus employed he heard his first Radio program. After the picture was made, Carney said,

Eight years as a Radio uncle is almost a record for Uncle Bob Wilson at KYW, Chicago. Many big boys and girls are alive today only because they were influenced by his advice to stop at the curb. The Radio pal and his small friends at right were unidentified on the photo. Below are a couple of Dixie "Uncles" and a little "Missy". Both the old darkies were former slaves.

bullied myself into asking for an audi-
n, and was somewhat shocked when I
hired as an announcer for WMCA."
OR's program director heard him and
ited him to the studio for an audition
"Luke Higgins" in the beloved *Main*
eet Sketches. He clicked at once.
isteners' commendations were so em-
tic that he was retained also as a fea-
e of many other programs. Thus he
ame "Uncle Don," the entertainer
en nights a week of WOR's children
o sings etiquette songs and tongue
sters, and also doubles in the parts of
cle Otto and Simple Simon.

FOR over eight years Uncle
b, of KYW, Chicago, has been enter-
ning the children of the Midwest. Uncle
b, whose real name is Walter Wilson.
w has his "Curb Is the Limit" Club
mbership cards and buttons in the
nds of over a half million youngsters,
ne of whom have grown up and married
the years he has been on the air, and
now contributing the second generation.
Beloved Uncle Bob came to KYW in
22 originally as a "song plugger." He
s then western office manager of a
sic publishing company, and as such,
ended the KYW studios to sing his
n's new numbers and help to make
m popular. One of these was *Dream*
ddy. The children went for it. Not only that, but they went for Walter Wilson even stronger. Big and jovial, he was just one of those "naturals" who have a way with children. KYW's officials noted the juvenile applause and asked him to take charge of their children's hour. So he became "Uncle Bob" and has religiously broadcast to the little tots every week night at 5:30 Central time for almost a decade.

But simply singing songs and telling stories was not enough, Uncle Bob told himself early in the business, to keep the children interested. There was so much good he could do—tell the children to scrub their teeth, mind their parents, and be careful. So it was on the fifth of October, 1923, that his *Curb Is the Limit* Club germinated, with free membership to all and the only requirement that a prospective member first pledge himself to be careful, always count ten and look both ways before crossing the street, and never play in the highways or streets. The club has a slogan you might like to know. It goes:

"In roadways I must never play.
I have no legs to give away.
I have no arms that I can spare.
To keep them both I must take care."

So successful has Uncle Bob's work been in the Midwest that he is an ever sought after speaker before juvenile gatherings at churches, schools and theaters, and even the City Council of Chicago has passed unanimously a resolution of thanks to Uncle Bob Wilson for his good work in safeguarding the city's children against traffic accidents. And do the children observe his warnings? Everywhere you go you'll see little fellows hesitating and looking both ways before crossing the street. Ask who taught them that, and they'll reply, "Uncle Bob."

"BIG Brother Bob" Emery had an idea when he was just out of his teens and struggling along in 1924 as announcer, talent, and general factotum at WGI, Medford, Mass., a pioneer station. That idea was big enough even to outlive WGI, long since passed, extend itself to WEEI, Boston, and even now has become a weekly feature of the National Broadcasting Company, commercially sponsored.

Emery's plan, in brief, was to appeal to both the older boys and the little tots as well. The older ones were to be "Big Brothers" to the younger boys and girls. With this plan as a foundation, he built a program of entertainment with his Joy Diggers' music, historical and educational dramatic sketches, and other educational bits designed to appeal to the boy, or even girl, from eight to sixteen years of age, without bearing the distinct label of education. Bits of interesting information on woodcraft, botany and the like

(*Continued on page 96*)



Good-Bye GLOOM

Colonel Stoopnagle and His Valiant Army of Tastychasers March on old Gen. Depression and Take Him for a One-Way Tour

By Nelson S. Hesse

THIS is two success stories in one. It is a story, first, of the phenomenal rise to a place of prominence in the national Radio picture of "The Colonel and Budd—the Tastyeast Gloom Chasers". And it is a story of how a great organization and business was built up almost entirely through the medium of Radio.

Radio's history is filled with tales of sensational success, but few compare with that of "Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Budd", Buffalo's two exponents of extemporaneous comedy. The rise of this dizzy duo has been even faster than meteoric, which is pretty fast. It happened in a manner which was something like this.

Announcer Wilbur Budd Hulick, of Station WMAK, Buffalo, found himself in somewhat of a predicament on the morning of October 10, 1930. This predicament arose suddenly and painfully in the form of a 15-minute gap to fill between programs.

In a panic he rushed into the studio offices. The first person he saw was F. Chase Taylor, announcer, continuity writer, director and actor for the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation, who was pounding out a script on his typewriter.

"Hey!" pleaded Hulick, "I've got fifteen minutes to do and nothing to do it with. Come on and ad lib with me."

Pausing only to lug a folding organ into the studio, the pair went on. Hulick's first words announced an overture on "the mighty gas-pipe organ" by "Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle". They began their extemporaneous buffoonery. Radio history was in the making.

Just a couple of "mike" men until that time, with a few mild successes to their credit. Taylor and Hulick overnight were catapulted into prominence.

"The program went over in spite of everything we could do," Taylor, alias "The Colonel", observes philosophically.

Letters poured in after that first broadcast asking for more. "The Colonel and Budd" continued their ad lib nonsense, taking the name of "The Gloom Chasers". They made no special effort, wrote no script, kept the chatter extemporaneous and soon were given a half-hour spot. A little later they were switched to an evening period over WKBW because business men complained they could not hear "The Gloom Chasers" in the morning a because it kept their wives from doing t housework.

The popularity of a Radio presentat is gauged largely by the response throu the mails. "The Colonel and Budd" sh tered all Buffalo fan letter records i tiny pieces. There were weeks when fr 2600 to 2700 missives addressed to "T Gloom Chasers" cluttered up the offi of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporati Some of these epistles bore post ma of cities in Alaska, Bermuda and N Scotia as well as of neighboring Sta The fan mail editor of the B. B. C. hi an assistant whose duty it w to devote his time solely the correspondence of t dizzy pair.

The flood of mail grew lar and larger. If "Stoopnag coughed during a broadc the next day's mail conve scores of boxes of cough dr If "Budd" sneezed, audi sent handkerchiefs and adv in profusion. Their mail cluded hundreds of well-d drawings and paintings of listeners' conceptions of act and its principals.

Fan mail was not the c indication of the growing p ularity of Taylor and Hul From 1600 to 2300 pers crowded into the B. B. C. dios each week to watch " Colonel and Budd" perfo even though no invitation extended to them. Busses w chartered by the residents nearby towns and excurs were made to Buffalo for sole purpose of seeing " Gloom Chasers" in action.

Dowd & Ostreicher, of ton, advertising agents Green Brothers Company Springfield, Mass., manu turers of Tastyeast, searching for a good Radio



"Take the whole Air Division and chase them Gloomics into the ocean," ordered Col. Stoopnagle. "O. Q." replied The Army

...en they heard news of "The Colonel ... Budd". John C. Dowd, a member of ... firm, went to Buffalo, heard the act ... signed up Taylor and Hulick for a ...d period along with other acts in differ... sections of the country to determine



...ich was best suited for a nationwide ... work.

Taylor and Hulick, with their nightly ...f-hour of nonsense, built up the sale of ...styeast 600 per cent. in their listening ...a and created such a demand for the ...duct in Canada that the Green Broth... Company decided to open a branch ...tory there. There now is 100 per cent. ...tribution of the product in that area ...ere hardly a bar was sold in November, ...30, "The Gloom Chasers" put Tastyeast ...ll chain stores without a representative ... salesman ever calling.

...A little more than five months after ...t morning in October when they first ...gan their clowning over the air, Taylor ...l Hulick were signed by the makers of ...styeast to broadcast nightly except ...days over WABC and the Columbia ... work from 8:45 to 9 P. M., EDST. ...e contract signed by the Green Brothers ...mpany with the Columbia Broadcasting ...stem was the second largest ever placed ...h the chain. It calls for the appearance ...fore the microphone of "The Gloom ...asers" for two years.

Not content with having shattered a ...mber of records in Buffalo, Taylor and ...lick had to break another one before ...parting for New York to begin broad...sting over the Columbia chain. Billed ..."Buffalo's Most Famous Laugh Creators ...d Fun-Makers", they appeared for a ...ek at Shea's Buffalo Theatre and broke ... attendance records.

Taylor and Hulick made their network ...but over twenty-three Columbia sta...ns on Sunday, May 24. Many stations ...ve been added to the hook-up since then, ...d it is safe to say "The Gloom Chasers" ...ll be heard over virtually the entire net-work before much more time has elapsed.

There you have the story of the amazing success of Wilbur Budd Hulick and F. Chase Taylor—"The Gloom Chasers". More chapters will be written in the months to come if "The Colonel and Budd" continue at the same pace.

As for their modus operandi, Taylor and Hulick never have used a written script. Radio listeners, with their letters, write their programs. Most of the requests they receive are for imitations of Henry Burbig, Calvin Coolidge, Lindbergh, Rudy Vallée and Amos 'n' Andy. Sometimes they mix them all up and have Amos and Burbig or Coolidge and Andy working together.

These fun-makers work best when a crowd is present in the studios. They have



never lacked a capacity audience. Because of the many requests for passes to the studio in which they work, Columbia shifted them to one of their largest studios so that as many of these requests as possible could be filled.

Taylor and Hulick are going to keep the tenor of their humor unchanged. Some humorists may deal in sophisticated gags, but "The Gloom Chasers" will adhere to homely, naive, simple jests. And they'll continue to ad lib their absurd nonsense.

Before that day when he asked Taylor to go before the microphone and ad lib with him, Hulick had only a few months of Radio experience to his credit. Although he had been dabbling in Radio for seven years, Taylor had only taken it up as a career a month or so before that day.

Taylor was born in Buffalo thirty-three years ago, a son of Horace F. Taylor, prominent Buffalo business man. He was christened Frederick Chase Taylor. His friends call him "Chase".

Originally Chase Taylor intended entering the lumber firm founded by his grandfather in 1865 and headed by his father since 1904. He prepared for this career at Nichols School, Montclair Academy, in New Jersey, and the University of Rochester, where he was a member of Alpha Delta Phi.

During the World War he served in the Navy. It was at that time that he first became interested in Radio. Radio became his hobby after the cessation of hostilities and continued to hold his interest after he entered his father's lumber firm. Later he became a stock broker, advancing to the position of vice-president of his firm.

All the time he was working Taylor was active in amateur dramatics and writing. For several years he was seen in the principal parts of many productions of the



Buffalo Players, a Little Theatre group.

Taylor was heard many times over the air before the hobby became a career. He appeared before the microphone over WGR some seven years ago for the first time. Later, in 1926, he achieved considerable success in "Nip and Tuck", a black-face comedy act, which was presented regularly over WMAK. Still later came several series of presentations over WGR, and finally, a year and a half ago, the "Smax" and "Smoke and Ashes" broadcasts. On these last two programs he appeared with Louis Dean, who is announcing the "The Gloom Chasers" over the Columbia network.

The hobby finally gained the upper hand last fall and Taylor became a full-time member of the production staff of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation.

Taylor is good-looking, ruddy of mien and jolly as a comedian should be. He is

(*Continued on page 91*)

"So this is New York, hah-ha-ha!" mused the imperturbable Colonel Stoopnagle as he lolled back in the upholstery of his skidding charger. Commander Budd brought the Cavalry to a halt before Central Park where G. H. Q. was established.



Broadcasting from

The Editor's Chair

When Liberty is at Stake

THE future of Radio broadcasting as we now know it in America is threatened with destruction if the Radio public does not watch its step. Not only that, the Radio public in addition to losing its privilege of selecting programs according to individual choice from a wide range of programs, is facing the possibility of a new and odious form of taxation. Still worse, we all may soon find that "self elected interests" have decided to do our thinking and to a large extent our living for us.

The danger with which we are confronted is much like that which has from time to time threatened the freedom of the press. In Italy, Russia and some other countries, the press has been subjected to the will of political leaders and a great human principle has thereby been sacrificed to the ambition of the few instead of the many. Fortunately in our own country, the Supreme Court has recently upheld freedom of the press through declaring unconstitutional the so-called "gag" law by which the politicians of the State of Minnesota sought to control, in part at least, the time-honored prerogatives of the press.

At this moment, there is a substantial, well organized, well financed, movement on foot to enact legislation in the form of a bill to be reintroduced by Senator Fess that will turn over 15 per cent of the air channels to educational interests. On the face of it, the objective sought seems worthy and desirable, but on investigation and analysis the movement is found to involve a national menace to the Radio public as regards choice of programs and to the still more basic factor of human liberty.

These may sound like strong words to use when referring to a movement backed by such an altruistic element as educational interests. The fact is, however, that the educational interests are very much divided on this matter with leading elements opposed to the Fess Bill, and there are strong reasons for believing that many of the minority of educational bodies now backing the latest movement to legislate the use of ether, have been misled by compelling oratory and subtle propaganda. That is why the people—the Radio public as individuals—should make a point of acquainting the educators, the politicians and all others, with their personal viewpoint. In the field of Radio, there is much need of educating educators, because up to the present time, the educational interests have failed woefully to keep pace with the progress of Radio and its influence on human affairs of every description.

Here are a few facts to bear in mind and to spread as broadly as possible:

1. There are many purely educational Radio broadcasting stations in the United States today. Some excellent programs have been produced, but from the standpoint of the total time used by such stations, their public acceptance and popularity is woefully small.

2. Practically all broadcasting stations, including those c the major chains, desire to increase the amount of broadcas ing along educational lines, but in spite of the free time beir offered, they are limited by the inability of educators and othe to make good at the program end on a quantitative basis, l alone a qualitative basis.

3. Radio programs must always stand or fall on their ab ity to *please* the public. No one is big enough to dicta successfully what the public must have.

4. Competition is the life of program excellence.

5. Advertiser programs are the money-fuel for sustainii as well as sponsored programs.

6. There is no reason to question the good intentions the educational interests or to do other than encourage th wholehearted and intensive interest in Radio, but there every reason to help prevent the educational interests at lar from becoming the dupes of politically ambitious men.

7. Government ownership or domination of broadcasti will result in taxation of the Radio audience.

8. Government ownership or domination will steal aw *your* right to listen to what *you* want to select.

9. Government, in political control of Radio, will strik crushing blow to human liberty and American democra There is much reason for suspecting that the current effort obtain 15 per cent for the educators is in fact the fo runner of a demand for government ownership and 100 cent political control. The use of the educational intere at this time supplies the mask behind which the sinis aims can be hidden. Whenever through the medium of g ernment a handful of more or less well meaning people h tried to standardize the religion, the morals or the hum liberties of the people, they have always failed. History centuries back stands witness that such is ever the case. M of us know that the trouble with the present prohibition l lies not in its worthy objective but in the way it trespas upon human liberty, and that this is why it has not recei the hoped-for public acceptance.

THE men who colonized America and who fought bled for its creation as a land of personal liberty and t democracy must now lie writhing in their graves at the n est and most serious menace to American freedom, nam the insidious effort that is being made to stifle and con human thinking and human living through subtle but powerful domination of Radio broadcasting—the grea democratizing and socializing influence of modern tir With the help of God, may the people prove able to def themselves from the Radio wave grab which now threat them not only with losing the right to choose programs on a wide scale, but with straight-jacketing of their mind soul.

RAY BIL

ntimate Gossip *about* Song Hits *and their* Writers



Miniature yacht racing is a favorite sport of Rudy's

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLÉE

Come To Me

"F YOU have had that supreme pleasure of seeing Gloria Swanson in a picture which is really an epic; namely *Indiscreet*, you uld probably understand why I pick s song as one of the most captivating ngs written in a long time. To me the ture is one of the finest things the een has ever produced, and Miss anson deserves all the honors that can showered upon her for her work in it. Messrs. DeSylva, Brown and Hender-, who wrote not only the songs of the ture but the picture itself, may take very deep bow for a most unusual, re-shing, and thoroughly interesting story. feel very happy that the songs which will sing in George White's *Scandals* ll be written by the last named two of e trio, Lew Brown and Ray Henderson. ie trio, who became music publishers d millionaires almost overnight, are nceded to be the greatest song writing o in the country.

Unfortunately the triumvirate is no nger that. Buddy DeSylva has stayed at the Coast to write stories and songs r the Fox Film Co., and has assumed e dignified title of George DeSylva. However, both Lew Brown and Ray Henderson are in the foremost ranks of song-writers, and I know that they are going to supply me with great material for the *Scandals*.

Miss Swanson sings this song in the picture twice. The significance of the singing is that when the song is rendered it brings her sister to her to take care of the unwelcome attentions of the young man who is with her as she sings it. In her second rendition of it it precipitates a crisis which turns out quite happily for both sisters.

You really must hear Miss Swanson sing the song in the picture to appreciate the beauty of it. It is published by DeSylva, Brown & Henderson, and we play it taking a minute for the chorus.

Two Hearts In Three Quarter Time

WITH the fad of German pictures being shown in the swanky little theatres in the 50's in New York City, there subsequently followed the publishing of some of the songs from these German pictures. There have not been very many pictures nor very many songs, and this is the first one to achieve real popularity.

The song is typically German in its swing, make-up and lyrics, and when I first rehearsed it some time ago I put it down as just another clever German waltz. The public, however, has shown such a great liking for the song that it has become one of our outstanding hits, and I can thank the song for the tremendous applause that greeted it during my rendition last week here at the Brooklyn Paramount.

I have had the audacity to sing it in both English and German, though I have never studied German; happily no grapefruit was thrown. There is no question of its popularity.

It is published by Harms, Inc., and like most German waltzes it should be played very brightly.

On The Beach With You

OF COURSE the summer songs come with the warm weather. In the hope that she has another *Swinging In A*

Hammock, Tots Seymour, who wrote the lyrics for that remembered song, has had the inspiration for another summer song, but this time the scene of action is on the beach. The song is quite simple, yet extremely catchy.

Miss Seymour, as usual, has written a different type of lyric, dealing entirely with beach atmosphere, at Coney Island or the Lido Beach.

After running through about thirty songs yesterday, this song stood out like a sore finger in its unusual qualities. It should be very popular. It is published by Davis, Coots & Engel, and we will play it at about fifty seconds to a chorus.

Toodle-Oo, So Long, Goodbye

IT IS a little difficult for me to blow my own horn in talking about a song, though as I have said, obviously as I am in the American Society of Authors and Composers, and since I do feel the urge to write, with the subsequent carrying of that urge into practise, it will be necessary from time to time that I at least mention songs which I have helped to write.

Byron Gay is a native Californian of unquestionable hit writing ability, chiefly known for his *The Vamp, Sand Dunes, Horses, The Little Old Ford Rambled Right Along, Have Another Drink,* and in fact many other songs known in different localities. This same Byron Gay, after a period of quiescence during which domestic troubles disturbed his writing muse, is back again on Broadway, intending to show Tin Pan Alley that he is still writing hit songs. Certainly no one, with the exception possibly of Fred Fisher, seems to have as many ideas and titles for comedy and "nut" songs as does effervescent Byron Gay.

Lacking a piano to aid him in his composition, I have volunteered my own in my new apartment, and there I sat and listened to Byron one evening as he fooled around with the keyboard. As he played the opening phrases of the song I am discussing, I asked him what it was; he gave me the title and the opening phrases—the rest of the song was very nebulous. We began work on it that evening, and a week and a half later, after much changing, we finally evolved the song as you will probably hear it. Both of us felt it was the type of song that drinking parties will sing when breaking up, a sort of *Good Night, Ladies.* At least the song will be a relief from the raft of moon songs, and passionate love ballads so prevalent today in this era of overproduction of popular songs.

The reaction after two broadcasts has been very unusual, which leads me to believe that it may come through. The appearance of my name on it will unquestionably cause many leaders who otherwise might play it to refrain from doing so; but if the song ever gets on with the public these leaders will have to play it, as regardless of what personal reasons any of them may have for desiring not to play a song, once the public demands it we would be cutting our noses to spite our faces were we to refuse to give the public what it wants.



A picture of Byron and yours truly adorns the cover of the song. Just as we finished the collaboration in my dressing room at the Paramount, the photographer stood waiting to take the picture.

We have several more things of the same nature in preparation. If this goes well these will follow.

It is published by the Red Star Music Co. and we play it at about forty-five seconds to the chorus.

It Looks Like Love

THE names of Arthur Freed and Harry Woods themselves should guarantee a very pleasing song whenever both names appear on the same cover. Freed was the lyric writing team mate of Nacio Herb Brown and together they wrote hit after hit. Woods wrote *A Little Kiss Each Morning* and *When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob-Bob-Bobbin' Along.* Both of them have been under contract to M. G. M., writing for pictures on the Coast, and this is evidently one of their collaborations before they separated, Freed going into his own publishing company, to publish *I Surrender, Dear,* and *It Must Be True,* and Harry Woods still on the Coast writing.

This song is one of those breezy things, extremely danceable, and a fine piece of material for cabaret singers who want to liven up the group. There is nothing unusual in it from a standpoint of lyrics or melody, but it has a catchy quality about it that will bring it into some popularity at least.

It is published by the Robbins Music Co., and we play it at about forty-five seconds to the chorus.

Pardon Me, Pretty Baby

OUR old friend Phil Kornheiser sponsors another song which has been very well received by all the orchestra leaders since it has been called to their attention. Vincent Rose, that little song writer of Italy, who seems to be in his stride again, has collaborated with a young man named Jack Meskil who seems to be fitting himself to th task of wedding the melodies whic spring from Rose's fingers to the word which are running through his own brai A third writer, Ray Klages, whose nam is seen on many songs these days, aide the above two, and the three of the have evolved this song. It has bee picked by several of the leading orche tras as the "Hit of the Week", or "H of the Month", as the case may be.

Although the song begins rather hig and stays well up in range, it is qui easily singable and bids fair to becom quite popular.

I Surrender, Dear

I WELCOME the opportunity to di cuss the merits of a song which really unusual in character. Few son are constructed in such a fashion th they will bear much analysis, but this one of those songs which causes a gre deal of comment, though it may fail have a high sales value. Written Gordon Clifford and Harry Barris out the Pacific Coast, it has gradually swe Eastward until today one hears it at le three or four times throughout the cou of an evening's Radio performanc Even with the major stations blue penc ing repetitions of popular songs, *I S render, Dear* is found on enough progra to convince the listener that it has me

While it is of the *Body and Soul* type song, it is much less physical and mu less difficult in its composition. T verse lends itself admirably to ad lib terpretation; the chorus, however, mak for fine "Dansapation".

Perhaps one of the most unusual r ditions of it on phonograph records is t of the negro orchestra leader, Lo Armstrong. He is little known except musical faddists and a few of the e who have run across him either in a ni club or on one of his phonograph reco He is a mixture of a hot trumpet pla and a vocalist who bellows his lyrics in much the same fashion as he plays hot chorus on the trumpet, so that rendition of *I Surrender, Dear* is one the most fascinating things I have e listened to. Still it seems almost sacrilege that such a beautiful compo tion should be rendered in the care style which is typically Armstrong.

But getting back to the song, it published by Freed & Powers, and is tainly holding its ground in popular We play it at fifty-five seconds to chorus.

Stardust

BEFORE I discuss this song I wish clear up the wrong impression ab my writing of this particular subj *Tuneful Topics.* There are those believe that my function is mainly

(*Continued on page 86*)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

'RENE BEASLEY? Off the air in two minutes. Go up to the twenty-second floor. You'll catch her. You don't know her? One of the pages point her out."

much from Columbia's Publicity De-ment.

I dashed to the reception room, e almost immediately I was shaking ls with a tall, brown-haired girl who one of those nice southern voices and of those nice southern manners—the (both voice and manner) that puts at ease and makes you think of



Irene Beasley

ie hospitality, famous the world over. But," I exclaimed, as we sat down, u're the girl who was resting her mind." l then I hastened to explain that about ear ago I had happened to be in that e reception room and had watched her sitting across from me with a decidedly frantic expression on her face and saying to everyone who came up for a chat, "You mustn't talk to me. I'm resting my mind." For months I'd wondered who she was, and for what, or from what, she was "resting" her mind.

"I remember," laughed Miss Beasley, "that was the day I'd promised to write some stories for a series of children's programs and I didn't know what in the world I was going to write about."

"Did you get them written?"

"Yes, finally. The Aunt Zelena stories. I was a sort of female Uncle Remus and made my animals sing and talk."

Miss Beasley had the right start in life for a musical career—two parents who sang and a grandmother who was an expert pianist. But Irene was a practical lass. She decided to teach school, be sure of her monthly pay check, and do music on the side.

After she graduated from Sweetbriar College she went to a little village in Mississippi and there taught seven grades made up of eleven pupils. In the time she wasn't teaching she wrote songs. One of them, *If I Could Just Stop Dreaming*, she published herself and to popularize it, sang it over a small local Radio station. This led to work in Chicago and eventually to New York and an audition for Columbia. She has been a WABC staff artist since April, 1929. One of her latest programs is Peters' Parade.

Her Aunt Zelena series ran three times a week for five months and she has gathered some of the stories into a little book, called *A Dozen Stories With Songs For My Chilluns*, which is now in the hands of a publisher.

She feels that her school teaching experience has given her an insight into child psychology, but says that the best way to learn how to handle people of all sorts is to work in a Radio studio.

They call her "the long, tall gal from Dixie." and since she was born in Tennessee she has the right to the title. You feel she should be standing on the steps of some old southern mansion, with a welcoming smile and hand and an eager, "Come in and make yourself at home."



Harry Vonzell

Tennis and swimming are her hobbies, and horse racing, too. Just now she is living in a hotel, but says she is soon to have her own apartment and is going in for some good old-fashioned southern cooking in a big way.

Harry Vonzell

HARRY VONZELL, WABC announcer, doesn't believe in being too definite.

"What's the use?" he asks. "Soon as you get your mind made up to one thing, along comes fate, takes you by the scruff of the neck, and there you are—in a totally different place from where you expected to be."

Oh, yes, he is pretty definite about his wife and child. You see, Columbia has a questionnaire it sends to all its artists. "Are you married?" is one question. "If

so, do you wish it mentioned for publicity?" is the next. To the first Harry Vonzell says, "Yes," and to the second, "Absolutely."

When it comes to acknowledging his wife and child—yes, there is a child—Columbia's blond and smiling announcer knows just where he stands. But as for saying what he's going to do next, no, sir.

"Look," he says, "there was never any idea in my head but that I would spend all my days in California. And isn't that a funny joke?" He gestured towards the window through which one could see the tall towers of Manhattan.

"I was in Los Angeles, working in a railroad office. My ambition—if I had any—was to be paymaster some day. Maybe it was the climate, maybe it was the 'manana' spirit of the land, but I hadn't thought much ahead of that. One thing I knew, that I'd never leave the Golden West."

"There was a Radio station near my office. They found out I used to sing a bit in college and asked me to help out with some programs. It was in the days when Radio entertainment was very casual. When everyone who could say anything, or sing anything, was welcomed at the mike. There was no pay, of course. One day the announcer failed to appear and I had to announce myself. Enter fate, you see. I was offered a permanent position as announcer, and took it right then and there."

"About this time Paul Whiteman was in Los Angeles with his Old Gold Orchestra. Ted Husing had been the announcer, but Columbia had had to bring him back to New York. So there was a big contest held to see who would take Ted's place. I thought I'd take a chance, and I think the reason I won was that the judges thought I sounded like Ted Husing. I don't think I do, but they did."

At this point Harry Vonzell looked a little wistful. "I won, and that meant leaving California. For the first six weeks I was here I didn't have my family and many a time I felt like putting this little old New York on a platter and giving it back to anyone who would take it. But it isn't so bad now. I've become adjusted to its tempo. It's the place to be to get ahead. You don't have so much fun, but you go further. Yes, I've definitely made up my mind to stay here."

And then Mr. Vonzell grinned. "Which probably means that fate will step in again, and that the first thing I know I'll be in Greenland or Afghanistan."

We hope not, Harry Vonzell, for many a listener would miss your fine, sympathetic voice.

Incidentally, Mr. Vonzell is twenty-three years old and was born in the Hoosier State, in Indianapolis.

Among the programs he announces are Old Gold, La Palina, Henry George, Graybar Electric, Central Savings Bank, and that of McAleer's Manufacturing Company. On the "outside" he has worked with Ted Husing on the International Yacht Races and on the Columbia-Pennsylvania Regatta.

Jolly Bill and Jane

TO MEET William Steinke and Muriel Harbater you get up to NBC at seven forty-five A. M. Seven-forty-five, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Really six-forty-five. That's pretty early in the morning. It means setting the alarm clock at six-thirty or thereabouts. No breakfast either—that is, not till later. On Fifth Avenue the heavy curtains of those super-exclusive shops are closely drawn. Clearly none of *their* customers would be abroad at such an hour. The only sign of life is in the window of a specialty shop devoted to bon voyage fruit baskets. There a man sits, quite unabashed, dusting off the apples and alligator pears. At NBC the elevator boy is sleepy-eyed. Early, very early, but how else can you meet William Steinke and Muriel Harbater.

You ask the natural question: "Why meet them?" Oh, but don't you know who they are? Why, they are Jolly Bill and Jane. Yes, Jolly Bill and Jane of the Cream of Wheat program, which at seven forty-five every week day morning goes out over the NBC network.

Jolly Bill—who looks just like his name—is one of those souls who was born to enjoy life just as some other souls were born to have curly hair. And Jane's another one. They are not only jolly themselves; they make you feel jolly. At seven-forty-five in the morning, too.

After the program we all went down to the little drug store which is run in connection with NBC, and sitting on the stools, crunched bacon and nibbled toast while Jolly Billy and Jane went over the next day's script. They always do this—have a rehearsal just after their program and then one the next day just before.

The rehearsals are, like the programs themselves, very informal. Jolly Bill tells Jane a story. She giggles at the places he wants to giggle. There is nothing set about it. On the air it sounds as if they were having an awfully good time, which is exactly the truth.

Jolly Bill was for many years in the newspaper business—cartooning for newspapers. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, and later, in Newark, New Jersey, his drawings were a daily feature. He would stand on the corners of busy streets and sketch prominent citizens. He would go to kiddie parties and give them "chalk talks". Then WOR he had his first Radio experience giving cartoon lessons over the air. It sounds rather difficult, doesn't it, but it was an immense success. Amateur artists sent in their drawings by the thousands. Jolly Bill would take the best ones and have them reproduced, and they published in the paper. Then there were prizes and blue ribbons for the winners.

Eventually Bill appeared at NBC with an idea for a children's program. His feature became one of NBC's most popular sustaining hours. Now it's a commercial with the Cream of Wheat Company as the sponsor. In connection with the program is the H. C. B. Club. Mysterious initials, which only members of the club can know. And do the boys and girls who join have a good time, what with gold badges and medals and everything.

Bill takes about nine parts himself and Jane three. So you see, betweeen them, they carry on quite a show. The morning was in the studio, Jolly Bill and Jerry, the dog—and what a bark he has—'Rastus, the Cream of Wheat Chef, Schultz, the delicatessen man, and Paddy, the pirate. If I hadn't been looking I should have sworn there were several people at the mike.

Besides taking the parts of many different characters, Bill's pockets are always laden with

(*Continued on page 9*



Jolly Bill (William Steinke) and Jane (Muriel Harbater)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

BOTH TODDLES and I have finally yielded to the behests of our many friends who want to see our pictures. And my dears, Jones is such a splendid artist—why it took weeks and weeks and w-e-e-k-s before he was satisfied with that expression around the feather in Toddles' bonnet. And of course, while one is hesitant about these things—don't you really think I have—uh—well, of course one should be very modest about one's own advantages—but I really can't resist remarking that my legs show off very well. Toddles' are quite a bit scrawny—she must never know I told you—and that's why she's in the background. Autographed copies on request.



Bill Vallée

My dears it's two weeks since I saw Bill Vallée, brother of Rudy—and I simply haven't come down to earth yet. If he isn't the exact image of his brother—why it's just like being with The Crooner himself. Bill isn't quite so tall as Rudy, but he makes up for this loss horizontally. He's just twenty-two, has blond hair and soft, romantic eyes. And maybe you think it's fun being related to some famous person and being introduced around as Soandsose brother. Well, it just isn't. You lose all your identity, whatever that may be. But Bill doesn't have to depend upon his brother's popularity—he comes into this State of Popular Acclaim by his own rights and writings. For he's a writer, having worked in the Publicity Department of Paramount, he's an artist, and he's a downright good business man. He made his Radio debut on a new program called *Chats with Stars* a few weeks ago. By the way, girls, can he make popovers? Well, they're something like muffins with a vacuum in the middle. Both vacuum and surrounding territory are fit for a king, and 'tis said that Rudy of a morning garnishes his internal economy with no end of palatable popovers. And are they good? Well, let's not talk about them anymore. By the way, maybe I can get Bill's own personal recipe for making them if anyone is interested in trying them out. And next month there's going to be some thrilling news about a new organization called the Brothers of Celebrities. Bill and the brother of Ted Lewis have already started it and I mustn't say a word more—except—and my dears, I know you will be terribly thrilled—your own Marcella is to be Secretary—imagine—the only Female—even Toddles won't be able to poke her nose in the doorway.



A. Sandersen



Toddles and I—Pleased to meet you

* * *

AND now we come to a very important person—Alexis Sandersen, Program Director of WGBS, New York. (Just as an aside, he's a popover exponent himself. He and Bill Vallée had a great time argufying about who could make them bigger and better.) It's seldom that you find a singer who has any business capacity at all. But when Mr. Sandersen is not singing on chain programs (he's been heard on the Baldwin Hour over CBS) he arranges and directs WGBS features. Lovers of music are familiar with Mr. Sandersen's beautiful voice, for he has given many recitals in New York. His greatest thrill was when he saw his name on the motion picture screens in France, where scenarios were especially written for him. And now his greatest ambition is to appear in the talkies here, and he will if movie producers want good talent. He speaks French, Italian, German, English, Scandinavian and Russian.

Which reminds me that Dr. Thatcher Clark is now on WGBS Television programs every week with his French lessons, and on WOR every Saturday with a new series called *French for Travelers*. Good chance to brush up on the language before you take that trip to Gay Paree.

There have been a great many puckered brows around the country these many weeks. Who can it be? Is she on any other program? That voice certainly is familiar? If I could only know who she is. Marcella has received many letters beseeching her to reveal the identity of the Old Dutch Girl who broadcasts three times a week over the CBS—but all I can say is—nothing doing. No, she isn't Lily Pons nor Rosa Ponselle. You'll just have to keep guessing and enjoying the program until this charming, appealing personality is ready to step out of her role as the Old Dutch Girl to appease her listeners' curiosity. Evidently she enjoys impersonating this figure which has held sway over so many households for the last twenty-six years.

* * *

DID I hear anyone say that the American home was disappearing? Well, if you saw the great big batches of home-made cookies, pies and other delicacies that admiring females send to A. L. Alexander, Chief Announcer of WMCA, you'd know that the emancipated sex hasn't quite deserted the old-fashioned oven. Mr. Alexander is so well-liked in these parts that a taxi-driver on learning that our popular announcer was his passenger, exclaimed, "Well, I would have driven him around town for nothing had I known it!" In his beautiful, clear, rich, resonant voice, he has presented such celebrities as Ethel Barrymore, Mary Pickford, George M. Cohan, Al Jolson, Arthur Brisbane and a host of others, to the Radio audience. Radio is his one and only love, his work and his play. He received his education in Boston, was engaged in newspaper and social service work and finally broke into Radio in 1925.



A.L.Alexander

Ralph Kirbery is known in Radio circles as the singing fisherman. His voice is like a siren call to cod, bass, flounder, whale and other lake fish. Aspiring fisherman need no longer stop at a local store after a day's fishing and buy a quantity of good-sized catch to take home with them. Ralph's voice is the best bait. It seems that while fishing one evening with a newspaper friend and rather impatient at no sign of even a sardine, Ralph burst into song. Amazed at such a glorious baritone voice, the fish left their abiding place and came to the surface of the water for the concert. I



R. Kirbery

want to assure you, my dears, that this is not a new version of a fish story. And the pisces (short for fish) they caught were this big. Believe it or not, Ralph Kirbery gets away with it, and I for one, although not a member of the water-breathing craniate vertebrates, enjoy his songs tremendously as do his WMCA and WOR audiences.

". . . . . and look at me now." is Art Gillham's philosophy in a nut-shell. It may seem paradoxical to most of us but Art insists that when people cry they are happy—so he spends his time on the CBS chain stimulating listeners' lachrymosynary glands. The Whispering Pianist came to his parents as a New Year's gift thirty-six years ago in their home in Atlanta. Unlike most presents, Art stayed in the family. You may have heard him say that he is just a poor, broken, trodden down human being, weighing some 376 pounds. But you mustn't believe it. He weighs a paltry 2,640 ounces, Fahrenheit. Being a very obedient son, he joined a traveling orchestra as a pianist—his father having laid out a surgeon's career for him. Later he and two others, by name Scott Middleton and Billy Smythe, wrote *Hesitation Blues* which sold more than four million copies. This was in St. Louis from where he rolled in great wealth to New York. Here he entered the dignified profession of song plugger. Since he has been hanging his troubles on the CBS clothes-line, more than 65,000 letters have been sent him by fellow sufferers. Summed up in Omar Khayam's way, Art would say, a cup of coffee, a heart-ache, some calla lillies and I.



Art Gillham

* * *

LANNY ROSS is a Yale graduate and should therefore attract all Rudy admirers. A score and four years ago, Lancelot, as he was christened, was presented to his parents in Seattle while they were on a vaudeville tour. He received his early education at the Horace Taft Preparatory School in Watertown, Conn. owned by President Taft's brother. Here he became a member of the school glee club, and when he entered Yale, he soon became a member of the glee club there. As soloist of this organization he made a tour of Europe. Has been heard on many NBC presentations.



Lanny Ross

Applications by aspiring announcers are received in great numbers at the CBS in the form of letters and telephone calls. The little, unpretentious black mike has an irresistible lure and its call is heard and answered by men of all sizes, ages, backgrounds, educations, etcet, and etcet. On a cold and mathematical morning a committee at CBS got together ten announcers for averaging purposes and after much compounding subtracting, dividing and square rooting, they arrived at a composite announcer. He is handsome, has light hair and blue eyes. Is under twenty-nine, stands five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 166 pounds. This composite picture was obtained from Ted Husing, Frank Knight, David Ross, Harry Von Zell, Louis Dean, Don Ball, Tom Breen, Andre Baruch, George Beuchler and John Mayo. Now two more announcers have been added to the CBS family. They are Kenneth Roberts and Edward Cullen. I can see where Kenneth, my dears, is not going to be lacking in neckties and cookies and whatever else admiring listeners send to favorite announcers. Already a pair of new fond parents have christened a small bundle after him. Kenneth, himself, was born in New York City. He studied law but left school to join Christopher Morley's Hoboken production, *After Dark*. Edward Cullen is the other CBS newcomer. From Boston. Left college to join a stock company. His first New York engagement was in the same company with Tom Meighan.



Ken Roberts

* * *

MARY HANLON of Pittsburgh says she saw Rudy last summer and she knows that all those nasty reports about him are the "bunk". "I want you to thank Peggy Hull for me for speaking so nicely of Rudy and Floyd Gibbons," she continues. By this time, Mary, you must know that Rudy is now playing up at the Pennsylvania roof and that early in June he opened up on Broadway with *George White's Scandals*. Peggy Hull, by the way, started a year ago with a very lovable, affectionate kitten. What is that saying, "Great oaks from little acorns grow?" Well, Peggy is now proud foster parent of twelve handsome felines, and at the same time of a dozen problems. Peggums is writing a book, and what can she do with a big thought when a kitten or two or three runs up on her lap and comfortably settles there for the rest of the afternoon. Eleven cat-loving homes wanted—and Peggy is not paying for this ad either, but I'll get it out in some way—maybe in a home-made cooky.

Gossip: Mr. Woods, Royal Treasurer of NBC became proud father recently of a young eight-pounder. Irma Glen, the little lady who plays the big organ at WENR has 13 babies named after her. Please won't someone get another baby and christen it Irma Glen so's to pass the dre'ful 13. If Donald Nichols of Smithboro will turn to the rotogravure section in last October's RADIO DIGEST he'll see a beautiful picture of Irma. We'll have another one very soon again. Yes, Julia, Rose and Mr. Milton, Irma went and accepted a husband recently. She started to study music ever since she was seven and has been before the public most of her life. At fifteen she organized her own orchestra composed entirely of girls and in 1924 she took the *Irma Glen's Co-Eds* to South America where they played for eight weeks. "The year before that," writes Irma in her letter to me, "I toured Europe, unprofessionally, however, with mother who is my best pal (next to my husband). We visited eight countries and I heard all the music they had to offer."

A big floppy hat, great round brown laughing eyes, and a sunny disposition—that's Sue Read, one of the seven girls chosen by CBS for its television programs. You've heard her on the Miniature Theatre, Collier's, Maltine, Lux and other programs. She comes from Philadelphia where she used to pose for photographers who recognized in her hands and fingers, a grace and exquisiteness worth perpetuating on film.

Mrs. Diven, Rudy's very efficient secretary, was knee-deep in press clipping volumes when I saw her the other day. And girls, do you know that Rudy disguises himself whenever he takes a walk. Try and guess what he wears: whiskers, mustache or—well I mustn't tell you. Here, Elizabeth Stevens of Chicago, are the answers to your questions. Rudy is 29, five feet ten and a half, is not married, broadcasts from the rehearsal room of the Paramount Theatre and his office is at 67 West 44th Street.



Sue Read

* * *

SHE had just scoured the antique shops for oriental jewelry—had Josephine Breskine, well-known contralto heard over WBZ, Boston—when she came into RADIO DIGEST's domicile. She was smartly dressed and wore gorgeous jewels—pendant ear-rings, a long necklace and very attractive rings. Miss Breskine is sister of Sylvia Breskin, internationally known prima donna who just returned from Italy and is niece of A. I. Breskin, late composer and musical director, and she herself, with her beautiful voice, stands on the threshold of prominence.

Writes Mrs. O'Brien of Lagrange "Have always enjoyed the wonderful programs broadcast by John Stamford Let us have a picture, please." (*See next page.*) John is a Program Director having been in Radio for the last seven years, and also a tenor of no mean ability. He spent a season in concerts, was in musical comedy, vaudeville and dramatic stock. His programs, the *Stamford Players* are so intensely interesting that they hold the unbroken attention of the audience sometimes for over an hour and forty minutes.

Grace Hammill, formerly of RADIO DIGEST, bumped into Russ Russell of WGN th'other day.



J. Breskin



. Stamford

She says it made her feminine heart quiver. He's *tall*, good looking and has blue eyes and coal black hair. Single and has a weakness for blondes, brunettes, chestnuts, ebony and Titian-haired. Used to be with Dean Fitzer of 'DAF. Grace says that some time in ugust Frank Clark and Sarah Ann Mcabe, now on NBC, will celebrate sixth eddin' anniversary.

Sally Barrett can hear Will Osborne very Wednesday night on the CBS. He nd his orchestra are playing at the ossert Roof, a Brooklyn hotel.

Ormah Carmean, Program Director of MA, espying the SOS about the Ray-Vac Twins, writes this illuminating and riendly note: "Russ Wildy is now work-g with Freddy Rose in Chicago and ppears over KYW twice a week. Billy heehan is with the Cudahy Packing Comany of Chicago in the sales department. hey were known over our station as the aint Boys and their fans are still asking bout them. I realize you must be a very usy lady but should you ever be out in owa, we want you to make yourself at ome at our station." Thank you, Miss armean, and I shall certainly look you p when I am in your fair city.

For the benefit of W. N. Crosley and ena B. Camire: Lloyd G. Del Castillo as born in Boston on April 2nd, 1893. le is staff organist and assistant musical irector of WEEI and he must be a good ne for he is a musician of the first rank, omposer, symphony conductor, writer nd bandmaster. At the age of four his nother, a musician herself, gave him his rst piano lessons. Mr. Castillo, his wife, hyllis and his two daughters, Elaine and anet perform regularly over WEEI. Got is degree with honors in music from larvard in 1914.

Jerry Wilford, it is rumored about, is o return to KFRC, San Francisco, according to Maye of El Paso. Thanks for he tip, Maye.

To a crowd of Mansfield Ladies and to Betty Jamieson: Marcella dedicates this rio of WTAM-ickers: Harry Frankel, nown as Singing Sam, Edward H. Smith nd Russell B. Wise. Mr. Wise admits hat he's married and boasts of a son at Ohio Wesleyan College who is a star track man. This dean of WTAM announcers started his business career in the milk business and then went insurance-wise.



Del Castillo

* * *

ED SMITH is Program Director of WTAM. Engineering was his vocation until he was called to service in Panama and South America. Over WGY way Smith put into practice his idea of producing Radio dramas. In this he was a pioneer and Roxy devotes a whole chapter in his book to Smith's efforts in this work. The discovery of Rosaline Greene, well-known NBC and CBS star, is credited to our Pioneer of Radio Dramas and last but not least he appeared in *Seventh Heaven, Broadway* and *The Gorilla*.

Johanna Grosse, a former WTAM-icker, is not in Radio as far as Hal Metzger, Pub. Director, knows. Last he heard she was taking care of invalid mother in Cleveland.

Will Violet Harris of Muskegon Hgts., Mich., and M. M. of Neenah lend me their ears. This is WTMJ: Billy Russell no longer in Radio—Margaret Starr when last heard of was in Chicago with no



H. Frankel, Ed Smith, Russell Wise

broadcasting connection — Glen Welty conducts the Milwaukee Athletic Club Orchestra—Merrill Trapp is in charge of Cramer-Krasselt Advertising Agency's Radio Department, and WOW of Omaha never had an announcer named Thurle B. Evan. Stanley Morner, one of the latest of WTMJay's announcers, is known to everyone as the winner for two consecutive years of the state Atwater Kent audition. After college he sang in grand opera in his state. No mere printed word could adequately describe Mr. Morner. Television alone will do him justice—blond, wavy hair, blue eyes and an appealing smile.

Julanne Pelletier, 22-year old lively French pianist, entertains WTMJ's audiences with her popular piano tunes. She is a real Parisienne, five feet two, dark brown wavy hair, white glistening teeth and sloping green-brown eyes. At the age of seven she was accompanist at every public and social entertainment held in the small Michigan town where she was reared.

Merle Blackburn, the third of this trio, is one of WTMJay's singing announcers—



Stan Morner, J. Pelletier, M. Blackburn

or better still, a singing salesman—and what a crackerjack he is in the sales department of the station. This "Early Bird" announcer has very blue eyes, very black hair and very five feet—almost six tall. His hobby is disciplining billiard balls.

Since the separation of Mr. and Mrs. McNamee was talked about, the May issue of RADIO DIGEST has been selling like popovers. Why? It contains a splendid article on "Friend Husband" by the Mrs.

* * *

TO HELEN of Peoria, who enjoys this column so much. Introducing Bob Longstreet—just 24—Columbia's newest and youngest announcer. Bob's pa is Managing Editor of the Asbury Park *Press*. Listeners will remember having heard Bob sing on the Paul Tremaine concerts which were broadcast from Asbury Park last summer. He's a grad of Lehigh University, worked as public office manager for the N. J. Bell Telephone Company but Mike got him at last.

Julia Kline will soon find a picture of the Futuristic Rhythm Boys, the WOV harmony team, in one of our future issues. Al Simmons is not Connie Mack's Al—he's 22, medium height. Manny is the same age and quite good looking, but you will see for yourselves when the photo is published.

Marie, where have you been! Haven't you seen Gene and Glenn's picture in the May issue, page 15?

Hearts and stomachs are common in that they share mankind's greatest yearnings but they differ when it comes to mending. Frank Gow, junior announcer of WEEI, proved this when he found himself on a ship as Radio operator. The boat was a bit too wiggly for the old "tummy" and he was mighty glad to get on terra firma again. But two weeks on solid ground found the august stomach healed and he boarded a tramp steamer. After two years of sailing here and there he resigned and took to the land for good. For a while he taught code and theory to aspiring Radio operators at the Eastern Radio Institute, but when WEEI needed a new operator, Frank stepped into the job and was soon after that promoted to his present position.



B. Longstreet

Carl and Clara Britt—where have you been? Edward B. Husing was horoscoped and photographed especially for RADIO DIGEST May issue. Yes, Bob of the True Story Hour is a new person. I've looked all over for your twenty-one letters, but cannot find them.

This one concerns Mrs. Ellen Dickey, now of WAAT, Newark. While broadcasting for WJJD, Chicago, a Texas man fell in love with her voice. They met, everything was set for the wedding, but he suddenly disappeared in a foreign land while on Secret Service duty. Awful life, isn't it?

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.



Frank Gow

HIS peculiarly gifted singing voice led Morton Downey, famous Columbia tenor, into many adventures. Adversity was his lot in early years. But unfailing ambition and boundless optimism led him on to remarkable success. Below, Mr. Richards presents the second phase of young Downey's career

Riding the Morton

By
GRENVILLE RICHARDS



Morton Downey at the microphone a his orchestra as seen from the cont room in the CBS studios, New Yo

HERE we find that Morton Downey has "arrived".

Picture a footloose and free youngster, who has led for the first twenty years of his life what at best was an uncertain existence, suddenly thrust to the front, accepted as a singer and entertainer with a capacity for earning in a month as much or more than he had ever been able to scrape together before in an entire year.

So was Downey not so very long after he got his first real break on the S.S. Leviathan while that stately craft was on her trial trip before acceptance as a Shipping Board liner.

Radio had not yet entered the picture, nor methinks, had Morton even dreamed of it. In point of fact, should we wish to draw a parallel, the rise of Radio and that of Downey are not so very much separated. Radio itself was pretty much in its babyhood insofar as being generally accepted as a medium of entertainment, in the days when Morton, viewed in the light of the same medium, was wholly an infant.

How different today—with Radio ranking as the foremost and most widely disseminated means of entertainment that the world has ever known—with Downey riding the crest created for him by Radio, beyond any question a success.

AND success rides lightly, today, just as did his smaller and earlier ones, on the shoulders of this chunky, blue-eyed youngster who inherits his clear gaze, straightforward manner and scorn of restraint from his father and through him from Auld Erin; and his voice from Heaven knows where.

He harbors no illusions about success in his field—nor for that matter illusions on much of anything else. He is rather much inclined to take each day as it comes, and is singularly devoid of surprise over whatever each may bring.

For instance, while he was annoyed, and chafed far more than would you or I when his recent illness and throat infection kept him in bed the better part of a month, he was not any more surprised than we are at the fact that winter follows summer.

Chiefly he was angry, mad clear through you might say, that it had to hit him just at the time which by all signs bid fair to be the most lucrative of his life.

Most of us feel endowed with all due and just cause for a bit of "grousing" if we have to shell out a few hundred dollars for physician's, surgeon's, and hospital bills—but in the average case the old income comes in just the same. Suppose that illness had cost us in cold cash, twenty—thirty—forty thousand, as his did Morton. Then, say you, we would have a real kick coming.

But how did Downey take it? Well, with about as much emotion as cream rising on milk. Don't think from that he liked the idea. Nay—nay! He just refused to let it get under his skin, treated it about as seriously as he regards most things in life—not at all so.

"What the heck," to quote Downey literally. "If I were going around talking about my art and my public, and were trying to sell you the idea that this was all 'art for art's sake' and a lot of bunk like that; then perhaps to keep in form I ought to bemoan the fact that by being such a darned old fool as to get sick I was unfeelingly depriving [illegible] thousands and thousands of admirers [illegible] one of the great things in life—the [illegible] of hearing me sing."

Of course I may have been mistak[illegible] but it seems to me that the next th[illegible] Mr. Downey said was—or at least sounc[illegible] very much like—"Hooey!"

"But all joking aside," he went [illegible] still grinning at the thought of his si[illegible]ing being the moment of moments [illegible] anyone's life, "I truly did not have [illegible] idea how much how many people thou[illegible] of my work until I did get sick. B[illegible] I'll bet there will be a shortage of [illegible] produce in Indiana for the next year.

THIS last crack was [illegible]spired by the fact that *Wabash Mo[illegible]* the theme song of his own composit[illegible] which Downey uses in his broadcasts, [illegible] resulted in his being made something [illegible] a popular idol in that state. Well [illegible] half of the gifts, remembrances and w[illegible] wishes that poured into his sick-bed c[illegible] from there—and there were thousa[illegible]

"I haven't any illusions about all [illegible] wave of popularity. How long wil[illegible] last? How do I know? It will have [illegible]

Crest with Downey



ay and I am having mine now. But when hey slide the old skids under me I am oing to see to it that I do not have to orry about it or anything else no matter ow well greased they may be."

IN RESPONSE to a gently-worded question on whether the present days of affluence and adulation, or those earlier times when he first got into the swim, almost literally, aboard the Leviathan, were best, he thought deep, ran a pocketful of silver from hand to hand much in the manner of a conjurer running a pack of cards through the air, and decided the old days were more fun and the present more desirable in most ways.

"But boy," and a reminiscent and somewhat satanic gleam bore silent witness, "those were the days!"

Here followed an exposition of that trait of the Downey character alluded to previously—that of never forgetting a good deed nor ever forgiving a bad one.

It seems there was aboard the Leviathan in those days if not now, a head steward, who, if not as Morton hazarded, was "Limey" in fact, was at least that by act of parentage and desire—who did his best to make it evident.

Now if you know Downey it would be to realize that that fact alone would be more than enough to make his hair stand up, but when it developed the steward seemed more or less in charge of Downey, the Whiteman orchestra, and all other entertainers, and had classified them as "help", the situation grew serious.

When, moreover, he ruled that as help they were barred from the swimming pool, open revolt became general. As a means of quelling the rebellion he banned them from the smoking-room also, and then the gymnasium.

By this time, and particularly when he caused forcible eviction of certain members of the orchestra from those sacred spots, not a few of the musicians talked openly of dropping the steward overboard.

NOT so Downey. He simply smiled a knowing smile and let nature take its course. Nature it seems can always be counted on, for the very next year Downey made his first, and highly successful invasion of Europe.

With malice aforethought Morton booked a de luxe cabin on the Leviathan. And with the same quality and purpose Morton took pains to hunt that steward, to remind him of his, Morton's, identity and of the fact of his presence on the maiden voyage. That accomplished, Morton deliberately kept the poor devil on the jump throughout the voyage.

If he lagged he spurred him onward. If he demurred Downey threatened to report him. He had him at every task, almost to bringing him down the mainmast cap for inspection. Then just as deliberately Morton strolled ashore in England, quite, and with all that old malice aforethought, forgetting that it is customary for one to lavishly tip one's steward on leaving ship. The worst of it was that Morton had kept him so busy the fellow hardly had time to get in solid with any other passengers. Yea—truly revenge is sweet.

For the greater part of the ensuing four years Downey stayed with the Paul Whiteman organization, save for those times that he went off on European jaunts of his own during summer seasons. One of the best gags of this period is of an authorship now gone to the limbo of the lost in memory.

IT WAS of a nature that might well have been born either of the brain of Whiteman or of Downey. They are either of them quite capable of having conceived it, though to my mind it smacks more of the wit of Downey.

At any rate there was an apparently bonafide French horn player in the band. He tooted with the best of them. That was Downey, and what of it if not a sound came from the horn. It looked good. Once in each program he got up and sang a song and the audience always gave him a big hand, probably because they thought they had before them a musician who strangely and rarely enough, could also sing.

Well—one more anecdote of this—let us say—formative period, and we will hie us once more to the Downey of the present. Anecdotes, by the way, are one of the most prolific things that Morton has. If there is anything the lad really likes to do it is to get away to some quiet spot and relate these priceless bits from a day long gone in experience, but of the immediate past in point of actual years.

Just about the time that Morton was getting some early breaks as a singer he answered a call to serve as soloist at a banquet of a Jewish federation at a mid-Manhattan hotel. He only knew five songs at the time, and did not know until he arrived that he had been booked for a Jewish affair. All of the five songs were Irish ballads. But he got by all right, as he always seems to, on his wit when he can't do it by singing, and left with a bonus.

He saw the humorous side of it then as he does now, as he does in nearly everything he undertakes, for that matter. He is an inveterate jokester, but goes about his pranks so quietly and with such

serious mien that you usually wake up to find that he has put one over on you and everyone else is laughing.

Nowhere, perhaps, does this quality assert itself more than in his Radio work. Downey's rehearsals as a rule are one long laugh, and I've a sneaking suspicion that more than one official is as a rule present in the control room during these periods who would be hard put to it if asked to explain any official reason for being there.

I also have a very distinct feeling that more than one official lives in daily, weekly and mortal fear that one of these days Morton will forget he is on the air, think it is rehearsal and treat a nationwide audience of Downey fans to one or more of those quips whispered into the receptive "mike", intended solely for the ears of the crew in the control room of the studio, and in all probability directed at one or more of them in highly personal manner.

DOWNEY draws a packed house in the studio as surely as during those periods which he has given to stage appearances around New York, and which, though cut short by his illness, will probably be resumed very soon after this present moment.

He has a "cuddly" sort of way with a microphone, much as though he were taking it into intimate confidences, but the self-same habit gives control engineers a chance to figure out which of the many chills chasing each other up and down his spine is going to come in winner.

For this intimate microphone manner often results in that delicate instrument being hit, however gently—the surest road to reverberating manmade static. Of course all that could be avoided by having him sing to a microphone suspended from the studio ceiling rather than to the floor type, but Downey refuses to sing to a hanging mike.

That, and one other thing, are about the only signs of temperament this lad allows himself. He knows that in the present day he is a busy man, so if the rehearsal is not ready for him say five or ten minutes past the appointed time he may get testy about it. Not really badly of course, just in the mild Morton manner.

THE other day, however, rehearsal for his Paramount hour was set and waiting. When, an hour later, they were still waiting, from company executives on down to the kettle drummer and guest artists, the city began to get flooded by frantic telephone calls to police stations, hospitals, morgues, hotels, his apartment and everywhere else fevered officials could call to mind. His car was parked in front of the Hotel Delmonico, where he has his offices, but of Morton not a trace.

About the time theories of kidnapping came up for discussion Morton hurried in, very much harassed. On leaving his office to go to rehearsal he had found a police ticket on his car, and to use his own words—he "got so d . .n mad while looking for the cop that did it he completely forgot there was a rehearsal."

And here the boy in the man showed right on the surface. He was chastened, humiliated, downright sorry, and promised to be good. I was with him the next afternoon when he suddenly jumped up and announced he had to rush to rehearsal. He got there fifteen minutes ahead of time and sat around, kidding friends, jingling coins and generally fidgeting until the others showed up.

Another juvenile trait that crops up in Downey ever and anon is that of being unable to resist the temptation to tease when it is at all evident that the object of his attentions is vulnerable.

So, with that in mind, when he has an odd moment on his hands for a session of that nature, and finds himself in the building of the Columbia Broadcasting System at 485 Madison Avenue in New York City, with whom he has his Radio affiliations, he hies himself to the Press Department where, he knows, is suitable material for his bedevilment.

OF COURSE Downey has not achieved success without the usual chorus of pessimistic comment—seeming adherents and supporters in spite of themselves. He has gone the limit they have told you from time to time, or again, he is slipping. Slipping is right, but in defiance of all laws of gravity—uphill.

Columbia tried him out as a forlorn hope—an act that could successfully buck Amos 'n' Andy on the 7 P.M. spot—for one day a week. It was a matter of just a few days only when they began adding days to his schedule until he appeared at that hour four times a week.

Soon he became the highlight of the Paramount hour, and as a flyer on the side appeared at the Palace and was held over, so surely did he click. And now word comes to me that with the passing of Camel from the programs of the National Broadcasting Company that Downey has been picked to sing them on to sales via the new series on Columbia's air. Good boy Mort—you're slipping.

The Club Delmonico has closed for the summer, like all good supper clubs, which is just another evidence of much little-suspected business ability on the part of Downey He should have been a theatrical producer on Broadway—he knows when to close—while the public still has a definite taste for more. The minute weather became milder and Saturday nights failed to show many reservations turned down because of lack of space he shut up shop—just like that.

May I remind you at this time that all of this has been done wholly without the aid of that indefinite vocal or physical quality much vaunted and widely publicized under the slangy pseudonym of "It' His voice above all things is wholly de void of this stigma, and—though M Downey may not be thrilled when h reads this himself, he is also lacking i that quality.

In fact judging from the letters he r ceives from members of the opposite se they as a rule seem to be Downey fans i spite of themselves. Take for instanc the young lady from upstate somewhe in New York who wrote on nice statio ery in red pencil. After assuring hi that she never missed a single Downe Radio appearance she proceeded to pu him thoroughly to pieces. She was, to l gentle, far from complimentary, either Downey or his voice, even accusing hi of taking bread from the mouths sopranos, and concluding her letter in th manner:

"PLEASE, Mr. Downe send me your best picture so I can ha it up on the wall and throw knives at it

This fairly well classifies her as a wor an in the prime of life for Mr. Downey real conquests seem to be among tho females under six and over sixty.

It is true. Something in that silve voice inspires infants to adoration a elderly ladies to an undownable desire cuddle and mother him.

Really my intention was to tell y something here of the amazing thin Downey can do with that voice, and take you with me into his home—a re home—where many charming and surpr ing sides of his complex character co to light which would never even be su pected amid other surroundings by a mere acquaintance.

Downey, whose patron Saint is he w watches over wanderers and travelers, yet in love with his home, and there lo reigns supreme. There Downey rela utterly—there he throws off all restra —and among other things indulges own peculiar ideas of exercise. More that anon.

NOTHING is ever qu right in that home. There is alw something not quite as perfect as it sho be in its physical aspects as a setting his lovely and charming wife, Barb Bennett. He would not be Downey if felt otherwise. For most of all that ho is a monument to a real love—to a m who worships his wife—and a wife w adores her husband.

Yet—even as I write a shadow is l ing from that home, a shadow laden w the chill breath of death. Downey's ho has not been of late either in the Ra studio nor in his home or office, but b bedside in a New York hospital.

Happily the shadow has passed, when Downey welcomes his wife back their nest the telling thereof, of resur and augmented happiness, should m beautiful reading.

Harry Glick *mixes* Chuckles *and* Exercise at WMCA

By MURIEL ALLEN

WHEN you're the world's welterweight wrestling champion, you have to answer a lot of questions. The two ost important ones are "How?" and Why?"—"How did you get so strong?" id "Why did you take up wrestling?" One lad has the answer to both quers. He's Harry Glick, the exuberant r personality who conducts the "Seat Health" gym class over WMCA every orning at 10.00 o'clock.

"You, see, it's this way", says Harry or some reason nobody ever thinks calling him "Mr. Glick; he's such an l round good fellow)—"When I was a oungster—well, we won't go into the mily album that far back—but all dding aside, at thirteen years of age threw a scare into myself—and the st of the family—by having a serious tack of heart trouble. The doctor's rdict was. 'Don't have another or u'll be sorry.' That nearly took the ck out of me, and for the next seven ars, while I was learning all about aesar's Gallic War and the shortest dince between two points, I wasn't even lowed to run a foot race.

"When I reached the age of twenty I lebrated the event by contracting eumatism, and if you think that's any n, even after you pass the eightieth ilestone, you're very much mistaken. addition to being wrecked in pain, I as as mad as the proverbial March hare.



Harry Glick

Right there and then I made up my mind that I would become physically strong if it was the only thing I accomplished in life. So when the neighborhood gang went out to have a good time, I went down into the basement and started rigging up a gym. I made parallel bars out of my mother's old broom handles and a trapeze out of a discarded curtain pole. A friend of mine, an old 'salt', had taught me how to splice ropes. I made flying rings out of an old set of quoits and strung them from the ceiling.

"Being an omnivorous—I guess that's a good word, eh?—reader, I studied everything I could lay my hands on that had anything to do with physical culture—and what is more, I consistently put it into practice. Gradually my health began to improve and the gnawing rheumatic pains abated.

"A little later I joined the gym of the local Y. M. C. A. and while standing along the ropes one night watching a wrestling match, someone pushed me forward on the mat with the words, 'Go on, kid, let's see what *you* can do.' I wouldn't welch, so I went through with it—and floored my man. I had known nothing about the technique of wrestling, but the sport fascinated me from that time on. My muscles were now as strong as iron and my whole physique had improved.

"And then—the big scrap—on the other side, I mean. I was in the 27th A. E. F. (the fact that I passed that physical examination is proof of my general condition). Somehow fighting got to be a habit with us 'Over There' and along with the rest of the battles we went through, I had the good fortune to win welter and middleweight wrestling championships in my division.

"And when we came back—well, I literally threw my hat into the ring—and that's that."

"You mean, that's all?"

"Well, nearly all. I had a taste of the stage as a Russian dancer with Natacha Nattova; a turn before the kliegs with Adolphe Menjou, and every once in a

(*Continued on page 95*)

Do you want to reduce? Do you want to build yourself up physically? Are there any other health questions on your mind? Harry Glick will be glad to help you. Simply write to Harry Glick, care of RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y., and he will give personal consideration to your particular problem.*



Harry Glick's "Seat of Health" Class at Brighton Beach. Left foreground, Gus Van; center, Harry Glick and, right, Billy Snyder

Voice of th

SHOULD STARS TELL THEY'RE MARRIED?—A "MUTT" LETS THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG

MAY an insignificant mutt poke her nose into this all-important question that was discussed in the April issue of your most interesting magazine about whether or not a Radio star should let the cat out of the bag if he or she is married?—Whether or not you let the aforenamed mutt wag her tale, she is going to anyway. My answer is YES. After all, was the Radio created to give enjoyment and education, or to provide husbands for old maids?—She who had the last word." New York, N. Y.

* * *

THE less we know of the stars and announcers in a personal way the more mystery and romance we can build up about them. As the song goes, "Let me have my dreams." I'm a hard boiled business woman but please don't tell me my Prince Charming of the air has a wife and sixteen kids.—B. E. Neale, Deming, N. M.

* * *

OTHERS who expressed their opinions on the subject of "Marriage—Should a Star Reveal it" were . . . Agnes Richardson, 615 Fleming St., Howell, Mich. . . . Jeanne Davis, . . . Dorothy M. Swan, R.F.D. 1, Fluvanna Ave., Jamestown, N. Y. . . . G. Fusee, R. N., 94 Windemere, Highland Park, Mich. (for her family) . . . Jennie Kress, 2333 West 42nd St., Cleveland, Ohio . . . Lack of space prevents our printing their interesting letters, but all voted to have celebrities reveal their marital status, as did the majority of writers whose letters appeared in our June issue—*Editor*.

INFORMATION WANTED

CAN anyone tell me what Radio station put on my play *Gaius and Gaius, Jr.* during the summer of 1924? It is in Carolina Folk Plays, Second Series, and was broadcast without permission and the payment of royalty. A friend of mine heard it but could not remember from what station, other than that it was some New York station.—Miss Lucy M. Cobb, Y.W.C.A., Raleigh, N. C. (*Please write Miss Cobb direct if you can help her—Editor*)

QUIT JAZZING THE CLASSICS

I AM writing beside my Radio while I'm in the mood to say just what I feel. From my speaker is coming a fast, peppy fox trot, one which makes one whirl and swing dizzily about. It's not the tempo that's gotten me wild. It's the number they're playing. Believe it or not, it is the *Lament* from *Pagliacci!* A little while ago I turned the dial to escape a similar treatment of the *Meditation* from *Thais*. And several times recently, *Liebestraum* and *Serenade*. Can't the jazz bands be satisfied with *Sweet and Hot, I Got Rhythm*, and countless others, without resorting to the opera and classics?

It's outrageous that compositions of real and rare beauty should be torn to pieces and hurled at the listeners by blaring brasses, jangling pianos and thundering drums. Won't the other V.O.L. fans give their opinions?—Sally Barrett, 10 Stanyan St., San Francisco, Cal.

TRANSCRIPTIONS ARE O. K. THESE CORRESPONDENTS SAY

I AM very strongly in favor of *good* electrical transcriptions. Pray, what fault can Mr. R. J. Doyle of Bay City, Mich., find with the "Chevrolet Chronicles" or "Pequot Personalities"? I wager that the people who object so strenuously to phonograph records and electrical transcriptions could never tell the difference between "live" and "canned" programs if no identifying announcement were made.—Clara D. Lange, 2007 Marquette, Davenport, Ia. . . . I can listen to half a dozen of the electrical transcriptions and enjoy them as well as I do a coast to coast hook-up.—Mrs. C. L. Walton, 2381 Greenway Ave., Winston Salem, N. C. . . . To our way of thinking the ones who kick the most at transcriptions are ones who have tried to get on the air from their local stations and were not able, and are venting their petty jealousies in this manner. Perhaps we are wrong, but give us a good transcribed program to a poor talent program any time—K. S. Rogers, Managing Director Radio Station CFCY and Staff, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Canada.

BUT THESE FOLKS HOLD CANNED MUSIC LEAVES 'EM COLD

WHICH would I choose—a "good" program on wax or a bum one through the mike? I would choose to turn the set off and save batteries and use my own canned music on the premises. Has it ever occurred to the broadcasters that many listeners have the records at home which they are broadcasting—and frequently have better phonographs and can remember to change needles?—A. G. Taggart, Ebb and Flow Indian Reservation, Reedy Creek P.O., Manitoba, Canada . . . When I tune on a station and learn that it is a record, I immediately turn to find something different. I have canvassed our neighborhood and all of the twenty people owning Radios in my vicinity feel the same as I do. They turn the dial. Now it costs to advertise over the Radio, and I imagine that any firm taking advantage of the Radio wants as large an audience as it can get, so why not cut out the electrical transcriptions?—Clarence J. Kirby, Vice-Pres., The Monroe Nursery, Monroe, Mich. . . I certainly can tell the difference between transcriptions and first hand music and singing. There is no comparison in tone quality on the Radio.—Hazel L. Humphrey, Route 1, Box 15, Evergreen, Colo. . . . I heartily agree with Mr. Doyle who said he didn't care for "canned programs". Besides, I don't think it's fair—it's taking work away from real entertainers.—M. Hess, Cleveland, Ohio.

YOUNG LOVE FOR SALE

PLEASE enter this as my protest against the broadcasting anywhere over any Radio circuit of the vocal refrain in the dance melody entitled *Young Love for Sale*—R. C. Messner, Rockford, Ill.

A MAN RAZZES RECIPES

EVERY time I purchase your magazine I find more *junk* about raising children, politics, gardening, beauty and care of skin and cooking recipes. If we want that stuff there are magazines which print it. We buy your magazine because it says "Radio Digest" and we expect articles about Radio, television and the different Radio stars. Cut out the other rot. My favorite departments in your magazine are Coming and Going, Tuneful Topics, the picture section, Chain Gang Chatter, Radiographs, Marcella, news about stations all over the U. S.; Hits, Quips and Slips, and of course, V.O.L.—Jack Lee, 1883 North Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

AND THIS MAN ASKS FOR 'E

PLEASE send me your recipes for M Smith's Mystery Cake and Miss Bow ing's Cubist Cake, and let me thank you v much for the same.—Mr. W. Burrows, F simmons Hospital, Denver, Colo.

GO AHEAD, HUGHIE

I HAVE a Radio-telephone station (bro casting over wires) and use some of y plays. As it broadcasts only to five hot it really isn't commercial. I'm only thirt and go under the name of the Superior S tem—Independent Broadcasts. If you ject to my using your plays, tell me so, I'll stop.—Hugh Linst, California.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

AFTER I read an article delineating the high requirements demanded of nouncers and then turn on my set and some of the most elementary rules of gram completely disregarded and some of the plest words in the English language tre as total strangers, I cannot help wonde what these announcers do with all the ed tion they are supposed to have.

I am not demanding "high-brow" Eng but don't you think that anyone who tends to talk over a Radio should know to pronounce such words as "recogn "suggest", "exquisite", "aviation" and "di ble", just to mention a few? Yet I can ha listen to a program of an hour's length w cut hearing one or more of these words pronounced. Now don't forget, I am talking about the little 100 watt stat either, but the big city, super-power, c stations and the others who have indulge so much publicity as to the qualificatio their staffs.

Here are the mistakes of a week. Mo —"Alley" for ally and "avertiser" for ac tiser, to mention a few. Tuesday—"tej for tedious. Wednesday a speaker at eastern station persisted in talking about "influenzer" which recalls the fact that m others have peculiar "idears". Thursd minister called further "futher", Frida announcer called a heroine a "herein" Saturday someone called bouillion "bull-j and accented the word embassy on the " These are but a few of the most gl errors during six days and I listened b few hours each day. This makes a good for the listener, and if you look up every take you notice, but about which you ar sure, you will be surprised to see how you were wrong and the speaker right. if you will occasionally let the stations from you it may be of mutual benefit t and them.—R. C. Hall, Proctorville, Ohi

JUICY BAIT FOR FAN MAI

MORE Radios are standing idle an being used more than once a week t because the owners can't get anything some tin pan orchestra or some old screeching at the top of her voice. They and brag about the fan mail they get an chances are, ninety-nine times out of a dred, their announcers throw out some juicy bait to draw it in. Give us fewer m programs and more talking acts like Gen Glenn, Amos 'n' Andy, Abe and David Cook and Al and Pete.—Will C. Mitchel So. Ohio Avenue, Abingdon, Ill.

Listener

GUESS WHO!

re is this saxophone player,
doubtedly best crooner, too,
lt as an orchestra leader,
t that isn't all he can do.

rious things he has mastered,
lead him to fortune and fame
ely success from his writing,
rished on him more acclaim,
eryone's heard this boy, surely,
h line of this verse spells his name.
—Eldora Bruning,
426 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ORCHEST-ORATIONS

HE DIGEST has Rudy Vallée listed in Thursday's programs as an idol and de- r to feminine listeners. That is true only i degree and is a slam on women in the t run. They change their minds when v see and hear him. They find they have n attracted by an air voice that cannot id the test of a theater. Detroit is too big i him. When he attacked the $50.00 per k man the way he did he spoke unwisely. n't misunderstand me—my hat is truly off him for the money he receives. I enjoy writings and I harbor no malice toward —Jennie Blakely, Detroit, Mich. . . . ly Vallée is my favorite star. I went over e hundred miles, from St. Louis to Chi- o, to see him and his boys, and it was sure th the trip.—L. L. K., St. Louis, Mo. . . . lk up another Vallée fan. He is one of most unspoiled entertainers on the air— rese Meyer, Union City, N. J. . . . ays see to it that RADIO DIGEST contains a ure of him. If the cranks don't like it can tear it out and dispose of it, but t one each time for his fans.—I. M. H., ntic City, N. J.

* * *

LEASE put my name under the Voice of the Rudy Listeners"—that's the cry from many feminine throats. We haven't room rint all their letters, so here goes—we list es of loyal fans just to show the letters appreciated. Writers were . . . Judith Dee, Lancaster, Ohio. . . . Mrs. Louise Stevens, East Braintree, Mass. . . . emarie Lee, Nebraska. . . . Agnes rhart, 1746 Arlington Ave., Toledo, Ohio. . Marjorie Page, Huntington Sta., New k. . . . Ida Farrow, Elizabeth, Ia. . Mary J., New Britain, Conn. . . . y Barrett, San Francisco, Cal. . . . J. Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

HE only numbers I dislike to hear the Royal Canadians play is their closing ature, because I know it means the end heir half hour on the air. I am a new ler of the DIGEST and I hope this letter tes me a member of Voice of the Listener Irs. B. C. Raynor, 108 Fairfield Ave., acuse, N. Y. . . . Please put more items ut Guy Lombardo in your magazine— s Mary De Missett, Port Colborne, Ont., ada. . . . Let me add to your list of singers Carmen Lombardo—Verna Dun- 5 Lexington Ave., Merchantville, N. J. . Please give us a picture of Guy Lom- lo and his renowned violin. It is not fair is to always favor Rudy Vallée's friends. —Christine Hvass, 7320-25th Ave., Kenosha, Wis. . . . We regret sincerely the lack of appreciation shown to our favorite orchestra, Paul Tremaine and his boys. No others can soothe the mind and pedal extremities so quickly and thoroughly as this aggregation. Without Paul Tremaine at lunch time we are like a ship without a sail.—The Boys of Weiser's Pharmacy, Camden, N. J. . . . I wonder how so many can overlook Ted Lewis and his Orchestra—M. C. S., El Paso, Tex. . . . Ben Bernie has the most appealing personality. His semi-presto rhythm is simply delish.—Olga Garon, 80 Brock St., Drummondville, Que., Canada.

LAH-DE-DAH LADIES, BEWARE!

DO YOU think a campaign could be waged to have the women who broadcast speak naturally? Some try to adopt a languid, bored accent with an attempt at a Bostonian or Oxford pronunciation, and it is really very distasteful. I love a Boston accent which is natural, and a soft Oxford accent is charming, but to hear a woman say "tomawto" in one sentence and "tomato" in the next is simply ludicrous. It reminds me of the story of the newly rich woman who was going to take a "bawth in the bath-tub". What do your readers think?—Margaret (Mrs. W. L.) Johnston, 13405 Gruner Road, Detroit, Mich.

GET WISE, RADIO HOGS

WILL someone please edit a new book of etiquette covering Radio manners? An appropriate title might be "How to Run a Radio Politely". As an introductory chapter please advise what to do when a guest assures you that his Radio is never noisy with static while yours has bangs of static to punctuate the program. Is it necessary to say "How remarkable" or can you reply, "Oh, Blah!", as you felt like doing?

Then what to do when you are comfortably seated and tuned in on that play which you have anticipated all day, and that neighbor drops in to broadcast all the gossip. Please advise which one shall be tuned out, the Radio or the neighbor?

Then there is the question of family manners. Must one say tamely, "How kind of you," when High School Betty sails in as you are absorbed in that interesting description of an Arctic trip by an explorer . . . only to say sweetly, "Oh mother! I know you don't care for that—" She twirls the dials to find a snappy dance program, but what shall you do?

How about a chapter too, on "Keeping One's Temper" to deal with the friend who ridicules all your favorite Radio stars, says the music is distorted and your pet announcer a big bum?

These, and many similar ones are the problems confronting the Radio fan today. How may we keep within the bonds of etiquette and still enjoy our Radio? Who will be the first to compile this much-needed book?—Mrs. May B. Turner, Wayne, N. Y.

SEE MAY DIGEST, J. B.

FOR some time I have waited for a write-up on Georgia Backus and I have failed to see it. If she won't consent to a story, please print a large picture. I know you won't disappoint me. She and Frank Knight are one of the best combinations I have yet heard. (*May Radiographs fill the bill—Editor*)—J. B., Belmont, Mass.

DX FANS, HERE'S YOUR MEAT

I WOULD like to know the requirement of some DX Clubs because I am very anxious to join. I have logged 315 stations in three months, including Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Nova Scotia and a few police and experimental stations. I have no short wave set but my R.C.A. goes to 1715 kilocycles.—Bill Caventer, 103 N. Hazelwood Ave., Youngstown, Ohio (*DX Clubs please answer Mr. Caventer—Editor*).

* * *

WE GET good reception here in Prince Edward Island all through the summer as well as in winter time. I've heard about 250 different stations in the U. S. and about 25 in Canada. I would like to hear from any DX listener and promise to answer all letters received.—Anthony Arsenault, P. O. Box 444, Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Canada. . . . Any DX fan who would like a tip on how to make his Radio reach out further, drop me a line and I'll oblige with the tip. I have received 209 stations up to now on a seven tube Radio. DXer's let me hear from you—Orrin L. Case, 403 Clairmont St., Port Huron, Mich. . . . Jack Owens is lucky to have logged that many stations. I wish I could, but we have so much trouble here that DX'ing has never been very good. Would like to know what kind of Radio you have, Jack Owens, and what time of day or night you DX?—Nancy Saxton, 317 N. Sergeant, Joplin, Mo.

* * *

FOLLOWING up the letter of Mr. Erlewine, I would like to add my suggestion that you carry a separate "DX" department in your magazine. A DXer's column would be of year 'round interest, as it would include both shortwave and longwave listeners, their "logs", catches, most prized reception verifications, hints on "mystery" stations and comments in general. My own DX list includes 414 different longwave stations. The first was logged on Oct. 15, 1930 and the last on March 24, 1931. I use a custom-built, nine-tube, modern electric receiver. For the summer months I will drop to the shortwaves with a "superhet" converter on my receiver.

I would like to express my personal appreciation of your list of Cuban, Mexican, Canadian and U. S. stations. Such a complete list, including even the smallest stations of neighboring nations, is not easily found in ordinary log books. To help start the DX mail, I'd like to ask for a few return letters from Frank E. Howell, Eddie G. Erlewine and C. L. Swafford with more details about their DX'ing. I've been wondering if Mr. Howell's 170 stations were all received on a crystal set. If he knows of a method by which one can receive verification from all stations, he should let us know about it. Anyhow, let's start this DX department—Paul K. C. McAfee, R. 4, Salina, Kans. . . . In commending Mr. Erlewine's suggestion for a DXer's column, may I add that he has been my correspondent for the past few months through the good will of your magazine. Such a column should gain immediate popularity and DX'ing undoubtedly will claim many readers of RADIO DIGEST.—Malcolm Rackow, Eastport, L. I., N. Y.

* * *

THERE you are DX Fans, there's your column. It's yours to fill as you will, so get busy and write a few interesting letters.

And the rest of you V.O.L. fans, drop us a line. What's wrong? No kicks this month. We must have had a perfect mag. last issue, or our Helpful Critics must be getting lazy. —V.O.L.—*Editor.*



Director Bagley is floored . . . pacing the bicyclists of the Tower Health League. There's modest Bill Mahoney at the piano in his rôle of rhythmist.

They Leave Comfy Beds

Bagley, the Bantering Bicyclist, Leads Fo[r] Millions in World's Largest Gym Class Every Week Morning

By Bruce Gray

"I CAN'T get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the morning." The bugle sounds its brisk message at 6:45 o'clock every weekday morning and, as if to contradict the bugle's expression of futility, the members of the world's largest gym class—4,000,000—count 'em—4,000,000—hop from their warm, cosy beds, turn on their Radio sets and proceed to do the daily dozen.

What is the motivating force that transforms this sleepy, inanimate mass of humanity into a vigorous, seething body that moves rhythmically to and fro in a series of calisthenics? The answer is—human nature. Who is responsible for this unusual urge so early each day? The answer this time is—Arthur E. Bagley. And thereby hangs our tale.

The world's largest gym class, as the Tower Health League has come to be known, was the result of an idea—one that seemed at the time to be a small idea, at that. But first let us consider some of the events leading up to the birth of this idea.

Even as a boy in Rahway, N. J., where he was born and attended grammar school, Arthur Bagley was interested in what was then known as physical culture, but has since become physical education. He liked the gym class best of all his high school studies. He acquired a certain skill in things gymnastic and, like every other real boy, he was proud of his prowess. He practiced the various feats of skill and strength until he could perform them to his own satisfaction.

However, it never occurred to him, when he was choosing his life work, to become a physical instructor. He wanted to be a newspaper man. When he had graduated from school, he set out to attain this desire. He got a job on a newspaper and experienced in it all the thrill that he had anticipated. But the long, irregular hours and the strenuous work, which monopolized practically all of his time, caused him to forsake this line of work.

During the five years he had been a reporter Mr. Bagley occasionally had attended gym classes. So he now decided to return to his early love, not only as a source of amusement and as a means for his own personal development, but also as a livelihood.

His first job was as physical director of the Ansonia, Conn., branch of the Y. M. C. A. This was the beginning of twenty-two years' association with the "Y" in Taunton and Lawrence, Mass., and later in Newark. During this period he was absent from the "Y" field for a year, when he served as athletic director in army cantonments at Rockingham, N. C., and Camp Green, N. C.

IT WAS while he was physical director at the Newark "Y" that Mr. Bagley's big idea came to him in rather modest guise. He thought that it might be a pleasing novelty to broadcast some of his simpler drills over Station WOR, which was located not far from home. The station authorities agreed to let him try his plan.

The response was surprising. People let it be known in no uncertain terms that they wanted to do calisthenics in the Bagley manner; that is, as a part of a large gym class all working in unison and harmony, and guided by the "master's voice". The tone of this voice, they learned, is always changing. It is, in turn, pleadi[ng], admonishing, encouraging and jesting, [but] it is always tempered by the "maste[r's] thorough understanding of human nat[ure].

The news of Mr. Bagley's broadc[asts] spread rapidly. It was in March, 1[92]5, a year after he had started broadcas[ting] over Station WOR, that the Metropol[itan] Life Insurance Company, which preac[hes] assiduously the doctrine of health [and] well-being, asked him to broadcast [his] talks daily under the Metropolitan's sp[on]sorship. Arrangements were made for [the] broadcast to go over Station WEAF [and] several other stations in the eastern [part] of the country. Gradually other stat[ions] were added to the chain until now t[here] are eight. The most recent addition [is] Station CKGW of Toronto.

Mr. Bagley's keen insight into hu[man] nature is the result of his twenty [two] years of work in the Y. M. C. A. field. A[s] he says, he really had to learn a [lot] human nature if he was to preserve [the] semblance of order among the large cr[owd] of men and boys under his direction. [He] had to be prepared to meet any situa[tion] that might arise. He had to know ho[w to] handle those who became fresh and [un]ruly, how to encourage those who [are] disheartened, and how to instill ambi[tion] and life into those who were lazy. H[e] found that this last class is represent[ed in] every gathering of men. Invariably [there] are surly chaps who do as little as pos[sible] at all times and grumble at having t[o do] that much.

However, there is a spark of good, [even] in this type, Mr. Bagley believes. It [is] theory that every person has within [him]self the potentialities for greatness. [If] anyone is a failure, he feels, it is [only] because the potential best has not [been]

Their *for* Him



"Rrrrip! There go pa's pajamas!" Arthur Q. Bagley starts the whole family off on their morning pursuit of health via the exercise route

brought out. Mr. Bagley, therefore, endeavors to ignite the spark of personal pride in such people by pointing out to them their latent abilities.

Mr. Bagley tries to appeal to every sort and condition of person. As a result, he receives all kinds of letters. Some thank him for what he has done for them in showing them the way to rugged, glowing health. Others, unattached and lonely women, pour out their hearts and troubles to him, feeling that they know him and he knows them as a result of the daily class meetings.

Still others complain, because, as Mr. Bagley says, "you can't please everybody." Some people write in to tell him that he talks too fast when giving instructions. Others tell him he is much too slow. Some people complain that he nags them, while others say he is too easy with them. Some suggest that the exercises are too strenuous to be followed entirely, while others demand that he give them something hard to do. Like a good pilot, Mr. Bagley tries to steer a middle course and please the average person.

MR. BAGLEY usually finds time to give a few words of advice to his classes about the food they should eat. "For," he says, "if people abuse their stomachs, no amount of exercise is going to do them any good. The two things, exercise and diet, go hand-in-hand to produce the perfect human specimen."

People often write to him, asking individual health advice. If they seem to have something really the matter with them, he advises them to seek medical aid. But, if they are merely too plump and want to reduce, or if they want to build up their general health, he sends them the diet list, which gives them scientific advice about eating. Every letter that comes to him is answered. Many are merely requests for the printed exercise charts, to facilitate following the Radio directions, but others require careful individual instructions.

Now let us get a glimpse of Mr. Bagley and the Tower Health League in action. When the bugle sounds at 6:45 A. M. six mornings in the week, all classes of people respond. Men, women and children of all sizes, types and shapes, and from all walks of life join in the daily dozen. Some want to reduce their weight, while others are trying to add to their poundage. But, provided they keep exercising faithfully, they all eventually attain the desired end.

FOLLOWING the bugle call, Director Bagley steps to the microphone, greets his class with a cheery "Good morning, good friends!" and immediately proceeds with the first exercise. A snappy piano accompaniment is played by "Bill" Mahoney, Mr. Bagley's ever-faithful man Friday. Due to Bill's reticent nature, his Radio admirers have not learned much about him, but they have come to regard him as a most important part of the broadcast. It is said that, after Bill gets through playing for the Tower Health League, he goes downstairs to his desk in the Metropolitan's accounting department, where he does his bit toward making a big insurance company's routine move more smoothly.

While Mr. Bagley is taking his class through the first exercise we glance around the studio. It is ideally appointed for broadcasting, after the manner of the large Radio studios. Located on the 27th floor of the Metropolitan Tower on Madison Square, New York City, it affords an

(*Continued on page 86*)

What's What "Way Down East"

ALL the folks in Providence studios aren't angels, as you would expect. There are rumors of college pranks committed by John Gordon Freaser, WEAN's newest announcer. But he graduates this month and all that will be over. He has been with the Rhode Island station in a paying job while attending Brown University. . . . Lloyd Wesley Dennis, Jr., is another of these collegiate announcers, beating John out of Brown by only six months. He writes continuity, sings and plays the violin.

"Blue-blooded" Charlotte Presel has two ancestors of the nobility, Count de Presel and Baron de Rothschild, but finds it impossible to sit still and be a "noble lady" and fill her three jobs . . . director of women's programs, announcer and concert pianist at the Providence station.

* * *

GETTING hot is a habit which is contagious at WNAC, Boston. John Shepard, Jr., head of the station does not object to his musicians warming up but he does protest when the studio carpet and furnishings become ignited by the spark of syncopation. Linus Travers, production manager of WNAC, discovered the studio floor covering afire while a broadcast was being made. Fire fighters put it out without listeners knowing a thing about the near-catastrophe.

* * *

YORKSHIRE pudding is the favorite delicacy of Edgar R. Carver, musical director of WGY, Schenectady, who was born in Leeds, England . . . which city is of course in Yorkshire. At eleven young Carver was called England's greates boy composer and conducted a juvenile orchestra before th King of England. Coming to the United States with an Iris Band to play at the St. Louis Exposition, he liked it here an finished his education at Friends University at Wichita, Kans Then came more ferrying back and forth between England an the U. S., and finally complete adoption of this country whe he filled important musical positions with the Rivoli and th Rialto. After several years as conductor of the Roxy Theatr and of a symphony ensemble at WJZ, Mr. Carver joined WG as musical director of all programs.



Salty Allen of WOV, Countess Von Luckner and Felix, Count Luckner, aboard S.S. "Mopelia". Salty was "beer taster" and outboard motor adviser to the Count on his recent trip to the United States.



WeTEL you WHAT, Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia is some Radi w-FAN. Here he is, surrounded by the mikes of the nine station over which he has made the WELK-in ring at various times.

* * *

CORRECTION: Jean Scull, the attractive young Philade phia star whose photograph appeared in April RADIO DIGES sings on the Amoco Hour at WCAU (not WPEN as stated

* * *

WHAT with all the sage advice to mariners and boatir enthusiasts which issues forth from Salty Allen in h Daily Boatman's Column at New York's WOV, you'd expect t see a gray-bearded old tar behind the mike. But Salty is ju a young fellow in his early twenties, who's seen a lot of th world for his age. He's traveled both by land and sea and m many celebrities whose common bond of interest with him a desire to win outboard-motor races. The German submari commander, Count Felix Von Luckner, is one of his co-hobb ists, and Salty has spun one or two yarns about the Cou on his daily noontime program. Some day when he has tin and typewriters are built into cruisers he expects to wri the "great American novel".

* * *

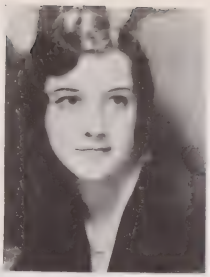
IT looked like a catastrophe for Rose Gallo, but it turned o to be her greatest blessing. Rose was an organist at t Alhambra Theatre in Philadelphia, when along came the vit phone and forced her out of a job. Then somebody told h her voice would take kindly to the mike. She tried it wi great success. Now she is heard daily over WELK and WPE

* * *

AVIATORS are no novelty to Radio, but the credit for p ting a real underground worker on the air belongs to WN of Washington, Pa. "The Enterprise Miner" who appears th times a week to give interesting anecdotes about mining, s really an old-timer who spent many years on the job. H partner and accompanist is a young "breakerboy" who hands a ukulele and sings like a professional.

Chain Gang Chatter

By Janet Dublon



Another opera star gone completely Radio—Helen Oelheim

staff and his "Meet the Artist" broadcast. He interviews headliners before the mike so that listeners can find out from their own lips favorite foods, sports and deep dark secrets. It *does* make a good airact.

OPERAS are fine for the ears but sometimes heavy on the eyes, when the soprano weighs a mere 240. That's why I'll always retain pleasant memories of the American Opera Company and pretty young Helen Oelheim in particular. After its death she took to the air. Now she's "Freda Zorn" of the CBS Dutch Masters. This is to tell all those conclusion jumpers who think she's a real opera diva size because of her rich full voice . . . Helen is young and petite, with blue eyes. Born and raised in Buffalo.

YOU SHOULD have seen the festivities opening night at the Penn Roof to welcome Rudy. And all the Radioites who were there . . . Maurice "Right Now" Chevalier, Little Jack Little, Norman Pierce. And plenty of his fans with their B. F.'s turned out for the dancing.



Gloria Gay unmasked at last! She's pretty Frances Wilcox

EMBER the "Perils of Paul- ? And how you on the edge of seat every Sat- y in the dark- movie house Pauline was ered from the in's last week's h, only to hop another di- na? Well, if you to recapture e of those old ls, listen in on ia Gay one o' these Wednesdays on onal net. Gloria's real name is ces Wilcox, and she's one of the iest girls I've seen up at 711 Fifth. er looking than the hostesses . . . s saying something. Biography? At years arrived in Deposit, New York. —tried to run away to New York. repeated. Nothing else important college days at Syracuse U. Then —ran away to New York, but this arrived. In *Firebrand,* the play. r plays and Radio since. Isn't mar- . . . yet.

JIMMIE—Gloria's co-partner in nture? Modest, and hard to track to air. But finally found not far from studio. One Carver Johns, born in Wayne. Writes "Gloria Gay's Af- " himself. Age—29, graduate of rd (the only one I ever heard who 't come back with *that* accent) author lays and short stories. Ditto marks he "isn't married . . . yet."

ELT like a piece of Swiss cheese," Eddie Freckman. "I landed in a ital in France full of bullet holes. ors told me I'd always be an invalid." leave it to the marines . . . Eddie's accompanist on Columbia's Pabstett ty hour, weighs 235 pounds, walks out a limp and—does he play the !

THDAY PARTY: Last month the ele Lady and her song writer husband were eight years in Radio. I mean, of course, May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose . . . NBC threw a party for them. Did you hear the festivities, with Ray Perkins as Master of Ceremonies? Eight announcers did the honors. Paul Whiteman and Rudy Vallee contributed by wired-in programs and skeenteen others did their bits right in the studio.

IRENE BORDONI never wears the same evening dress or wrap to the CBS studios twice . . . I once had my hair waved alongside Irene. Hers was being washed. It was then the longest, thickest I had ever seen. Way below her waist. She wore it off her ears, way up high on top of her head. It's not so long now but in comparison with ex-bobbies, it's munificent. She had it cut because hats weren't becoming.

IN CASE you're wondering what's become of NBC's Revelers . . . they are concertouring various lands. France, Germany, Holland, Austria and . . . where in heck is the city of Schaveningen? The four of 'em, James Melton and Lewis James, tenors; Elliot Shaw, baritone, and Frank Banta, accompanist, will be back in pronounceable U. S. cities (New York, to be exact) about September 1st.

DISGRUNTLED Radio stars sometimes tell the Press Department, "I could write a better publicity story myself." To which Press never dares respond "I could do a better airact myself." But they up and prove it. Take Bob Taplinger of Columbia's



Two femmes? No, one homme in disguise (Jack Shannon) on the right, and one femme (Marie Stoddard) in their rig-up for the Gossipers, popular transcription skit

Spilling All the New

Midwest Briefs

By BETTY McGEE



"Smile, darn ya, smile!" Even baby grins when he hears Marc Williams, KSTP, croon cowboy style

CHATTERING again!

And if we seem breathless and a little flighty don't blame us for we can't help it—not today. We are just recovering from an encounter with the "Three Doctors" of WMAQ fame. They've signed up now with Dr. West's and adopted a trade.

When "Dr" Pratt and "Dr" Sherman first went on the air with their humor, hokum and harmony, some four and a half years ago they conceived the idea of being doctors of the spirit, so to speak. You see Russell Pratt and Ransom Sherman had played pranks together back in high school days in Appleton, Wisconsin, and sung and played together on many a long winter evening—and thought it sounded pretty good, too, they admit. So when the two families moved to Chicago it was natural that Russell and Ransom should continue to sing and play together and continue to think it sounded pretty good. As they came to man's estate they entered the insurance business together. The Radio venture began just for fun. Some months later they took on as interne, Joe Rudolph, who was already well known about town for his ability to produce unbeatable music.

During these years they have been making nonsense and poking fun at everything. They have had a wonderful time burlesquing national advertising and the chain broadcasts and they're still at it. As a matter of fact it is said that these three were the original burlesquers of chain feature ideas, although the "Doctors" themselves discreetly say nothing on the subject.



Serious camera study of Chicago's ad libbing Three Doctors. Pratt, with the (of course, Dr. West's) toothbrush mustache, Sherman in the vise. What's left is Rudolph

Everywhere that people talk about the trio the question is sure to arise—do they write or plan their broadcasts? The answer is *no*. It's pure and simple ad libbing—(not always pure, but sometimes simple). Incidentally it's interesting to note that their ad libbing has it all over ad libbing as it's done on the stage. Whereas on the stage it's a spontaneous wise-crack interjected here and there, with these three it is a steady flow of 'em from day to day and year to year.

BOB GREER and Mal Clair, who are widely known to their Radio audience as "Snowball and Willie" come rightly by that slow and easy drawl, for Mal is from Alabama and Bob claims Arkansas as his home state. After many and varied experiences on the stage and screen, Mal and Bob became friends and vaudeville partners. They met on the sunny shores of Southern California and as a team they traveled the road from Hollywood—to New York—to Chicago. They're on WIBO nightly, except Sunday, at 6:15 CDT.

The courts lost a prospective attorney when Don Ameche, now featured on Chicago NBC dramatic programs, changed mind while a student at the Universit Wisconsin and joined a stock com at Madison.

And the stage lost one of its risin

veniles when Ameche caught the lu Radio a year or so ago and deserte footlights for the greater audience re through the microphone.

Ameche was active in dramatics d his prep school and college days an an active member of the University ers before he left school to go wit stock company.

After leaving the stock co Ameche played with Fiske O'Ha *Jerry For Short;* went from New to Greenwich, Conn., with the Cha lain Brown players and played the ju lead in *Illegal Practice*, when it pla the Playhouse in Chicago. His last appearance was with Texas Guin vaudeville in New York.

About a year and a half ago Don to get Radio fever and appeared in s shows at WJJD and WCFL and th turned to New York where he ap before the microphone at WMCA.

He's an ardent six day bicycle race and these nice days are finding h the golf links a lot, too.

YOU'D never think, to look at Grant, the slight, rather short

(*Continued on page 88*)

From the Local Broadcasters

Pacific Coast Briefs

By Dr. RALPH L. POWER

CASTANETS should be clicking frequently at KPO these days. Alice Gentle, newest addition to the San Francisco station's list f operatic stars, has been called the reatest "Carmen" of the country. She's n the air every Monday and Friday vening, Mondays with Cy Trobbe's salon rchestra and on Fridays on KPO's con-ertized opera hours. Born in Seattle, lice has roamed up and down the coast, aking stellar rôles with nationally recog-ized opera companies and appearing of ite in the talkies.

EARL J. GLADE is just a hobbyist, according to Dick Evans of Salt Lake ity's KSL. But his hobbies have had a ay of outgrowing their original minor ôles and becoming important in Mr. lade's life. In the beginning Radio was hobby with him, and he promoted one f the first commercial broadcasting sta-



lice Gentle, newest staff diva, is inducted into the KPO holy of olies—Cy Trobbe's library of over 20,000 musical compositions

ions in the West. The early KSL days ere starvation periods and pretty lean icking, but now Mr. Glade manages two rosperous broadcasters, KSL and KLO.

The Tabernacle organ and choir broad-ast was another hobby of the Salt Lake ioneer. Now it's on coastwise waves. ut his most unique hobby is words. Did ou know how to spell the leather leg-in's that cowboys wear? They're called shaps" or "chaps". But it took Mr. Glade o discover them in the dictionary—and ou'll find them there as chaparajos.

RADIO has a strange way of drawing people from other fields to the mike, ut KFRC claims the one and only female rchitect. She is Merle Matthews, pro-uction manager, and her orderly, ship-hape dovetailing of programs and people how the influence of her training. It all came out when a certain summer resort, Cuesta La Honda by name, which advertises on the Frisco station's wavelength, received a number of plans for very unusual summer cottages. They were from Merle.

REGISTER another Radio marriage on the book of time. George Snell surprised his listeners at KDYL when he took as wife Miss Althea Pederson, who has been KDYL traffic manager for the last two years. It must be admitted, however, that it wasn't a shock to the Salt Lake studio folks, for they could see it brewing for many months, and bets were even placed on the date it would occur.

Hundreds of KDYL fans and "Uncle Ben" (that's George's Kangaroo Club name) devotees sent congratulations to the pair. George is dark, and extremely good-looking, so Althea is holding down her desk in the traffic department to see that no feminine fans try to win him away.

THERE are two pretty Kelly babies in a big house in Berkeley who listen to the loud speaker of the Radio expectantly at all times. Mother is Dorothy Desmond and father Tom Kelly, of the NBC Coast dramatic staff. Tom and Dorothy met under the auspices of Shakespeare—they were both playing in a summer stock company. Romance blossomed, and when they found Radio offered an opportunity to continue in drama and run a happy home as well, they signed up for mike work.

Dorothy Desmond is slender, charming and doesn't look a bit like the mother of two youngsters. She has famous ancestry on both sides of her family. Her mother was a Wells of the Wells-Fargo bank family, and her father a descendant of the bold bad Earls of Desmond. She's been a dancer, a stock player and actress.

"EIGHTEEN Feet of Harmony"—no, not a new mammoth piano. That's a new male trio just descended on the Northwest Broadcasting System. Three boys from the University of Washington, each over six feet tall—Bob Youse, tenor, Herb Bartlett, tenor, and Jack Little, baritone.



Ted Osborne reading his daily stint for the KHJ burlesque news reports. Uncle Ted has disguised himself with false mustache and wig

Sweet Six-ty

"I Can't Understand Why People Get Old!" Declares Miss Hopper Who Is Still Brimful of Youth Although She Is Approaching Seventy

By Anne B. Lazar

A DAINTY little woman, under five feet and weighing ninety-two pounds, has triumphed over all of the cruel laws which old age imposes on mankind and is still young at sixty-odd years.

Creaking Knees, Sallow Skin, Wrinkled Neck and Falling Hair, which have been the foes of youth ever since Eve lent her ear to the serpent, received a mighty death blow as far as Edna Wallace Hopper is concerned, and they are now probably crawling subtly along ready for a spring on an easy victim.

If you are beginning to groan, complain and fidget about inconsequential happenings—whether you are nineteen or ninety—you are yielding to the onslaughts of senility. For age isn't a matter of years, according to Miss Hopper—it's a state of mind.

I had heard how Miss Hopper succeeded in warding off old age and looked young in spite of the passing years—but I must have proof. Surely there were wrinkles and a few streaks of gray hair—it must be all theory with her, I concluded. The fountain of youth may have its place in legends and romances, but no one could be expected to believe that even Edna Wallace Hopper had completely escaped from the ravages of six decades of time.

With these doubts assailing me, I approached the entrance of the St. Regis—one of the few remaining exclusive hotels in New York City—with vestiges of old Manhattan's traditions. Two footmen led me through the massive canopied entrance, and I was whisked up to Miss Hopper's apartment by a crisply uniformed elevator boy.

"I'll come back with a tale of dyed gray hair," I consoled myself—"and with a wrinkle or two in the bargain." One might get away with this perpetual youth stuff from the stage of a theatre and over the Radio, but not under the lens of an interview.

I had brought myself up to the point of being sorry for Miss Hopper. It would be too bad to disillusion the American public and to tear down this happy illusion of Youth at Sixty which Miss Hopper had built up, but everything must be sacrificed for the cause of truth.

WITH a mixture of feelings, I rang the bell. The door was soon opened by a bobbing little figure with a smiling face framed in a wealth of brown wavy hair.

"Miss Hopper?" I asked of the big, brown-eyed miss.

"I'm Miss Hopper," was the reply, at the which, dear reader, I managed to create a good long sneeze, thereby giving me a good opportunity to drown an embarrassing moment. When I finally overcame my surprise, I mysteriously stopped sneezing and returned Miss Hopper's cordial greeting.

I looked at her again. She was fresh with youth, graceful, pretty and merry. Of course—this must be the daughter but I would wait before asking any othe question that might make it necessary fo another sneeze.

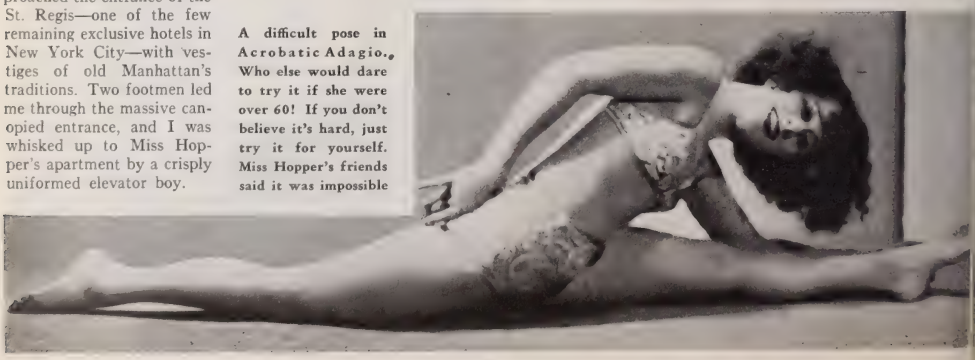
We both sat down in this comfortabl room furnished in old rose—but no on else entered on the scene.

Then this was Miss Hopper—this youn person who looked no more than twenty five in appearance and action. The tw distinctive features about Miss Hopp are her great big brown eyes and he brown silk fluffy hair which she admits as straight as a stick and needs wavin every now and then.

"Let me tell you a few things abou youth," began Miss Hopper with twinkle in her eye. By this time needed a little advice to fortify my your years, for Miss Hopper was in spirit an energy much younger than I.

"Given diet, exercise and the right sta of mind, and you can't get old. The righ mental attitude is everything in life. An you can't maintain this mental equipoi if you are going to allow yourself to b tossed by every wave of circumstance.

"Men and women ought to take off little time each day for self-study an self-analysis. If they find themselv fretting and stewing over every ill win



A difficult pose in Acrobatic Adagio. Who else would dare to try it if she were over 60! If you don't believe it's hard, just try it for yourself. Miss Hopper's friends said it was impossible

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ut you could always depend upon
husband in a great need," I ven-
"Knowing that there was some-
o fall back upon would take away
he sorrow."
ever!" exclaimed Miss Hopper. "I
never gone to anybody for anything.



Just like that—tossed from one part of the stage to the other. Miss Hopper gets a great "kick" out of it

Not even my husband. I have never asked anything even of my closest friends —and that is why I am able to keep them.

"The day following the reversal of circumstances, I looked the situation squarely in the face. I wasn't at all discouraged. I felt it was the best thing that could have happened to me, for it aroused me from the ease in which I had been living. I had been sitting smugly in the lap of luxury—now I had to get up and work. I studied myself and asked, What am I fitted for? How can I be of service to others and to myself? At that time everyone was discussing youth—people were in quest of it. It was talked about at teas, at parties and at clubs.

"Having been on the stage most of my life, I had my own public, and although I had never lectured before, I said to myself, there's no time like the present to start.

"People had always wondered how I retained my youth and men and women would be interested in what I had to say about it, I thought.

"Now the point that I wish to bring out," continued Miss Hopper, "is that I did not sit down on the ruins of a mighty fortune and weep bitter tears. Crying isn't the best exercise for the eyes anyway, and tears tend to obstruct one's vision to the opportunities that are waiting ahead of us.

"I just brushed the last remaining ashes of my departed wealth from my party frock and started right away to build another treasure trove. I agree with Henry Ford," continued Miss Hopper, "that this depression is just the result of poor thinking. What men and women need now is courage to lift themselves out of the rut into which they have been gradually driven down. It should awaken them to new life.

"If I succeeded in starting a new business when I was over fifty, other people can do the same. Self-pity is probably another great hindrance to progress. When a man pities himself, he can't get the right perspective of his case, and he gets himself right in the way of his own possible advancement.

"Now, this may all seem to be quite

(*Continued on page 95*)



(*Courtesy of Ruth Collins*)

Iron ivy tree affords graceful arms which hold small pots concealed by trailing vines. A malacca wheel seat.

Dressing U

Your Porc

Accessories are just as important as the large pieces of furniture

By SHERRILL WHITON

Director of the New York School of Interior Decoration. Heard over National Radio Home-Makers' Club Wednesday mornings

I SUPPOSE there are more people who would like to know how to rearrange or redecorate their homes than those who have new homes to decorate. You can't all become professional decorators, but you can do something that's far more important and useful. You can all make an effort to make your home a place more agreeable to live in, more comfortable, more convenient and workable, more pleasing to the eye. Not a place that you want to get out of and go somewhere, but a place where you want to go back to and stay.

I'm going to give you a little advice about the furnishing of porches and sun parlors.

Lots of people get these two kinds of rooms confused or rather they think of them as being the same kind of room—really they're two entirely different kinds and as such they have to be furnished and decorated very differently.

A sun parlor is primarily a winter room where you want to bring a little of the effect of outdoors into the house during the winter months. You also want to get all the sun you can and for cloudy days when there isn't any sun you try to bring sunlight into the sun parlor by using various colors, lots of tones of red, yellow and orange.

But the porch is an entirely different proposition. The porch may be enclosed but it has to be arranged with lots of windows that can be thrown wide open to let in the air. The porch is a summer living space and the idea is to let in as much air as possible and still keep the sun out.

A porch has to be protected from dust and the weather and usually from insects and the first thing that we should think about is proper screening. There is only one kind of screen to use and that is made of copper. It costs a very little more than the ordinary iron wire screens to start with but it pays in the long run. It doesn't need any paint, never rusts and lasts forever unless the small boy in the house tries to throw his base ball through it. Screens help keep out the dust too and that means much less outdoor housecleaning.

NEXT to wire screens the most important things are shades, curtains and other devices to keep out the sunshine.

Sunshine is usually considered healthy but we can get too much of a good thing at times, and in the summer we have to dodge it.

During the last few years, Venetian blinds and slatted wooden shades have returned to popularity. Venetian blinds keep the sun off but let the wind through — and that's what we want in the summer time. They also prevent glare, and they are heavy enough so that they don't blow out of position—you can even get them with devices to prevent flapping—and the best of them are painted in sun-proof colors to prevent fading.

Then we have the European types of porch furniture becoming more and popular, such as the bent iron chairs tables. The chairs are the kind one to see in the little German gardens parks of Paris with iron seats wi spring in them.

If you like the so-called modern they're making porch furniture in a metal called "chromium" — constr out of either pipe forms or square bars. It looks like polished nickel they say it always keeps its polish and shiny—doesn't tarnish, rust or rode; it's as strong as steel. Whil arms and legs and uprights are ma this metal, the seats and backs are u of brightly striped canvas.



(*Courtesy of Mayhew*)

Double-trayed metal plant and serving stand.

A DASH of Discontent

Smug Satisfaction with things leads men and women into ruts. Progress is made possible by looking a step or two ahead

By Frances Ingram

Consultant on Care of the Skin heard on NBC every Tuesday morning



Ann Sawyer—the first television girl to be signed up by the NBC on the Pacific Coast—Drafted from the talkies

THE hotel dining room was crowded and it was impossible not to overhear the discussion at the next table. One of the men in the group had evidently brought o the conversation some instances of at she considered men's prejudice ainst women in business.

"Tommyrot", said the man beside her. t isn't a question of prejudice against men—the point is that women lack the cessary qualifications for success."

The women's voices were immediately sed in indignant protest to be silenced moment later by an authoritative sig- l from the man.

"If you give me a chance I'll explain to you", he offered. "Sure, women e accurate, neat, efficient, honest, loyal all of that—but they don't get ahead cause very few of them are discon- nted enough. That's what they need— dash of discontent. Look at that girl our general office. She's been with e firm longer than I have. She knows re about the firm's business than I do. d where is she? In the general office. st week when we were hiring a secre- y to McKinley, did she get the job?). We hired a new girl. All right, aybe it's unfair, but I don't think it is. at girl is contented—she's satisfied. l she cares about is her pay check at e end of the week. What's the matter th the woman? Well, I just told you— far as anybody knows, she hasn't got dash of discontent in her make-up."

That's all of the discussion I heard, fortunately, but thinking it over later, seems to me that the argumentative gentleman was right. Every advancement, every achievement, every bit of progressive and humanitarian work has been due to a dash of discontentment in someone. If man had been content to travel on his own two legs, he would never have learned to ride behind a horse. If he had been content with horses as a means of transportation, the automobile would never have been invented. Had he been content with the automobile, the aeroplane would never have been conceived. If women had been satisfied with brooms, they would not have carpet sweepers and vacuum cleaners today. Would we have the telephone, the Radio, the trans-Atlantic cable, or any advances in science, in art, in literature if it were not for the presence of some malcontents among us?

CONTENTMENT is eulogized, discontentment denounced. But why? Every humanitarian movement, every effort to alleviate pain and suffering has sprung from divine discontent, as Charles Kinsley in his "Health and Education" wrote some years ago: "To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ of the first upgrowth of all virtue." It is this divine discontent of which I am speaking. To be discontented and do nothing about it—to grow disgruntled and neurotic—is no virtue, certainly. But to reach out for something better, to be *constructively* discontented is the divine discontent from which all virtue springs.

Now women do not lack this spark of discontent although it is true that as a group they may not yet have learned to use it for their own immediate advancement in the business world. But to women's discontent can be attributed the success of innumerable men who sit on the top rung of the ladder of success. A man may be content to rise one rung upon this ladder. His wife's constructive discontent inspires him to reach for a higher rung. There is one man who has achieved what would seem to be the very pinnacle of fame and fortune, but he is not resting there because his wife's belief in his ability and her divine discontent are spurring him to even greater achievements. Hers is not a disgruntled neurotic dissatisfaction, remember, but a constructive progressive expectation of better things. Hers is not a materialistic discontent—it is a desire to have her husband utilize the gifts which might otherwise lie dormant and undeveloped. Such discontent spells happiness, not only for the individual, but for the race as a whole.

THE world would have less of beauty and idealism if woman lacked this fine dissatisfaction with things as they are—with herself, for instance. If women were without the desire for improvement, culture would be lagging centuries behind. Beauty, too, would be much rarer than it is. It is due to

(*Continued on page 90*)

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

Getting into Indi's black books doesn't mean that a bad mark is entered against your name (if you're a Radartist). No, it only means that at one time or another Indi has heard a particularly good story from or about you, which has been entered in the "little black note book".

Now I've collected a good batch and have decided to air them. Here they are, copied right out of Indi's storybook:—

HE PICKED A GOOD LINE

Do you, or don't you know that all the chain programs are carried on specially leased telephone wires? This, in explanation of the fact that a telephone linesman unwittingly became an announcer. He climbed up to tap a wire and make a report to his home office. Astonished at hearing music on the line, he yelled to a fellow worker on the ground, "Great gosh! There's music on this darn line." All Texas heard him!

PEEPING TOM

An indignant man in Portland phoned the police to "Come quick and arrest the men who are peeping in my window and frightening my wife." A patrol wagon pulled up, to find two scared kids, the oldest only 15. They explained that being far away from home, they had stopped to hear what was happening to Amos and Andy.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Even when they're full-fledged Radactors, boys will be like this. . . . Donald Hughes, who is the second part of the Daddy and Rollo program on CBS, insisted on taking the mike nearest the control room. As he finished his last line, he made one wild dash for the glass door and hurled himself into the operator's room, nearly knocking over two studioites in his way. He just wanted to hear what his voice sounded like!

ALMOST A NON-CONDUCTOR

When a dog bites a man, that's commonplace, but when a man bites a dog, that's News. Likewise, when a passenger is left behind that's nothing unusual, but when a conductor is left, well, "dat's sumepin". Ray Ferris and Chuck Haynes, of Chicago NBC were returning from Huntington, Ind. to the Windy City when a cow calmly walked out on the track and caused a minor collision. The train stopped, and in the interim passengers and conductor did a little track-walking to stretch their legs. Damage repaired, passengers came aboard. The train started and Ray stood on the last platform smoking a cigarette, when far, far away he spotted the conductor running like Charley Paddock to catch the train. Ray pulled the emergency cord and stopped the train. Now there's a "Chuck and Ray Fan Club" on that railroad.

ADV: FOR EMPIRE STATE AND CHRYSLER BUILDINGS

Blackstone program (NBC):
Capt. Blackstone: An Englishman w arrived in New York from London r marked that the American sky was much clearer than their London sk You know, Frank, I've been wonde ing why it's that way ever since.
Frank Crumit: Oh, that's because have skyscrapers.—*Rose Bailey,* 1 *Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.*

Puzzle: How can you travel by rail a by boat at the same time? Ans: T being seasick. A spot "by rail" is m convenient!

The Next "Special Personal Appearance Broadcast" Will Be This.



Jimmy the Thug:—"Crime Don't Pay—Instead of Reaching for the Diamond, I Should Have Reached for a Cigarette."

Call It A Day

By Beulah Hauser

rry with the furnace fire
rt the old range burning,
dial madly up and down
re I start the churning.

ly Birds" I hear at dawn—
ose they're out for worms—
N B C says "Cheerio"
ilt—my oatmeal burns.

"Gypsies" from the "A & P"
tuning up the strings,
"Hits and Bits" come crowding on
n lo! the door bell rings;

at's Butterworth" down in the
op?
farmers gargle o'er their soup,
n "Golden Gems" of "Magic Speech"
ounce themselves with static
reech.

Blue Streak" rends the balmy air
ugh sky is calm and clear,
e Weather Forecast" takes the
and
says "A storm is near."

Next in our line of march today
Comes "Edna Wallace Hopper" gay,
Before they "Shove her off the air"
She tells us NOT to brush our hair.

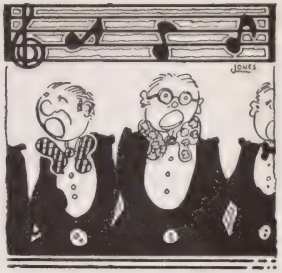
"Fleischmann's Yeast" croons "Rudy" dear
"Bugs Baer" gently answers, 'here'
"Graham McNamee" now takes the wheel
And drains a glass before his spiel.

Sir "Rolfe" has made his "Lucky Strike"
As "Vincent Lopez" takes the 'Mike'
And with a yawn I can't express
I board "The Sleepy Town Express."

But do I sleep? Ye Gods, No! No!
For "Amos and Andy" are giving their show,
The only rest I get is a 'Jonar'
"By special permission of copyright owner."



ouncer:—Friends! I Wish You Were Here. It's Just One Great Big, Jolly Party.



SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

MORMONISM IN THE MOVIES —Heard in WOKO news flash:—"Douglas Fairbanks, the husband of Mary Pickford and nine others will enter the English golf tournament." Doug had better watch out, or Will Hays will get after him!—*Mrs. L. S. Zanche, 222 Newell St., Pittsfield, Mass.*

FRANKNESS IS THE BEST POLICY — Milt Cross announcing the A & P Gypsies, "And who doesn't know that lovely song of Carrie Jacobs Bond, The End of a Perfect Day—the A & P Gypsies!"—*Isyla K. Powers, 319 Hanover St., Meriden Conn.* (Isyla was first with that slip and cops the prize, but *Mrs. G. F. Parkin of Meriden, Conn.*, was also heard from).

BE A SPORT AND CALL A TAXI —Sammie Watkins of WREC announcing his next two numbers—"I've Got Five Dollars and Walking My Baby Back Home". Some cheap skate! —*Virginia Riddick, Coffeeville, Miss.*

UNFORGIVABLE CRIME

I hate the voice of one announcer
  This man I'd like to bury
And yet he is a clear pronouncer
  Of all vocabulary.
I hate him not for all his learning
  Although it makes me giddy.
One fault has set my hatred burning—
  He calls a child a kiddy!
—*William H. Eldridge, 300 Portage St., Hibbing, Minn.*

SAFETY FIRST

From KFRC: Lord Bilgewater (Monroe Upton) answers questions. Here's one he read:

> Dear Sir:—
> I moved to Twin Peaks five years ago, and after a year there my wife presented me with twins. Then I got a job up at Three Rivers. A year later my wife presented me with triplets. I have just had a wonderful offer to go to the "Thousand Islands". Lord Bilgewater, what shall I do?"

Said Bilgy:—"Accept by all means. But for goodness sake, go alone!"—*Mrs. M. J. Schuler, San Francisco, Cal.*

Chain Calendar Feature

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 82

Throughout Week

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 a. m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds. (Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a. m.	7:00		5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WEEI	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WRVA	WPTF	CKGW	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	CFCF
WBEN			

CHEERIO—(daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WCKY	WRC
WCSH	WWJ	WHO	WOC
WDAF	WAPI	KPRC	WFI
WSB	WSM	WJAX	WPTF
WTAG	WOAI	WBEN	WRVA
CKGW	WIOD	WHAS	WFLA
WSUN	WTAM	WJDX	WJAR
WGY	WOW	WCAE	WGN
WKY			

THE VERMONT LUMBER JACKS—John Whitcomb. (Daily ex. Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	

THE COMMUTERS—Emery Deutsch. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WDRC
WPG	WIP	WFAN	WHP
WMAL	WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD
WIOD	WBBM	WMT	KMOX
KOIL	KFH	CFRB	WOKO

CAMPBELL'S ORCHESTRA—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:15 m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WRC	WCSH	WDAF
WEEI	WBEN	WCAE	WHO
WTAM	WSAI	KSD	WOW
WGC	WWJ	CKGW	WLS
WGY			

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Daily ex. Sun. & Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 a. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WKBN	WSPD	WREC
WTAQ	WBBM	KMOX	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	CFRB		

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 a. m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WFAN
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
CFRB			

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radio Home Makers. (Mon., Wed. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WJAS	WJHW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WISN	WBBM	WXYZ
WTAQ	KMOX	KFH	

RAY PERKINS—Libby, McNeil and Libby Program. (Thurs. and Friday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10.00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WIBO	WLW	KDKA	WSB
WREN	KWK	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
WJR	WGAR		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(except Friday and Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a. m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WWJ
WTAM	KSD	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WEEI	WGY	WMC
WHEN	WSAI	KYW	WOC
WHO	CFCF	CKGW	

UNEEDA BAKERS—(Mon. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30 a. m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WGST	WXYZ	WSPD
WDOD	WRBC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
KMBC	KMOX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL			

PAUL TREMAINE—(daily ex. Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKBN	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	KOIL	KFJF	KLZ
KOL	WTAQ		

COLUMBIA REVIEW — (daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30 p. m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	WGR		

FELIX FERDINANDO AND HIS PARK CENTRAL ORCHESTRA—(daily ex. Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WADC
WHAS	WWNC	WDOD	WLAC
CFRB			

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p. m.	12:30	11:30 a. m.	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WORC	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WBRC	WDBJ	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF		

PABST-ETT VARIETIES—(Tues. & Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WISN	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	WRR	KDYL
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	KLZ	

DALE WIMBROW—(Mon., Thurs. & Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WWNC	WDOD
CFRB	WOKO		

THE THREE DOCTORS—(Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRC	WJAS	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WWNC	WKRC	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KFH	KVI
KOL	KFRC	CFRB	WOKO

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p. m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WJAS	WORC	WPG
WHP	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WKBW	WXYZ	WSPD	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WBBM
KSCJ	WMT	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KLZ	KVI	KOL	KFPY

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER—(Tues. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3.45 p.m.	2.45	1.45	12.45
WJZ	WTAL	WHAM	KDKA
WGAR	WJR	WLW	KWK
WREN	KFAB	CKGW	KSTP
WEBC	WCCO	WPTF	KTAR
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WSB	KECA
KGW	KGW	KOMO	WHQ
KOA	KSL	KFSD	KTHS
CFCF	WDAY	KFYR	WCFL
WMC	WAPI	WSMB	WJDX

LA GERARDINE PROGRAM—Jean Beaudine. (Mon. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p. m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WCAO	WHK
WKRC	WGST	WXYZ	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KRLD	

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Anthony Wons. (Wed., Fri., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p. m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WJAS	WLBW	WCAO	WWNC
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WLAC
WJSV	WRVA	KMBC	KFH
KRLD	WACO	KLZ	KOH

ROY ATWELL'S TIDE WATER INN—(Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WTAR	WOKO

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WHAL	KDKA	WRVA	WTPF
WJAX	WIOD	WLW	WFLA
WSUN			

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—(Wed., Thurs., Friday, Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WFI	WRC	WTMJ	WSM
WEBC	WCAE	WGY	WTAG
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	WDNR
WHAS	WBEN	CKGW	WMC

KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC—(Tues. to Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
(Mon. at 7:15)	(Sun. at 8:15)		
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WTAR	WWNC
WDOD	WTAQ	WCCO	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KRLD	CFRB

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WBZ
WBZA	WRC	CKGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN	WLW	WJR
WGAR	CFCF		

11:00 p.m. on following stations

WMAQ	KWK	WREN	WDAF
WOAI	KSL	WHAS	
WSM	WSB	WKY	WENR
WSTP	WSMB	WJDX	KTHS
KPRC	WBBM	KGO	KHQ
KOMO	KGW	WFSD	WOAI
WMC	KAO	KFAB	WBAP

DENNIS KING AND THE LINIT ORCHESTRA—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WABC	W2XE	WADC	WCAO
WNAC	WKBW	WBBM	WKRC
WHK	WXYZ	WOWO	WDRC
KMBC	KOIL	WCAU	W3XAU
WFBL	WJAS	WEAN	KMOX
WSPD	WMAL		

TASTEYEAST JESTERS — (Monday, Thurs., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WLW	WHAM	WBZ
WBZA	WREN	KDKA	WRC
WGAR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD			

PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WOAI
KPRC	WJDX	KTHS	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAM	WMC	WSB	WSM
WSMB	WHAM	KDKA	WREN
KWK	WTMJ	WEBC	KOA
KSL	WRC	WGAR	CFCF

EVANGELINE ADAMS — Astrologer. Forhan's. (Mon. and Wed.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WAIU	WWNC	WBT	WGST
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WFBM	WGL	WBBM	WCCO
KMOX	WMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	WRR	KTRH	CFRB

THE CAMEL QUARTER HOUR—(Mon. to Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WORC	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAU	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WOKO	WSJS	WSPD	WMAQ

11:30 p.m. on following

KOIL	WGST	WBRC	WDOD
KTRH	WFBM	KLRA	WCCO
WISN	WREC	WNOX	WLAC
WDSU	KFJF	KSCJ	KTSA
WIBW	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KLZ
KDYL			

DADDY AND ROLLO—Congress Co. (Sun., Tues. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	P
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKI
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WLI
WGL	WCAO	WADC	WK
WXYZ	WSPD	WREC	WIS
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KM
KOIL			

JULIA SANDERSON AND FR CRUMIT — Blackstone Plant (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WT
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WH
KSD	WOC	WGY	WB
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WS
WHO	WDAF	WOW	WE
KSTP	Thurs. network:		WJ
WBZA	WBZ	WBAL	WH
KDKA	WCKY		

ARTHUR PRYOR'S CREMO TARY BAND—(Daily except Su

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5.
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WC
W3XAU	WEAN	WDRC	WI
WWNC	WLBZ	WBT	WT
WDBJ	WORC	WQAM	WL
WTOC	WDAE		

11:00 p.m. on following stations

WFBL	WKBW	WJAS	WI
WAIU	WHK	WKRC	WC
WKBN	WGST	WXYZ	WI
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WI
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WI
WTAQ	WOWO	WFBM	WA
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KA
KMBC	KLRA	WNAX	KO
KFH	WIBW	KFJF	WI
KTRH	KTSA	WACO	KL
KDYL	WTAG	KOL	KF
KOIN	KFBK-WOKO		

RUDY VALLÉE—Fleischmann

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
(Thursday)			
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJ
WDJX	WJAR	WCSH	WI
WRC	WGY	WHO	WC
WDAF	WWJ	WHAS	WF
WMC	WSAI	WSB	WS
WEBC	KOA	WRVA	KS
KOMO	WOAI	WSM	WC
WAPI	KGO	KHQ	KF
KSD	CKGW	WTAM	KC
KSTP	KPRC	CFCF	WI
WSUN	WCAE	(WTMJ at	KT
WIOD	WBAP	WKY, off 8:	
Sunday 7:00 p. m. on following stations			
WJZ	WREN	WSB	W:
KFAB	WJR	KWK	

BARBASOL PROGRAM—(Mon. M and Friday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WI
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WC
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WC
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WC
WSPD	WISN	WFBM	WI
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KC

RADIOTRON VARIETIES — Baer. (Wed. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	W.
WTAG	WCSH	WRC	W
WTAM	WSAI	WWJ	W
WWJ	KSD	WOC	W
WOW	WDAF	WIOD	W
WSUN	WSM	WSB	W
WJDX	WFAA	WOAI	K
KSL	KOA	KPRC	W
KHQ	KOMO	KTAR	K
WPTF	KPRC	WEBC	K
WTMJ	WSTP		

KALTENBORN EDITS THE N

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
(Sun., Tues. and Thurs.)			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	W
WEAN	WNAC	WORC	W
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	W
WADC	WHK	WKRC	W
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	W
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	

TASTYEAST GLOOM CHA

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
(Every night ex. Fri.)			
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	W
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	W
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	W
WADC	WHK	WKRC	W
WSPD	WDSU	WOWO	W
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	K

FORTUNE BUILDERS — (S

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
Thurs.			
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	W
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	W
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	W
WADC	WHK	WKRC	W
WSPD	WSPD	WDSU	W
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	K
KMBC	KRLD	KLZ	K
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	K
CFRB			

tern Central Mountain Pacific

A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA — (Tues., Thurs.)
8:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WCAE
WJZ WSAI KSD WOC
WHO WTMG WEBC WRVA
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM WSB WSB
WSMB WJDX WOAI KOA
WGO WKY KECA KGW
WHO KOMO WTAR KSFD
WIBO WDAF WTAM WAPI
WBEN WOW
Thurs. same as Tues. except following are off:
WAPI KECA WIBO
Thurs. add WGY
Saturday stations as follows:
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WCAE WFI WRC WGY
WRVA WWJ WSAI KSTP
WHO WTAM WBEN WOC
WGO KFKX WIOD KFI
WGW KOMO WSM WEBC

ARA, LU AND EM—(daily except Sun. and Mon.)
8:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WJR WLW KWK WEEN
WGAR WBZ WBZA WGN

PID TRANSIT—(Tues. and Thurs.)
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WEEI WFI WCAE
WSD WWJ WSAI WOC
WHO WIOD

CTURNE—Ann Leaf at Organ (daily).
2:30 a.m.11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WNAC WMAL WCAO
WTAR WJAR WEEI WRBC
WDSU WISN WFBM WCCO
WMT KMBC KOIL KFH
WJIF KTRH KLZ

Sunday

ORNING MUSICALE—Emery Deutsch Conducting.
10:00 a.m. 9:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WORC WPG WCAU
WJXAU WHP WCAO WTAR
WWNC WBT WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WISN WFBM
WCBE KMOX WNAX WIBW
WMT KFJF KRLD KTRH
WDYL

APOLITAN DAYS—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WJAR WTAG WDAF
WCAE KGO WFI KECA
WEBC WMC WAPI KOA
KOMO KFSD WENR

TERNATIONAL BROADCAST—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WJAR WORC WPG
WHP WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WWNC
WBT WSPD WRVA WDOD
WISN WOWO WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMBC KLRA WDAY
WEJF KLZ KDYL KVI
WFPY

LBERT AND SULLIVAN GEMS—
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WEAF WTIC WCAE KGW
KOA WGY WTAM WOC
1:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WCSH WRC WGY WTAM
WWJ WSAI WWJ WOC
WHO WFLA WSUN WHAS
WSM WAPI WSMB KVOO
WGAR KPRC WBAP

YPSY TRAIL—Emery Deutsch, Conductor, with Karle Thorne, Soloist.
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WJZ
WGR WDRC WORC WPG
WHP WJAS WMAL WTAR
WISN WTMJ WOW WCCO
KMBC WKJF KLZ CFRB

OONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WEAF WTAG WJAR WRC
WGY WBEN WTAM KSD
WWJ WDAF WEEI WLIT
WCAE KOA KSD WTIC
WCFC WOC KYW WHO
WOW

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE—Dr. Daniel A. Poling.
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WJZ WBAL KDKA KWK
WREN KFAB WRVA WJAX
WIOD WFAA WOAI WDAF
WFLA WSUN KGW WPTF
WEBC KOA KSTP WEBC
WMC WSMB KPRC WKY
KOMO KHQ WSB WAPI
WGAR WTMJ KSL WJDX
WSAI WSM WDAY

SYMPHONIC HOUR — with TOSCHA SEIDEL, Violinist.
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WNAC
WHEC WKBW WEAN WJAS
WCAU WJXAU WHP WFAR
WLBW WMAL WCAO WKBN
WDBJ WADC WAIU WSPD
WWNC WXYZ WRCM WISN
WDOD WBRC WDSU WMAQ
WTAQ WFBM WGL KLRA
WCCO KSCJ WMT KFJF
KOIL WIBW KFH KLZ
KRLD KTSA WACO WAAB
KDYL KVI WOKO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

CATHEDRAL HOUR—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU W2XAU
WHP WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WKRC WKBN WWNC
WBT WSPD WRCM WDOD
WLAC WBRC WFBM WGL
WJBAI KSCJ WMT KMBC
KLRA WDAY KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF KRLD KTRH
KTSA KLZ KVI KFPY

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WTAG KOA WOW WKY
WOAI WSAI WJAX WHAS
WJDX KVOO KPRC WEBC
WDAF WWJ WFLA WSUN
KHQ WHO WOC KGO
KOMO WCAE WJIC WRVA
KGW WPTF WMC WGY
WSM WSB WAPI WBEN
WRVA WIOD WFAA KPO
KHQ WCAE WPTF WTIC
WDAY KFYR

SERMON BY REV. DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WJAS
WMAL WADC WKBN KYZ
WSPD WOWO WMAQ KOIL
WCAU W3XAU KRLD WRR

POP CONCERTS—Cleveland Symphony Orchestra.
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WTIC WJAR WTAG
WRC WCSH WGY WWJ
WFI WEEI WSAI WJAR
WOC WHO WDAF CKGW
CFCF WCAE WOW WEEI
KYW

GRACE HAYES—Songs.
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WJZ WBAL CFCF WREN
WBZ WBZA KFAB WGAR

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WPG
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WADC WWNC
WXYZ WDOD WJAX WMAQ
WMT KMOX KOIL KFH
WOKO WIP - WFAN

RCA VICTOR PROGRAM—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WWJ KPRC WBEN WRC
WGY WCAE WTAM WSAI
KYW WJAX WIOD WFLA
WSUN WHAS KSD WDAF
WTMJ WEBC WMC WSB
WSMB WJDX KTHS KVOO
WOAI WKY KOA KSL
KGO KFI KHQ KTAR
KFSD KGW KOMO KPAA
WWJ KPRC KVOO KTHS

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KWK KYW WJR WGR
WREN WFAA KPRC WOAI
WHAS WSM WTMJ KSTP
KDKA WMC KOA WENR
WIOD KTHS WSMB KFYR
KFI KGW KSL KHQ
WLW WCKY WSB WPTF
WSAI WFLA WSUN KFAB
KFSD KTAR WJDX KPO
KVOO WBAL WGAR WEBC
CFCF

MAURICE CHEVALIER—Chase and Sanborn.
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJAR WTAG WCSH WRC
WGY WCAE WWJ WSAI
KSD WOW WIOD WIBO
KSTP WHO WOC WSMB
WEBC WMC WSB WSMB
WKY KTHS KPRC WOAI
WTMJ WTAM WJDX WFLA
WSUN WDAF WTIC KVOO
WBEN WLIT WEAF

THE COTY PLAYGIRL—Irene Bordoni.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WCAO WADC
WHK WKRC WXYZ WSPD
WWNC WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WMAL WOWO WBBM KMOX
KMBC KOIL

ATWATER KENT HOUR—
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WEAF WEEI WRC WFI
WGY WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI KSD WOW KOA
KFI KGW KOMO PO
WOC WHO WDAF KSL
WBEN

"WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS"—Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Co.
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK WREN
KYW WCKY WGAR WBAL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—
9:45 p.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WCKY KYW KWK WREN
WIOD WHAS WMC WSM
WSMB WJDX KVOO WOAI
WKY

IODENT CLUB—
9:45 p.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WRC WCAE WWJ
WSAI WLS KSD WOC
WHO WOW WEBC WTMJ
WBEN WFI WDAF

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
WHAM WJR WLW KWK
WREN WENR

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WEAF WEEI WCHS WRC
WGY WOW WDAF CKGW
KSTP WCAE WTAM WWJ
KYW WHO WEBC WJAX
WIOD WHAS WSM WJDX
KPRC WKY KOA KGO
KGW WSB KTAR KFSD
WRVA WBEN WFI WOC
WFLA WSUN KECA

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WEAF WRC WWJ WOW
WGY WTAM KSTP WEBC
WOC WHO WENR WAPI
WIOD WHAS

Monday

THE MADISON SINGERS—Musical Program by Mixed Quartet.
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WPG WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WKBN WWNC WBRC
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WISN WOWO KSCJ
KMBC KLRA KOIL KFJF
KTSA

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WJZ WHAM WJR WRVA
WHAS WEBC WAPI WOW
WMC WSB WGAR KVOO
WKY WOAI WRC WHO
WDAF WJDX WBAL WSMB
KWK KOA WBZ WBZA
WOO KTHS WFLA WSUN
WJAX KFAB KPRC KDKA
WLW WPTF WSM WDAY
KFYR KTW WREN

U. S. ARMY BAND—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WGR WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WADC
WSPD WDOD WLAC WISN
WBRC WXYZ WSPD WMAL
WTAR WXYZ WDSU WTAQ
WACO KOH KFRC CFRB

ART GILLHAM
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WWNC WXYZ WSPD WDOD
WLAC WDSU WISN WTAQ
KMOX KMBC KRLD WACO
KLZ KOH

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenborn.
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WWNC WSPD WDOD
WTAQ KFH WACO KOH
KFRC CFRB

"HOW'S BUSINESS?"—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WJAR WRC KSD
KOMO WSAI WDAF WJDX
KGO KECA KHQ WFLA
WSUN WHAS WEBC WSMB
KGW KTAR KFSD KSL
WMC WPTF WIOD WOC
WHO WLIT WCSH KFYR
KOA

WEBSTER PROGRAM—
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WTAM WWJ
KSD WDAK WSAI WEBC
WLS WOC WHO WOW

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
WGAR WJR WLW WOAI
WJR KYW KWK WREN
KOA KSL KFAB WRVA
WTPF KGW KTAR KFI
KHQ WBAL KOMO KFSD
KGO KTHS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

A. & P. GYPSIES—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAR
WCSH WFI WRC WTIC
WGY WCAE WWJ WSAI
WGN KSD WOC WDAF
WTAM WOW WHO WBEN

THE THREE BAKERS—Leo Reisman's Orchestra.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC WNAC WFBL WHEC
WKBW WLBZ WJAS WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WCAU
WJXAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WWNC WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WKBN WBRC
WWNC WSPD WJAX WDOD
WJDX WREC WLAC WBRC
WISN WOWO WDSU WMAQ
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KOIL KLRA WDAY
WEJF KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK WREN
KSTP WEBC KYW WCKY
WOAI KOA KSL KGO
KECA KGW KSQ KOMO
KVOO WLW WFAA KPRC
WGAR KFYR WSM WMC
WBAL KYW WDAY WTMJ

AN EVENING IN PARIS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC WNAC WFBL WKBW
WEAN WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WWJ
WWNC WSPD WOWO WBBM
KMOX KMBC KOIL

GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WTAG WLIT WRC WGY
WCAE WTAM WWJ WGN
KSD WOC WOW WSAI
WDAF WHAS WSM WMC
WSB KPRC WJAX WFAA
WOAI WKY KOA KSL
KGO KGW KFI KOMO
KHQ WTIC WHO WBEN
WTMJ

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WLW KWK KYW
WREN CKGW WJR WGAR
WBAL

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—Robert Burns Panatela Program.
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WBBM WMAQ
WCCO KSCJ KMBC KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTRH KTSA
KLZ KDYL KOIL KFPY
KOIN KHJ KFRC

SYMPHONIC RHYTHM MAKERS—Vaughn de Leath.
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG WRC
WGY WTAM WWJ WSAI
WDAF WMC WSB WJDX
WBEN WGY WOC WHO
CFCF WEEI

EMPIRE BUILDERS—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG WRC
KDKA WJR WLW KYW
KWK WREN WTMJ WOAI
KSTP WFAA KSD WBAP
KGO KECA KOMO KHQ
KTAR KFSD WKY WBAP
KPRC WGAR KGW

BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA FROM CHICAGO—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WKBW WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WHP
W3XAU WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WKBN WREC WBRC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WBBM
WCCO WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFJF KTRH KTSA
KLZ CFRB

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—
11:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WKBW WEAN
WNAC WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WJAS WLBW WREC WBRC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WBBM
WCCO WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFJF KTRH KTSA
KLZ

PAUL WHITEMAN—
12 mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WEAF WRC WTMJ KYW
WJZ WHN KSD WDAF
WSM WOW

Tuesday

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WCKY KWK WSM
WMC WSB WAPI WSMB
WKY WTMJ WPTF WJDX
WJAX WHO WREN KSTP
WEBC WRVA WIOD KTHS
KVOO WFAA KPRC WOAI
WHAS WJR WFLA WSUN

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ADVENTURES IN WORDS—Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly.

5:15 p.m.	4:15	3:15	2:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WFAN	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WRBN
WWNC	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ		

BOND SUNSHINE PROGRAM—"Gentleman Jim" Corbett.

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WEAF	WTIC	WGY	WBEN

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WDRC
WHP	WLBW	WTAR	WDBJ
WWNC	WHT	WBCM	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WGL
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFJF	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY

RAISING JUNIOR—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WJZ			

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WESH	WGY	WBEN	WTIC

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WTMJ	WJR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	WRVA
WJAX	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	WGAR	KOA
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WJDX	WSMB	WOAI
KFAB	KGO	KECA	WSUN
WBAL	WPTF		

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
KSD	WOC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WSAI	WSAI
WHO	WDAF	WOW	WEBC
KSTP			

RADIOTRON VARIETIES—

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WTIC	WEEI	KPRC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WRC	WLIT
WHEC	WTAM	WSAI	WIDO
WWJ	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WSM	WGY	WSB
WSMB	WJDY	WFAA	WOAI
WEBC	KOA	KSL	KGO
KECA	KGW	KHQ	WHAS
KOMO	KTAR	KFSD	WPTF
KVOO	KSTP	WMC	WDAY
KFYR			

ROUND TOWNERS—

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WFBL	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WWNC
WCYZ	WDOD	WISN	WTAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KFH	KVI
CFRB			

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTIONS—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WTAG	WFI	WRC
WGY	WWJ	WSAI	WGN
KSD	WDAF	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WSUN	WFLA
WSM	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KTHS	WJAR
WHAS	WCSH	WBAP	WBEN
KSTP	WOW	WPTF	WTIC
WEEI			

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WTAG	WEAF	WEEI	WJAR
WBEN	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WOW	WTAM	WSAI	KSD
WJAX	WTMJ	WEBC	WRVA
WSM	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WDJX	WMC	WSB	WSMB
KOA	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KTAR	KSL	KGO	KECA
KHQ	KFSD	KGW	KOMO
KVOO	WWJ	KYW	WHAS

HENRY GEORGE—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBHM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	

FULLER MAN—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	KVOO	WBAP
KSTP	WEBC	WTMJ	WRVA
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WIBO
KSD	WDAF	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KGW	KOMO
KHQ			

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WCKY	WREN
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WENR		

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 a.m.—WEAF—Cheerio. (Daily ex. Sun.)

9:15 a.m.—WEAF—Campbell's Orchestra directed by Andy Sannella, the man that has his attic completely outfitted as a Radio station. (Daily ex. Sun.)

10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Pineapple Perkins Happy sage of Radiodom—(Thurs. & Fri.)

3:30 p.m.—WABC—Three Doctors. Greatest ad lib-ing trio on air. A Niagara Falls of wisecracks and all spontaneous. (Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)

6:30 p.m.—WABC—Roy Atwell's Tide Water Inn. Roy is the masculine Mrs. Malaprop and does a few calisthenics with English as she is spoke. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas—Gentleman reporter gives digest of important news. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy. Depression—nothing! What about all dem propolitions pourin' into de Andrew Brown Taxicab Office? (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:15—WABC—Dennis King—handsome and talented actor drafted on new Linit program. (Daily ex. Sat. and Sun.)

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Evangeline Adams unfolds daily history through astral readings by the courtesy of Forhan's. (Mon. and Wed.)

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Daddy and Rollo still going strong with Radio listeners. (Sun., Tues. and Thurs.)

7:45 p.m.—The Camel Quarter-Hour—worth turning the dial a mile what with Morton Downey, Anthony Wons and Jacques Renard's Orchestra. (Mon. to Sat.)

8:00 and 11:00 p.m. — WABC — Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band—With four of the Pryor family in the program it ought-ter be good. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Blackstone Plantation with Julia and Frank—and Jack Shilkret (Tues. and Thurs.)

8.00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Vallee who opene on the Pennsylvania roof early in June an is now acting in George White's Scandal (7:00 p.m. Sunday on WJZ.)

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Tastyeast Gloom Chas ers in the persons of F. Chase Taylor as Co Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, and Wilbur Hulic as Bud—authors of a million laughs. (Dail ex. Friday.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—B. A. Rolfe and hi Lucky Strike Orchestra (Tues., Thurs. an Sat.)

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Fortune Builders fe turing Douglas Gilbert—feature article abo program in this issue. (Sun. and Thurs

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em—If it ichthyology, paleontology or philately, lea it to the Super Suds girls to give you th double "o" on it. (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broa cast—everything from King George to th Lord Mayor of London Town.

1:45 p.m.—WJZ—Little Jack Little.

3.00 p.m.—WABC—Toscha Seidel and Sy phony orchestra.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Maurice Chevalier wi French pep and Dynamic David Rubin conducting, and Jimmy Walling-ton a nouncing.

9.00 p.m.—WABC—Irene Bordoni as t Coty Playgirl.

9:15 p.m.—WEAF—Atwater Kent.

10:15 p.m.—WJZ—World Adventures wi Floyd Gibbons.

Monday

5:00 p.m.—WABC—Art Gillham, purvey of syncopated melancholia—rumored abo that he imbibes two quarts of coffee dai

7:45 p.m.—Roxy Symphony Concert, dir tion Erno Rapee.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

RICHIE CRAIG, JR.—Blue Ribbon Malt Jester.

10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAD	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WXYZ	WSPD	WBRC	WDSU
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KFH	KRLD
KTSA			

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX RADIO PLAYHOUSE—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WMAK	WKBW	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDEL	WTAR	WDBJ	WSAZ
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WFIW	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBHM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

KFH	KFJF	KRLD	WRR
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	KNX	CFRB

FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WDRC	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WKBN	WSPD	WREC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WFBM	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	CFRB		

Wednesday

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD.

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WJBO	KDKA
KWK	WREN	WJDX	WSMB
KFAB	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WHZ	WBZA	WLW
WGAR	WHAM	WAPI	KSTP
WJR	WEBC		

Eastern Central Mountain Pac

BEN AND HELEN—

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKB
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNA
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XA
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCA
WTAR	WDBJ	WKBN	WWN
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WRE
WLAC	WISN	WOWO	WBB
KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA	KOI
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KDY

EASTMAN SCHOOL SYMPHO ORCHESTRA—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:0
WJZ	WHAM	WREN	KFA
WRC	CKGW	KSTP	WJA
WSM	KOA	KGO	KEC
KTAR	WGAR	WBZA	KFY
WBZ	WBAL	KGW	KOM
WDAY			

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING O PRESS"—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:0
WABC	W2XE	WDRC	WFA
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WTA
WDBJ	WADC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLA
WBRC	WGL	WCCO	KSC
KLRA	WDAY	KFJF	KRL
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KOL	KFPY		

Features

30 p.m.—WEAF—A. and P. Gypsies. Orchestra directed by Harry Horlick. Don't overlook feature story this issue.

30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors Program. Male Quartet and Frank Black's orchestra.

:30 p.m.—WJZ—Chesebrough Real Folks. Get your seat on the Thompkins cracker barrel.

):00 p.m.—WABC—Guy Lombardo.

):00 p.m.—WEAF—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes—A rare treat—and well done.

):30 p.m.—WJZ—Empire Builders. Vivid and realistic sound effects alas are synthetic! Get lowdown in feature article on another page.

1:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie from Chicago.

Tuesday

:15 p.m.—WABC—Adventures in Words with Dr. Vizetelly.

:00 p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men. And Mildred Bailey puts more color into the program with her "blues" numbers.

:30 p.m.—The Philco Symphony Concert with Howard Barlow conducting.

):00 p.m.—WABC—Richie Craig, Jr., the blue Ribbon Malt Jester—original and not dead spot in his program.

0:30 p.m.—WABC—Paramount Publix Radio Playhouse.

Wednesday

:30 p.m.—WEAF—Boscul Moments with Mme. Frances Alda and Frank LaForge.

:00 p.m. — WABC — Gold Medal Fast Freight.

:30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour with Olive Palmer, Paul Oliver and Revelers Quartet.

.30 p.m.—WABC—Arabesque—the fascinating desert play.

0:15 p.m.—WABC—Peter Pan Forecasts. Pajamas for sleeping, pajamas for lounging and why not pajjies for dancing is the question asked by prominent stylists.

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

▲

11:00 p.m. — WEAF — Nellie Revell, The Voice of Radio Digest, tells you what you ought to know about your favorite artists.

Thursday

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Premier Salad Dressers. Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn oil up your funny bones, but not with salad dressing.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Birthday Party—sort of collective celebration of famous people's natal days.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble with Don Voorhees directing.

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WABC—Emily Post—Are you posted on rules of etiquette? Followers of code are not snobs but persons of taste.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Major Bowes' Family and Yasha Bunchuk directing orchestra.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert with Jessica Dragonette.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Dutch Masters. Songs of all ages for all ages.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Interwoven Pair with Billy Jones and Ernie Hare.

10:00 p.m. — WJZ — Armstrong's Quakers with Mary Hopple, and Lois Bennett.

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air. The best of everything.

Saturday

6:00 p.m.—WABC — Ted Husing's Sportslants. Latest in world-of sports from Theodore.

2:45 p.m.—WJZ—Sisters of the Skillet—Edward East and Ralph Dumke are great helps to housewives.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Hour with Floyd Gibbons and Erno Rapee.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

VITALITY PERSONALITIES—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WADC WJAS
WNAC WKBW WHBM WKRC
WBT WXYZ WOWO KMBC
KOIL WCAU W3XAU WEAN
KMOX WFBL WSPD WMAL
WDRC WGST WBRC WRR
KTRH WFBM KLRA WISN
WCAH WLAC WDSU KFJF
KTSA KOYL KHJ KOIN
KFRC KOL KFPY

PETER PAN FORECASTS—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WJAS
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WHBM KMOX
KMBC KOIL KRLD KVI
KOIL KFPY KOIN KHJ
KFRC KMJ CFRB KFBK

COCA COLA PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC KTAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WCAE W3AI WGC WEBC
WKY KGW KSD WSYR
KSTP WJAX WIOD WSMB
WSMB WSUN KPRC WOAI
KOA KPRC KGO KGW
KHQ KOMO KFSD WJDX
WDAF WHAS WTAM WHO
WOW WMC WSB WMJ
WAPI WBEN KFI WGY
WTMJ WBAP WFLA

"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"—
Nellie Revell.
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WFLA WSUN WLIT
WTAM WGC WHO WRC
WEEI WJAR WCSH WGY
WIBO WJAX WIOD

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WFAN WADC
WEAN WNAC WHK WXYZ
WPG WDSU NTAQ WACO
CFRB WKBW WLBW WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WWNC WDOD WLAC WISN
KMBC KFH KLZ

Thursday

FIVE ARTS—Radio Home Makers.
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WPG WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WKBN WWNC WBCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WISN
WOWO KSCJ KMOX KMBC
KLRA KOIL KFJF KTSA

ART GILLHAM—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WHP WLBW WMAL WTAR
WKBN WREC WBRC WTAQ
WCCO WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFJF KTRH KTSA
KLZ CFRB

BOND SUNSHINE PROGRAM—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WEAF WTIC WGY WBEN

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WMC WIBO WWJ
WHAS WJC WHO KOA
WBEN WCAE WTMJ KOIL
KFYR WAPI WJAR WFI
WTIC WENR

SALADA SALON ORCHESTRA—
Nathaniel Shilkret.
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJR WIBO
KWK WREN KFAB WGAR

THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WJJD KMOX
KMBC KOIL

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WTIC WCSH WRC WGY
WGY WTIC WSM WIOD
WJAX WOAI KOA KSL
WKY WAPI WRVA WSAI
KSD WDAF KYW WCAE
WEBC WOW WSMB WJDX
WOC WMC WHO KGO
KECA KOMO KHQ KGW
WAPI WTAM WBEN KTAR
KFSD WWJ

PREMIER SALAD DRESSERS—Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN
WDRC WORC WPG WNAC
WIP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WTAR WSPD WREC WDSU
WISN WTAQ WFBM WCCO
WMT KMOX KMBC KFJF
KTSA KLZ KFRC CFRB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

KOMO KHQ WSAI KSD
WOC WHO WOW WWJ
WSMB KVOO KPRC WOAI
KSTP WTMJ KYW WHAS
WSM WMC WSB KFI
WBEN WTAM KFI

PALMOLIVE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
KSD WJAX WOW WSMB
WTMJ CKGW KSTP WHAS
WSM WMC WDAF WHO
WSB WOAI KOA KSL
KGO KGW KOMO KHQ
WFAA KPRC WWJ WTAM
WBEN KFI

ARABESQUE—Desert Play.
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WDRC WORC WPG WFAN
WIP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WTAR WSPD WREC WDSU
WISN WTAQ WFBM WCCO
WMT KMOX KMBC KFJF
KTSA KLZ KFRC CFRB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MOBILOIL CONCERT—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WTAG WLIT WRC WSAI
KSD WOW WTAM KOA
KVOO WFAA WOAI WKY
WTIC KPRC KSL WGY
WGN WEBC WDAF WCAE
WHO WOC WWJ WBEN
KSTP WTMJ

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WKRC WCAH WXYZ WSPD
WLAP WREC WLAC WISN
WOWO WFBM WNAQ WCCO
KSCJ KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFH KEJF KRLD KLZ
KDYL KOIN KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC KMJ KFBK

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WLIT WRC WGY
WCAE CKGW WRVA WJAX
KOA KSL KGO KGW

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

DRAMATISED TALES OF MYSTERY—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WDRC WORC WPG WFAN
WJAS WLBW WMAL WIP
WSPD WREC WDSU WTAR
WTAQ WFBM WCCO WISN
KMBC KFJF KTSA KLZ
KFRC CFRB

DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE—
Dramatised Tales of Mystery.
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WJAS
WMAL WCAO WADC WHK
WKRC WXYZ WSPD WOWO
WBBM KMBC KTRH KOIL
WCAU

PRINCE ALBERT PROGRAM—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WSAI WCAE WGN
WWJ KSD WTAM WSB
WOC WMC WHO KOA
KPRC WOAI KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WFAA KFI

RADIO GUILD—Dramatic Broadcasts.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WJAS
WMAL WCAO WADC WHK
WKRC WXYZ WSPD WOWO
WBBM KMBC KTRH KOIL
WCAU

SILVER DUST PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
WWJ KSD WTAM WSB
WOC WMC WHO KOA
KPRC WOAI KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WFAA KFI

SINCLAIR PROGRAM—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
WWJ KSD WTAM WSB
WOC WMC WHO KOA
KPRC WOAI KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WFAA KFI

SINGIN' SAM—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WJAS
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WHBM KMOX
KMBC KOIL KRLD KVI
KOIL KFPY KOIN KHJ
KFRC KMJ CFRB KFBK

SLUMBER HOUR—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WJJD KMOX
KMBC KOIL

SOCONY PROGRAM—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
WWJ KSD WTAM WSB
WOC WMC WHO KOA
KPRC WOAI KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WFAA KFI

STEINERT PROGRAM—Bobby Jones, golf chats.
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WTIC WEEI WTAG
WCSH WLIT WRC WBEN
WTAM WWJ WSAI WIBO
WSB WOC WHO WOW
WFTF WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WJDX WFAA WOAI KOA
KSL KGO KECA KGW
KOMO KHQ KTAR KFSD
WOAI KPRC KFYR WJAR
WSMB CKGW CFCF WRVA
WTMJ KSTP WEBC WDAY
WDAF KTHS

STERLING PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
WWJ KSD WTAM WSB
WOC WMC WHO KOA
KPRC WOAI KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WFAA KFI

STUDEBAKER PROGRAM—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
WWJ KSD WTAM WSB
WOC WMC WHO KOA
KPRC WOAI KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WFAA KFI

SWANEE MUSIC—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WJAS
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WHBM KMOX
KMBC KOIL KRLD KVI
KOIL KFPY KOIN KHJ
KFRC KMJ CFRB KFBK

TASTYEAST JESTERS—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WJAS
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WHBM KMOX
KMBC KOIL KRLD KVI
KOIL KFPY KOIN KHJ
KFRC KMJ CFRB KFBK

TEXACO PROGRAM—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
WWJ KSD WTAM WSB
WOC WMC WHO KOA
KPRC WOAI KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WFAA KFI

TRIANGLE PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WJJD KMOX
KMBC KOIL

VICK'S PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
WWJ KSD WTAM WSB
WOC WMC WHO KOA
KPRC WOAI KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WFAA KFI

WESTINGHOUSE PROGRAM—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
WWJ KSD WTAM WSB
WOC WMC WHO KOA
KPRC WOAI KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WFAA KFI

WILLIAM HARD—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WEAF WRC KOA KECA
KGO WCAE WBEN KOMO
KPSD WSAI WIBO KSD
WOC WHO WOW WDAF
WEEI WJAR WFLA WSUN
KSTP WENR

WOMEN'S PROGRAM—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WTIC WEEI WTAG
WCSH WLIT WRC WBEN
WTAM WWJ WSAI WIBO
KSD WOC WHO WOW
WFTF WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WJDX WFAA WOAI KOA
KSL KGO KECA KGW
KOMO KHQ KTAR KFSD
WOAI KPRC KFYR WJAR
WSMB CKGW CFCF WRVA
WTMJ KSTP WEBC WDAY
WDAF KTHS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WJAR WWJ WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WCAE
WSAI WTAM WIBO WGY
WBEN

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WLW WKY WTMJ WEBC
WHAS WSM WJAX KPRC
KOA WRVA WSB WBAP
KYW KWK WREN WIOD
WJR WSMB WOAI KECA
KGW KOMO KHQ WAPI
WMC WHAM KDKA KSL
KGO WDAF WSUN WFLA
KTAR KFSD

THE LUTHERAN HOUR—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WTOC
WSPD WDSU WOWO WBBM
WCCO WMT KMOX KMBC
WNAX KOIL WCAU WISN
KDYL KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC

PETERS PARADE—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WKBW WPG WHP WJAS
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WHK WKRC WKBN
WWNC WBT WGST WTOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WNYC
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WISN
WTAQ WOWO WBBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KLRA WNAX KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF WRR KTRH
KTSA KLZ KDYL KOH
KVI KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC WNOX

OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WKBN WBT WBCM
WLAC WBRC WISN WFBM
WGL WMT KLRA WDAY
WNAX KOIL KFJF
KTSA KLZ KDYL CFRB
WTAQ

Friday

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—
10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRC WCAO
WORC WCAU W3XAU WMAL
WCAO WTAR WADC WHK
WAIU WXYZ WTMJ WBCM
WFBM KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFH KFJF

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WCKY WIBO
KWK WREN WTMJ WSM
KSTP WEBC WRVA WJAX
WIOD WHAS WMC WAPI
WSMB KTHS KVOO WBAP
KPRC WOAI WKY WJDX
WFTC WSB WJR KDKA
WFLA WSUN

EMILY POST—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WKRC WXYZ WSPD
WISN WOWO WBBM KMOX
KMBC KOIL CFRB

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—
3:45 p.m. 2:45 1:45 12:45
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WJHG WNAC WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WMAL
WCAO WTAR WHK WKBN
WSPD WBRC WISN WTAQ
WFBM WBBM WMT KMBC
KOIL KFH KFJF KTRH
KTSA KLZ CFRB

RADIO GUILD—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WJZ WBAL WHAM KGO
CKGW WPTF WJAX KTAR
KFI KOMO KFSD WBZA
KFAP KSTP WEBC WJR
WMC WREN KYW KWK
KSL KOA WTMJ WSB
WGAR WLW WOAI WKY
WSMB KVOO WRC KPRC
WRVA

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WDRC WHP WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WKRC WKBN
WWNC WBT WHCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WISN WGL WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KLRA WDAY
WDAY KFH KFJF KRLD
KTRH KTSA KLZ KDYL

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WGR WDRC
WFAN WHP WAR WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WKBN WWNC WBT

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

WBCM WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WISN WFBM WGL
WBBM WCCO KSCJ WMT
KMBC KLRA KOIL KFJF
KRLD KTRH KTSA KLZ
KDYL KVI KOL KFPY
KHJ

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WJAR WWJ WLIT
WBEN WCAE KGW WENR
WOC WHO KOMO WHAS
WMC WSB KTAR KOA
KGO KECA

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Jessica Dragonette
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WLIT
WRC WCAE WJAR WCSH
WOW WSAI KSD WDAF
KSTP WTMJ WKY WOC
WEBC KOA WOAI KOMO
KGO KHQ WTAG KSL
CKGW KECA WHO WSAI
WTAM WBEN WWJ

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WIBO WKRC WREN KFAB
WJR WLW KDKA WGAR
WBAL WLS

THE DUTCH MASTERS—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WADC WCAO WNAC WGR
WBBM WKRC WHK WXYZ
WOWO WJAS WMBC WABC
W2XE KOIL WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL
WSPD WMAL WCCO

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
KYW KWK WHAM KPRC
WJR WTMJ WEBC WHAS
WSM WSB WOAI KOA
WSMB KSL KGW KOMO
KHQ WMC WBAP KFI
WCKY KTHS WFAA KVOO
WKY WREN KGO

VAN HEUSEN PROGRAM—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WGST
WSYR WSPD WDSU WMAQ
WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL

EASTMAN PROGRAM—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WJAR WCSH WCAE
WWJ KSD WSAI WRC
WBEN WLIT WTAG WGY
WTAM WOW WENR WEEI

THE MARCH OF TIME—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WKRC WKBN WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WBBM KMOX
KMBC KOIL

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WLIT WGY WCAE WWJ
WSAI WTAM KSD WDAF
WRVA WJAX WIOD WMC
WSB KSMB WOC WJDX
KGO KTHS WOAI WKY

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

KSCJ WDAY KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF KRLD KTRH
KTSA KLZ KVI KOL
KFPY KHJ KFRC CFRB

"THE HIGHROAD OF ADVENTURE" Gilbert E. Gable—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WEAF WTIC KSD WTAM
WRC WJDX KGW WIBO
KOA

RISE OF THE GOLDBERGS—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WHAM WREN WIBO
WGAR KGO

VALSPAR SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WTIC WJAR WTAG
WLIT WRC WGY WBEN
WCAE WTAM CFCF WSAI
WENR KSD WOC WHO
WOW WDAF CKGW WEBC
WRVA WPTF WJAX WIOB
WFLA WSUN WMC WSB
WSMB WJDX KTHS KPRC
KOA WKY

WEBSTER PROGRAM — featuring Weber and Fields—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WHEN WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI WIBO KSD WOC
WHO WOW WDAF WTMJ
KSTP KOA KSL WEBC
WTIC

THE SILVER FLUTE—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WCSH WGY WCAE
WSAI KSD WDAF WJAR
WOC WHO

FULLER MAN—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJR WLW
KWK WREN KOA CKGW
WHAS KSD WGO KECA
KGW KOMO KFAB KHQ
WIBO WKY WTMJ WMC
WEBC KTHS WAPI WSMB
WJDX KSTP WBAP

MARY CHARLES—With Nat Brusiloff's Orchestra.
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WSPD WBRC WISN WTAQ
WFBM WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFH KFJF CFRB
KFRC

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—Floyd Gibbons.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI KSD WOC WOW
WDAF WTMJ KSTP WEBC
WRVA WJAX WHAS WMC
WSB WAPI WSMB KPRC
WOAI KOA KSL KGO
KFI KOMO KHQ WIBO
KFSD KTAR WHO WIOD
WDAY WFLA KFYR WSUN
WTIC

BEN ALLEY AND ANN LEAF—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WDRC WORC
WPG WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WTAR WHK WWNC
WXYZ WDOD WSPD WISN
WTAQ WMAQ WMT KMOX
KOIL KFH KVI CFRB
WOKO

SATURDAY DOMINO ORCHESTRA—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WLW KYW WREM

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WJAS WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WKRC
WKBN WWNC WBCM WBT
WSPD WDOD WLAC WBRC
WISN WFBM WGL WMAQ
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KLRA WDAY WNAX
KOIL WIBW KFH KFJF
KRLD KTRH KTSA KLZ
KDYL KOL KFPY KHJ

ANHEUSER BUSCH PROGRAM—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WNAC WKBW
WBBM WHK WXYZ KMBC
KOIL WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WEAN WMOX WMAL KHJ
KOIN KFRC KOL KFPY
KVI WDOD KRLD KLZ
KTRH WFBM KLRA WREC
WCAH WDSU KFJF KDYL
WMT

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS BOSSES' ORCHESTRA—
11:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WDRC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WADC WHK WWNC
WXYZ WSPD WDOD WISN
WTAQ WFBM WCCO WMT
KOIL KFH KRLD KVI
KFRC CFRB

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CFCF	1010	WENR	870
CKGW	960	WFAA	800
KDKA	980	WFI	560
KECA	1340	WFLA	620
KPAB	770	WGAR	1450
KFI	640	WGN	720
KFKX	1020	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KFYR	550	WHAS	820
KGB	1330	WHO	1000
KGO	790	WIBO	1160
KGW	620	WIOD	1300
KHQ	590	WJAR	890
KOA	830	WJAX	900
KOMO	920	WJDX	1270
KPO	680	WJR	750
KPRC	920	WJZ	760
KSD	550	WKY	900
KSL	1130	WLIT	560
KSTP	1460	WLS	870
KTAR	620	WLW	700
KTHS	1040	WMC	780
KVOO	1140	WOAI	1190
KWK	1350	WOC	1000
KYW	1020	WOW	590
WAPI	1140	WPTF	680
WBAL	1060	WRC	950
WBAP	800	WRC	950
WBEN	900	WREN	1220
WBZ	990	WRVA	1110
WBZA	990	WSAI	1330
WCAE	1220	WSB	740
WCFL	970	WSM	650
WCKY	1480	WSMB	1320
WCSH	940	WSUN	620
WDAF	610	WTAG	580
WDAY	940	WTAM	1070
WEAF	660	WTIC	1060
WEBC	1290	WTMJ	620
WEEI	590	WWJ	920

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WFBL	1360
CKAC	730	WFBM	1230
KDYL	1290	WGL	1370
KPH	1300	WGR	550
KFRC	1480	WIST	890
KPPY	1340	WHEC	1440
KFRC	610	WHK	1390
KHJ	900	WHP	1430
KLRA	1390	WIBW	580
KLZ	560	WIP	610
KMBC	950	WIS	1010
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOH	1380	WJAS	1290
KOIL	1260	WJJD	1130
KOIN	940	WKBN	570
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLAP	1200
KTSA	1290	WLBW	1260
KVI	760	WLBZ	620
WAAB	1410	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WACO	1240	WMAQ	670
WADC	1320	WMT	600
WAIU	1440	WNAC	1230
WBBM	770	WNOX	560
WBCM	1410	WOKO	1440
WBRC	930	WORC	1200
WBT	1080	WOWO	1160
WCAU	1430	WPG	1100
WCAO	600	WQAM	560
WCAU	1170	WREC	600
WCCO	810	WRR	1280
WDAE	1220	WSPD	1340
WDBJ	930	WTAG	1330
WDBO	1120	WTAR	780
WDOD	1280	WTOC	1260
WDRC	1330	WWNC	570
WDSU	1250	WWVA	1160
WEAN	780	WXYZ	1240
WFAN	610	W2XE	6120
		W3XAU	6060—9590

INTERWOVEN PAIR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WHAM WMC KDKA
WJAX WKY WREN KPRC
KWK WBZ WBZA KGW
WSMB WIOD WFAA WJR
KSTP WHAS KYW WEBC
WCKY WSM KVOO WSB
WAPI WOAI KOA KSL
KGO KGW KOMO KHQ
KFSD KTAR WGAR KFI
WBAL

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WOW WCAE WSAI WIBO
KSD WWJ WDAF WOC
WHO WGY WBEN

ARMOUR PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WJR
KYW WREN KSTP WEBC
WRVA WMC WSB WOAI
KOA KSL KGO WKY
WHAS KGW KHQ KOMO
WGAR KDKA WTMJ WSM
WBAL WJAX WAPI WLW
WPTF WJDX WHAM WSMB
KPRC WIOD KWK KFI

WRC WCSH KOA KGW
KFI KHQ KOMO KPAR
KFSD WHO WOW WTAM
KSL WFLA WSUN WBEN
WTIC WPTF

Saturday

SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA — Rudolph Bochco, Director
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WDRC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WAIU
WBT WBCM WSPD WLAC
WBRC WOWO KLRA CFRB

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN
WDRC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WMAL WCAO WTAR WHK
WWNC WXYZ WSPD WDOD
WISN WTAQ WFBM KOIL
KRLD KVI CFRB WOKO

TED HUSING'S SPORTSLANTS—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WFAN
WAP WLBW WTAR WDBJ
WAIU WHK WAIU WBT
WBCM WREC WLAC WBRC
WISN WOWO WBBM WCCO

Stations Alphabetically Listed

The following list of stations has been corrected from the latest authentic sources. However, station managers are invited to report any inaccuracies.—EDITOR

K

KBTM.....Paragould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KCRC.....Enid, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KDB....Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDYL...Salt Lake City, Utah
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KEX.....Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
KFAC.....Los Angeles
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont
500 w.—1360 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFDY....Brookings, S. D.
500 w.—940 kc.—319. m.
KFEL.....Edgewater, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w. 680 kc.—535.4 m.
KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.7 m.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
10 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFJB....Marshalltown, Iowa
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KFJF...Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
KFJI.....Astoria, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFJM....Grand Forks, N. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFKB.....Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10.000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1420 kc.—212.6 m.
KFLX.....Galveston, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFPM.....Greenville, Tex.
15 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFPW.....Fort Smith, Ark.
50 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFRC....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.—419.5 m.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KFUM Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
1000 w.—KFUO until L. S.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
KFVS....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFWI....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KFXD.....Nanysa, Idaho
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFXF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFXJ...Grand Junction, Colo.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFXM...San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFXR...Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. KFXR until L. S.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
2500 until local sunset
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. KGAR until L. S.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
50 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGDE....Fergus Fall, Minn.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
KGDX.....Huron, S. C.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGER.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGEW....Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFF.....Shawnee, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGFG...Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w.—until local sunset
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGFK.....Moorehead, Minn.
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGFL.....Raton, N. M.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
KGGC....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGGF...South Coffeyville, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
250 S.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
500 w.—until local sunset.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KG1W.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIZ.....Grant City, Mo.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
KGKB....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGKO...Wichita Falls, Texas
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
500 w. until local sunset
KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGMB....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGNF....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
KGRS....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KGVO.....Missoula, Mont.
500 w.—1420 kc.—211 m.
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KGY.....Lacey, Wash.
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
2000 w.—until local sunset
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
500 w. until local sunset
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KJBS....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark.
50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
KLPM.....Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
500 w.—930 kc.—315.6 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KMAC....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KMBC....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KMCS.....Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KMED.....Medford, Oregon
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KMLB.....Monroe, La.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
KMPC....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
KMTR....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.
50,000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KOB.....State College, N. M.
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KOCW....Chickasha, Okla.
250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
500 w. until local sunset
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KOIL....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KONO....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPO....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KPQ.....Wenatchee, Wash.
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPRC.....Houston, Texas
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—288.3 m.
1000 w.—KROW until L. S.
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
2500 w.—KSCJ until L. S.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
1000 w.—KTAR until L. S.
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
KTPI.....Twin Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KTHS...Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KTLC.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w.—KTM until L. S.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2000 w.—KTSA until L. S.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KUJ.....Walla Walla, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
750 w. until local sunset
KUT.....Austin, Texas
500 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWCR....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
KWKC....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KWKH....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KWSC....Pullman, Wash.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
KWWG....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KXRO....Aberdeen, Wash.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m
KXYZ.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KZM.....Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

W

WAAB.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WABC.....New York City
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263. m.
WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WAWZ.....Zarephath, N. J.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WBAX.....Wilkes Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—237.8 m.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WBEO.....Marquette, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBGF.....Glens Falls, N. Y.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WBIG.....Greensboro, N. C.
1000 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WBIS.....Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WBNX.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBOQ.....New York, N. Y.
5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBSO.....Wellesley, Mass.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WBTM.....Danville, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WBW.....Springfield, Mass.
15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCAD.....Canton, N.Y.
500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr.
250 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
50 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn.
7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WCDA.....New York City
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCLO.....Janesville, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCOH.....Sumter, S. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCSC.....Charleston, S. C.
250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WDAH.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
1000 w.—914 kc.—319 m.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
100 w. until local sunset
WDEL.....Wilmington, Dela.
250 w.—1120 kc. —267.7 m.
500 w until local sunset
WDGY....Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254 m.
WDIX.....Tupelo, Miss.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WDOD....Chattanooga, Tenn.
1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WDRC.....Hartford, Conn.
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WDWF.....Providence, R. I.
100 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio
750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
200 w. until local sunset
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WEHC.....Emory, Va.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
100 w.—1400 kc.—211.1 m.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WELL....Battle Creek, Mich.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WEPS.....Auburn, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEVD.....New York City
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WEXL.....Royal Oak, Mich.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFAA.....Dallas, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WFBC.....Knoxville, Tenn.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WFGB.....Altoona, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFDV.....Rome, Ga.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WFDW.....Anniston, Ala.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WFIW....Hopkinsville, Ky.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WFOX.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGAR.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WGBS.....New York City
250 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
50 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
WHAP.....New York City
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHBD.....Mt. Orab, Ohio
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBL....Sheboygan, Wis.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—1370 kc.—2718. m.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WHDH.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WHDI....Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254 m.
WHDL....Tupper Lake, N. Y.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
WHN.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WHOM....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WIBG.....Elkins Park, Pa.
50 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1500 w. until local sunset
WIBR.....Steubenville, Ohio
50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
300 w. until local sunset
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
250 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.l.s.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230. 6 m.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C.
500 w.—1020 kc.—296.8 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WISJ.....Madison, Wis.
250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WIBW....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
1000 w.—1020 kc.—282.8 m.
WJAK.....Marion, Ind.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—610 kc. 491.5 m.
WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill.
5000 w. 1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJBK..Highland Park, Mich.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WJBT-WBBM....Glenview, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJBW.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill.
20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1250 w. until local sunset
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
WJSV....Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJZ.....New York City
50,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WKAQ....San Juan, P. R.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WKAR....E. Lansing, Mich.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WKAV....Laconia, N. H.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBC....Birmingham, Ala.
500 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBF....Indianapolis, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WKBN....Youngstown, Ohio
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WKBO....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBV....Connersville, Ind.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
150 w. until local sunset
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
WKBZ.....Ludington, Mich.
50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WKY....Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WKZO Berrien Springs, Mich.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WLBF....Kansas City, Kans.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WLBG....Petersburg, Va.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLBL.....Stevens Pt., Wis.
2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
500 w.—1500 kc.—238 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y.
1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLCI.....Itahca, N. Y.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WLIB.....Elgin, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.—384.4 m.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WLSI.....Cranston, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WLVA....Lynchburg, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
WLWL.....New York City
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WMAC....Cazenovia, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMAF..S. Dartmouth, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—1040 kc.—2888.3 m.
WMAL....Washington, D. C.
250 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WMBD.....Peoria Hts., Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WMBF....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WMBG....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMBH....Joplin, Mo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WMCA.....New York City
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMCH....Hartford, Conn.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMRJ....Jamaica, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMSG....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WNAC....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WNAX....Yankton, S. Dak.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WNBF....Binghamton, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WNBH....New Bedford, Mass.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WNBO....Silver Haven, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.

NBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
) w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
NBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
NBX.....Springfield, Vt.
w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
NBZ...Saranac Lake, N. Y.
w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
NJ.....Newark, N. J.
) w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
NOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
)0 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
)0 w. until local sunset
NYC.....New York, N. Y.
) w.—570 kc.—526 m.
OAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
OAN.....Whitehaven, Tenn.
) w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
)0 w. until local sunset
OAX.....Trenton, N. J
) w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
OBT.....Union City, Tenn.
) w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
) w. until local sunset
OBU.....Charleston, W. Va.
) w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
OC.....Davenport, Iowa
)0 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
OCL.....Jamestown, N. Y.
w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
ODA.....Paterson, N. J.
)0 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
ODX.....Mobile, Ala.
) w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
OI.....Bristol, Iowa
)0 w.—940 kc.—468.5 m.
OKO...Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
) w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
OL.....Washington, D. C.
) w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
OMT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
) w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
OOD...Grand Rapids, Mich.
) w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
OPI.....Bristol, Tenn.
) w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
OQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
)0 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
OR.....Newark, N. J.
)0 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
ORC.....Worcester, Mass.
) w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
OS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
) w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
OV.....New York City
)0 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
OW.....Omaha, Nebr.
)0 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
OWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
PAD.....Paducah, Ky.
) w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
PAP.....Cliffside, N. J.
0 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
PAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
0 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
PCC.....Chicago, Ill.
0 w.—570 kc.—535.4 m.
PCH.....New York City
0 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
PEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
0 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
0 w. until local sunset
PG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
00 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
POE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
0 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
POR.....Norfolk, Va.
0 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
PSC.....State College, Pa.
0 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
PTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
00 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
QAM.....Miami, Fla.
00 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
QAN.....Whitehaven, Tenn.
0 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
QAO.....Palisade, N. J.
0 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
QBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
)0 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
QDM.....St. Albans, Vt.
)0 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
QDX.....Thomasville, Ga.
) w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
RAF.....South Bend, Ind.
)0 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
RAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
)0 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
RAM.....Raton, N. M.
)0 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
RBI.....Tifton, Ga.
)0 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
RBJ.....Hattiesburg, Miss.
) w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
RBL.....Columbus, Ga.
) w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
RBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
)0 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
)0 w. until local sunset
RBX.....Roanoke, Va.
)0 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
RC.....Washington, D. C.
)0 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
RDO.....Augusta, Maine
)0 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
RDW.....Augusta, Ga.
)0 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
REC.....Memphis, Tenn.
)0 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
)00 w. until local sunset

WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRNY.....New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WROL.....Knoxville, Tenn.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WRR.....Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WSAZ...Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WSDA...Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSEN.....Columbus, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSFA.....Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSJS...Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1360 kc.—217.3 m.
WSOC.....Gastonia, N. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSPA.....Spartanburg, S. C.
100 w.—1420 kc. 211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WSSH.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN.....Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WSYR.....Buffullo, N. Y.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WSYB.....Rutland, Vt.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—209.2 m.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW...College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267 7 m.
WTAX.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WTEL.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMM.....Huntsville, Ala.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
WWNC...Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL...Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWSW.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA...Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WXYZ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—600 kc.—405 m.
CFBO.....St. John, N. B.
500 w.—890 kc.—337 m.

CFCA-CNRT...Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CFCF.....Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.
CFCL - CKCL - CKNC
Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFCN.....Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CFCO.....Chatham, Ont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFCT.....Victoria, B. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
CFJC.....Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CFRC.....Kingston, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFNB.....Fredericton, N. B.
50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CFQC-CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CFRB-CJBC King, York Co.
Ont.
4000 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CFRC.....Kingston, Ont.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CHCH, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
100 w.—960 kc.—312 m.
CHCS.....Hamilton, Ont.
10 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CFRN.....Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CHML.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHNS-CNRH...Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CHRC.....Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHWC.....Pilot, Butte, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—312 m.
CHWK.....Chilliwick, B. C.
w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CJCA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CJCB.....Sydney, N. S.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CJCJ-CJCH, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CJGC-CNRL...London, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CJGX.....Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CJOC.....Lethbridge, Alta.
50 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CJRM.....Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRW.....Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—Buffullo, N. Y.
CKAC - CHYC - CNRM
St. Hyacinth, Quebec
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCD-CHLS Vancouver, B.C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCI.....Quebec, P. Q.
22½ w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKCK - CJBR - CNRR
Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CKCO.....Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CNRV-CNRQ. Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKFC.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKIC.....Wolfville, N. S.
50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CKGW - CJBC - CJSC - CPRY
Ontario, Ont.
5000 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CKLC - CHCT - CNRD.
Red Deer, Alberta
1000 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CKMO.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKNC.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKOC.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKPC.....Preston, Ont.
25 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CKPR.....Midland, Ont.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
CKUA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKWX.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKY-CNRW Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
CNRA.....Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CNRV.....Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.

Cuba

CMBC.....Havana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMCD.....Havana
14 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMCF.....Havana
250 w.—900 kc.—333 m.
CMCG.....Guanabacoa
30 w.—1286 kc.—233 m.

CMCM.....Havana
100 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMCO.....Marianao
225 w. 666 kc.—455 m.
CMCQ.....Havana
600 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.
CMCR.....Havana
20 w.—1286 kc.—233 m.
CMCU.....Havana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMGA.....Colon
100 w.—834 kc.—360 m.
CMGC.....Matanzas
30 w.—1063 kc.—282 m.
CMGE.....Cardenas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMHA.....Cienfuegos
200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m.
CMHB.....Sagua la Grande
10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMHC.....Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD.....Caibarien
250 w.—920 kc.—325 m.
CMHE.....Santa Clara
20 w.—1429 kc.—210 m.
CMHI.....Santa Clara
15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m.
CMJB.....Ciego de Avila
20 w.—1276 kc.—275 m.
CMK.....Habana
3000 w.—730 kc.—411m.
CMKA.....Santiago de Cuba
20 w.—1450 kc.—207 m.
CMKB.....Santiago de Cuba
15 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
CMKD.....Santiago de Cuba
40 w.—1100 kc.—272 m.
CHMC.....Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMAA.....Guanajay
30 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
CMAB.....Pinar del Rio
20 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMBA.....Habana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBC.....Habana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBD.....Habana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBF.....Habana
7½ w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBG...Santiago de la Vegas
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBI.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBJ.....Habana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBK.....Marianao
15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBL.....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBM.....Marianao
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBN.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBP.....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBQ.....Habana
50 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBR.....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBS.....Habana
150 w.—790 kc.—380 m.
CMBT.....Habana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBW.....Marianao
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMBX.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBY.....Habana
100 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBZ.....Habana
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMC.....Habana
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CMCA.....Habana
150 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMKC.....Santiago de Cuba
150 w.—1034 kc.—290 m.
CMJC.....Camaguey
15 w.—1321 kc.—227 m.
CMQ.....Habana
250 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.
CMW.....Habana
700 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
CMX.....Habana
500 w.—900 kc.—333 m.

Mexico

XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEB.....Mexico City
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEC.....Toluca
50 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XED.....Reynosa, Tamps
10 000 w.—977 kc.—307 m.
XEE.....Linares, N. L.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEFA.....Mexico City
250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
XEFE...Nuevo Laredo, Tamps
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEI.....Morelia, Mich.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEJ.....C. Juarez, Chih.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.

XEK.....Mexico City
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEL.....Saltillo, Coah.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEM.....Tampico, Tamps
500 w.—740 kc.—411 m.
XEN.....Mexico City
1000 w.—711 kc.—422 m.
XEO.....Mexico City
5000 w.—940 kc.—419 m.
XEP.....Tamaulipas
200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
XEQ.....Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XER.....Mexico City
100 w.—650 kc.—461 m
XES.....Tampico, Tamps.
550 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
XET.....Monterey, N. L.
1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XETF.....Vera Cruz
500 w.—680 kc.—441 m.
XEU.....Vera Cruz, Ver.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEV.....Puebla, Pue.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEW.....Mexico City
5000 w.—730 kc.—185 m.
XEX.....Mexico City
500 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
XEY.....Merida, Yucatan
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—510 kc.—
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XFA.....Mexico City
50 w.—7143 kc.—42 m.
XFC.....Aguascalientes
350 w.—805 kc.—373 m.
XFD.....Mexico City
50 w.—11,111 kc.—27 m.
XFF.....Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—915 kc.—328 m.
XFG...Villahermosa, Tabasco
2000w.—638 kc.—470 m.
XFI.....Mexico City
1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m.
XFX.....Mexico City
500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.

Television Stations

2000-2100 kc. band
W2XCR.....New York, N. Y.
Jenkins Television Corp.
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W3XK.....Wheaton, Md.
Jenkins Laboratories
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XCD.....Passaic, N. J.
DeForest Radio Corp.
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XBU.....Beacon, N. Y.
Harold E. Smith
48 lines per picture—100 w.
W9XAO.....Chicago, Ill.
Western Television Corp.
45 lines per picture—500 w.
W2XAF.....Portable
Jenkins Television Corp.
48 lines per picture—250 w.

2100-2200 kc. band
W3XAD.....Camden, N. J.
RCA Victor Co.
60 lines per picture—500 w.
W2XBS.....New York, N. Y.
National Broadcasting Co.
60 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XCW...Schenectady, N. Y
General Electric Co.
lines per picture—20,000 w.
W8XAV.....Pittsburgh, Pa
Westinghouse Electric Co.
60 lines per picture—20,000 w.
W2XR Long Island City, N. Y
Radio Pictures, Inc.
48 lines per picture—500 w.
W9XAP.....Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Daily News
45 lines per picture—1,000 w
W3XAK...Bound Brook, N. J.
National Broadcasting Co.
60 lines per picture—5,000 w.

2750-2850 kc. band
W9XAA.....Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Federation of Labor
48 lines per picture—1000 w
W9XG...West Lafayette, Ind
Purdue University—1500 w
W2XBO Long Island City, N.Y.
United Research Corp.—500 w

2850-2950 kc. band
W1XAV.....Boston, Mass.
Shortwave & Television Lab.
48 lines per picture—500 w.
W9XR...Downer's Grove, Ill.
Great Lakes Broadcasting Co.
24 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XR Long Island City, N. Y.
Radio Pictures, Inc.
48 lines per picture—500 w.

Tuneful Topics

(*Continued from page 54*)

pick hits. While I do try to portray budding hits while they are in embryo, my main delight in writing for this particular column is to discuss the inner workings and harmless gossip in the writing of, and the publication of the various songs which I mention. Notice I say "harmless gossip", because I am not in accord with the Broadway fallacy that it is necessary to be supremely critical, nay, even vituperative, in discussing artistic efforts in order to be interesting.

A columnist works on the theory that to say nice things about people would be to be uninteresting. Personally I believe one may be very complimentary, and yet extremely interesting, depending upon the interesting facts about the subject.

Therefore, when someone jumps to his feet after my discussion of the song *Stardust,* which has been a hit for some time, and which has been out for even a longer time——when this person rises to state that I am late in my discussion of the song, I am very happy to agree with him, although a careful check-back on the songs I have discussed in these columns will show that my judgment has been vindicated in quite a few cases where the songs have achieved an unusual popularity, yet I made no pretensions to being a picker of hits. Please remember that the time between the writing of the article, and the subsequent publication of RADIO DIGEST is approximately a month, in which time many a song may blossom forth to an intense popularity, and then completely disappear from the counters of the music stores.

Stardust, however, is a song which has been out for a long time, that is to say, several months, and only recently has it come into a great popularity. Just the reason for this popularity is hard to say. Personally I have always felt that melody in a song is the chief attribute which brings popularity. Certainly *Stardust* has a most fascinating melody.

It was written by a young orchestra leader-vocalist, who is sponsored by the Victor Co. in his recordings and writings, one Hoagy Carmichael, and the lyrics are by Mitchell Parish. The song has steadily found its way up to the threshold of appreciation of the song-buying public.

It is published by Jack Mills, and must be played quite slowly in order to be appreciated. I would take at least a minute and five seconds for the chorus.

Cubalero

LESTER BANKER. has contributed so much to the enjoyment of our Fleischmann programs by his excellent pianistic efforts in conjunction with either Cliff Burwell or Walter Gross (depending upon which young man was with us at the time Mr. Banker was associated with the Connecticut Yankees). This same Lester Banker has always shown a leaning towards composition. Many evenings at the Villa Vallée we have played a tango which he wrote with another young man, also a pianist.

In the case of the tango, Mr. Banker's contribution was that of the lyrics, both in English and in Spanish. The Spanish lyrics lack that patois-like and colloquial quality that only a genuine native seems to be able to put into the lyrics of a song, however technically right they may be. In fact, that is probably the reason that no English-speaking person should try to write lyrics in a foreign tongue. The English-speaking person is apt to translate too literally, as Mr. Banker has done both in the tango and in his new composition, *The Cubalero.*

In the case of *Cubalero,* the words and music have been written by Lester Banker, Joe Young, and John Sizas. They have handled the rhythms exceptionally well. These boys have combined the elements of both the modern Rumba and the old Bolero, which has come into popular fashion since the advent of Ravel's *Bolero.* The bolero is an old Spanish dance coming from Spain, and the Rumba comes from Cuba.

The rhythm is extremely syncopated and staccato. This is one of those compositions which, like *The Peanut Vendor,* must be heard before it can really be appreciated.

It is published by the Witmark Music Publishing Co., and it is hard to make any rule as to its speed of tempo.

Making Faces At The Man In The Moon

MY OLD friend, Max Rich, pianist-composer of *My Bluebird Got Caught In The Rain; Yes or No; Smile, Darn Ya' Smile,* and in fact many other tunes, too numerous to mention, has collaborated with Al Hoffman, Ned Washington, and Kate Smith, in the writing of what looks to be another hit "moon song".

The poor old moon has been twisted around and fitted into so many states and situations of late that it is a wonder that we have any moon left! Still, it makes a highly desirable subject for the composition of a song, and in this case I believe the twist is quite unusually novel. The title itself is indeed clever. The song is lilting and catchy, simply being the complaint of a young swain who feels that the moon shines on all other lovers but makes an exception in his case.

We will play it at a minute for the chorus.

One of the newest and best liked of Tin Pan Alley publishers who has gone, in a modest way, into publishing hit songs, is George Marlo. He may take a bow, for any success that this song may have. My best wishes to the Marlo Music Corporation.

They Leave Their Comfy Beds for Him

(*Continued from page 67*)

inspiring view of the sidewalks of New York, the skyscrapers and the East River. The walls, which are hung with specially made draperies, and the ceiling are constructed so as to prevent echoes and deaden all unnecessary sound in the studio Thick carpet on the floor also helps.

Now our attention is again called to Director Bagley at the microphone. He is dressed in a white shirt and white duck trousers. He is of medium height, compactly and slightly built. His muscles are hard, his movements are quick and sure, the movements of a man whose mental and physical co-ordination are perfect He drinks many glasses of water during his broadcasting. He smiles with his eyes as well as his lips, while he talks.

We hear his deep, pleasant voice, as he keeps up a rapid-fire chatter of instruction and comment to his class. He has a veritable enchanter's gift for coaxing and cajoling, for instilling vigor into the laggards and ambition into the ambitionless He has an uncanny gift for projecting his personality over the mike and making every member of his class of four million feel that he or she is being personally supervised.

There is no resisting the spell of Mr Bagley's words. Before you know it you are filling your lungs with the early morning air. Sleep departs from your eyes and heaviness from your heart. You are splendidly and vibrantly alive from your finger-tips, which are stretched high above your head, to your toes.

Being the physical director of the largest gym class in the world is, of itself, a great responsibility. Although Mr. Bagley's wife, son and lovely daughter live in the family home in New Jersey, he occupies a room in a New York hotel where, safe from the vagaries of transportation, he can be within easy walking distance of the Metropolitan Tower.

Since his first broadcast Mr. Bagley has been absent only once and then it was due to a death in the family. He has never been late for a class. Sometimes this is difficult, too, because he is in great demand as a speaker. He says that the masters of ceremony at the functions at which he appears almost never realize that he has to get up at 5:45 A. M., so they are not always careful about placing his talk early on the program. *(Since this was written Mr. Bagley underwent an operation for appendicitis, but has now returned to class in good health—Editor)*

Recently the Tower Health League celebrated its sixth birthday. Since March 31, 1925, when it first went on the air, the Tower class has broadcast regularly six days a week. It has the distinction of being the oldest daily feature on the NBC networks, from the standpoint of broadcast hours. In establishing this record of more than 2,300 broadcasts, Mr. Bagley



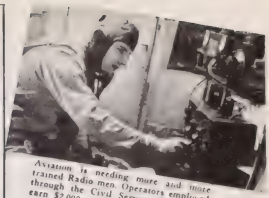
Broadcasting stations need trained men continually for jobs paying $1,800 to $5,000 a year.



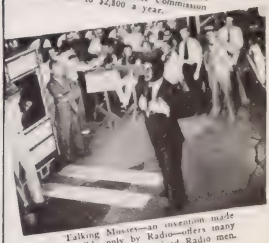
Television—the coming field of many great opportunities—is covered by my course.



Operators on ships see the world and get good pay plus expenses.



Aviation is needing more and more trained Radio men. Operators employed through the Civil Service Commission earn $2,000 to $2,400 a year.



Talking Movies—an invention made possible only by Radio—offers many fine jobs to well trained Radio men.

You'll Get *Thrills*-~~Adventure~~ BIG PAY in RADIO

I will Train You at Home to Fill a Fascinating Job in Radio



J. E. Smith, Pres.

Radio's Amazing Growth is Opening Hundreds of Big Jobs Every Year

You like action, romance, thrills! You'll get them in Radio—plenty of them! Big pay, too. That is why I urge you to mail the coupon below for my free book of startling facts on the variety of fascinating, money-making opportunities in this great, uncrowded field. It also explains how you can quickly learn Radio through my amazingly simple 50-50 method of home-study training, even though you may not now know the difference between a "Screen Grid and a Gridiron". Thousands of men who knew absolutely nothing about Radio before taking my course are today making real money in this growing industry.

Thrilling Jobs That Pay $50 to $100 a Week

Why go along with $25, $30 or $45 a week in dull, no-future work when there are plenty of good jobs in Radio that pay $50, $75 and up to $250 a week? For instance, by taking my training, you can see the world in grand style as a Radio operator on shipboard. There are many splendid openings in this line with good pay plus your expenses. You'll also find thrills and real pay in Aviation Radio work. Broadcasting is another field that offers big pay and fascinating opportunities to men who know Radio. And think of the great, thrilling future for men with *Radio training* in Television and Talking Movies. My free book tells all about these and many other branches of Radio that bring you in contact with interesting people, pay big money and make life pleasant for you. Without doubt, Radio training is the key that opens the way to success. And *my* training, in particular, is the *only* training that makes you a *"Certified RADIOTRICIAN"*—the magic words that mean valuable recognition for you in whatever type of Radio work you take up after graduation. You'll see *why*, when you receive my interesting book.

Earn While You Learn

You don't have to quit your present job to take my course! You stay right at home, hold your job, and learn in your spare time. (Lack of high school education or Radio experience are no drawbacks.) I teach you to begin making money shortly after you enroll. My new practical method makes this possible. I give you eight big laboratory outfits that teach you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. Many of my students earn $15, $20, $30 weekly while learning. Earle Cummings, 18 Webster St., Haverhill, Mass., writes: "I made $375 in one month in my spare time, installing, servicing, selling Radio sets." And let me emphasize right here that a Radio business of your own is one of the money-making opportunities my training prepares you for in case you wish to settle down at home.

Get My Free Book

Send the coupon below for my 64-page book of opportunities in Radio and information on my home-study training. It has put hundreds of fellows on the road to bigger pay and success. It will tell you exactly what Radio offers you, and how my Employment Department helps you get into Radio after you graduate. I back my training with a signed agreement to refund every penny of your money if, after completion, you are not satisfied with the Lesson and Instruction Service I give you. Fill in and mail the coupon NOW!

J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 1GR3
National Radio Institute,
Washington, D. C.



Act Now

Mail Coupon Today

J. E. Smith, *President*
National Radio Institute, Dept. 1GR3
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Send me your book "Rich Rewards in Radio" giving information on the big-money opportunities in Radio and your famous 50-50 method of home-study training. I understand this places me under no obligation and that no salesman will call.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
Occupation .....

Travelled 75,000 Miles

"Dear Mr. Smith: I have worked as Junior Operator on board S. S. Dorchester and Chief Operator of the Chester Sun. I have travelled from 75,000 to 100,000 miles, visited ports in various countries, fished and motored with millionaires, been on airplane flights, etc. I am now with Broadcasting Station WREN." (Signed) Robin D. Compton, 1213 Vermont St., Lawrence, Kansas.



$400 a Month

"The Radio field is getting bigger and better every year. I have made more than $400 each month and it really was your course that brought me to this." J. G. Dahlstead, 1484 So. 15th St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Employment Service to all Graduates



When a hotel manager *made a road map*

THIS guest was leaving early in the morning for the South. And he didn't know the road. During the evening, the manager himself made a road map for the guest. Did the guest appreciate it? He wrote back and said he never made a wrong turn.

Perhaps we're wrong in talking about such little things, when we have such big things to offer. Bigger rooms at lower prices... Roomy closets . . . Popular priced cafeteria or coffee shop... Central location . . . Even specially selected meats for all dining rooms. But somehow, it's the little extra things that bring our guests back. You'll be back, too, once you know us.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY's *only United* . . . . The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . . . The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. . . . . The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. . . . . The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. . . . . The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. . . . . The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. . . . . The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. . . . . The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. . . . . The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. . . . . The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. . . . . The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. . . . . The Niagara
ERIE, PA. . . . . The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO . . . . . The Portage
FLINT, MICH. . . . . The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. . . . . The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. . . . . El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. . . . . The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. . . . . The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . . The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . . The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. . . . . The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. . . . . The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. . . . . The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. . The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

has built up a following estimated at 4,000,000 people. He has received more than 1,000,000 letters from his class members during the six years. A force of 15 secretaries is required to handle his enormous mail, which averages over 400 letters a day and about 14,000 a month.

In the course of the six years of broadcasting, Mr. Bagley has entertained more than 10,000 visitors, most of whom were members of the exercise class. No less than 9,999 of them have asked: "What does Mr. Bagley do with his time after the last class at 8 A. M.?

The first thing on the morning's routine is breakfast. After that, Mr. Bagley starts in on his 400 selected letters, reads them and makes notes from them to be used in the following morning's broadcast. If no visitors interrupt, he can finish the day's mail before luncheon.

Luncheon frequently means making a speech somewhere. He then returns to the studio and finishes his notes for the following day. The bicycle itinerary must be laid out and a poem must be selected. Mr. Bagley has more than one hundred volumes of poetry in his studio library, and he prides himself on the fact that he rarely repeats a poem, which means that he has already used about 1,800 poems. Between these things, Mr. Bagley finds time to keep abreast of the day's news by reading five or six daily newspapers. At five or five-thirty he goes home and he retires early.

Gabologue

(*Continued from page 23*)

Preston" program. * * * * Miss Wall was formerly of the stage, and was last seen with Jane Cowl. * * * * Her handsome sister, Mildred Wall, was seen here quite recently in "Up Pops the Devil."

And, here's another vote for Illinois. * * * * Lucille was born in Chicago. * * * * She has light brown hair, blue eyes, and is five feet, seven and a half inches tall. * * * * She was educated in The Sacred Heart Academy at Washington, D. C. * * * * Her parents live in Forest Hills, Long Island, where her father is a real estate man. * * * * And even though Lucille is the Love Story Girl of Radio, she is not married.

A funny thing happened to Lucille during one of her early broadcasts. * * * * The program had signed off, and the whole company had left the studio. * * * * The company that was to follow them on the air, filed into the studio just vacated by Lucille's associates. * * * * When Lucille got out on Fifth Avenue, she found that it was raining and that she had left her rubbers back in the studio where she had been broadcasting. * * * * She hurried back, found the studio filled with people in the middle of what she thought was a rehearsal. * * * * The Conductor, Josef Pasternack, was up on the platform with Baton posed as though ready to start the orchestra. * * * * He glared at her. * * * * She pointed to her feet and tried to pantomime that she had come back for her rubbers. * * * * He glared worse than ever. * * * * Finally, just as the announcer was saying through the mike, "Around the world with Libby's," Lucille interrupted with, "I'm sorry to disturb you, gentlemen, but I've simply got to have my rubbers." * * * * Maybe you don't think that was a dark moment in Radioland. * * * * Talk about the shot that went around the world. * * * * Goodyear or Goodrich or anyone else's rubbers never caused such a commotion. * * * * Hereafter, on the air or off the air, Lucille has decided to let it rain.

SONG WRITERS



Don't Fail To Read

"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. *Write Today.*

R. D. Newcomer Associates,
1674 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Midwest Briefs

(*Continued from page 70*)

pianist, that he is a good wrestler and boxer . . . and that he was once a terror to the youngsters in that part of Chicago in which he grew up. He's also a runner and a swimmer . . . and his technique is always above reproach, whether he's hitting the piano keys or a fistic opponent.

He was born in London and brought to this country when he was just a little fellow, by his mother, Sarah Lewis, a dramatic coach and member of the Morris Grau Opera company.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO! That's KFYR crowing over its Radio Tribe of Long Boy Scouts. The Lone Scouts are boys who live in outlying districts far away from organized troops, and when the Bismarck, North Dakota, station conceived the idea of organizing a troup, National Scout Headquarters okayed it enthusiastically. This first Radio tribe holds meetings every other Wednesday evening at 6:15 CDT. Eagle Scouts Melvin Munger and Robert Edick of Troop 2, Bismarck, take the part of "Bud and Bob," who relate experiences and give friendly help.

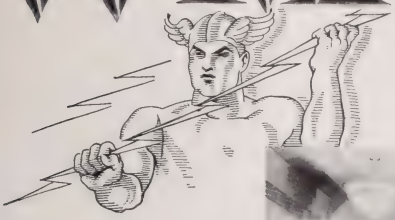
BROADCASTING Station WLS announces that Edgar L. Bill, for seven years its director, has organized the Peoria Broadcasting Association to take over the ownership and operation of Station WMBD, Peoria. He has resigned his WLS position and takes active charge of WMBD, following the approval of transfer of ownership by the Federal Radio Commission. Mr. Bill is a pioneer in the broadcasting field, becoming director of WLS when it went on the air in April, 1924. Previously, he served several years in farm and daily newspaper work. He made the Prairie Farmer station outstanding in farm and home service.

AMERICA'S PREMIERE REGIONAL STATION

WMCA

NEW YORK CITY

570 K.C. 100% Modulation 500 Watts



13,000 square feet of modern broadcasting facilities . . . . . 7 perfect studios . . . . . the WMCA THEATRE, first Radio Theatre of the Air with auditorium comfortably seating two hundred . . . . . studios overlooking the Great White Way . . . . . a staff of more than one hundred experts to prepare and present your programs . . . . . a truly modern broadcasting plant.





THE AIRLINE TO THE NEW YORK MARKET

Twelve million people live within the trading area of New York. Nowhere else in the world is there a greater concentration of buying power. The yearly consumption of luxuries and necessities of these New Yorkers reaches a staggering total.

New York is the world's richest, most compact market for every kind of product and service that human ingenuity can devise. The New York market *alone* has made millionaires of men.

Because of its size—the many-sided angles of its life—the cosmopolitan character of its population—some advertisers believe that the New York market is difficult to sell successfully.

But radio broadcasting through WMCA has shattered this prejudice; has proven, through actual *results* for a varied clientele of advertisers, that New York is *now* one of the *easiest* markets in the world in which to gain a firm foothold.

NEW YORK'S OWN STATION

WMCA covers practically *every* event—*every* happening that is of *interest to New Yorkers*. If there is an important New York news story WMCA broadcasts it. Banquets of local importance and significance, outstanding ring and sport events, theatrical performances, the smarter night clubs—these are a few of the things that New Yorkers expect WMCA to cover.

We believe that no station has more friendly and personal relations with its army of listeners than WMCA. Because they are always sure of finding something of immediate and local interest on its program, New Yorkers have an exceptionally warm regard for WMCA.





Knickerbocker Broadcasting Co. Inc.
1697 Broadway at 53rd Street
New York City

Thorough coverage at rates that are commensurate with service . . . . . transmission that is thorough, perfect and clear . . . . . a pioneer station that has achieved a unique record of success for itself as well as for its clients . . . . . literature and rate cards will be forwarded to interested prospective clients.


Bowery Mission


Night Clubs


Banquets


Theatres


Sports

BROADCASTING · IN · THE · NEW YORK · MANNER



Learn RADIO, TELEVISION, TALKING PICTURES

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere $20 or $30 a week. Let me show you how to make REAL MONEY in RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!

Jobs Leading to Salaries of $60 a Week and Up

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying $3,000 to $10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work, at $45 to $100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at $1,800 to $5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—HUNDREDS of Opportunities for fascinating BIG PAY Jobs!

Without Books *or* Lessons in 10 Weeks

By Actual Work *in* Great Coyne Shops

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence school. We don't teach you from books or lessons. We train you on the greatest outlay of Radio, Broadcasting, Television, Talking Picture and Code Practice equipment in any school. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give you—right here at Coyne—all the actual practice and experience you'll need. And because we cut out all useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 10 weeks.

TELEVISION

Talking Pictures

And Television is already here! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS OF TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who gets in on the ground-floor of Television can make a FORTUNE in this new field. Learn Television at COYNE on the very latest Television equipment! Big demand in TALKING PICTURES and SOUND REPRODUCTION! Hundreds of good jobs for WIRELESS OPERATORS! Learn ALL branches of Radio at Coyne—the one school that has been training men for 32 years.

Earn as You Learn

You get FREE EMPLOYMENT HELP FOR LIFE! And if you need part-time work while at school to help pay expenses, we'll gladly help you get it. Coyne Training is tested—proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything absolutely free. Just Mail Coupon for MY BIG FREE BOOK!

H. C. LEWIS: President
Radio Division, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. B1-9H, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Lucky Adam's Apple Man

(*Continued from page 19*)

he isn't going out, he is wearing his hat.

He greets you with a quick, penetrating blue eye. If he knows you well he offers you a cigar. There are few formalities. You state your business, get a decision and go. George Hill seldom keeps anyone who has an appointment waiting, and he exacts the same courtesy from the visitor. If he finds your questions irrelevant or impertinent, he can shut his jaw like a trap. But if he likes you or your errand, he can relax and smile.

Beside him in neatly arranged piles on his desk are books of proofs of Lucky Strike and Cremo cigar advertisements. He is also president of the American Cigar Company, a subsidiary, and incidentally on March 16th he began a fifteen minute broadcast of band music by Arthur Pryor and his Cremo Military Band six nights a week over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Hill knows no hours in the conduct of his business. No matter where he is nor what he is doing, ideas flash through his mind. When these merit it, Hill goes into action. He manages to supervise every detail of his business. He keeps every important fact about it handy. Ask him a question about certain figures in his business, and out pops a paper with the answer on it. He prefers facts to estimates. He does things in a big way, but he does not exaggerate. Neither does he understate. He seeks always to be exact.

Every Saturday morning at eleven he goes to the NBC studios to hear an audition of his program. B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra have been practicing for two hours. When Hill hears an audition he does not see the orchestra, because he thinks the *sight* of the men might disturb his judgment. It is the *sound* in which the Radio audience is interested. How does the music "click" as it comes through the receiving set?

About the table is the Lucky Strike Broadcast Committee: L. Ames Brown, president of Lord & Thomas and Logan, the agency that handles the Lucky Strike account; Bertha Brainerd, NBC program director; Vincent Riggio, vice president in charge of sales of American Tobacco; Rosalie Adele Nelson, "Lucky" girl of poster fame, and others.

Before each member of the committee is a complete continuity of the program, as well as score sheets which give the exact arrangement of the instruments and the number of measures which they play in the various selections. A switch is turned. The orchestra is heard. All listen and look at Hill. Hill just listens. From time to time a member of the committee will get up and dance to some of the numbers to check the orchestra's tempo and vitali

"Too blue," snaps Hill. "I don't li those pianos. Make that rhythm sna pier. Put more pep in it."

Hill is not the only one who works ha to put snappy individuality into the Luc Strike hours. Two hundred and thirty- hours of desk work and rehearsal prec every hour on the air. Rolfe uses eig arrangers, working constantly. A holi is usually just another day of work them. Last summer Rolfe bought a mo boat to take the men off shore for a wh during these rare leisure hours.

The orchestra and soloists have be selected with as much care as the progr itself. Look them over. Here is a cornet who has gained international reputati Here is Ross Gorman, one of the m versatile musicians, who plays twen seven instruments and is busy invent more. Several of the musicians cond orchestras of their own. Andy Sanne Lucien Schmidt, cellist and tenor "sa Frank Banta, and a number of other tists are nearly as well known to American Radio audience as Rolfe hims Thorgersen's method of reading the c tinuity is in itself distinctive—and H was responsible for developing that t

When former Ambassador James Gerard a few months ago issued a list the sixty-four "Rulers of America," mentioned only one man from the toba industry. That man was George Wa ington Hill. In some respects Hill i more "powerful" ruler than any of others, because he is probably a bet showman. He rules by persuasion. knows how to make people enjoy things which he has to offer.

A Dash of Discontent

(*Continued from page 75*)

woman's discontent with her appeara that we owe many past and reign beauties.

Greta Garbo, to take a contempor example, was once dissatisfied, and ju so, with her inherent gaucherie; Mar Davies with her snub nose and we of freckles; Dolores Del Rio with figure (strange as it seems now she once the typical Mexican housew over-weight, with no distinction and chic); Gloria Swanson with her pro nent and unbeautiful nose; and No Shearer with her deep-set, too-small —to name only a few of the beauties started their film careers under ac handicaps. Had they been deficient the constructive discontent which l to fame and fortune not one of th would now be glittering in the crow galaxy of screen stars.

Yes, to women the world owes much its beauty and its progress. In spite the belligerent gentleman of the lunch table, woman has within her deep v of that divine discontent which is very germ of the first upgrowth of virtue".

"GET-ACQUAINTED CLUB"

"Quick Introductions!" Big list (FREE). Send for one. American Friendship Society. Box 100-B. Detroit, Mich.

Good-Bye, Gloom

(*Continued from page 51*)

noted for his vocal imitations of Coolidge and Lindbergh, and can make up to look exactly like President Hoover. During the last Presidential campaign Taylor's imitation of Coolidge was stopped by the Federal Radio Commission. They allowed him to resume after the campaign.

Eggs, from ostrich up or down, are his preferred dish. He likes 'em any style but old.

Railroad timetables and the minutes of City Council are his favorite reading matter. The sport in which he likes to participate above all others is going to fires. The sport he likes to watch is someone making out checks (good checks) to him.

Taylor has a younger brother, Horace, Jr., who resembles him so closely people take them for twins. Horace, Jr., attended Dartmouth, where he was captain of the swimming team in 1922-23. He now is secretary of his father's lumber firm and of Sunflower Plantation, Inc., and is president of the Clipper Oil Corporation.

"Stoopnagle" is married and has a son, F. Chase Taylor, Jr. eight. His wife is the former Lois Ruth De Ridder, daughter of a prominent Rochester shoe manufacturer.

Hulick, the "Budd" of this act, is a fair-haired boy of twenty-six. He actually intended to follow a musical career. As a boy he sang in the choir of St. Mark's Cathedral, Asbury Park, N. J. At the age of twelve he was winner of a school-children's singing contest.

At Georgetown University Hulick enrolled for a music course and spent much of his time with the glee club and the instrumental club, singing and playing the saxophone. He also played football. During his undergraduate days Budd always nursed the desire to enter show business or its cousin, Radio.

After his graduation Hulick tooted and crooned with Johnny Jones' recording orchestra. In Buffalo he made his inauspicious debut behind the spigots of a soda fountain. One day an executive of WEBR saw him cutting up for the customers, and Budd was placed before the microphone and told to talk. Three months later the Buffalo Broadcasting Company signed him as an announcer, actor and continuity writer.

Previous to his successful rôle on the "Gloom Chasers" act, Hulick was famed chiefly as the "Don" of the "Happiness House" program. He appeared also in the "Major Bullmore Expedition" episodes and as "Elisha" in the "Plain Folks" act. He also crooned on several programs.

One night Hulick was announcing a program from the Palais Royal, a Buffalo night club. Helen Lewis and her girl band, appearing at a motion picture house that week, were guests at the club on this particular night. During the evening Budd met Wanda Hart, an entertainer appearing with the band. Two weeks later they were married. Since then Mrs. Hulick has been on a number of programs with her husband.



PUTTING

"RED LETTER DAYS"

on the radio calendar

The world's first broadcast, consisting of the Harding election returns, came over Westinghouse Station KDKA, November 2, 1920. The first church service, the first broadcast of a theatrical production was presented over a Westinghouse Station. Time and again, Westinghouse has blazed the radio trail with achievements that today have become commonplace at the nation's firesides.

The same story of Westinghouse radio leadership holds true today. Westinghouse Radio technique . . . Westinghouse broadcasting facilities . . . Westinghouse reputation . . . have made thousands and thousands of loyal listeners who turn their dials to a Westinghouse Station the moment they switch on their radios. 980—990—1020 kilocycles! Remember those numbers when you're tuning in!

WESTINGHOUSE · RADIO · STATIONS

WBZ-WBZA	KDKA	KYW-KFKX
990 kilocycles	980 kilocycles	1020 kilocycles

Boston, Mass., Statler Building — Springfield, Mass., Hotel Kimball

— COMMERCIAL OFFICES —

Pittsburgh, Pa., Hotel Wm. Penn — Chicago, Ill., 1012 Wrigley Bldg. — New York, N. Y., 50 E. 42nd Street

Betty's Big Thrill

(*Continued from page 32*)

slopes were covered with adobe huts as diminutive as dolls' houses. Gleaming under that brilliant Oriental sun, it all took on the aspect of unreality—a stage setting of a toy village.

A few hours' rest in the Pasha's house, and I was trundling over dusty roads to the royal palace. My escort was the son of the Prime Minister, who warned me to wear the longest dress I had, and to be sure my neck and arms were covered. "It's bad enough you approach him with a bare face . . ." he said. "No woman has ever been seen on our streets with an uncovered face before."

A large, white house with many pillars was the glittering palace on the hill. Eunuchs in flowing robes were standing on the wide steps. Long black braids of hair fell over their shoulders. Bowing low, they led us inside where the Emir sat on his royal dais. My escort fell at the Emir's feet and fervently kissed the hem of his garments as he repeated an invocation to Allah.

Was this the way to greet an Oriental potentate? Frankly, I was a bit nonplussed. Then I remembered America's democratic greeting for everyone and extended my hand.

The ruler shook it warmly.

"Kief Hallec!" (How do you do?) I exclaimed.

"Ah, the lady-with-the-white-face speaks Arabic!" exclaimed the Emir.

"Only about ten words," I laughingly answered.

"Learn ten more and you'll know the language!" he laughed.

Emir Abdullah might have stepped forth from the covers of a story-book as he sat there that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon in his palace at Amaan, the desert capital. Surprisingly young; slightly above medium height, pleasantly plump, his brown eyes hold the clue to his personality. They constantly smiled. His heavy mustache drooped over full red lips and patch of black beard.

His Highness began the interview by remarking: "The advancement of the world is in the hands of women. The development of a country is simultaneous with the growth of its women."

Was civilization leaving any mark on his feminine subjects, I wondered. So, citing Mustapha Kemal, who had permitted the women of Turkey to unveil, I asked Abdullah whether he would allow his women subjects to do likewise.

"Never!" he shouted. "Never! My women will never unveil!"

"But," I persisted. "It's progress."

"What has a woman's uncovered face to do with progress?" he demanded. "I help my feminine subjects. I established schools for them, so that now, for the first time in history, women of the desert receive an education. They learn the history of our country and housework. But ah," the ruler of Transjordania shook his head sadly: "Our women are changing."

"For the better?" I asked.

"No." He was sad again. "For the worse. They're becoming civilized."

"But why is that worse?" I asked in surprise.

"Because our women are becoming fond of pretty dresses with low necks and short sleeves!" he gasped. "But worst of all—they love to ride in motor cars!"

"Is that a terrible vice?" I asked.

He became stern again. "It encourages the men to buy motor-cars. Just think," he wailed, "eight years ago, when I came here to rule, there wasn't a single automobile in Transjordania. Now our capital has eighty-five cars! Think of that heavy traffic in our city!" he demanded. "Doesn't that show luxury is creeping in here?"

"And why do you blame that on your women?" I asked.

"Because," he said sternly. "The women encourage men to buy cars! These women! The next thing, they'll be wanting to wear gowns without sleeves!"

"Your Highness, how many wives do your subjects have?" was my next question.

"Four, the Koran allows them," he answered (the Koran is their Bible). "But I make them prove they can support their wives before they take on extra ones, so the average man here can afford only two or three wives. I have two queens," he said proudly.

"Only two?" I asked.

"But I'm a young man . . . only thirty-five," he said apologetically. "I've got plenty of time yet to fill out my quota."

"Why are American women so opposed to polygamy?" he suddenly demanded. "Why wouldn't you, for instance, join a harem?"

"Never!" I replied. "I could never share the man I loved with other women. There's something possessive about real love."

As we discussed love, as interpreted in the Orient and the Occident, the retinue of eunuchs filed in and prostrated themselves at Abdullah's feet. Again the Prime Minister's son began kissing the hem of the Emir's robe.

My time was up.

The Emir rose.

"Has the lady-with-the-white-face any more questions?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Your Highness, what do you, a desert ruler with a harem of queens, really think of women—in your private life?"

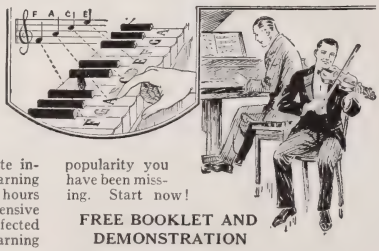
Emir Abdullah, ruler of Transjordania, descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, smiled as he answered:

"Even with a King, a woman gets full attention in everything. Ah, she is his greatest pleasure—and his greatest worry!"

Half a Million People
have learned music this easy way

You, too, Can Learn to Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher

Easy as A-B-C



MANY of this half million didn't know one note from another—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all they found learning music *amazingly easy*. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method, perfected by the U. S. School of Music, made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

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Learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. Change from a wall-flower to the center of attraction. Musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Start now!

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If you really *do* want to play your favorite instrument, fill out and mail the coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 1837 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Send me your amazing free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....

Fight That Wave Grab

(*Continued from page 30*)

masquerading its real motive behind a thick wall of discreet propaganda a "little group of self-promoters", who unquestionably hope to occupy "high-chair" positions in the future dictatorship of Radio broadcasting, placed the ammunition for its original broadside in the hands of an unsuspecting senator. And when, on January 27, 1931, Simeon D. Fess, Republican, senator from Ohio, introduced bill "S. 5589" in the United States Senate he became the innocent dummy for the "little army of self-promoters."

I can state frankly that the Fess bill is one of the most vicious pieces of legislation ever introduced in Congress. It should never be permitted to become a law. I only now those of our readers who have accepted the Fess bill at its face value have jumped to a conclusion. Do you say, "This is being written at the instigation of the commercial broadcaster?" Allow the writer to deny this charge once and for all.

I AM not writing this at the request of, or in behalf of, any person or persons connected with commercial broadcasting. I am affiliated in no way with, nor receiving pay from, any commercial broadcaster. The editors of RADIO DIGEST are not subsidized by any commercial broadcaster. The editorial policy of this magazine favors constructive promotion of education in Radio. The Fess bill does not constructively promote education in Radio. RADIO DIGEST published in the interest of the listener and every user of a receiving set is endeavored to know the truth about any attempt to place Radio in jeopardy.

In telling the truth about the Fess bill RADIO DIGEST hopes not only to enlighten the listener and the public at large but sincerely desires to remove the blindfold from the eyes of every individual member of the several educational groups so unwittingly drawn into a liberty-throttling political scheme.

Now let us consider the ammunition with which the listener can successfully combat the present attack on his intelligence and *his pocketbook*.

Do you enjoy the editorial policy of your favorite newspaper? You must, or you would not purchase it. Let us assume that your favorite newspaper consists of twenty pages. Suppose there one a day when you discover that three pages of every issue are filled with political propaganda, or what have you?, in direct opposition to the editorial policies of the paper.

Of course, you say, these three pages must be nothing more than paid advertisements. But are they? You are told that the publisher of your favorite newspaper was forced, *by law* to accept and print the subject matter which fills these three pages. How could he be forced to do this against his will? How, indeed! By order of the Federal authorities! It *might* happen.

If the Fess bill, confiscating 15 per cent of all the allocations now being used by privately owned broadcasting stations in the United States, should become a law it is just as reasonable to assume that a similar attempt to confiscate one and one-half pages out of every ten in all privately owned publications might be tried.

But, you say, that will never happen. Granted. The press is not asleep. Nor would a congressman, in his right mind, dare propose a bill which would tend to establish a dictatorship of the American newspaper. The press is an old established institution which knows full well the rights to which it is entitled. The boys of "the fourth estate" are on the job. They would meet any attempted confiscation of those rights with the most powerful weapon — *Truthful Publicity*.

Radio is an infant alongside the press. I do not say that Radio is asleep, but I do claim that it has not learned as yet to rise up on its own feet and take a definite stand for its rights. Like the press it enjoys freedom of speech. It cannot perform its rightful function and keep faith with the public, no more than could the press, if freedom of speech is throttled. The foundation upon which Radio has been built is threatened if the Fess bill is allowed to become a law. The first step has been made toward the *ultimate confiscation of all broadcasting* by the Government.

A MINORITY of educationalists and some politicians in America are continually howling that our broadcasting is monopolized commercially. That is not true.

Let us give a brief comparison of the percentage of advertising on the air with that contained in periodicals.

L. Ames Brown, president of Lord, Thomas and Logan, has made a study of the advertising content of program continuities of 109 advertisers on the National and Columbia chains. He says, "The ten most popular programs have an advertising content of 8 per cent, while three of the first rank programs run about 11 per cent." Often you will find from 60 to 80 per cent of newspaper space devoted to advertising. Or, as Mr. Brown goes on to say, "One of our national magazines last year carried nearly twice as much advertising in its fifty-two issues as the two great chain systems did in 365 days."

"But," says an objector, "where one does not have to read the ads. in a magazine or newspaper he is forced to listen to the advertising announcements on the air or miss the entertainment features of a commercially sponsored program."

Very true, but the reader *pays* for his magazine or newspaper while the air programs cost the listener nothing.

"All right," is the objector's reply, "if the air advertiser were eliminated I would be willing to pay for my Radio entertainment, educational and otherwise, just as I do for the reading matter in magazines and newspapers."

The only way that could be managed in Radio would be by monopoly control under government supervision with a direct method of taxation.

"Why not?" The objector wants to be consistent. "I'm willing to be taxed to be rid of the air advertiser."

Yes? What price magazines and newspapers without advertisers? What price Radio without advertisers?

AND who do you imagine will be established as the mentor of your air programs then? You don't know? You'll find out. A bureaucratic politician. You may not think so now but in the event of government control of Radio the manipulating type of politician will be the absolute power "behind the microphone."

Now let me quote from the address of a former member of the Federal Radio Commission given before the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education (an organization not affiliated with the sponsor of the Fess bill or any commercial broadcaster) on May twenty-first: "Most stations have more unsold time on their hands than they know what to do with. They offer to turn it over, *without charge*, to educational institutions in the vain hope that they will make sensible use of it. I have no hesitation in saying that the state universities could have, without cost to them, *five times* as many hours on commercial stations as they are now using if only they were equipped to put on reasonably interesting programs. Even our regional governing bodies, garrulous as they usually are, turn suddenly shy when it comes to making use of free Radio; the task of utilizing as much as fifteen minutes a week taxes their facilities to the utmost!"

And there you are.

Commercial broadcasters are sponsoring their own educational programs because educational institutions and regional governing bodies *refuse* to accept free time on preferable allocations from studios using the best possible modern mechanical equipment.

Further revelations concerning the BIG Wave Grab will be presented by Mr. Hobart in the next RADIO DIGEST.

Mr. Jones Tunes In!

Lem Misses a Million Dollar Program and Discovers That Tubes Wear Out

By Robert L. Kent

LEMUEL JONES sighed as he arose from the table. He was tired. It had been a prodigious day at the office and a quiet evening in the big chair beside the radio looked mighty good.

"Ann," he said to his pretty wife, "Ann, I read today about a wonderful new program that is to go on the air tonight. A million dollars is being spent on it and the piece in the paper said that there's a big surprise for listeners. I sure want to listen to that program. Seems as though the radio is getting better every day."

"Well, Lem," replied Ann, neatly folding her napkin, "I hope you do hear it but I have my doubts. Our set has been acting queer lately. It seems to die down to a whisper and when it does come in stronger there's a funny sound and you just can't hear a thing. I'm tired of the exasperating thing."

"Don't tell me those kids have been fooling with the radio again, Ann."

"Now Lem, you always say that, but I know they haven't because I have kept them out of that room."

"Well, we'll see," and Lem stalked from the room, into the sun parlor, and let himself wearily down into the cushioned easy chair. "Boy that feels good," he murmured, reaching for the dial on the radio. He threw the switch and whirled the dial to his favorite station.

He waited. A droning sound issued from the speaker and, faintly at first, then louder, came a noise that certainly was not music. Nor was it the velvet voice of the announcer.

Mr. Jones fidgeted, but waited. Two creases appeared between his eyes. His sensitive ears were offended. He twisted the dial to another station. The result was exactly the same.



"Darn," growled the head of the Jones family, raising his lanky form from the chair. He was angry. His face was diffused with blood—a characteristic of the Jones clan when aroused or embarrassed. Lem noisily pried off the top of the radio and his body bent in the middle like a jackknife. He peered closely at the conglomeration of tubes, wires and whatnots. He pushed each of the tubes to make certain they were firmly in their sockets. He gently pulled a wire here and tentatively touched a gadget there, but if there was any improvement it was not apparent. Now Lemuel Jones had not the least conception of the inner workings of a radio set. No, Lem knew nothing about radio and his pushing and pulling was a desperate and forlorn hope that perhaps some mir would happen. But not did happen and after min of fussing with the work finally desisted.

Ordinarily he was a mannered individual, bu the end of that fifteen min he was in much the same as the golfer who has hooking and slicing thr eighteen holes of golf. gritted his teeth and things half under his br that Ann would have beer tremely shocked to hear. banged the top on the r and sulkily picked up the ning paper—a perfectly evening wasted—and he wanted to hear that wond new program.

The rattling of dishes i kitchen finally ceased and entered. Lem looked at over the top of his p "It's no use, Ann," he said. thing won't work and I don't what's wrong with it. Better service man to look it over tomo and have him put it in shape."

MR. SMITH, of Radio Shoppe, grinned as he t from the 'phone. "Hey, Al," he sh to a young man in the rear of the who was busily tinkering with a battery model, "wrap up a set of for a Sweetone set. Mrs. Jones is ing trouble. It's the tubes. 'Sf but people wait until the last min call a service man and then they service in a hurry. And how!"

"Yeah, that's right," replied Al an answering grin on his freckled and walking forward with the pac of tubes. "They forget that tubes out!"

Sweet Six-ty

(*Continued from page 73*)

mote from the subject of youth," ex-imed Miss Hopper, who all this while d been emphasizing her points with de-rmined and expressive gestures of her nds, "but worry and self-pity are the ost subtle destroyers of years. They aw at the very foundation of life.

Was it possible that this pretty, young oking creature who expressed vivacity every limb, who flitted across the room ke a little girl, and who spoke with such imation—was it humanly possible that ie had journeyed sixty-odd years over ie Highway of Time. Those who know liss Hopper say that she has been "Over ixty" for several years, which would lead s to believe without any complicated eckoning that Seventy was close at hand. ut for Miss Hopper's purposes, "Over ixty" is plenty. "I hate figures any-ay," she said.

"You know, the thing that surprises me ost is that people *get* old. I don't know ow they do it. I can't understand their ental processes. It amazes me.

"I for one have no criticism to make f my young friends, and I have a host of em. I associate constantly with young eople for I enjoy being with them.

"The youth of today is just the same s it was in grandmother's day—full of fe, joy and freedom. I have one criti-ism to make among American girls and omen. There is not enough individuality dress. If a new fashion is decreed by stylist they all thoughtlessly accept it ithout considering their own particular daptation for it. Here again, is where ourage is needed. They are afraid to arry out the courage of their convic-ions.

"Perhaps another reason for the lack of inquiry in personal dress is that in this ge when everything is running at top-peed and people are spinning around like ong-wound tops, they haven't the time to tudy themselves. They take the best hing that comes along and ask no ques-ions.

"As for myself, I believe I'm the only ne in New York who still wears short skirts—party or no party."

Miss Hopper was dressed in a pretty ailored two-piece frock which reached to ner knees. But anyone with a pair of egs like Miss Hopper's should have no difficulty in carrying out convictions about abbreviated frocks.

Miss Hopper is essentially a creature of the theatre. The stage has been sort of a home for her for many years.—it makes no difference if it's just a small house in Hicksville. The applause to an actress is the "Good and well-done faithful serv-ant."

"Give me the footlights and an audi-ence," exclaimed Miss Hopper as she stretched out her arms to an imaginary crowd of people, "and I am the happiest person in the world. There is nothing to compare with it."

Petite Miss Hopper has never had a sensation of fear in her life, but she con-fessed to feeling afraid the first few times she approached the unresponsive micro-phone.

There was no applause—nothing to tell her that she pleased the audience. Just the cold stiff shoulder of a black micro-phone. But when the letters came pour-ing in from all parts of the country to the number of 300,000 during the first twelve weeks, Miss Hopper began to realize that she was making "a hit" with her listeners.

Miss Hopper like most of us has many theories and ideals, but she differs from us in that she is able to prove each and every one of them.

Last year in the face of the keen opposition of her friends and acquaint-ances she attempted one of the most difficult tasks that is known to the stage. Her purpose in taking up acrobatic adagio, one of the most dangerous and compli-cated forms of dancing, was to prove to the world that she was young in body, that she was supple of limb and flexible of muscle. She was told that she was in-sane even to think of anything like that. But Miss Hopper wanted to disprove the age-old law that the body is limited in activity after a certain age, and she did it. She played to packed audiences whom she astounded by her grace, vigor and suppleness.

There is no monopoly on youth. Miss Hopper insists that everyone can follow her example. Start now, she advises. Eat the right kind of foods, exercise and don't fret. Take a mixture of these ingredients in the right proportion and you have con-quered Elusive Youth.

Harry Glick

(*Continued from page 63*)

while I take a fling at the 'World of Lit-erature'—you know, articles on physical culture and health.

"Then broadcasting opened its doors to me. Do I like it? Say, those morn-ing gym classes put pep into me for the rest of the day.

"What are my hobbies? Well, believe it or not, I have a real passion for row-ing. It's the most marvelous exercise in the world. And when I can't get to a boat and do the real stuff, I take a ride in my little 15-pound rowing ma-chine. Why, that's what keeps me fit! Every time I get a chance I take my classes down to the beach during this fine summer weather and we all have a grand time! Come on over the next time we go. I'm going to break a bottle of salt water over this little do-hickey and give it a title—think it'll be—what's that? No better name than the one it has—'The Seat of Health?' So you like that? O. K., buddy. See you again sometime. So long!"



RUDOLPH L. DUNCAN, President, RCA Institutes, Inc., Member, Institute of Radio Engineers; Member, Radio Club of America; Member, Veteran Wireless Operators Association; Captain, SCR, United States Army.

A Radio message

To men who are looking ahead!

by **R. L. DUNCAN**

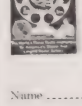
ONLY a few men will read this message . . . but they will be the type of men in whom I am personally interested. For such men . . . I want to open the door to thorough training in radio. And the coupon below is the first step!

RCA Institutes, Inc., (formerly the Marconi Institute) was founded 22 years ago for one purpose. To produce graduates who will be of *value* to the radio industry. If our Institute never made a penny . . . but did succeed in lifting the standard of radio technicians, engineers, and merchandisers, we would consider our work a success!

Naturally, we want our message to reach as many men as possible. So we founded resident schools in four metropolitan cities. Then we opened our courses to men all over the world who cannot afford to give up their positions. Thousands of our students study at home in their spare time. With the equip-ment we furnish, they have their own radio laboratory right at home! You, too, can start your course at home *any time!*

Our courses cover the entire radio field. We train beginners who have had no pre-vious knowledge of radio. Advanced stu-dents take our more technical courses. But whatever branch of radio interests you . . . is all ready for you to study. The cost is sur-prisingly low for the training you get.

As the oldest radio school in America, we have given training to nearly 20,000 men. Many of these are now executives and engi-neers in the largest broadcasting and manu-facturing companies. But none of these arrived overnight. Nor will you. Your suc-cess depends on how well you train yourself . . . how hard you work. But we will help you. I personally invite you to write to me for our free book that gives you the complete story.



RCA INSTITUTES, Inc.

RCA INSTITUTES, Inc.
Dept. DR-7
75 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE book which tells about your laboratory method of radio instruction at home.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Occupation .....

Aunt and Uncle Mike

(*Continued from page 49*)

came under the latter group in his plan.

The same basic idea is still carried out by his NBC commercial program, heard each Sunday night, as well as his local broadcasts from WEEI, Boston, and the club has a huge membership.

Bob Pierce, the original "Old Man Sunshine" of NBC network fame, was "imported" for WLW's young listeners last February when the Cincinnati station's executives went to New York City to gather in talent for the station. His daily Sunshine Club is on the air every week day at 5:30 p.m. amusing children of school age. His programs combine the qualities that made him famous as Old Man Sunshine and "Uncle Bob" to thousands of children in the NBC and WOR audiences. He makes his act something more than a bedtime story period by mingling with it music, literature in light doses, comedy, little lessons in hygiene, and safety talks.

So successful has he been that one national (note) woman's magazine commented on his work and influence on children in an editorial, pointing out that children's entertainment programs like his could be classed with education by Radio. Other critics have been as generous and never accuse him of being oversentimental or silly.

Every child who writes to Old Man Sunshine gets a Sunshine Club button with Pierce's picture on it. The club has a pledge and a song that has to do with making other people happy and doing a daily good turn. Among the thousands of letters he receives, every now and then a truly pathetic one turns up. His latest was written in Braille by five little girls in a school for the blind. They listen to him every day and are planning to learn the club song when they get it rewritten in Braille!

Hopping back from the shores of the Ohio River and over to the rock-ribbed coast of Maine, we find another new youngster's club, "The Caravan". This has been in existence at WCSH, Portland, a month less than a year, yet, within its first eight months it gathered over eleven thousand members. The Caravan is a Radio-newspaper club sponsored by the Portland Press Herald, Evening Express and Sunday Telegram for pupils of primary, grammar and junior high schools everywhere. Already its enrollment includes children from 400 New England cities and towns, Canada and the British West Indies.

Encouraging youngsters in self-expression by the medium of a broadcast each Tuesday evening during the school term, and through the club news which is published daily in the sponsoring newspapers, is the main object of the club, whose director, incidentally, is Uncle Dan (Daniel A.) Hegarty. The children make the program. Original musical and mystery sketches are presented solely by the members with no outside professional aid except Howard Reiche, club pianist.

Of course, Uncle Dan writes the skits, conducts tryouts and stages the rehearsals, but otherwise the show is one staged by and for the youngsters. Half a thousand young performers have already been given an opportunity to display their talents which range from singing, reading and acting to playing instruments. Some of the volunteer broadcasters have traveled distances of 200 miles in order to appear before the microphone.

And now, dear children, as it's two o'clock in the morning, this finishes our bed-time story. Next month at the same time through these pages Uncle Ev promises to continue this Radio fairy tale.

Charm

(*Continued from page 25*)

or hectic or excited. We easily lose our heads.

"In order to give our friends that undefinable, subtle quality which is our charm, we must have a complete repose. For this perfect physical control and calm nerves are necessary. We must learn how to relax. This helps us to give forth a calmness and quiet serenity that soothes and rests other people. They find it comforting to be with us.

"Since dancing gives one this bodily control and grace of movement, make it a practice to turn on the Radio or the victrola and to dance at home. I have had awkward, self-conscious girls come to my studio and a few months of dancing improved the ease and grace of their manner and their bearing so greatly that their personalities were transformed.

"It is the development of these womanly graces which hold charm for everyone."

Now we come to one who has won the hearts of people in every part of the world and whose name has become a synonym for charm—Mary Pickford. It was an amazingly youthful person that greeted us in her hotel suite during her brief stay in New York. She has an engaging smile and a manner that is exceedingly gracious. But what one particularly notices is the her face is illumined by a rare expressio of spirituality.

"It is hard to say just what charm is, she told us. "Barrie speaks of it as ' sort of bloom on a woman.' The dic tionary calls it 'an irresistible power t please and attract.' In either case sounds most desirable, doesn't it?

"I have always been entranced by th title of Alice Duer Miller's book, 'Th Charm School,' and have thought ho much better it would be if some of th beauty parlors on every block could b replaced by charm schools. For char is much more difficult to acquire an certainly much more beautiful than beau ty itself.

"The most precious thing about char is that it is ageless. It is a possession tha remains with one to the last day, un diminished in beauty.

"This subtle quality is a composi of many attributes: daintiness, perfe grooming, joy of living and love of one fellow-beings. One must have a war interest in the problems, in the joys an sorrows of others. It must be an intere that springs from the heart. It canno be simulated or pretended. There must b a sincere desire to know, to sympathiz and to understand."

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 56*)

tin whistles, horns, kazoos and var ous other articles to make the noises h wishes on his programs. There are fe sounds Bill isn't equal to, from the ba of a dog to the clump, clump of horse

Jane is a versatile little lady also, ev if she is only twelve years old. She ac she sings, she giggles. And when it's tim to leave NBC she trundles off to scho just as any ordinary little girl must d Each morning her mother brings her the studio, and always listens most a tentively, either in the control room, out in the reception hall. Jane has be in Radio three years now. For a long tim she was one of Madge Tucker's childr in the program of "The Lady Next Door When Jolly Bill wanted a partner, he we to Miss Tucker, and when he had hea all the children in auditions, decided th Jane was the one most suited for the pa

Uncle Bill has quite a family of his o —three girls and a boy. They take ma trips together, and this helps Bill to gath stories. He says he always tries out h jokes on his family first. At home he do his writing on a little sun porch, or works at his desk on the twelfth floor NBC. His writing is very casual. He pr fers to stand before the microphone a talk, just as any child's uncle would tel story. Undoubtedly he has the right id for he numbers his nieces and nephews the thousands.

RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP.,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

To make sure of every forthcoming issue of Radio Digest I wish to become a regular subscriber. Enclosed find $3.00 in payment for my subscription for twelve months.

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Radio Digest

TEMBER, 1931 25 Cents



BETTY ROSS, W2XCR

TELEVISION IS HERE

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION
BUT KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



PYORRHEA has no respect for you

PYORRHEA, dread disease of the gums, comes to four people out of five past the age of forty. It is an insidious foe that may infect the mouth of youth and lurk in the gums for years before beginning its real work of havoc.

It starts with tender gums that bleed easily when brushed. As it progresses it spreads dangerous poisons throughout the system, often loosening teeth in their sockets until they fall out or extraction is necessary.

False teeth at best are only a substitute for your own and so often they are only the penalty of thoughtlessness and neglect.

A dentist perfected Forhan's to fight pyorrhea

At the first sign of pyorrhea go right to your dentist for a careful oral diagnosis. Modern dentistry can work wonders and save you untold trouble in your mouth if you rely on it in time.

Between visits to your dentist your teeth are your own responsibility. Therefore choose your dentifrice with utmost care.

Forhan's is the discovery of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for 26 years specialized successfully in the treatment of pyorrhea. It is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

Don't gamble with pyorrhea

It is really folly to take a chance. Decide now not to gamble any longer.

Visit your dentist regularly and brush your teeth with Forhan's twice a day. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

FORHAN'S

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40



SENSATIONAL VALUE!
SEND NO MONEY



A daily sun bath—a few minutes in the morning or evening—will keep you looking and feeling physically fit.



Invalids confined indoors missing the life-giving, health-bringing power of natural sunlight, find the Health Ray Lamp a boon.



Ultra-violet rays prevent rickets by supplying Vitamin D to the System.

Now the Amazing Benefits of ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS for ONLY $5.95

A $100 Sun lamp can do no more

Now, through the magic of the Health Ray Lamp, artificial sunlight, containing all the rejuvenating and healthful properties of sunshine, is available to all—at any time of the day or night—at any season of the year. Now the great benefits of ultra violet radiation can be yours . . . through this new, full-strength, therapeutic, ultra-violet (and infra-red) lamp at the *lowest* retail *price* in the world . . . $5.95!

Mass production and tremendous sales alone make this possible.

Youthful Vigor and Vitality

A few minutes in the morning or evening will suffice for your daily sun bath . . . will keep you feeling and looking physically fit . . . your body stimulated with Vitamin D . . . your brain alert . . . colds, grippe . . . annoying little aches and pains will pass you by. The whole family will enjoy greater health.

Inexpensive Health Insurance

It costs only a few cents a day to enjoy the relaxing, healthful, vitalising rays of the Health Ray Lamp. By subjecting yourself to these rays, you are building up a reserve of health and strength to withstand disease. You will look and feel vibrant, vigorous, fully alive. You are safeguarding your health in a pleasant, inexpensive way.

Real Sun Tan (the glow of health)

A genuine sun Tan is quickly and easily secured with a Health Ray Lamp. A few minutes a day spent bathing in the rays of this lamp will give you the same kind of tan you get on a Florida beach.



Innumerable Uses Found for Ultra Violet Radiation

These rays are especially effective in destroying germ life and imparting vigor and vitality. They also stimulate glandular function. They are remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases. Strongly antiseptic, they destroy germs and clarify the skin. Pimples and temporary blemishes yield quickly to their purifying action. Children respond rapidly to the beneficent effects. In cases of listlessness and anemia, the rays are unusually effective. An invaluable aid in the treatment of rickets.

Same Benefits as $100 Lamps

The Health Ray Lamp is a remarkable bargain. Users receive the same benefits as with the $100 and $150 lamps. It is two lamps in one. It not only produces ultra violet—those rays that destroy germ life, invigorate physically and mentally and stimulate glandular function—but an especially designed generator produces at the same time the warm infra-red rays which stimulate blood circulation, soothe, comfort and penetrate deeply into living body tissue . . . healing and preventing illness.

Brings These Many Benefits

1. Builds strength and vigor, resistance to sickness. Invigorates the entire system.
2. By activating the cholesterol in the skin, Vitamin D is created which fixes the calcium and phosphorus in the blood, preventing rickets.
3. Prevents colds, grippe, lumbago, stops the annoying little aches and pains of every day.
4. Improves the appearance by imparting the natural ruddy glow of vigorous health. Gives the same kind of Tan you would get from a month on the Florida beaches.
5. Frees the skin from pimples and temporary blemishes.

Specifications

Operates on either Alternating or Direct current. Resistance coil is of the best Nickel Chrome wire. Guaranteed for one year.

$5.95 HEALTH RAY LAMP

10 days Free Trial—Send No Money

The Health Ray Lamp, including goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc., will be sent you for free ten days' trial in your own home. Try it at our risk. For ten days, experience its vitalizing, health-building effects. Compare the results with higher priced equipment. Send no money. Simply fill out coupon below and the complete outfit will go forward immediately. When it arrives, deposit $5.95, plus a few cents postage with the postman. After 10 days' trial, if you aren't amazed and delighted with results, simply return it and we will immediately refund your money.

There is only one requirement—that you include on the coupon the name of your local dealer from whom you would ordinarily purchase the Health Ray Lamp (for instance the name of your druggist or department store.)

Take Advantage of this special offer now! Fill out the coupon below and mail it today. Please print name and address plainly.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Health Ray Manufacturing Company, Inc.
423 Harding Building
Station "O," New York, N. Y.

Send me one Health Ray Ultra violet and infra-red) Lamp, complete with goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc, at the special introductory price. Upon arrival I agree to pay postman $5.95 plus a few pennies postage.

It is understood that if after 10 days I am not completely satisfied, I may return the lamp and you will immediately refund my money.

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

Name of Dealer_____
(From whom you would ordinarily buy)

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Harold P. Brown, Managing Editor

Henry J. Wright, Advisory Editor

Radio Digest

Charles R. Tighe, Associate Editor

Nellie Revell, Associate Editor

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, Editor



HELEN GILLIGAN of CBS has had a life of lucky Thirteens. She was born April 13, there are 13 letters in her name, her first audition was on August 13th and there have been at least 13 other lucky breaks.



CONSTANCE BENNETT, eldest of Richard's three daughters, is one of the delightful RKO entertainers you have heard over the NBC net. She has distinguished herself on the screen and stage and delights all fans.

September, 1931

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FRANCES WILLIAMS is one of the newest prospects for the television department of the Columbia System. Bill Schudt is enthused not only about her televisibility but her splendid record as a vaudeville artist



ANN CHASE, one of the newest members of the NBC National Players in San Francisco. Her adaptability to Radio for dramatic programs gives great promise for the day now at hand when players will be seen.

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Factory Prices
biggest savings in years

Mail Coupon For
NEW FREE CATALOG





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Heaters $24.15 as low as

Furnaces $57.85 as low as

Your name on the coupon below brings you a FREE copy of this new catalog of KALAMAZOO-DIRECT-TO-YOU Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces. It saves you ⅓ to ½ on your new cook stove or heating equipment, because it quotes you factory prices at *sensational reductions.*

Prices Lower Than Ever

Make your selections direct from factory stock at the *Biggest Savings in Years.* Kalamazoo prices are lower—far lower than ever—but Kalamazoo quality, famous for 31 years, is rigidly maintained. This is the year to buy wisely. That means buying direct from the factory—eliminating all unnecessary in-between costs.

Only $5 Down on Anything —Year to Pay

Mail the Coupon Now! You'll see 200 styles and sizes—more bargains than in 20 big stores. *Only $5 Down on any Stove, Range, or Furnace, regardless of price or size.* A Year to Pay. 800,000 Satisfied Customers have saved ⅓ to ½ by mailing this coupon. "We saved $50," says C. T. Harmeyer, Ansonia, O. "I saved from $50 to $75 by sending to Kalamazoo," writes W. B. Taylor, Southbridge, Mass. "No one will ever be sorry they bought a Kalamazoo," says Cora M. Edwards, Berryville, Ark., who has had one 22 years.

New Ranges In Lovely New Colors

Don't miss the new Coal and Wood Ranges, new Combination Gas and Coal Ranges—new colors and new improvements. *Look for the ranges with the new Utility Shelf—they're lower, much lower in price, and so attractive!* The President is a modern new Coal and Wood Range. Your choice of Pearl Gray, Ivory Tan, Nile Green, Delft Blue or Black Porcelain Enamel in all ranges. Colors to match every decorative scheme. Colors that start you dreaming of a beautiful kitchen. Colors as easy to clean as a china dish. Also Gas Stoves, Oil Stoves, Household Goods.

Healthful Heaters Give Furnace Heat

Pages of colored pictures and descriptions of Heat Circulators. Astoundingly Low Prices. Easy Terms. They give constant circulation of fresh, healthful, moist, warm air—eliminate colds and winter ills. Several models with convenient foot warmer. Heat from 3 to 6 rooms comfortably.

FREE Furnace Plans—FREE Service

If you are interested in a modern furnace-heating system actually planned for your home, mail coupon. It's easy to install your own furnace (pipe or direct heat)—thousands have. We show you how. A Kalamazoo furnace increases your home's value—makes it more livable, more comfortable, more healthful. Only $5 down.

30 Days' Free Trial

Use your Kalamazoo for 30 days, FREE. Every Kalamazoo carries a 5-year Guarantee Bond on materials and workmanship. $100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction. You are fully protected—you risk nothing.

24 Hour Shipments

All stoves and ranges are shipped from Kalamazoo, Mich., or Utica, N. Y., warehouses, if you live east, within 24 hours. Furnaces, 48 hours. No delay. Safe delivery guaranteed.

31 Years of Quality

Even with new, low Factory Prices, Kalamazoo Stove and Ranges approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

Kalamazoo's standard of quality is the same as for 31 years. Tremendous buying power enabled us to buy raw materials at the lowest possible prices. Selling direct from the factory—we are able to give you this year as never before, *absolute rock-bottom Factory Prices.* Kalamazoo is a factory. You can't beat factory prices at any time—more especially this year. Mail the coupon now for this sensational new book.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
2403 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Warehousing and shipping points, Utica, N. Y., and Kalamazoo, Mich.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You" Trade Mark Registered

800,000 Satisfied Customers Have Saved Money by Mailing This Coupon

Coal and Wood Ranges	☐	Put an (X) in column at left to indicate articles in which you are interested.
Gas and Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges	☐	KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs. 2403 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Oil Stoves	☐	Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE Catalog.
Cabinet Heaters	☐	Name.....
Pipe Furnaces	☐	(Please print name plainly)
Direct Heat Furnaces	☐	Address.....
Washing Machines	☐	City..... State.....

News, Views *and* Comment

By Robert L. Kent

WHAT with television turning the last "corner," old Radio favorites staging a comeback and the boys in the studios and advertising agencies working overtime to build new Radio gems for listeners, there's precious little sign of depression in broadcasting and Radio fans had better sit close to their sets so they won't miss anything.

One of the best that will be with us again over a coast to coast hook-up on the Columbia network is The March of Time—that breath-taking, soul-stirring, mirth-provoking dramatization of world news September 11 at 8:30 P. M. E.S.T. over 36 Coast to Coast stations, the curtain goes up on what is easily one of the best programs on the air. Don't miss that opening night. Get a ringside seat beside your Radio and twist the dial to the right station.

Another program that has been on Summer vacation scheduled for a return to the air is Collier's Radio Hour . . . it's national . . . NBC is the network, the date is September 13. There will be drama, music and talk.

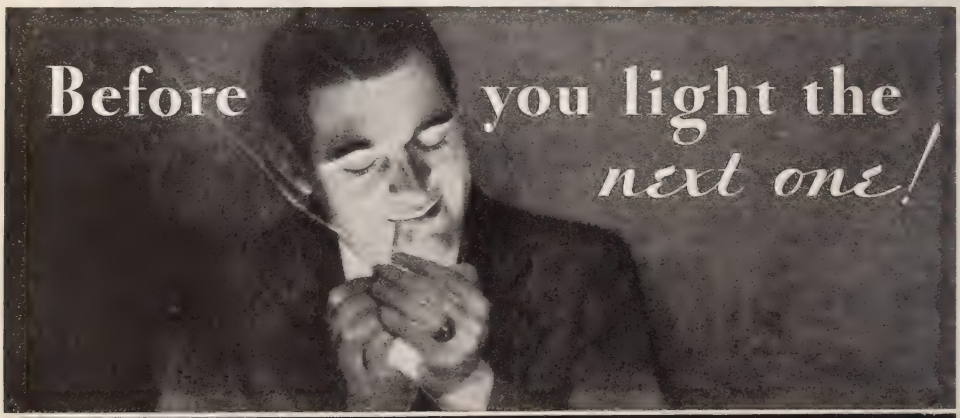
Some of the best Radiactors at NBC get together on Thursday, September 17, when The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes will again be on the air.

Here's a yarn to tax your credulity: A Radio communication sent at noon half way around the globe may reach its destination while the recipient is still in bed . . . not because of slow service but because of the difference in time. It's daytime there when it's nighttime here, if you know what we mean.

Marconi's first commercial wireless station in the United States, near Babylon, Long Island, built, it is said, early in 1901, is being preserved as a historical exhibit. It was purchased by Major Armstrong, Radio inventor, and presented to the Radio Corporation of America.

This is a story of a violin—and an artist who couldn't stand the nerve strain of owning it. You see it was a Stradivarius. David Rubinoff, who is a feature of the Chase and Sanborn Sunday evening programs over NBC, wanted that instrument more than he has desired anything in years. Rubinoff dickered and finally reached the rock-bottom price—$35,000. He was tempted. He lay awake nights thinking about that rare and beautifully-toned violin. He almost fell—and then he began to worry about the risk. He is a dynamic man . . . always rushing about to keep his many engagements . . . danger of damage to the instrument . . . he decided to wait until his life moves in a more quiet groove. . . I'm afraid he'll never own that violin.

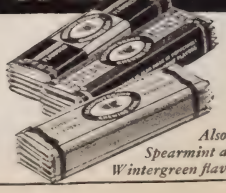
Startling improvements have been made in television reception at Columbia in New York. And the programs are excellent . . . everything from boxing matches staged in the studio to character sketches and musicians. It is a peculiar fact that engineers will not admit that television has reached a state of perfection that should interest the average Radio fan . . . but it has. The images at Columbia are the best we have seen to date . . . facial expressions and movements of the artists are something to write home about. Only fault is that too many artists are permitted to be televised without putting on proper make-up.



Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER!

Buy a package of Beech-Nut Gum when you buy cigarettes or cigars. Chew it between smokes... It has the same effect as a good meal because it stimulates your taste sense... makes each smoke taste as good as the first one after breakfast... makes your smoking always enjoyable. *REMEMBER, there is no other gum quite so good as Beech-Nut.*



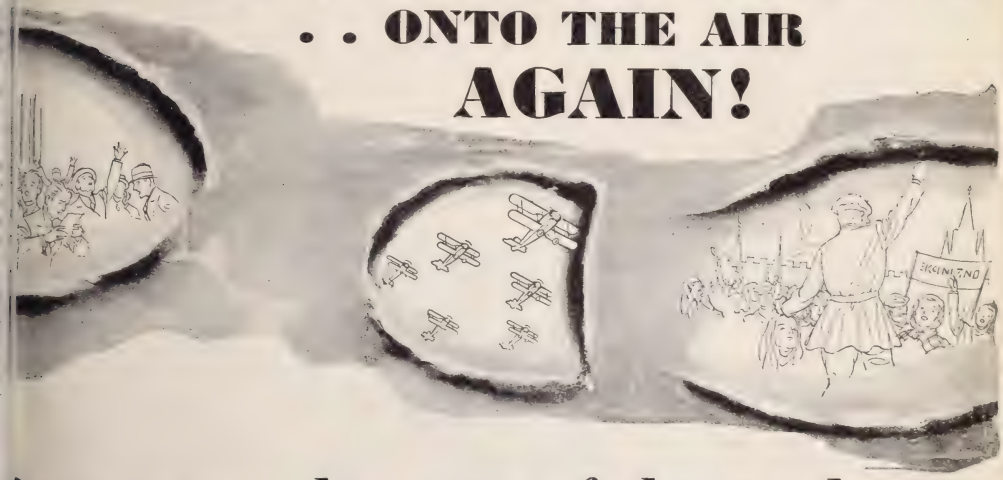
Also in Spearmint and Wintergreen flavors

Made by BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY—Also Makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops

)ADCAST IS A THRILL" . . . *Walter Winchell* + "MAKING RADIO HISTORY!" . . . *Wendell Hall* + DRAMATIC AS TIME ITSELF" . . . . *Baltimore Sun* + "FOREMOST FEATURE ON THE AIR" . . . . *Frederic William Wile* +

'ches On . .

. . ONTO THE AIR AGAIN!



)nce more the news of the week :OMES ALIVE over your RADIO!

TIME is on the air again—with "The MARCH of TIME."

First curtain, Friday evening, September even.

It's NEW radio . . . new, vivid, absorbing TIME itself!

It's a new kind of reporting of the news *on the air*—the re-enacting of memorable enes from the news of the week.

For a half-hour every Friday evening, the thrilling, significant scenes in the week's news will live again in your living-room—more dramatic than fiction, because compounded of vivid reality and the history-making drive of destiny. It is the *living* story of your lifetime—it is "The MARCH of TIME."

Now it's here again! Tune in!

"THE MARCH OF TIME"

Each Friday evening. Pick up your nearest of 36 coast-to-coast Columbia stations.

8:30 P. M., E. D. S. T.

PROGRAM" . . . . *Radio Digest* + "HUZZAS FROM MOST BLASÉ LISTENERS" . . . . *N. Y. Sun*

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

THIS is our special Television Number. We have been keeping an attentive eye on the subject for a long time, but because we have considered it more of a laboratory proposition than a fan subject we have been content merely to tell you briefly and simply of the developments as they have progressed.

Now, however, we are definitely prepared to take our stand on the proposition that *Television is Here.*

There are twenty-two television broadcasting stations now authorized to function in the United States. As many more applicants are seeking to establish television stations. Several large factories are now at work producing television receivers for the public. The country is aroused from coast-to-coast with television enthusiasm. Good images are produced on receiving screens varying from one inch to six feet high. New inventions are undergoing tests for sensational improvements over systems now in vogue. And as the new systems come in old ones will go—just as it happened in Radio during the crystal age. The Big Chains are vying with each other to lead in this phase of broadcasting. And everything is for the Radio listener and observer.

* * *

AFTER making our bow to Mr. Francis Jenkins who not only was the inventor who gave us the first motion picture projection machine but has also pioneered the way with television inventions, let us give a cheer to our young inventors. Philo Farnsworth of San Francisco, Ulises S. Sanabria of Chicago and Hollis M. Baird of Boston, all among the foremost of inventors in new and successful systems of television, are in their twenties.

* * *

WILLIAM S. PALEY came back from Europe with his pockets full of contracts or agreements from all important countries to exchange programs in transatlantic broadcasts. This will further a suggestion made in Radio Digest a year ago proposing a frequent interchange of good will programs to promote universal peace and understanding between the nations. As a further step to promote good will in his own country Mr. Paley's first policy move on his return was to cut out all commercial religious programs and substituting therefor an hour each to the three leading religious faiths of the country every Sunday.

* * *

"MAIN street has turned the tables on Broadway," reads one naive release from the New York NBC press bureau. It continues: "Country folks who a few years ago were making annual pilgrimages from Gopher Prairie and Sauk Center to be awed by Manhattan's funsters, have gone into the entertainment business themselves and made good . . . more specifically, the figures say that of the 366 programs offered over the NBC networks since January 1 of this year 157 had their origin in Chicago and far-flung corners of the country." Along with Chicago, Gopher Prairie and Sauk Center are mentioned Cleveland, Rochester, Denver and San Francisco as worthy contributors to the nation's Radio entertainment. Har! Har! Who said England was the "tight little isle?"

ALL right! All right! Lay off, please! It's all settled! All you letter writers who hastened to advise this department that you do not want artist scandals in Radio Digest win your point. We only wanted to make sure we were not imposing our own prejudice against such reading matter on our readers. Glad you so emphatically agreed with us. Studio scandals are out.

* * *

M. H. AYLESWORTH, president of the National Broadcasting Company, and considered one of the most conservative authorities, was recently quoted by a news syndicate as saying, "Of one thing we are now certain; the television era has definitely dawned." Mr. Aylesworth and David Sarnoff are also credited with the statement that the RCA will have a "commercial television receiver on the market within the next year."

* * *

SOON we may expect a few loud rips in our sound receivers. Members of the Federal Radio Commission reconvene this month armed with important court decisions with which they doubtless will begin tearing out a number of broadcasting stations, which they believe should be eliminated for the good of the service. Activities along this line should be watched with keen interest, both by listeners and broadcasters, since it is a well known fact that certain elements in Congress have been urging such action for some time and Congressional interest in broadcasting as manifested at the last session is not above suspicion.

* * *

AT LAST we are beginning to find out a few things about the 1930 census as it effects Radio. We are beginning to get reports from the more populous states and as we go to press Connecticut takes top position in the list of 34 states reported. A little better than every other family in the state owns a Radio receiver. The percentage of the total is 54.9. Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio come next with slightly lower rates. Mississippi is at the bottom with 5.4 per cent.

* * *

WITH this September issue Radio Digest begins its second year of publication under the present management. It has been a good year, and one of positive growth in all directions. Every precedent was broken when the news stand reports showed the highest percentage of sales in July over the whole year. Usually the mid-summer sales of Radio Digest, and most magazines, drop from 25 to 50 per cent. Another indication of the pace that has been set by the *new* Radio Digest is the considerably increased volume of advertising which appears in this issue. Plans have already been outlined for each of the next 12 issues of this magazine. Beginning with this number you will be able to save one dollar by subscribing for a whole year. In other words the annual subscription cost to you goes down from $3 to $2. So it is now distinctly to the reader's advantage to thus make sure of receiving his Radio Digest every month as soon as it is out. The news stand price of 25 cents will remain unchanged.

—H. P. B.

Scott Owners TELL THE WHOLE TRUE STORY OF 'ROUND THE WORLD RECEPTION WITH The Scott All-Wave

PARIS - BERLIN - ROME

"Yesterday between 2 and 4 p. m. I received Paris, Berlin and Rome. The Rome program was very clear with no fading and excellent quality. I held each station half an hour or more. I might also mention that this reception was during a thunderstorm which was so severe as to put WEAF out of commission and absolutely prevented any decent reception on the broadcast band."

D. R. B., New London, Conn.

NEW ZEALAND 50 WATTS

"I have just received one of the most thrilling verifications that I ever received in my time of D. X.ing. It was 2XP of Wairoa, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, a station on 366 meters with only 50 watts. Boy, this seems to be an impossibility but I did it with my Scott. Also ZL2FC of Wairoa the same station owned by the same man, Mr. Perry. Besides Mr. Perry sent me a three page letter, showing how thrilled he was on receiving a report on his transmission which checked correct. This gives me my 457th verification. Also a number of new ones out waiting for report."

R. A. T., Cresskill, N. J.

AUSTRALIA - JAPAN

"On the short waves which by now you will have surmised I have camped, I have had VK3ME, Melbourne, Australia; KAIXR, Manila; JIAA, Japan; and a most amazing lot of others not too far distant, but they will come in on the speaker (if I want them to) good and clear at that."

J. C. G., Minneapolis, Minn.

CUBA - HOLLAND

"On the broadcast band, stations on the Pacific Coast, Mexico City, Havana, Cuba, and Halifax roll in with the power of locals. On the Short Wave Bands, England, Italy, Germany, Holland, and South America furnish me with daily entertainment. I am particularly pleased with the short wave reception of the operas broadcast from Rome, also the pronouncements from the Vatican Station."

F. L. Y., Queens Village, N. Y.

MANY FOREIGN STATIONS

"I can truthfully say it is the only real radio in town. The All Wave Receiver is in perfect condition and bringing in many foreign stations."

R. W., Marion, N. C.

ENGLAND - AUSTRALIA

"Today G5SW, Chelmsford, England, came in, not faintly but with thunderous volume. I also got 12RO Italy, with good reception. Last night I received HKD, Barroquilla, Colombia with volume loud enough to be heard a block away, and I also got HRB, Tegucigalpa, Honduras with loud volume. I also have received VK3ME with perfection."

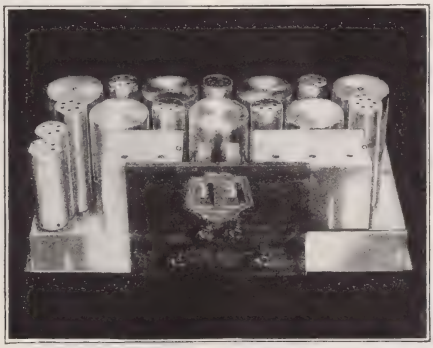
H. A. M., Yukon, Okla.

FROM ALL DIRECTIONS

"The tone quality is magnificent and I received Canada as far as Montreal, and Mexico City and Reynosh also Japan seven mornings."

A. R. M., East San Diego, Cal.

FOR MONTHS we have modestly described the capacity of the Scott All-Wave Receiver for 15-550 meter, 'round the world reception. We have told the technical story of this laboratory-built receiver and have explained the engineering reasons for its unequalled performance. We have sold the Scott All-Wave on the basis of guaranteed, consistent, perfect reception from London, Rome, Paris and from other equally distant foreign stations, as well as all the U. S. and Canadian stations anyone might care to listen to.



The Scott All-Wave Receiver is guaranteed for 5 years. Any part proving defective within that time will be replaced free of charge.

Now, we are tuning you in on the replies to these promises. We are letting Scott All-Wave users tell you, *in their own words*, that the Scott All-Wave Receiver is even greater than we have described it. Read, in the left and right hand columns, what they say.

Hundreds more equally enthusiastic letters praise the Scott All-Wave Receiver. News and magazine editors likewise give columns and columns of space to the many wonders this receiver does in the way of regular daily duty.

MAIL COUPON FOR FULL PARTICULARS

Clip the coupon now. It will bring you the complete story of the Scott 15-550 meter All-Wave, a full description of the beautiful, chrome plated chassis, and illustrations of the many magnificent consoles made especially for this receiver. Send the coupon at once. You'll be delighted when you learn the low price at which the Scott All-Wave may be obtained.

SCOTT TRANSFORMER CO.
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. E-9, Chicago

SCOTT TRANSFORMER CO.
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. E9, Chicago, Ill.
Send me full particulars of the Scott All-Wave Receiver.

Name .....
Street .....
Town ..... *State* .....

HONDURAS - ENGLAND

"I received my Scott receiver on May 16th. I played it the next day; I tuned in GBS, Rugby, England at 12:30 P. M. and I heard the mayor talk from London. That was the first station I tuned in and it came in very clear. I just tuned in HRB in Honduras; it is now 9:30 P. M. I can get about 10 stations on 38 to 84 meter coils."

C. C. B., Allentown, Pa.

GERMANY AGAIN

"The Short Wave results have been very gratifying. I have heard Chelmsford, England; Holland; France; Germany and several South American countries."

J. Q. S., Washington, D. C.

IRELAND - ROME

"The results on the All-Wave Receiver have been wonderful. I have logged Germany, England and Ireland, and some Islands that I could not get the name clearly. Also, the entire dedication services at dedication of short wave broadcasting station at the Vatican City, Italy. Heard the Pope louder that if I had been one of the vast audience. Cannot be too highly praised."

L. W. B., Davenport, Ia.

EXCEEDS ALL CLAIMS

"In this day of extravagant advertising and claims it is indeed a pleasure to receive an article that surpasses all of the claims made for it, and certainly the SCOTT RECEIVER does that. It is beautifully designed, engineered and constructed; and its performance and tone are of corresponding excellence."

E. W. P., Chevy Chase, Md.

ENGLAND - ITALY

"Yesterday afternoon and this afternoon also, I tuned in Italy and England. They come in with wonderful volume such as I have never heard before. This morning I tuned in Australia. I got it in a minute or so after I worked the dials a little. It came in very good."

W. H. A., New Bedford, Mass.

SOUTH AMERICA, TOO

"I have logged Bogota, S. A., 12RO Rome, Chelmsford England, besides all that I want in U. S. A. and Canada."

D. T. V., Detroit, Mich.

CHINA

"Indo-China, HSJ, Bankok, Siam, RV15, G5SW, J1AA and others are heard when on the air, as well as the eastern relay stations. This is June but Australian and New Zealand broadcasts are still being received even after daylight in the early morning. June third, from 4 to 5 A. M. I listened to 2V1, 3LO, 4QG Australia and 2YA Wellington, tho it was broad daylight."

T. H. H., Hoquiam, Wash.

ROME LIKE LOCAL

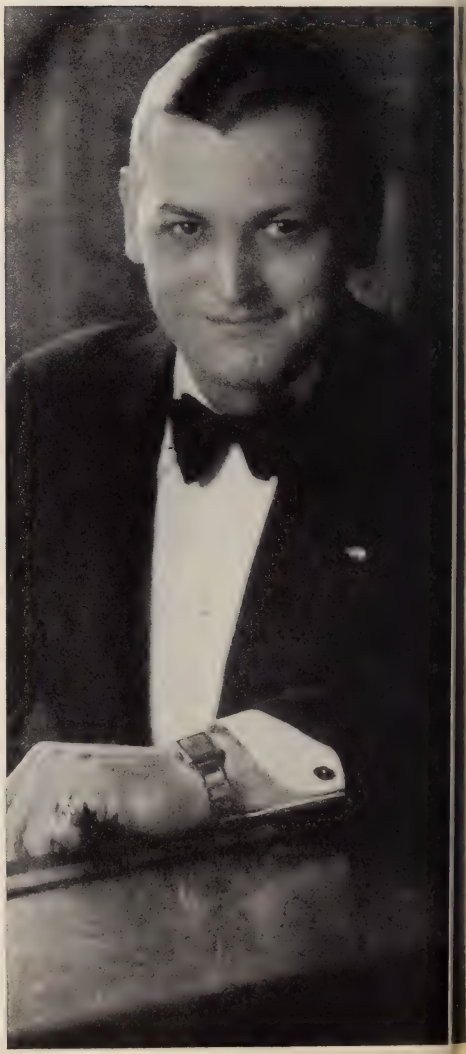
"On the low wave, I find it no trouble to tune in Rome, Buenos Aires. I also received Melbourne, Australia. When I first picked up Rome I thought something wrong and I was getting a New York station, it was so strong. The tone and quality is the finest."

G. N. J., St. Thomas, Ont.



Carleton A. Coon

THESE two gentlemen are the componen parts of America's greatest dance orchestr hyphen. They came up from the Indian countr to the Big Cities and M. G.—just like the stor books. Phil Maxwell tells you about it on th opposite page.



Joe L. Sanders

Indian Rhythm Comes Natural to

Coon-Sanders

Famous Orchestra Leaders Respond to Spark of Red Man's Blood in their Veins—Modern Instruments Convey the Tempo of Beating Tom-toms and Radio Audiences Go Wild in Appreciation

By PHIL MAXWELL

THIS is a story about a couple of Indians.

And their profession is making "Whoopee."

These Indians are none other than Carleton Allyn Coon, 38-year-old snare drummer, and his heap-big good looking pal, Joe L. Sanders, pianist de luxe, former baseball star and a product of the Indian territory which later became Oklahoma. Mr. Coon, as does Mr. Sanders, claims that he is one-sixteenth Indian or at least enough to establish distant relationship to Vice-President Charley Curtis.

These young Redskins have accomplished so much in their short lives, for Sanders is only 33, that it would be impossible to untangle their history in a short paragraph or two. So we'll start with Mr. Coon.

Of course a fellow who was to become one of the leading band directors of America couldn't have just any country doctor bring him into the world so he chose Dr. William Mayo, of the famous Mayo Brothers, in the City of Rochester, Minn., and from all indications Dr. Mayo did a good job as a member of the welcoming committee.

Carleton flourished from the start and his father, who played trumpet in the Thomas Symphony Orchestra in Minneapolis, with the consent of Mrs. Coon, sent C. A. off to the Wentworth Military Academy at Lexington, Mo., just as soon as he began wanting to have a little spending money and took a shine to the girls up around his home town. And it was while saluting his superior officers and playing in Major "Stubby" Day's band that he learned to wield the drum sticks which are now earning him a neat sum of money.

Next we find the ambitious lad at the University of Kansas at Lawrence, Kan., where he became so engrossed with the song, "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" that he joined that Greek letter fraternity and between playing right half back on the football team and attempting to catch a little medical education and successfully wooing Eula Virginia Jenkins, a student of the Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan, he was a busy young man.

"Yes, sir," said Carleton as he recalled those romantic college days. "Kansas Aggies and the University of Kansas were rivals in football but friendly in love."

After three and one-half years in the university the now Mr. and Mrs. Coon moved to Kansas City where Carleton obtained a job on the Kansas City Star.

Then came the World War, enlistment for Carleton and his visit one day on furlough to a Kansas City music store where his path crossed that of the man who is the other half of the Coon-Sanders Corporation today.

Perhaps it would be well now to pick up the life story of Mr. Sanders.

JOE L. (And he won't tell you what L stands for) Sanders was born on what Coon calls a whistle stop on the Missouri Pacific Railway, otherwise known as Thayer, Kansas. His daddy, a pioneer of the west, traded 6,000 acres of citrus fruit land in the Rio Grand Valley for 6,000 head of cattle; the plague took the cattle away and Joe's dad was left without a penny in Indian territory a part of which later became Centralia, Okla. Joe learned much of his early music from an old phonograph machine which his father brought to his home and the first one believed to have been heard in that part of the country. Both his parents had splendid voices and one of Joe's earliest recollections is the harmony as sung by his father and mother. "That is where I got my voice," he said.

He received his early education in Belton, Missouri, and attended high school in Kansas City, Mo. His life wasn't one of roses. His first job as a singer was in the Blue Goose Cabaret in K. C. and he says he'll never forget the first song he sang, "Until the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold." For which he received the stupendous sum of $2.00 everytime there was the slightest reason for the rendition of this number. From the cabaret young Sanders joined the chorus choir of the Linwood Methodist Church where he went through the roles of grand opera arias and the oratorios under the direction of its leader David Grosch, famous baritone teacher. For a while he was a member of the Kansas City Opera Company and the Kansas City Oratorio Society. In them he learned the art of musical arranging.

The William Jewell College Male Quartet next beckoned to this enterprising singer and he toured the Western states with it and the Jones Chautauqua Company at $30 a week, he paying his own expenses. "I had a gorgeous time," said Joe, "but it wasn't such a remarkable financial success."

Next we find him in Detroit, Mich., in a popular quartet named "Us Four" at the Frontenac Cafe, which, says Mr.

(Continued on page 92)



WMAQ — W9XAP presents a play "A Minuet." The actors are, left to right: Vinton Haworth, Alice Hill and Sidney Breese

TELEVISION IS *Here*

By MARK QUEST

LET'S be frank and admit it. Television *is* here.

Forget about the five year plans, and the "round the corners." Acknowledge the existence of the score and some odd television stations now sending out visible programs every day. Recognize the fact that the two great chain systems have their own television stations and production departments. Don't overlook the existence of the 25,000 or more television receiving sets now functioning in America. Take off the blinders and see the truth that television is really here.

In another year you will find not less than 100,000 television receiving sets throughout the country. In that time you also will find that the television of today will appear comparatively crude to the one available then.

Perhaps within the time of this writing and the few weeks of its appearance in print you will have heard all about what young Philo Farnsworth has been secretly developing out in California. And by that time Dr. Vladimir Zworykin of the R.C.A.-Victor Company may also have presented an important demonstration. Farnsworth is said already to have demonstrated a television image of 700 lines to the inch, which, you will admit, is a considerable refinement from the 48 and 60 line images that are being broadcast today.

The 60 line image is about the same as the average half-tone screen in a newspaper. The screen in Radio Digest is 110 lines. A 700 line screen would probably give you a picture smoothness comparable to the photos in the rotogravure section.

At any rate television is here with the 60 line screen and many of the most famous artists of the air have already had their faces flashed out to the Radio audience. In Chicago they have put on specially written television plays. Broadway stage stars have made their bow over the Jenkins-WGBS station, W2XCR on Fifth avenue. The hot and close-packed mob that witnessed first public demonstration of television at the Radio World's Fair in New York in 1928 may now see television in th home. And the same holds true fo those long lines that threaded throug the lanes to the home-made and rebe television demonstration in the Chicag Radio show that same year.

Radio Digest has presented fror time to time the various stages of de velopment, and the history of the ver first ideas on the subject. It has hel a little aloof on the side of the mor conservative elements regarding th actual advent of television. But there i no need for further doubt. Televisio has arrived. Sets are available in mo of the large department stores. And kit for assembling are obtainable in the and 10 cent stores.

It would seem that the time is a hand when the government can cor sistently recognize this situation and as sist in the next phase of growth b permitting sponsored television broac casts. This need has been clearl pointed out by Vinton Haworth, pro duction manager of W9XAP, of th Chicago Daily News.

Columbia Turns the Corner

By

BILL SCHUDT, Jr.
Television Program Director at CBS

SEEING what you hear, has become a popular phrase at the Columbia Broadcasting System's udios in New York.

Television, even though experimental nd limited in scope, has turned that orner, after all.

Its experimental visual programs are alued at more than a million dollars hen one considers the yearly wage of ie regular artists who appear before ie flying spot each night in the week.

W2XAB, that is the identification of ie sight channel of the CBS interest n the Metropolis, has been operating even hours daily, 2 to 6 PM, 8 to 11, nd 8 to 10 Saturdays and Sundays, nce its grand opening on Tuesday uly 21 at which time the Mayor of the ity of New York "opened the eyes" f the station.

Many and varied have been the exeriences of this riter within the mall studio. Veteran nnouncers have embled. Famous peakers have sudenly gone hoarse nd stuttered over cripts they knew by eart; musicians ave been scared ear to death by the flying spot" and ritical Radio editors ave repented all when subjected to he penetrating eyes f visionary broadasting.

But all in all teleision is being taken very seriously up here at the Columbia tudios.

A new art, a new ystem is being worked out. Teleision technique will e vastly different rom that of present lay sound broadcastng.

For example conenuities will probably be taboo; for who wants to look nto his televisor and see an announcer reading his proclamation? Not many, you can bet on that. Of course, they may have to memorize, but that is not likely. This writer personally believes that television will eventually see popular masters of ceremony at the scanner filling in between acts, much the same as your present day revues and musical comedies.

Columbia has been routing its sight programs over W2XAB which operates on 2750-2850 kilocycles (49.02 meters). A short time ago, however, this System inaugurated a series of synchronized programs over WABC and the network.

In such cases, single acts and small group acts are merely televised in the television studio while overhanging microphones pick up the regular sound part of the program.

Thus does everything point to a finer television in the very near future. Experts say that 25,000 American homes are now equipped for reception of visual programs.

During its early weeks of experimental television, Columbia successfully televised dances by Natalie Towers, boxing demonstrations, cartoonists, jugglers, magicians, ballet dances, and miniature musical comedies.

Edwin K. Cohan, Columbia's technical director has studied television for many years. Here's what he said about it in a recent televised program:

"INAUGURATION of television broadcasting undoubtedly marks another step in the wonderful progress of the electronic art, yet how many of you who are within the sight of my face, or the sound of my voice, realize that the basic theory upon which this latest television transmission is now taking place is 47½ years old, having been discovered by a man, Nipkow, who filed a patent thereon in January, 1884.

"And how many of you know that electrical scanning, the next promised advance in this art, and the means by which all mechanically moving parts in both transmitter and receiver will be eliminated was basically discovered 23½ years ago by a man who filed such a patent in December, 1907?

"In these, as well as similar instances, the inventors were truly living ahead of their times, for it necessitated the high development of the vacuum tube, photo-electric cell, and electric amplifier, to form the essential links in the chain necessary to transform their probable theory into a practical reality.

"Television of 1931 is crude. The television of today



Radio Digest participates in its first television program. C. R. Tighe, associate editor, acts as master of ceremony in presenting to lookers-in Kitty Doner, famous vaudevillian and male impersonator at Columbia's W2XAB

is being conducted entirely on an experimental basis, this by the requirement of the Federal Radio Commission, as well as the choice of the majority of the foremost television engineers. The major portion of this work is being done within four ether channels ten kilocycles wide.

"As long as television, even in its crude state, requires a channel separate from the sound channel, for images of a moderate amount of detail and a limited range of coverage, a problem exists to find a suitable band within the Radio spectrum to which can eventually be assigned the number of stations required to satisfactorily serve our population.

"It is this, and many other problems, that today's experimental work will eventually solve or overcome.

"Television of today is perhaps comparable to the phonograph of 1910 and the moving picture of 1905, but upon this pioneering must rest the solid foundation of future progress.

"My words are not intended to sound a note of pessimism, but rather of conservation. Television will advance from now on just as surely as sound broadcasting has, and I believe at no less a pace. It will progressively bring to you the individual and small groups, the larger groups and complete symphonic and stage presentations, the outdoor sporting events, the spot news events. It will eventually bring these things to you in natural color.

"In the future there will be television networks similar to our sound networks of today and functioning much in the same manner. To accomplish this, considerable progress will have to be made, particularly with regard to the width of the transmission band. In addition, pickup flexibility and future program demands call for a suitable method of scanning whose illumination limitations are no greater than those of the present moving picture camera.

"You might be interested to know a few of the experiments we shall conduct during our seven hour daily schedule.

"First of all, what happens to an image being transmitted at this frequency in a heavily built up city such as New York, with its huge masses of steel, its electrical interference in the form of subways, street cars, elevated roads, flashing signs, and elevators?

"What happens to the image at a receiver when the sky wave arrives out of phase with the ground wave?

"What kind of makeup is most suitable for television? Should blue lipstick be used instead of red, or is some other color more suitable?

"What advantages can be taken in television productions of the persistency of vision of the human eye?

"How shall plays be dramatized to accurately portray the author's work?

"To what extent can mechanical and electrical devices assist to make a program more polished and interesting?

"These are but a few of the questions our experiments will attempt to answer, not only for ourselves but for those of the audience already looking in as well.

"The progress made in television during the past year or so has been most encouraging. Regardless of what corner television happens to be just around, the year 1932 holds every promise o being most noteworthy.

"We in Columbia, will endeavor t contribute our share toward the fulfil ment of our prophecies, employing th same measure of conscientiousness tha we continually strive for in our soun broadcasting. How well we succeed wi be governed by the same principle tha has applied in the past four years o our growth—your approval and en couragement. We will continue to d our utmost to warrant and deserve it.

Chicago asks License

By Betty McGee

PROGRESS in television will be slow and halting until television stations can be licensed for commercial sightcasting. This is the opinion of Vinton Haworth, Television production manager for W9XAP which operates in conjunction with WMAQ, the Chicago Daily News station.

WMAQ is said to be the first radio-television station to have an organized television production department and a television production manager. This station has been going ahead by leaps and bounds in the production of ambitious and intricate television programs. All of which makes Mr. Haworth's present attitude the more significant.

"As seen from the production man's angle, the fly-in-the-ointment of better presentation is the hesitation of the authorities to license television stations (that are now operating) for commercial sightcasting," said Mr. Haworth in a recent interview. "Our difficulty at W9XAP is conjoining with WMAQ. Presenting a synchronized program is dependent entirely on WMAQ's schedule. If WMAQ's time is sold, then according to Federal Radio Law, W9XAP must go its own way, transmitting a silent picture. And we do insist that the silent television picture has served its purpose, which is mainly: 'Television is practical and practicable.'

"All the pantomimic actions that can be thought of have been broadcast . . . boxing, fencing, posing, dancing, wrestling, cartoons, ad finitum," he continued. "Adequate time to experiment with synchronization, and watch its effect on the public, is denied us because of this commercial prohibition. Were this ban lifted it would open green pastures in which the production man would run rampant, admittedly, but not obviously, experimenting. But only in this manner can we hope to progress . . . we have the material, it has prove its worth . . . why not let us build wit it?

"Technical facilities for productio are, at present, inelastic due to this fi tile circle in which we are forced run. Our technicians are all eager help, to cooperate in giving a goo show . . . but until we can create show worthy of the name, until we di cover those many little rough-spots th only show in actual work-outs, we a helpless, to explain to them our need No, do not misunderstand—they a making great strides . . . in transmi ting, in clearer definition, in better r ceiving qualities . . . in every gener way except from the studio mechanic Simply because we don't know, have n way of knowing just what we need."

The actual steps of progress in tel vision at the Chicago Daily News st tion are marked by the three synchro ized plays given through this statio since the beginning of the year. Ea was a distinct improvement over i predecessor. In the first play, cut-bac were tried as in the movies. One cha acter would be seen in full length, a the next character that spoke w shown in close-up, then vice versa. A of which meant that the script had be carefully gone over, so, that in mo ing of the characters to the differe scanners, there was no break in the di log. A difficult job, but from the tel vision-production picture standpoint, eminently successful one. The scen flowed along smoothly, and hearkeni back to the early movies, in changi the picture from close-up to full-leng there was never a jerk.

The operators devised an automa relay which cut the picture instantan ously the moment the disc upon whi the various lenses are mounted w turned, then brought the picture ba

mpletely and fully in the new field it the script called for. Automatic cture cuts were possible, too, with the anging from close-up to full-length, just switching the microphone buttons. As there is a distance, in our esent lay-out of the studio, of about n feet between the position of the ll-length picture and the close-up anner, this cut was very valuable.

In this first production, two microones were used for speech pick-up. he one used at the close-up (announcg position) was at normal level, it ing possible to place it close to the erformer without it appearing in the cture. The second mike, placed in rogram position, was more difficult to andle. This mike, suspended from the eiling to keep it out of the picture, reuired an increase in amplification of) decibels over normal because of the istance from the players. At times xtraneous noise found its way into ie scenes, such as the rustling of clothng, ticking of watches, etc. The hard laster wall necessary for clear definon of the full-length picture caused it of echo.

In the two following productions a ifferent picture-presentation was atempted. The only way to describe it s to call to mind the method in the oving-picture technique of the camera oving up on the persons or drawing way from them without a break in the icture. An approximation of this effect was arrived at by having the actors ove to and from the photo-electric ells, as they spoke their lines, as the ction of the script called for. This was ot as successful as it was hoped, beause, due to the inelasticity of the quipment described above, the operator as to keep the actor in focus, and at he same time maintain his object in the iddle of the scanning beam. A change n position means a change in focus and lso a change in the deflection of the irror used in indirect scanning. Conisely, the sought-for effect was to take full length picture, and without any ppreciable change in the sequence of ictures, arrive at a close-up. "This can e done," Mr. Haworth stated, "but not vith present equipment."

Only one microphone was used in hese two productions, this being dirctly in front of the actors, turned at n angle to kill the echo from the wall, poken of above. A little more amplifiation than normal was necessary, the players being about three feet away rom the microphone. In one of these productions, two scenes had musical background accompanying the lines. It was found in the first show that music in the studio with the microphones pitched so high was impractical, overbalancing the speakers, so in the later productions the music was faded in, played from another studio, on cue from the control room of WMAQ.

"It is readily seen that speech-pickup necessitates as much, if not more, thought than the picture, at present," Mr. Haworth explained. "The television equipment being so unadaptable to changes during the course of action of a show eventually will bring about a microphone placed on a movable arm, such as the case in the talking-pictures, to follow the placement of the actors.

"I have an idea (I've had many!) that in time, the principles of stage-lighting positions may well be adapted to the placing of the photo-electric cells. Stage-lights project light to the object, ergo, in television the object reflects the light to the cells! But perhaps before that time arrives, the Merlins of the control rooms and 'labs' will be broadcasting programs made on sound-track film especially for television broadcasting!

"That last statement bears a prophecy? Who knows? All we can do is to wait for our chance to produce something—anything!"

WGBS-W2XCR Television Invades Broadway

"WE propose to do for radio what Warner brothers did for the motion pictures a few years ago—but with reverse English, so to speak. They added sound to sight, thereby bestowing the inestimable advantages of dialog and sound-effects to what for twenty-five years had been simply a pantomime or dumb-show, moving ghostlike upon a screen. We are adding sight to sound on the air."

The speaker was Dailey Paskman, president of the General Broadcasting System, Inc., and director of the radio station which it operates, WGBS in New York. Mr. Paskman's snapping black eyes grew dreamy as he gazed, through a wide window of his sky-scraper office across the town to some far horizon which only he could see; perhaps he was gazing with the eyes of television into the future.

He knocked the ash from his cigar as he went on: "For ten years Radio has been a phenomenon of voices and music mysteriously emanating from a magic box in your living-room. Just that and nothing more. As long as Radio was limited to the presentation of entertainment by sound alone, it was even more greatly circumscribed than were the old silent movies, for they at least were able to fall back on 'subtitles' in order to get over certain ideas to their audience; whereas Radio has had to depend entirely upon words or music to convey the impression of action, of plot, and of scene to their much greater audience. . . Audience, by the way, is an accurate term for the Radio public, since it implies the sense of listening rather than seeing; the crowd of spectators in a movie theatre would have been more accurately designated as a 'visience'! This term might well be applied to the present followers of television broadcasting.

"But since our viewers receive both the sight and the sound of our broadcasts, a new nomenclature will have to be coined, and some compound word found to describe the simultaneous Radio-listener and television-viewer, whose numbers are rapidly increasing from day to day.

"WGBS is of course the first station in New York City which is broadcasting a considerable portion of its regular radio programs by television as well as by sound. Our television channel is the short wave length of W2XCR, which is the experimental station of the Jenkins Television Corporation of Passaic, New Jersey. At this date, we are one of only three regular stations in the entire United States broadcasting sight and sound simultaneously, and one of perhaps a half-dozen in the world so engaged—the others being single national stations in European countries.

"We have always pioneered and we hope we always shall. We were a pioneer station of New York and of the United States. We pioneered in the presentation of certain types of Radio entertainment such as plays, minstrel shows, remote control pick-ups, special events, electrical transcription programs, and so on; and now we are really proud to be the pioneer in television in New York.

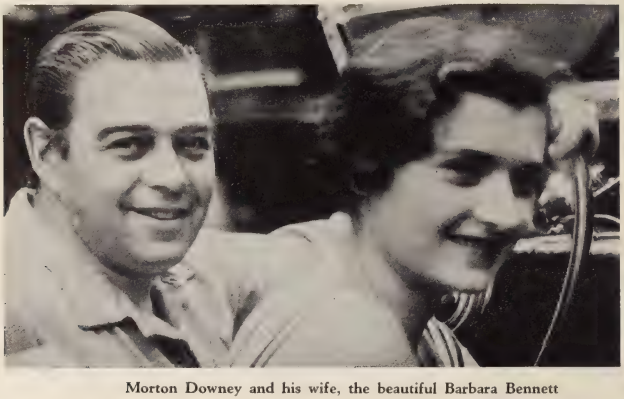
"Our new special television studio at 655 Fifth Avenue, where is located the transmitter of W2XCR, has been open now for only a little over four months, and we are glad to say that the progress made in television program production technique under the direction of Mortimer Stewart, television expert, has been gratifying so far.

"In the course of our inaugural program, we presented with good results scenes from seven then current Broadway shows, ranging in character from the 'Green Pastures' to the 'Silent Witness'; a score or more of stars of the legitimate stage, musical comedy, vaudeville, the talkies, the Radio, the circus, the prize-ring and other locales of the sports world, and representatives of society and officialdom. . . Since that exciting night we have managed to hang up a few records of various sorts, including several 'firsts', such as our television wedding; fashion parade and selection of Dagmar Perkins as Miss Television. We have shown dances by Maria Gambarelli (Gamby) and Patricia Bowman; boxing and wrestling matches by Jimmy McLarnin, Primo Carnera, Ray Steele, Jim Londos, Hans Kaempfer, and swimming form by

(Continued on page 86)

Riding the Crest with Morton Downey

By GRENVILLE RICHARDS



Morton Downey and his wife, the beautiful Barbara Bennett

"RIDING the Crest with Downey" is no job for any one man.

The man must have a vast store of nervous energy and reserve, for when he gets under way he keeps moving—there is never any dead air under his sails.

For instance, Morton Downey recently resumed and completed his contract with the Paramount Theatres in Manhattan and Brooklyn. It was some weeks ahead of the date on which his physician had deemed it advisable, but there was no holding him—the more so in view of the fact that Mrs. Downey, sunk very, very close indeed to the border line between life and death—had just been discharged from the hospital.

When the medical fellows finally said that she was well enough to go her way, Morton had everything all planned. He had secured a place on the shores of Long Island Sound up near the Connecticut line, and there he bustled her away to recuperate.

From then on there was no holding the boy. He cut loose on a round of activity which—though it was only feverish to others—went by for Downey with the ease and smoothness and lack of evident effort of a meandering mill-stream. He was happy, he was gay. Life was rosy and in everything he saw fun and a joke—and I might add here—to the temporary discomfiture of various of his many friends. For when Morton begins to see jokes in things you as well as the next fellow may well be the joke of the moment.

He had just started his new contract as exclusive artist of the new Camel Program on Columbia's air—two broadcasts a day—six days a week—twelve broadcasts a week. He resumed his theater work—two appearances a night—sang for recordings—sang for theatrical producers—sang for himself out of sheer happiness.

He was on the go every minute that he was in the city, and then each night broke all sorts and manners of speed laws to get back to the country and Barbara at the earliest possible moment.

Take this as an example if you will. One night he made his early appearance at the theatre—then to the studio for the first broadcast—heard in the Eastern area—off to a party given by his sponsors in honor of the new and already admittedly successful program—over to the Brooklyn Paramount house again for the second show—back to the studio for the second broadcast, heard on the Pacific Coast and all betwe

Morton and his manager paused breath. They were supposed to go b to the party.

"Gee Jim," Morton said, "I am ab lutely done in—tired as hell—asleep my feet."

"Gosh Mort (though perhaps called him Mr. Klotz, a favorite ps donym) so am I. I'm dead on my fe Think I'll go home and turn in."

"Oh come home with me," Dowr suggested. "I've got to stay in to tonight for that early appointment morrow."

"Okay with me boy," said Jim, a off they went to East 86th street a the guardianship of earlier-mention Astor phalanxes, and the indefini eerie night noises of river traffic.

They were all in, these two, a tumbled into the sheets just as soon they got in.

Now this manager chap, Jim, lik a joke just as well as Morton, and usually the conniving partner in t latter's nefarious schemes leading to momentary and ludicrous discomfit of their friends, but he also likes sleep—and plenty of it.

Jim had just got his nose buried a nice down pillow, and was revelli

sensually in that intermediate state near the border of sleep when the subconscious takes command and floats us away. Another moment — and one good snore—and it would be all over.

"Jim, come here quick!"

The voice was Morton's, and it came not from the other bedroom as it should, but from the living room at the front of the apartment.

HALF-AWAKE, Jim immediately thought of something wrong—a rat, a cat, or a house afire across the street, and jumped out of bed. Full consciousness and a fuller realization, that, knowing the Downey nature, he might expect anything, came as his feet hit the floor. His progress to the living room was wary, silent and stealthy indeed. He had had the forethought to bring along matches, and when there was neither sight nor sound of Downey he lit one of them.

Morton, the chap who was "out on his feet," was crouched behind the piano, clad in pajamas and waiting to spring out on the unwary Jim with a bloodcurdling shriek from the gloom.

The little "joke" having failed they were back to bed again, but sleep did not seem anywhere about—even around the corner.

Downey finally tumbled out again with a pointed comment on where that idea of counting sheep could go, and hunted up some tablets guaranteed to successfully woo the favor of Morpheus.

About this time both felt as if a sandwich was not such a bad idea, and repaired to the kitchen—and there they sat and talked and smoked and drank —milk — on and on to that moment when the cold sullen grey of the first dawn light outside gave way to a faint flush of rose.

Then they yawned, stretched, went back to bed and slept like babes, and without the help of sure-fire sleeping tablets that had failed to "perk."

But do not get the idea Downey spends his hours, sleeping and waking, in thinking up and carrying out pranks on his friends. He did not invite Jim up there for the night because he looked forward to scaring him out of a year's growth, nor even—save in slight degree — because he hated the thought of Jim journeying way out to the wilds of Jersey at such an hour.

Principally it was by reason of the fact that Morton does not like to be alone. One person around him is all right with Downey, but a dozen or so is even better.

There are, perhaps, no parties more enjoyable than those which Morton stages in his home for friends now and again, and as might perhaps be suspected, it is real people they are who come to them. If there should be a misfit at one of these gatherings—by reason of indigestion or a tough day at the office or some such excuse—certain it is that—ere the evening is half spent Morton will have the delinquent kidded into line and will have provided some rare humor for the rest of the assemblage at the same time.

It is an infectious sort of thing, this good nature of his — but whisst and whurrah—does the lad love an argument.

A rare treat it was the other night when the gang was waiting around for the second Camel broadcast of the evening. Everyone in the reception room at the studios seemed concentrated in one corner when I came out of the elevator.

A little elbowing and pushing—wholly politely of course—and as more than half suspected, there was Morton parked in the center of the mass.

The session had evidently graduated from the story-telling stage, for Downey and Jacques Renard, the orchestra leader on the program, were hot in argument.

Things did seem a bit topsy-turvy after I had got the trend of their impassioned statements — for they were boasting—not of what by reason of the fairy wand of Radio they had come to earn—but of the smallest regular salaries they had ever made as entertainers.

MORTON thought he had the set-to clinched when he got down to fifteen dollars a week at the beginning of his days with the Whiteman band, when he sat with the boys and held a French horn to his lips that did not play, and got up once during the program and sang a ballad.

He was really disappointed when Renard countered with the fact that once—oh so many years ago—he had played the fiddle at a Sebago Lake resort in Maine for seven dollars a week and his board.

Not to be squelched, Downey had his final comeback ready:

"Yeah—well the seven bucks was for the wear and tear on the fiddle, and your board must have set them back plenty."

THIS concludes the series on Morton Downey. RADIO DIGEST *has traced the career of this newest of great Radio stars from humble beginnings to his present position of fame and success. Morton Downey is indeed "Riding the Crest," as we predicted he would long before he attained his present popularity as a Radio celebrity.*

Perhaps I can give you a clearer picture of the real Downey than in any other way by detailing an average evening in his company. We set out from the studios after the early broadcast, Downey, Jim and myself—the Three Musketeers—or as Downey insisted on having it—"The Three Mosquito Eaters, Mr. Klotz, Mr. Dooley and Mr. Hymenhauser."

TO THE Tavern for dinner, which Morton identified as the first place he ever had a charge account in New York. In the early days, when money was more welcome than certain, Morton, it seems, could always be sure of a feed at the Tavern, and perhaps the confidence born of being able to sign his meal checks in those lean days was not wholly unrelated to that later and constant confidence in self that has carried him along faithfully ever since.

Always the mimic, Morton talked "American" to the captain, English to the waiter, Fred, and with another old-time friend among the waiters, an oldish chap with his feet solidly on the ground, in an Irish brogue so pure and thick you could cut it with a knife.

Believe it or not, Morton took one look at the menu and said "Lamb Stew"!

For the ensuing half hour, between mouthfuls of lamb and dumplings, he passed the time of day with no less than twenty of as varied an assortment of males of the human species as I ever hope to lay eyes on in New York: men-about-town, aristocrats and actors, has-beens and will-be's, and just plain chiselers. The man has made a vast legion of friends in his short span of years and I for one will take oath that he has never forgotten one of them.

Incidentally, though I have sat with Downey here and there in a variety of places, this was the first time that his far-famed method of calling the attention of a waiter has been fully and adequately demonstrated.

Fred, the waiter, was at the far end of the hundred-foot room when Morton wanted something or other. There were a lot of people there and consequently a lot of talk. Suddenly a blast cut loose right beside the old right ear, my good one, and nearly ruined the thing. Picture a suddenly punctured high-pressure steam pipe, or air escaping through the valve of a heavily-loaded tire—only about one hundred times louder—and you have this waiter signal. And did he run double-quick!

From there it was out on the rounds again. Downey reached over across the dash of the car and suddenly the car was filled with music.

"Don't think that thing is in here for entertainment," Morton apologized

(Continued on page 52)



"JUST A MINUTE—a treat for you—see who wrote the story on the opposite page, 53, then guess who I am. Righto! But, Mr. Ambrose J. Weems (my *nom de prune*) to you, sir!"

Lawyers Attack

Wave Grab!

Standing Committee of Bar Association Vigorously Assails Fess Bill and Calls Attention to Menace in Setting Aside Channels for Special Interests

THEY shall not pass!

Like the embattled Frenchmen at Verdun this will be the watchword of loyal defenders of the American Plan of Broadcasting when the enemy hosts launch their attack to cleave the present order by legislation at the next session of Congress.

There is no doubt but that a new and even more vigorous effort will be made to upset the present order not only by revival of the bills that were left stranded at the last session but by possible new maneuvers.

Backers of the Fess Bill have already announced that it will be reintroduced next December. The Fess bill will endeavor to set aside 15 per cent of all the present broadcasting facilities for use of educational institutions. This in spite of the fact that educational institutions have of their own will surrendered 45 out of 94 stations since 1927, and that those who do operate only use for educational programs 283.85 hours per week out of 3,669.2 hours per week placed at their disposal. And 2,439.92 hours of the precious time available and reserved for them is silent.

It is probable that the Glenn Amendment, which would reserve one of the remaining channels for the exclusive use of labor, will also come up for passage. The Shipstead-Sirovich bill, of similar design, is promised for fresh consideration.

One of the most encouraging moves against this menace of the Wave Grab, which has been so vigorously fought by Radio Digest and its readers, is the detailed exposure presented in the report just issued by the Standing Committee on Communications of the American Bar Association. The report is signed by Louis G. Caldwell, former general counsel of the Federal Radio Commission, who is chairman of the committee; Cassius E. Gates, William C. Green and John C. Kendall.

"No more formidable legislative issue faces the next Congress in the field of Radio regulation than that raised by proposals to require the commission to set aside and reserve broadcasting facilities for particular groups or interests," reads the introduction to this section of the report. It adds that "according to all portents" bills similar to those already enumerated "will be vigorously pressed at the session opening next December.

"THE minimum consequences of enacting the Fess bill into law and appropriating 15 per cent of the total broadcasting facilities (the equivalent of 13.5 channels) for special use can readily be seen," states the report after outlining the engineering problem involved. "At one extreme it would mean putting out of existence about 30 stations on clear channels (most of them of high power representing large investments); at the other extreme it would force the elimination of 240 local stations of 100 watts or less, plus about 50 regional stations of 250 to 1,000 watts. . . It is difficult to calculate the loss both financially to the station owners and in terms of service to the listening public. Many communities that now receive only one program would find themselves without any service (except possibly one of continuous educational matter). Other communities that have a choice of two or three programs would find themselves correspondingly reduced.

"What could be done with the 13.5 channels if devoted to the exclusive use of educational agencies? It is clear that even if they were all put to use by high power stations on clear channels (which, generally speaking, is the only way of covering large areas) they could not be made satisfactory reception to more than a comparatively small fraction of the area of the United States. This fraction would receive the proposed educational service; the rest would not.

"Strangely the sponsors of the Fess bill have no plan or program for putting the proposal into effect, for avoiding or mitigating the havoc it would cause, or for using the 13.5 channels so as to give a country-wide distribution for the material they wish to broadcast.

"Yet, they seem willing that the finest broadcasting system in the world should be wrecked, on the strength of plausible utterances which, if carefully studied would be declared unsound by the departments of physics in every one of the educational institutions in behalf of which they profess to speak."

The report presents a history of the growth of Radio broadcasting into a program service "of sufficient excellence and variety to meet the needs and desires of all substantial groups in the community within its range. Regarding legislation to regulate the amount of advertising to be permitted.

"THE records of the Federal Radio Commission show that in May, 1927, there were 94 educational institutions licensed to broadcast in the United States, out of a total of over 700 stations. On March 9, 1931, the number had diminished to 49 out of a total of about 615 broadcasting stations. Yet to quote from a recent address by a member of the Commission (Commissioner Harold A. Lafount): 'The Commission has never cancelled a single license of an educational institution. The reduction in the number of educational stations since 1927 has occurred by virtue of voluntary assignment or surrender by educational stations of their licenses, because either they were unable for financial reasons to maintain

them, or because they did not have sufficient program material to continue operation.' "

Of the 49 stations now licensed to broadcast from educational institutions Commissioner Lafount found as a result of a questionaire that only one third of the time assiged for their use is being utilized, "out of the precious limited total."

"Of the 1,229.28 hours per week so used only 283.85 hours have been devoted to education. Even this figure does not take into account the fact that many of the 49 stations close down for the summer.

"With respect to commercial stations, the compilation showed that 3,457 out of a total of 33,784 hours, better than 10 per cent, are being used for educational broadcasts, a larger percentage of total time than that of the educational institutions themselves. . .

"THERE is, of course, no general agreement as to what constitutes an 'educational program,' as to what types of educational programs are suitable for broadcasting. . . A program broadcast by an educational institution is not necessarily educational, nor is one broadcast by a commercial station necessarily non-educational, although the contrary is frequently urged. . . There is a fundamental issue as to whether the determining standard is to be the wishes of the majority of the listening public or the beliefs of a few individuals as to what the public ought to listen to. . . Under the auspices of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, very constructive work is now being done in the direction of achieving, through study and co-operation of educators, of improved and enlarged educational Radio programs for the use of broadcasting stations."

Concerning the Glenn Amendment and the Shipstead-Sirovich proposal the report states that they differ from the Fess bill "in degree only and not in principle. All three proposals conflict with the conception of a broadcasting station which was announced by the Commission in one of its decisions and which the committee believes to be sound:

" 'Broadcasting stations are licensed to serve the public and not for the purpose of furthering the private or selfish interests of individuals or groups of individuals. The standard of public interest, convenience, or necessity means nothing if it does not mean this. . .

" 'The entire listening public within the service area of a station, or of a group of stations in one community, is entitled to service from that station or stations. If, therefore, all the programs transmitted are intended for, and interesting or valuable to, only a small portion of that public, the rest of the listeners are being discriminated against. . .

" 'There is not room in the broadcast band for every school of thought, religious, political, social and economic, each to have its separate broadcasting station, its mouthpiece in the ether. If franchises are extended to some it gives them an unfair advantage over others, and results in a corresponding cutting down of general public service stations. It favors the interests and desires of a portion of the listening public at the expense of the rest.' "

Members of the committee concur in stating that the American Plan of Broadcasting is the best. They advise that none of the proposals should be enacted into law.

Since the adjournment of the last Congress various notable Radio authorities have studied conditions abroad.

HENRY BELLOWS is right. War has been declared against the American Plan of Broadcasting.

It appears to be a war of attrition to wear down the good will between the Listener and the Broadcaster.

The most desperate pressure is to be brought to bear on Congress to pass the proposed Fess and kindred bills.

Should these bills pass it will be the opening wedge to break up the whole system by diverting clear channels to various group interests.

Watch developments. Talk to your neighbors. Get everybody to write to your Congressman to oppose these bills.

Dr. Julius Klein, assistant secretary of commerce and veteran Radio commentator returned early in the summer from a study of European broadcasting more than ever persuaded that the American Plan of Broadcasting has no equal. He said:

"There is no more warrant for a governmentally-controlled Radio system in the United States than there is for a governmentally-controlled chain of newspapers all over the country.

"In most countries Radio is a government monopoly, sustained usually by some form of special license tax on Radio receivers. The American business genius and the development of advertising an inherent feature of all our commerce has planted an institution which sustains itself, without the sinister influence of bureaucratic control so common elsewhere. . .

"American advertisers must undertake to educate, inform and entertain, and are perpetually under competitive fire which tends to correct errors of all degree," said Dr. Klein, and continued:

"I think the best judgment is in agreement that our free field for Radio broadcasting represents a compliance with American temperament and American requirement, and possesses values in operation that are available nowhere else.

"The income available to Radio broadcasting demonstrates that final point. Sir John Reith, director of the British Broadcasting Corporation, which conducts the English monopoly estimates that he has an annual budget of $7,000,000 to provide Radio entertainment and education for the entire British nation. Compare that with the $150,000,000 which is annually laid out for the American listener.

"I think none of us would desire to see the service in the United States take the form that has been imposed upon Radio abroad. At best the governmental systems lean to heaviness and lack of variety in programs; while at worst, they degenerate to propaganda mechanisms aiming at the rigid enslavement of the popular mind to the particular ideas animating a controlling bureaucracy."

Henry A. Bellows, formerly a member of the Federal Radio Commission, now a vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting System and chairman of the Legislative Committee of the National Association of Broadcasters, sounded a sharp note of warning against "the chiselling" legislation aimed to cripple the present system of American broadcasting. He spoke at the first regional meeting of the association held in San Francisco a few weeks ago.

"I AM inclined to think," he said, "that we broadcasters are the most guileless, trusting, credulous lot of men in the world. The traditional idiot who lights cigarettes in a powder factory is a marvel of sanity compared to us. And the strangest part of it is that most broadcasters absolutely refuse to look the facts in the face, or to recognize the power and activity of the forces which are fighting for legislation hostile to broadcasting, and quite possibly ruinous to it. . . Broadcasters have in general adopted the ostrich policy of hiding its head in the sand to such a degree that they no longer even see the perils from which they are hiding.

"First there is the danger of legislative inroads on the broadcast band of frequencies. Suppose, as the Glenn Amendment provided, that one channel is set aside for organized labor. Suppose the Fess bill had passed, and 15 per cent of all our broadcasting facilities were turned over to educational institutions. What would happen? Do you think for a moment that Agriculture would sit tamely back without demanding a share of the spoils? How

about the demands of organized and commercialized religion? The moment Congress establishes the legislative principle that wave lengths within the broadcast band are to be dealt out as rewards for political support, broadcasting as we now know it in America is doomed.

"Remember that back of all the efforts of special interests to secure wave lengths for themselves is a tremendous amount of pressure on Congress to destroy commercial broadcasting entirely. I don't think I need to tell you where most of this pressure originates.

"Competing media, having tried vainly to discredit broadcasting as a profitable method of advertising, are now trying to strike deeper, and to create a sentiment in favor of a tax-supported, advertising-free broadcasting system. . . The danger lies not in legislative overturning, but in legislative chiselling. Take away a frequency here; a frequency there; crowd the survivors a little more closely together; put seven stations on a wave length where now there are four: This is the program of the enemies of American broadcasting.

"More than this, disgust and weary the listeners by forcing them to listen to hours of propaganda, dreary lectures, interminable reports—this is the best possible way to kill off public interest in broadcasting, and to lessen its value commercially.

"The first big legislative battle is to keep broadcast allocations out of Congress. In such a battle, a battle for existence, nine-tenths of the broadcasters are content to sit back and do nothing."

Mr. Bellows was one of the first to call the broadcasters' attention to the menace of the Fess bill and created a sensation with his outspoken denunciation of the Fess bill and what it represented during the convention of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education last May. He is a far seeing and militant defender of the American Plan of Broadcasting.

ONE should not confuse the National Advisory COUNCIL on Radio in Education, which is opposed to the Fess bill, for the National Advisory COMMITTEE on Radio in Education, which is anxiously promoting the Fess bill. Armstrong Perry who has made a specialty of Radio writing for some years now has a job as director of the latter organization and is getting himself quoted a great deal in the newspapers on how terrible broadcasting is in this country. Recently he sailed for Europe. He succeeded in getting an interview through the Martin Codel newspaper syndicate of Radio news as follows:

"Commercial interests appear to be responsible for statements that Europeans are dissatisfied with the programs in their own countries, and that they want the American system which is operated primarily for advertising purposes. *(This comment should be well received by some publications—Editor.)* He said his observations, especially at the recent conventions of the National Education Association in Los Angeles and World Federation of Education Associations in Denver, were directly to the contrary.

"All of the persons interviewed had had an opportunity to hear programs in the United States as well as in their own countries," said Mr. Perry. "Not one of them expressed a preference for the American programs. All were opposed to opening the air in their respective countries to commercial advertising."

Mr. Perry doubtless will have a jolly good time getting similar statements from other people in the 39 countries he is to visit on the other side of the ocean. He possibly may ask a few of the people in the 48 states on this side of the ocean as to their preferences when he comes back, or later, if he happens to think about them.

American Radio For Americans

By William S. Paley

President, Columbia Broadcasting System

AFTER a visit to several European countries, lasting two months, I am more than ever convinced that every nation in the world gets eventually the type of Radio broadcasting best suiting its needs. By that I mean primarily that the temper of a people automatically decides in the long run what type of entertainment the Radio stations or networks will provide, and also what proportion of its programs will be given over to cultural presentations, and in what way this education will be administered.



William S. Paley

In the United States, no one, least of all one in my position who has to deal with the supply of Radio entertainment on a large scale to millions of people over a tremendous area, would claim for one moment that we have attained perfection. The more progress we make, the more defects we are able to remedy, the more are we made to realize that even greater tasks lie before us. Pope's words are as true today as they were two hundred years ago: "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!"

That is the case just as much in the countries lying on either side of the Alps as on this side of the Atlantic. European problems in broadcasting are fundamentally different from ours. Since the establishment of the Federal Radio Commission we have been able to evolve order out of chaos, by reducing drastically the number of stations and by rationalizing the distribution of wave lengths and power. It is an amazing thing to see thirty nations on the Continent of Europe working in harmony as well as they do, when each as a sovereign state theoretically could claim absolute jurisdiction over Radio broadcasting within its boundaries. Fortunately they cooperate for the common good, but naturally it is not as easy for them as it is for us to punish delinquency and inefficiency on the part of individual stations.

In that respect we have a natural advantage, as we have also in the matter of a common language, and in the fact that we serve at once as many people

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Doris Kenyon contributes her say as to the better things about Hollywood

That HOLLY NEWS

Elite of Film Colony Back George Arliss in Broadcast Series to Tell Truth About Their Town

MORE and more we are beginning to realize the comforts of a home. Radio receivers are coming out with new and added improvements each year. In fact one may listen to a concert through the Radio and obtain a better interpretation than he would in the actual presence of the musicians where he would probably hear the particular instruments nearest to the place where he happened to sit with an emphasis greater than the creator of the theme intended.

But let the musically trained technicians take hold of a concert for broadcasting and they will dope out a proper arrangement of microphones and a proper control of modulation so that you have an advantage of listening with half a dozen ears so placed at correct angles as to get the proper blend of harmony.

And now we have the Hollywood Radio Newsreel. That is bringing the talkies to your home minus only the screen—and even the screen is now possible with the advanced stage of television. The voices that you hear in the Hollywood Radio Newsreel are precisely the same as you hear them in the picture theatre—and that is a big step toward breaking down the prejudice against the so-called electrical transcription, or recorded program.

It is a big idea the proportions of which cannot be fully comprehended at first thought. It came about, we are informed, through a speech made over the air by George Arliss the dean and "Defender of Hollywood." Mr. Arliss resents bitterly the snippy attitude of many self-assumed "superior persons."

"When anyone leans toward me with sorrowful eyes," said Mr. Arliss, "and murmurs, 'But, Mr. Arliss you don't really like Hollywood, do you?' I know that I am in the presence of one of these superior persons; and I answer, 'Yes, I do like Hollywood.'"

In his speech the famous actor pointed out that the people who are in the pictures must keep themselves physically and mentally fit to perform the work required of them.

"Suppose that a star should come along an hour late to the studio," he said, "that hour would cost the management thousands of dollars. . . What are the actual facts? The men and the women of the stage have to reach the studio at eight in the morning, often earlier. They have to look bright and sparkling, and have to be prepared to memorize and speak lines at a moment's notice. They must have every faculty keen and alert. Is it possible that they could maintain this physical fitness if they did not lead reasonably quiet and sober lives?

"Of course there are black sheep; of course there are scandals. But remember there are 30,000 actors and actresses in Hollywood and every one of them is potential copy for the newspapers. To keep out of print you have to be not only respectable but lucky."

This speech was the apparent inspiration for the Hollywood Radio Newsreel which you may hear, and by closing your eyes "see," sitting quietly at your home near your Radio set.

THE editor of the fabled Daily Press had listened to the Arliss program and heard him say in conclusion, "I wish some honest person would come to Hollywood and write about it . . . somebody who hasn't any axe to grind . . . so that the public might be told the truth about life here as it really is."

The managing editor called in his star reporter, Don Kelly.

"How would you like to go to H lywood?" he asked.

"Hollywood! Oh Boy!"

At that instant the Arliss prayer in process of being answered. D listens carefully to his instructions.

"Dig up new stuff. Get a fresh sla on personalities and things."

There are other hints and suggestio before Don boards the train for H lywood. He meets a girl on the tr also Hollywood bound. She becomes elusive creature and through her t young reporter runs into many a st ring adventure.

So there is a thread of a story as t Radio Newsreel unwinds from week week. Among the notables who a flashed across the scene are such p sonalities as Dorothy Mackail, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Winnie Lightner, E lyn Knapp and in the course of t month of September will come a lease with John Barrymore as the st



Dorothy Mackail does not think the capital is at all bad and tells the world o

WOOD *Radio* REEL



Don Kelly, the reporter who goes to Hollywood to get the facts and give the world a better opinion of the Land of Picture Dreams

The question has often been asked as to why famous movie stars do not have a more conspicuous part in Radio. Their work has required their presence in the studios at times when the greatest Radio audiences were listening. But with the perfection of the massive 16 inch recording discs that are used in talking pictures and their adaptability to Radio transcription this problem has been solved. The Hollywood Radio Newsreel is produced just the same as the sounds are recorded for a sound picture film. Every precaution is taken to prevent the taking of extraneous noises. The result is a broadcast that can not be distinguished from the original voices should they happen to be in the studio at the time of the broadcast.

In this way the producers of the Radio Newsreel can acquire the cooperation of the film celebrities who may go to the Warner studios where the Hollywood Radio Newsreel is produced, or, to make the scene even more realistic, the record may be made right on the stage where they have been at work. This makes it possible for the Radio Newsreel producers to acquire the star at his or her most suitable convenience, whether it be at 4 o'clock in the afternoon or 6 o'clock in the morning. To hold the star for a personal appearance at a certain studio at some specific period on the day's broadcast program would be inordinately expensive, either for the star or for the producer. When you hear a film celebrity—a real one—on a special sponsored program for some special gala event you may know that this notable is being well compensated.

This month, if you have not already done so, you will hear the great John Barrymore. To get John Barrymore on the Hollywood Radio Newsreel was no simple matter even for such a resourceful and astute newspaper reporter as Mr. Don Kelly. Don needed a friend, and whom should he find but Mr. Wilson Mizner, the playwright and producer who knew John Barrymore way back when they stumbled together over the hot ruins of the San Francisco fire (earthquake). Together they approached the unapproachable. The miracle was performed.



Jaaan-ette? Janet Gordon, where are you? This is the elusive miss who disappeared

WE HAVE heard the play-back on this edition of the Radio newsreel and it really is a gem. It will doubtless be conceded as one of the greatest single shorts ever to have been broadcast. King John the Great is at his best playing the part of Svengali. But there's a touch to his lines as you hear them through the amplifier that you can get in no other way. Your imagination paints a picture that you do not see on the screen—a mingling of John Barrymore and a mysterious creature of fiction.

You are standing beside Kelly, Mizner and John as they exchange casual pleasantries and then John goes into his act. He is no longer Barrymore but a weird and dominating creature with a voice that chills and thrills. You are hypnotized as you sit in the dim penumbra of the lighted stage. And when it ends you are still straining your ears for that penetrating voice. But you hear only the voice of Mizner who says, "This man doesn't act *Svengali*, he *is Svengali*."

The spell is broken. *Svengali* has vanished into the nothingness from whence he came. And it is John Barrymore who takes up the answer to Mizner's comment. He says: "I heard what you said, Wilson. It's a left handed compliment. This fellow *Svengali* was the dirtiest old swine in the world, with gravy all over his vest."

Then Don Kelly comes out of his trance. He doesn't seem to know exactly what to say. But Barrymore does not linger long, and the reel snaps to a close leaving you impressed with the feeling that something has come to you out of your Radio that is big and unique.

Barrymore is the feature of this particular edition but all the time you are kept intrigued by the running thread of the story. You are anxious to hear the next installment.

Don Kelly, the reporter, is portrayed by Frederick MacKaye of the Warner Brothers—First National Studios. Radio listeners will recognize Miss Evalyn Knapp, who is featured with him throughout the series, as the little beauty frequently identified with the George Arliss productions. No one expects to find a throbbing love story in a newsreel and this Radio newsreel is no exception. But there is a distinct strain of romance. Janet Gordon whom Kelly meets on the train as he is whirling toward Hollywood has inspired him with something more than curiosity. There had been one glorious night on the observation platform as the train rolled over a moon-lit trail toward the Pacific. In the morning he had hoped to greet her before she could leave the train. But he discovered that she had already departed. The young woman, he learned was Janet Gordon. She had told him she had a contract to act in the movies with Warner Brothers. But he could

find no one at Warner Brothers who had ever heard of her.

True to its name the Radio newsreel picks up its recording devices and goes out after the news. So it happens that as Radio Digest goes to press the real reporters back of the production are getting ready to meet a new European cinema star scheduled to arrive on the Ile de France. Hollywood has called and beautiful Lil Dagovar has kissed Paris good-bye. (See picture in rotogravure section.)

Along side of the sound film cameras will be seen the Radio newsreel apparatus as the ship on which Dagovar is a passenger comes into New York harbor. She will be interviewed, and photographed. Later, as you sit in your easy chair with the Radio newsreel tuned in you will be able to hear and visualize the whole incident. You will recall the scene of many other similar incidents you have seen in moving pictures and you will be able to fill in the background to suit yourself.

And it will be real news for the release will not be stored away for some future time but will be put on the air immediately. In doing this the Radio Newsreel of Hollywood doubtless will initiate a precedent that may eventually evolve into a significant feature of future broadcasting when a similar news service will be furnished regularly to those more remote stations not now hooked up with the big chains for such events; or news events may be syndicated by transcriptions which are not covered by the big chains—the kind of news which newspapers call "features."

For more reasons than one you will find it well worth your while to tune in the Radio Newsreel of Hollywood.

In fact it may not be too presumptuous to hope that this form of broadcast may eventually prove the connecting link between the present order and that of the ultimate combination of vision and sound—a parallel of the talking picture.

Motion picture film has been and still is being transmitted by the Jenkins laboratories. The complaint has been that the scan lines are too conspicuous. Within a few months the 48 line screen has given way to the 60 line screen. There has been published at various times a report that the Radio Corporation of America is manufacturing equipment that will transmit and receive an image with the refinement of 120 lines to the inch. Some conception of that effectiveness may be gained from a study of the half-tone photographs in Radio Digest which are made on a screen 110 lines to the inch.

The Warner Brothers, who manufacture the discs for the Radio newsreel were the first to produce sound pictures. They used the large disc record, which they still use. But sound pictures are also well produced by R. C. A. on motion picture film through use of the photo electric cell which makes a record of sound produced in a track running on the film beside the picture as it is photographed.

One of the big national newsreels, recognizing the fact that advertising can really be entertaining, has already begun producing what is frankly called an "advertising newsreel." The fact that an oil company sponsors the Hollywood Radio Newsreel does not detract in the least from the interest shown in this feature. If the same oil company should find it practical to present a Hollywood scene at the same time it presents a story will the Radio fans become alarmed?

It's not likely they will. And the Hollywood Newsreel a la sound and television will have solved the problem of cost for production and distribution for the ultimate consumer—the Radio fan who sits at home, looks and listens

To Select Radio Queen

ALL that is new in Radio and television will be exhibited this month at the annual Radio Fair at Madison Square Garden in New York. Also, radio stations all over the country are photographing their most pulchritudinous damsels to contest for the coveted title "Radio Queen of America." It looks as though the judges are in for a tough time of it because there's more feminine beauty in Radio than ever . . . it seems as if broadcast studios are selecting their artists with an eye to television . . . Several freely admit that it is just what they are doing. We'll tell you all about it next month and our pages will be graced with pictures of the leading contestants. A similar "show" will be staged at the Coliseum in Chicago, October 19 to 25. If you can get to either exhibition it will be very much worth your time and trouble.



Hollywood Newsreel artists putting on makeup



Gangling Hill-Billy at 19, he "got religion" and started schooling. Now, College-bred, Bradley and his "hound-dawg guitar" win baskets of fan mail

Bradley Kincaid, Mountaineer

By NATALIE GIDDINGS

WHEN a star shoots into the Radio firmament to burn with a continued bright radiance, it is well to inquire into the reason for its brilliance. What makes it shine more brightly than others in the constellation?

Let us not continue the celestial metaphor, however. It would embarrass Bradley Kincaid. For all his success on the air, he is as simple as the mountain people from whom he came. Let us rather inquire into the reasons for his particular success as a Radio entertainer. That success is phenomenal. At station WLS he received more than 100,000 letters a year for four years. At WLW in *four weeks*, 50,000 people wrote to him. His song books, published only because thousands of his listeners have demanded copies of his songs, have sold to the number of more than 200,000.

And why? Probably because Bradley Kincaid is one of the most sincere entertainers in America. Everyone who meets him is impressed with his absolute true-blueness. There is no "hokum" about his singing. His songs he learned as a child, and since then by going back to his people in the summer to live among them and to write down the things they sing that are new to him. He does not, as many other entertainers do, sing pioneer ballads because he knows there is a current taste for them. It was his good fortune to discover that the music he knows has that elusive quality of being "what the people want."

"Those old mountain ballads are as much a part of me as my hands and feet. I was raised on them," he explains.

Where was he "raised"? In Garrard County, Kentucky, where the Cumberland chain is a blue haze on the horizon, and rock-sprouting foothills give promise of towering mountains just beyond, Bradley Kincaid was born three years before the turn of the century.

He was the fourth child of William and Elizabeth Hurt Kincaid, who had gone to house-keeping in the little warehouse across the road from Grandfather Hurt's four-room house.

Bradley's great-grandfather on the Kincaid side was born in Virginia, a single generation removed from the Scotland that sired his family. But the Virginia Kincaid migrated to Kentucky by foot and by flat boat and settled in Breathitt County. Elizabeth Hurt, Bradley's mother, also was Kentuckian by birth. She could trace her ancestry back to the Hanks family, whose illustrious descendant was Abraham Lincoln, son of Nancy Hanks and Tom Lincoln. Thus Bradley Kincaid was born a true son of Kentucky in a county that lies midway between the Cumberlands and the Blue Grass.

WHEN Bradley made his first appearance, Garrard County had progressed in some degree beyond its wild frontier aspect of the time of Lincoln's birth when the chief habitations were little more than log huts in a wilderness clearing. But the mountain folk who were Bradley's people, the mountain folk who sang the songs Bradley later was to make famous all over the country, were as simple in heart and in manner as those earliest pioneers who carved the Kentucky frontier out of forest and grasslands.

Their wants are few: a clapboarded house strong enough to keep out the wind, with a generous fireplace that is furnace to warm the house, and oven to bake the corn pone and 'taters that are the basis of their daily fare. A little



When Bradley went home to learn new ballads, men women and children flocked to hear him

tobacco growing in the fields sparsely scratched out of the grasp of the stony hill sides, a few chickens ranging the grass, and some fat shoats in the barn yard, with corn to piece out their earnings are enough to take care of their frugal needs.

It was into this atmosphere of simplicity that Bradley Kincaid was born. Six children came after him in the Kincaid family. In the Kentucky foothills they consider it their "bounden duty" to obey the Biblical injunction to "be fruitful and multiply."

"If you find a family down home that has only four or five children, they'll apologize and tell you that the chimney fell down and killed six of them, or that they died of the small pox," Bradley says.

Bradley, of all the family, was the most studious, although in all his youth he went to school no more than three terms. These terms were only three months each, in the heat of summer, when the boys could best be spared between the planting and the harvest. But Bradley read everything he could get his hands on. Like Abraham Lincoln he spent many evenings on his stomach before the fireplace, elbows on the floor to prop up his chin while he pored over the Bible by the light of the fire. There were few books, to be sure, but what there were, Bradley read. He walked miles to borrow almanacs, Berkley's "The Principals of Human Knowledge," dime novels, histories, even copies of old newspapers and the iniquitous *Police Gazette*. He could outspell anyone in the county. Later, when he went to school in earnest, he outdistanced all his classes in spelling and in grammar.

The story has been told before of how music came to the Kincaid family; of how Bradley's father, a fox hunting farmer, traded one of his hounds to a negro for the guitar which Bradley learned to play, and which to this day is called "the hound dawg guitar" after its manner of acquisition. Although his brothers and sisters wouldn't part with the "hound dawg guitar" when Bradley went away to school, and the guitar he plays on the air is a fine one, he still owns that first instrument. Those he plays now, automatically become "hound dawg guitars".

In spite of his early bookishness, Bradley showed little promise of being anything other than the run-of-mine Kentucky boy, lazy, ambitionless, and a little too easily tempted by the jug of moonshine that was part of the housekeeping equipment of every home in his neighborhood. At the age of nineteen he was a big, good natured, good for nothing boy, content to help his father in the fields, and to gang up at night with the other boys in the neighborhood to drink a little "likker" and play his guitar.

Then one of those things happened that religious people call the work of God, and unbelievers credit to Circumstance. At the age of nineteen, Bradley "got religion". It changed his whole life. There was a revival meeting at Point Levell, the town nearest his home. Bradley and the other boys made life miserable for the minister in every way boys could think of to create commotion.

The night before the last meeting, Jimmy Ralston, an older boy, whom Bradley respected, urged him to come into the revival meeting the next day. Bradley was tired of mischief, tired of hanging around outside the meeting house while all his friends and "relations" were in side, so he agreed to go in.

What the preacher said in the meet ing, with Bradley sitting in the fron row, is forgotten. What Bradley remem bers is that he went forward with th "converts" at the end of the meeting, an while the minister prayed over him, i his mind and heart was born a grea craving for education. Still kneeling a the altar, he determined that he woul graduate from college no matter ho much hardship that might mean for hin

That September found Bradley Kin caid starting out to walk to Berea Colleg twenty miles from his home where h could go to school and work at the sam time. He entered the sixth grade in th grammar school. At night he "hoppe bells" in the local hotel to pay his ex penses, for he had no money of his own nor any from home. One can imagin the struggle it must have been for hin to complete the eighth grade of schoo He was of course much older than th children in the grades with him. He wa in fact, a grown man. He was out o the habit of studying. Precocious young sters outdistanced him in classes. Onl in spelling and in grammar he outshon all his classmates. This adeptness an his insuperable determination to have college education helped him to strugg on and complete his grade school educa tion, he says.

Finishing the eighth grade at the ag of 21, Bradley immediately enlisted i the United States army and went t France. One asks if he took his guita to France with him. Strange to say the answer is that the guitar had no even gone with him to Berea, for th Kincaid family wouldn't part with i Naturally, he had no money to buy an other. Too, Bradley wouldn't think o singing the mountain songs. Instead h sang in church choirs, and went abou the community in the summer as soloi with a circuit rider in revival service In the army, he sang lead tenor with a impromptu quartet. Even then, it didn occur to him that outsiders might lik his Kentucky songs.

After the war, he went back to Ber and entered high school. He was 2 years old. During his three years ther he fell in love with Irma Foreman, graduate of Oberlin Conservatory, wh was teaching music in the high schoo Bradley graduated from high school June of his twenty-sixth year. In Augu he and Irma were married. In Septemb he went to work for the Kentucky sta Y. M. C. A.

"Bradley, if you still want to go college, I can take care of myself," Irm told him at the end of their second ye of marriage. The idea of the colle education for him was still paramount the minds of both of them. According they took the $400 they had saved an moved to Chicago so that he could ent the Y. M. C. A college there. Irma we

(*Continued on page 95*)

They Called Ted Lewis Circleville's

Bad Boy

By Phil Stong

TED LEWIS. The name will inspire a dozen associations for vaudeville, movie, Radio, revue and night club audiences — "The High-Hatted Tragedian of Song," "Is Everybody Happy?" "When My Baby Smiles At Me," "St. Louis Blues," a battered but perfectly-trained silk topper tumbling down a straight arm to a deft toe which whirls it back with impossible precision to a dark curly head.

In Circleville, Ohio, where Ted's mother listened to his first chain broadcast, over WEAF and 42 other stations on a Saturday evening of last March the occasion must have aroused somewhat different associations. Mrs. Friedman—for Ted was born Theodore Friedman — must have thought at once of that noisy, busy little instrument the telegraph. It played a large part in the beginning of Ted's career. At least four times it saved him from starving to death and returned him from theatrical ventures to his father's clothing store, the largest ladies' ready-to-wear shop in Circleville.

There are still enough of Ted's old playmates left about Circleville to recall that twenty-five years ago this month Ted fell through the ice on the old Ohio Canal, and that except for good-luck and some fast rescue work he would not now be troubled by the St. Louis Blues. There are others who remember the circumstances of his departure from the Circleville Boys' Band. Ted's entire musical education had come from "Cricket" Smith, the town's colored barber and banjo player. When the Boys' Band gave Ted a clarinet cadenza in "The Holy City" he applied some of the then revolutionary theories of syncopation he had learned from Smith, thus terminating his connection with one of Circleville's most respected musical organizations.



Ted Lewis and his famous hat

Ted's escapades and his frequent runaways made him an undesirable character to the mothers of Circleville. His first flight was with a band which played for the "hoochie-koochie" girls at county fairs through central Ohio. He also got up at five in the morning to blow up the balloon vendors' supply of toy balloons. These occupations, though they seemed romantic to Ted, seemed unsuitable to his parents. He was brought home and under painful persuasion promised not to run away again.

Almost immediately afterward he joined a burlesque troupe—Gus Sun time—at $20 a week, but the $20 turned out to be stage money. For the second time he was rescued by telegraph. His third flight was to the big city of Columbus. He passed out circulars for a clothing company for $7 a week, at first, then worked in his uncle's music store. He lasted three weeks, but learned to blow "Taps" on a cornet. This was a useful acquirement, for the next two runaways were to shows which died either shortly before or shortly after he joined them, to the enrichment of the telegraph companies and the dismay of Circleville's best families.

(Continued on page 88)

Carveth Wells

Twists *the* Lion's "Tale"

Celebrated Explorer Debunks the Terrors of Darkest Africa -- Says Lions Are Lazy Cats and Had to Feed Them Red Pepper to Make 'em Roar

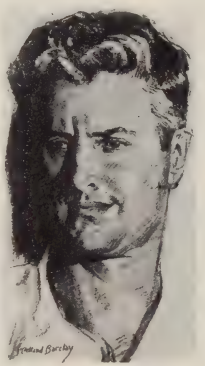
By Don A. Higgins

EVER since Carveth Wells was frost-bitten on the equator he has been a skeptic. This skepticism was increased when he discovered he had to feed red pepper to wild African lions to make them roar. It warped his life to such an extent that any day now he may broadcast to the world that Little Red Riding Hood ate the wolf instead of vice versa.

Most likely Wells would discover that grandmother ate both of them. He has a habit of establishing unusual facts. Some of his stories are so amazing that they provoke mild expressions of disbelief, such as "Liar!"

That appellation has hounded him from Hoboken to the home of the Hottentots, or wherever his work as adventurer and author has taken him. "For instance," he recalled, "when I was telling some natives in Malay about America, I said I had seen some ice coming out of the sky in lumps big enough to break windows. 'Bohong' exclaimed my native audience, meaning 'liar.'"

Wells recently has dared to reveal his natural facts in a series of talks over a network of the National Broadcasting Company. It was a success. Not one listener wired in questioning his accuracy, although he told how he braved a snowstorm in equatorial Africa, perspired in the heat of Arctic Lapland, discovered fish bouncing on the Malay beach and viewed a flock of telegraph poles dashing along the African horizon.



Carveth Wells

The latter turned out to be giraffes.

A day fled by, and NBC failed to receive a single protest against this prevaricator. Then the letters rolled in. "They are the most surprising and intelligent lot," said Wells as he fingered one asking him to mail back an elephant. None maligned him. A lady wrote, "I am one of those people who never applaud—not even when a trapeze performer breaks a leg." She sent regards.

"You are the only Britisher who speaks clearly enough for we Connecticut Yankees to understand," advised another. Hundreds wrote that his Sunday talks kept them from church. Wells beamed boyishly. At last, truth was being understood for the first time since he wrote, "In Coldest Africa," and compiled his film, "Hell Below Zero."

HE became apprehensive however, on receipt of a letter from a California listener, suggesting "A horseback ride on a gentle, unbridled rhinoceros sounds novel—we are taking Africa into consideration for this summer's vacation." Wells had suggested no such thing.

On the other hand, he has hunted lions armed with hardly more than a pair of binoculars and a feather duster —Wells, not the lions. He had to bump them with the fender of his car to get action for his pictures. The adventurer says lions are lazy. They would rather sleep than eat. So he always went out to look at them while they were sleeping.

He rescued one



Milwaukee Public Museum Photo

Enjoying a friendly romp with a pet bottle-fed lion



A group of Masai . . . These people live entirely on blood and milk

orched cub from an African bush fire, sed it on a bottle and a nanny goat, ipped it by stateroom and pullman r to the Milwaukee zoo. There, the n, now full grown, gets playful moods d pulls Wells' hair by its teeth.

The wildest sight he saw in the Af- an jungle—which isn't a jungle at —was a group of high school boys d girls making whoopee as they rode miles an hour through the African ldt. They sang Rudy Vallee's latest ne.

WELLS' penchant for e peculiar things in nature started hen he went to the Malay Peninsula a railroad engineer. He began an lventurous six years when, on the first ght in his hotel, insects as big as bsters dived from the ceiling into his up.

"What is carrying on here?" he in- ired of the waiter. "What is this orrible creature?" The waiter assured m it was harmless. Wells looked gain and saw the monster turn at the lge of the table, place its forelegs in meditative position and beg forgive- ess. It was a praying mantis.

So the author wasn't startled when e saw fish bounce up on the beaches r wink at him from tree tops, not to ention monkeys that picked their teeth fter eating, or deer that grew only even inches tall.

Life in the midst of this sort of thing lus malaria fever brought Wells to merica in search of health. He was old he would die, but he lived to head n expedition to the Mountains of the Mfoon—a mysterious range lost in the ists of central Africa.

"The climate of equatorial Africa is s delightful as that of Bermuda," Wells aid, "It is temperate the year round. The greatest discomfort we had was rom snow and hailstorms. But when ur feet were being chilled by the snow, ve were compelled to wear sun helmets nd spine pads to avoid sunstroke."

Wells also has traveled in search of queer truths in northern Lapland, the Caribbean, Morocco, Syria, Palestine and Egypt. He saw the inexplicable migration of millions of rodents, called the lemming, in their mad dash from Lapland to death by drowning in the sea. It happens every 21 years.

Wells today is a good-natured adventurer of forty-four years, sweltering over a new book in his musty workshop fronting Madison Avenue, New York. There he was found, handsome and pink-cheeked, dictating his latest work in his best Cornish accent.

"You have said a lot about the freaks of nature," he was reminded, "now tell us a bit about yourself."

"I'm an 1887 Jubilee baby," he began, "I weighed eight and one half pounds when born, and my mother was fifty-one years of age. My father was a Bermudian and my mother a Cornish woman. I am a combination of pirate and Celt. I believe that St. Patrick came over from Ireland to Cornwall on a millstone.

"At four, I went to the village school, and by six I could knit, sew, crochet, make baskets and play the piano, but my hobbies were the breeding of silk worms and white mice. At the age of thirteen, I was at the bottom of St. Paul's School, London.

"Love entered my life when I was fourteen, but ultimately I eloped with my fiancee's younger sister and married her with $30 in my pocket. For two years we lived in the wilds of Saskatchewan on the survey of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. We then drifted home to London where I built flip-flaps, wiggle-woggles and scenic railways for White City, London's Coney Island.

"My railway experience stood me in good stead when I next secured a teaching job in the Central Technical College, London's 'Boston Tech.'

"I was now the father of a beautiful boy, but as my responsibility increased, my salary seemed to diminish. I began to quarrel with my wife. Finally, I decided to seek a job in as dangerous a place as I could in order to get more money and at the same time, make my wife miserable and conscious of my martyrdom for her sake.

I SAILED for the Malay Peninsula and as soon as I arrived began imploring my wife to join me. Eventually she did, and we lived in the jungle until, broken in health, I came to America to die. A diet of liver and strawberries, combined with work as a laborer in a shipyard, restored my good health, and I discovered that it was far more practical to lecture about engineering than to practice it."

Wells is a fellow of the Royal Geographic Society and member of similar groups. He is not a newcomer to Radio. Ten years ago he talked over WEAF before the days of networks. He also participated in the early day fun of the Hoot Owl club of KGW at Portland, Ore.

One of Wells' unusual Radio stunts was the broadcasting of his travel talks to school children while, in different schools, they viewed his films perfectly synchronized to his studio remarks. That was before the days of the sound film. Radio editors viewing these films by Mr. Wells were convinced he had performed a great public service. In fact he had untwisted a badly twisted tale of the African lion's ferocity and proved him a gentle but lazy beast.



Milwaukee Public Museum Photo

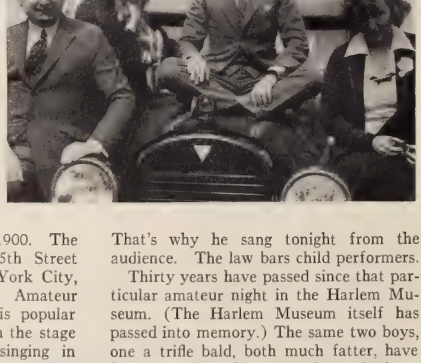
Watchful waiting

The h*oofing* Howards

By Leona



Above: Trouping in the old days. Willie and Eugene Howard toured the vaudeville circuits with one act which was so good it held out for three long years.



Right: Willie Howard, Mrs. Willie, Eugene and Mrs. Eugene. Taken in San Francisco when they made the Orpheum theatre electric lights.

IT IS the early winter of 1900. The Harlem Museum, at 115th Street and Third Avenue, New York City, is packed to the doors. Amateur night, a weekly feature at this popular music hall, is in full swing. On the stage a boy, just past sixteen, is singing in smooth, though untrained, tenor voice, one of the popular ballads of the day. A boy, much younger, in the audience joins in, his rich soprano voice blending perfectly with the tenor on the stage.

The song is finished. The audience shouts, stamps its feet, whistles for more. (Mere applauding with the hands would have been considered too effeminate in that audience.) The tenor and his boy partner sing their song four more times before the audience will let the remainder of the show go on.

The evening is over. Two boys go to their homes, enriched by $10. They have won first prize in the amateur contest. They are more determined than ever upon having a theatrical career. The larger boy has his heart set on success in the opera. The smaller boy knows he must wait several years yet, because he is too young to be permitted upon the stage. That's why he sang tonight from the audience. The law bars child performers.

Thirty years have passed since that particular amateur night in the Harlem Museum. (The Harlem Museum itself has passed into memory.) The same two boys, one a trifle bald, both much fatter, have just finished working ten minutes in front of a microphone in the WABC studio of the Columbia Broadcasting System.* They will receive approximately $1,500 for their work from the A. S. Beck Shoe Company, sponsors of the program.

The Harlem Museum was the first and the Columbia Studio broadcast was one of the most recent of many thrills in the careers of Willie and Eugene Howard, who for almost thirty years have been favorite entertainers of America's vaudeville, burlesque, musical comedy and talking picture patrons, and who have now established themselves as great favorites in the hearts of the Radio audie

It would not be fair to Willie Eugene to say that the Radio has bro them a new audience. It would be truthful to say that the Radio has g to them a new way to reach their mill of admirers, for there is hardly a men of their Radio audience that has not them in person. Since the Harlem seum days the Howard Brothers have peared in every city and town in country that boasted a theater. And a safe gamble that if that theater fortunate enough to have an electric the lights at one time or another sp their names. In the vernacular of theater, the names of Willie and Eu Howard have had a longer, susta place in lights than those of any American comedy team. And they still going strong!

THE older folks, flocked to Proctor's in New York to and see Anna Held, Louise Dressler, the movie commedienne, Jack Norw and other stars of that day, will prob remember Willie as the handsome haired boy, who sang popular ballad he carried water up and down the a during intermission. Let him tell about that:

"I was too young to go on the st he said, "The children's society was too strict. So Harry Witmark, the m publisher, devised a way to get by t restrictions. He put me to work water boy and it was my job to sing songs he published as I passed out water to the audience. Anna Held liked my singing very much, and it sure gave me a thrill when she told Mr. Witmark that she wanted me to sing at every theater she played in. So for more than a year I traveled from one New York theater to another with Anna Held. I was too young to go on the road, so I was limited to New York."

It was Eugene who had his heart set on an operatic career. The closest he ever got to this ideal was a hearing

* This article was written at the time the Howard Brothers were broadcasting from CBS, New York.

They're Thousand-Dollar-A-Throw Radio and Stage Headliners Now, but It Was a Long Climb and a Hard One From the Music Halls of Thirty Years Ago to Stardom for Willie and Eugene

Stewart Smith



A rare pose (because it's serious and not clowning) of the two Howard brothers, who are inseparable.



Left: Willie impersonates Al Jolson in the kneeling throes of *Mammy*, while Gene obligingly holds the mike in a convenient position.

ne American Opera House, shortly after ne first amateur night victory.

"I wrote about a dozen letters to the ite Henry W. Savage, manager of the merican Opera," Gene told me. "One f the biggest thrills I ever got was when received a letter from him asking me o come in for a voice test. He told me I ad possibilities but that my voice needed raining. Of course that was out of the uestion. Money was very scarce in our amily. So I got a job in the chorus of *1 Million Dollars,* which was to be a uper-operetta, starring Cora Tanner, oseph M. Sparks, Natio Martinetti and 'hil Ott.

"THAT gave me a big hrill. At last I was in a show. We re-ehearsed for twelve weeks. There was no Actors' Equity Association in those days nd managers could rehearse shows with-ut pay as long as they wanted to. Well ve opened, and within two weeks I was ut of a job. The show closed. My ather at that time wanted me to give up he idea of being a singer and stick to tenography, at which I was very adept. But it only increased my determination o go on. By the way, Pat Rooney, the much-imitated dancer and singer was in hat show, too. He also was far from being a star at that time. His job in the show was to play the hind legs of an elephant.

"I wasn't long out of a job, however. The manager of *A Million Dollars* liked my work and gave me my first part on the stage, a small role in *Quo Vadis,* which ran for more than a year. Wilton Lackaye, Ledo Otis Procter and Carlotta Neilson were the stars in that show. I had to speak about four lines in the show, but it was enough to get my name in the program, and that too was a thrill. I believe I took more programs than they gave out to audiences. I kept hundreds of copies of the programs for years."

"Programs were all over the house," Willie added. "Gene's name was next to the last one. But you would have thought he was the star in the show the way he showed programs around."

Willie's first appearance on the stage was with a burlesque company—Lizzie Evans in *Cozy Corners.* He was a member of the *Cozy Corners Quartet*—all shows in those days, particularly burlesque shows, had to have a quartet—and he stayed with that show during almost an entire season in New York. When it came time for the show to go on the road, Willie, still too young to travel, had to quit.

Gene had returned from a road tour with *The Belle of New York,* and he and Willie decided to work together. They got a job in Williams' Cabaret at 112th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, a favorite rendezvous of the New York sporting class. Here's what Willie said:

"We were hired for $18 a week, but the first night our tips exceeded $200. That crowd made money very easily. Gamblers and their sweethearts were, for the most part, the majority of the patrons of the place. These people loved to hear the sentimental songs and Gene could sure sing them. Why, one night a woman gave Gene a hundred-dollar bill to sing *The Palms.* It was the first time we had ever seen a bill of that size and for weeks we were afraid to try and change it for fear it was a counterfeit. But finally we got up enough nerve to give it to our father, who took it to the bank and found it was authentic. We sure were thrilled with that. After that you just couldn't get Gene to stop singing *The Palms.* Other songs in his repertoire at that time were *The Rosary,* and *Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets.* My favorites were *When You Were Sweet Sixteen,* and *Absence Makes The Heart Grow Fonder.* The folks liked those songs."

What does it take to make a Radio star? Well, here you have the background, the early beginnings of the Howards. When the Big Moment came to do Big things before the mike it stood them in good stead. They are now ready for Radio or television. They believe that a laugh is always better than a cry.

Maria Georgievskaia

fled from REVOLUTION *to* Fame

By

Maybelle Austin



Maria Georgievskaia, WLWL's Russian Gypsy Contralto

IF you can visualize the peaceful village of Koorsk in central Russia during the early Twentieth Century in "before-the-war" days, surrounded by jutting snow-capped Ural Mountains, nestling in a fertile green valley; if you can imagine eerie, white, moonlit nights, glistening church spires, deep-toned bells calling to vespers, the pounding hoofs of cavalry horses carrying arrogant soldiers of the Tsar clad in brilliant uniforms, and laughing, happy, people who spent their days hunting, fishing, and sleigh-riding—then you have a vivid picture of Maria Georgievskaia's early environment. Had this pre-war mode of existence continued in Russia, Miss Georgievskaia would have had no reason to leave her native soil, and then there would have been no story. Thus does life make playthings of us mortals.

Although her early childhood was spent in this idyllic atmosphere, she was still in her early 'teens when her father entered her in a university. He, himself, was leaving for the United States on an extended business trip and desired to see his daughter settled before his departure. This turned out to be rather fortunate for the young lady, as the Great War broke out shortly after her father left Russia. According to Miss Georgievskaia, in almost breath-taking time, came clamour, confusion, bloodshed, and the red riot of the revolution. All communication with her father had long since ceased; she was practically bereft and alone and almost penniless. So she decided that the only thing to do was to escape from Russia—almost an impossibility under the new regime which had sprung up after the close of the war. Dauntless and unafraid, she packed a few belongings one night, and along with a few other courageous souls, escaped on horseback to the Russian border where she was promptly arrested by Bolshevist authorities. Here was a predicament! According to Miss Georgievskaia, she "made eyes" at the soldiers, cried a little bit, sang a fe of the haunting gypsy songs she h learned as a child, won their sympath and charmed them completely. Aft seeing her in person, it is not diffic to understand their lenient attitude she is an extremely fascinating a beautiful young woman. They help her to a train which took her to t German border, where she again e countered trouble in the form of t Teutonic officials. While holding h under suspicion, they examined her ba gage and were surprised to discover volume of philosophy by Nietsche wr ten in their own native tongue. To fi such profound literature in the posse sion of such a young girl aroused t curiosity of the German lieutenant charge, and he questioned her.

JUST as her beauty a vivid personality won for her the he of her countrymen, here in Germa her intelligence and brilliant mi helped to gain her purpose, and she w permitted to proceed to Berlin. He she got her first position, that of an e tertainer in a cafe. From Berlin, s went to Paris, where for many mont she sang in various cabarets and nigh clubs in the Latin Quarter. The timb and vibrance of her contralto voice, t beauty of her native songs, and her ow appealing personality, won a conside able measure of fame, and so it w that she received an offer of an engag ment from the internationally-famo Cafe Pti-Cant in Constantinople. this city, she appealed to the Americ

(Continued on page 96)



Dorothy Knapp



Lil Dagovar

(Left)

HOLLYWOOD Radio Newsreel scored some kind of a scoop when its representatives boarded the Ile de France in New York harbor and interviewed Miss Dagovar, European movie queen. The interview was recorded like a talkie and broadcast by electrical transcription.

Natalie Towers

(Right)

AFTER television h scurried around all the corne and someone suddenly pipes u "Who was the first televisio star?" Columbia will point Natalie. You may have hea and seen her on the openi night of the CBS television st tion W2XAB. Ted Husing i troduced her.





Gamby

ON another page y will see another pictur this great Radio star. At she is to come into her o for she has already beer troduced to the televi audience over W2XCR, N York. Remember way l when Gamby, primere seuse, was called trembl to the microphone for Radio debut? She was a but Roxy teased and so made her debut—and at last she can broadcast real art.



Bernardine Flynn

NOW that the Big Chains have taken up television in a more or less big way the lads and lassies who appear in Radio drama are looking forward to the big chance. And that's where you will find Miss Flynn who is in just about everything that's dramatic that comes over the NBC networks from the Chicago studios. She's all set for the flying spot when they begin shooting scenes from the big Century of Progress fair in 1933.

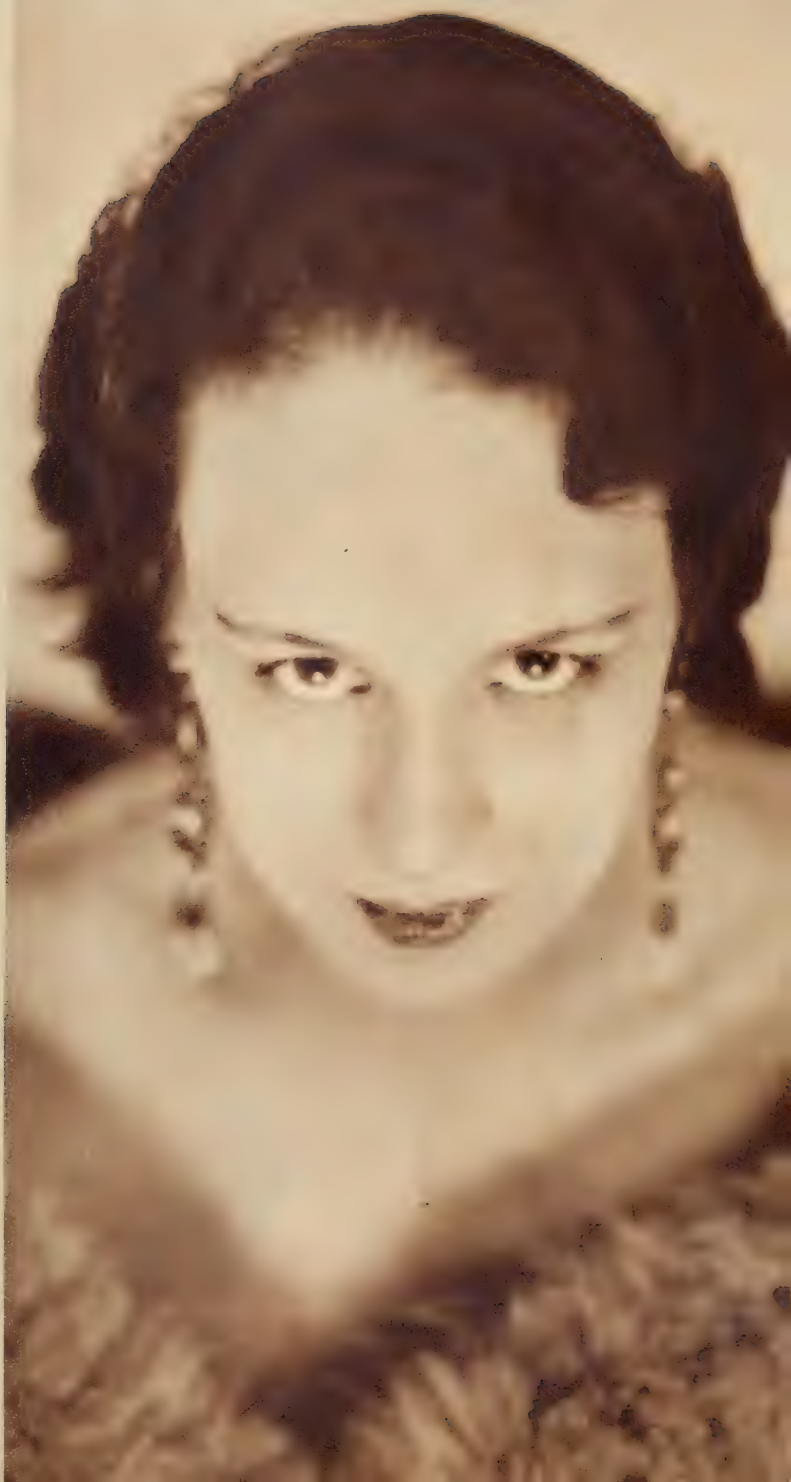


Ellen

Jane

Frohman

KING PAUL, the sm maestro Paintman, tuned in at Cincinnati one nigh got a thrill. She turned be Miss Ellen Jane—and a heavenly voice! Swee low with a soul! King Pau mands, and now Miss Fr is heard regularly over the network. She was born Louis, 24 years ago and uated with two degrees the University of Miss You'll be seein' her!



Georgia Backus

WHEN they begin staging matic productions over W2-B Miss Backus doubtless will the person appointed to ervise and direct. She has en promoted from one ponsibility to another. Prob- y no other woman is better d by experience to present adio play. This photo of is Backus was taken by rold Stein especially for Ra- Digest readers. Those Tele- on Eyes!

Of course now that radiovision is really here Flo Ziegfeld's Follies will not be overlooked for talent. Miss Brodsley of the 1931 edition recently appeared over the CBS New York station.

Bobbie Brodsley





Virginia Gardiner

MISS Gardiner is a famous star of the NBC dramatic productions in New York. She does all kinds of funny things with the little China dog. And the photo-electric cells pick up every expression.



William Brenton

ALERT, keen and a very lookable young man is Mr. Brenton who recently became a member of the Columbia announcing staff. It is rumored that both of the big chains are paying close attention to personal appearance of new members who are added to the staff these days.

Bill Schudt



FAMOUS as the creator of Bill Schudt's Going to Press program. He recently was appointed director of all television programs for the Columbia station W2XAB in New York. He has brought many notable personages to the mike; now he will probably be bringing them to the Radio camera.

Amos 'n' Andy

FREEMAN F. GOSDEN (left) and Charles J. Correll look like this when they put on their great Amos 'n' Andy broadcast. When they face the electric ray there'll be a job of make-up first, no doubt.



Mary Jo Matthews

THRICE she won the beauty contest while a student at the University of West Virginia. Then she was chosen Queen of the Apple Blossom Festival. Now she sings for CBS listeners.

Helene Carlin

MISS Carlin is versatile in her singing and dramatic talents; she comes to the NBC from Pictureland and the stage. Harry Reser discovered her—looks and talent qualify her for future programs.



Boswell Sisters

SUPERFLUOUS information—you'd know they were the Boswell Sisters whom you hear singing over the CBS system. Connie is at left, then Martha and Vet. Give 'em the Flying Spot, boys, we'll have a look!





Ted White

TED is a Tennessee tenor and has been setting feminine hearts a-flutter with that Southern quality of tone and accent. He comes from the Pacific studios over the National network. You'll be hearing more about him before long—and you may see him.

Transcription

DON'T laugh at the new term "electrical transcription" and say it is "just a phonograph record". On the opposite page you see an electrical transcription in the making. It is a Radio broadcast disc for the Hollywood Radio Newsreel, sponsored by one of the big motor oil and gas concerns. You can read more about it on another page in this issue of Radio Digest.





Captain Dobbsie

ONE of the outstanding programs from the Pacific Coast is that on which Captain Dobbsie serves as the skipper of the Ship of Joy. And here he is in the garden of his Burlingame home. Look sharp in the crystal ball and you'll see the photographer "shooting" himself. (Story on opposite page.)

Hugh Barrett Dobbs

A Radio Sharpshooter Who Finds His Mark

By Fred H. Fidler

WESTERN RADIO, denied the stimulation of the huge expenditures by means of which nerous Eastern and Middle Western sonalities have been brought to ention of listeners, has a record of ny successes and has produced one dio showman who is outstanding in ularity. He is Hugh Barrett Dobbs San Francisco.

Hundreds of thousands of enthusiic fans have acclaimed his work with proximately two million letters durhis six years on the air. And all s has been accomplished by sheer ce of personality and showmanship, ough the medium of a program esitially simple and unsupported by the mour and ballyhoo which has served build acceptance for many elaborate adcasts.

Morning's fretfulness—that momenry rebellion occasioned by a review of day's duties and obligations—was s target. And he has succeeded in attering it for a vast army of regu- listeners. But Hugh Barrett Dobbs more than a good marksman. He has t only dispelled morning aggravation, has substituted an hour of neighrly entertainment and inspiring fun.

This man Dobbs, affectionately own to his followers as "Dobbsie," is one of the West's outstanding dio personalities two years ago. Inead of "backsliding" in the public's teem, he is more popular than ever day. Reviewing his record or listeng to a recitation of the mutual loyalty artist and audience, it is almost cerin that a good percentage of the uninrmed will underestimate his appeal, ciding that his audience is limited to notional idealists. Not so.

Dobbs describes his broadcast as the Happytime" program, representing it be a "Ship of Joy." He and his arsts dispense concentrated good cheer d it is natural—because it is unrearsed. Many of the broadcasts are ntimental. But they touch man, oman and child alike—with a common peal. The atmosphere of the proam is clean, joyous fun. And the dience is quick to respond when a note of pathos is introduced, perhaps by the relation of the troubles of an unfortunate. On more than one occasion an invalid, orphan or other shut-in has received hundreds of cheering messages and gifts as a result of Dobbsie's interest, transmitted to fellow fans over the air.

"Happy Day" is always Dobbsie's closing wish for his audience. "Happy Day" for the majority of his audience, whose morning fretfulness was but momentary, and a happier day for those less fortunate listeners whose very real burdens he attempts to lighten.

THAT the program is more than a promise and a wish, that it is effective and is appreciated, is attested by thousands of replies to almost every undertaking or offer made over the air; by packed houses in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City and elsewhere whenever Dobbsie and his artists make a personal appearance.

Good music, cheerful patter inspired by fan mail, good humored stories about members of the program's crew, anecdotes and a touching poem or letter inspired by the joy some listener gets out of the broadcast are typical ingredients for an average "Happytime" program.

We said that "Happytime" program was a simple one. It is sincere—there is no gaudiness about it, but it makes use of one of the largest "casts" on the air today. In fact, it is doubtful that any other program makes use of as large a group of artists. But because of its popularity, it has become a much sought after "spot" and many artists consider it a privilege and pleasure to appear on the "Happytime" bill.

More than fifty singers, musicians and entertainers are regularly made use of on the program, in addition to the larger orchestra and singing groups. Internationally famous concert artists and nationally known composers and musicians are included in the cast. Obviously, this group of distinguished artists are not affected by the program's "training school" appeal. Residing in San Francisco, most of them keep alive fond memories of the days when they were building their success through their occasional "Happytime" engagements. Many of the program's stars were discovered or developed for Radio by Dobbs. Others whom Dobbs introduced on the air have become highly paid Radio personalities in their own right and several have used the talent developed in "Happytime" Radio appearances to further distinguish themselves on the stage. Briefly, the "Happytime" group includes:

"Sambo and Ed," two of the most popular Happytimers. The team offers novelty entertainment—songs, anecdotes and improvised instrument numbers. "Sambo" is Sam Moore, former vaudeville headliner and the man who introduced "saw playing" and played a saw in several Ziegfeld shows. "Ed" is Ed Evans, also a former vaudeville star. Evans has also made quite a name for himself as a continuity writer and his versatility has established a brisk demand for his services in extra parts. Mrs. Moore as "Mandy" sometimes joins the team and Dixie Marsh plays the piano accompaniment.

MAX DOLIN, violinist and a nationally known record artist, plays for the program weekly and appears elsewhere only under Dobbs' management; the Lindens, comprising Antonio, first flutist of the San Francisco Philharmonic, Emily, composer, and Caesar, violinist—all members of the New York and Chicago Philharmonic Societies, play regularly, and are usually joined by John Faivre, blind cellist; Theodore Strong, musical director; Clarence Tollman, tenor, once a principal in Maritza, is an exclusive artist and, with Curly David forms the popular team known as "The Whispering Cowboys"; Kathryn Thompson, harpist, a pupil of Attl, is one of the most popular Happytimers; Edward Randall, Jr., baritone, was discovered and in-

"Happytimers All"

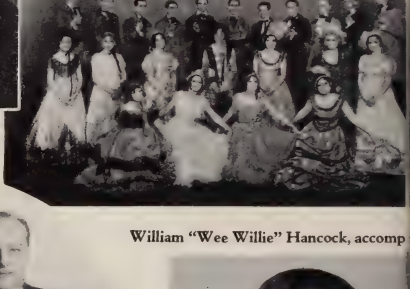
The Singing Shells—a chorus of fine voices





Captain "Dobbsie," the "skipper" of the Ship of Joy

The Fox Theatre—Happytime ensemble



Richard Jose, "Silver Voiced" tenor

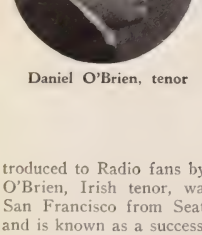




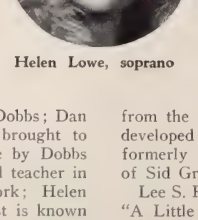
"The Lindens" and John Faivre, blind celloist

William "Wee Willie" Hancock, accomp





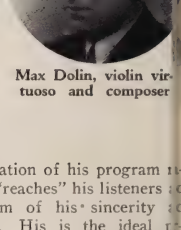
Daniel O'Brien, tenor



Helen Lowe, soprano



Dixie Marsh, soprano crooner



Max Dolin, violin virtuoso and composer

troduced to Radio fans by Dobbs; Dan O'Brien, Irish tenor, was brought to San Francisco from Seattle by Dobbs and is known as a successful teacher in addition to his Radio work; Helen Lowe, soprano concert artist is known as "The Happytime Girl."

Others include Charles Kellogg, internationally known "bird man" whose extra set of vocal cords enables him to produce perfectly almost all bird songs and calls; Richard Jose, contra-tenor, whose extremely high-pitched voice is internationally known; Annabelle Lee, former vaudeville star, who sings, plays and composes for Dobbs; Emily Hardy, coloratura soprano, who was picked from the chorus of "Blue Moon," and developed by Dobbs; Eleanor Barnard, formerly featured accompanist for all of Sid Grauman's productions.

Lee S. Roberts, composer of "Smiles," "A Little Birch Canoe and You" and many other famous songs, also appears on the program. Tom Mitchell, former musical comedy star, sang and played for Dobbs and became a featured Radio artist; Louise Forham, whom Dobbs found employed as a cabaret entertainer and introduced over the air, is now one of Broadway's most popular sopranos.

Dobbsie manages to drive home his morning barrages of optimism. By the many inflections of his voice and intimate interpretation of his program material, Dobbs "reaches" his listeners and convinces them of his sincerity and understanding. His is the ideal personality for the type of program he directs.

Outside the studio Dobbs is a hea business man. Short and husky, w sparkling eyes and thinning hair, i very unpretentiousness is impress That's why his personal appearan "go over with a bang."

Watching other men in a largely fe inine audience at one of his perso appearances the other day, I could most read their thoughts because I sure mine was the average reacti

the "Ship of Joy's" CREW

Charles Kellogg, internationally known as "The Bird Man"





Lee S. Roberts, composer of "Smiles" and numerous other hits





y Trobbe (at right of group) and his orchestra

"Sambo and Ed",—Sam P. Moore, left and Ed. Evans



Walt Roesner's 30 piece Fox Theatre orchestra



Walt Roesner



heodore Strong, organ-t, pianist and Happy-time musical director



Eileen Elman, contralto



Eleanor Barnard, concert pianist



William Powers, negro tenor

This Dobbs is a real guy," they were ying. "He's no Radio sob sister or e sentimental pretender I had thought im to be. His reactions and emotions re typical—only he feels them more eeply and has the ability to prod the est of us into a deeper appreciation nd understanding."

Dobbsie has had a varied career. orn in Kentucky, he laid the founda-ion for his excellent judgment of music stening to negro plantation melodies. here was nothing unusual in his boy-ood. His cousin, Richard Pearson Jobson, had been the hero of the Mer-imac sinking in Santiago harbor. So t was not strange that he entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis. A keen appetite for fun led him into a hazing scrape that resulted in his dismissal. An understanding father sent the chagrined and despairing boy on a world cruise. He formulated new plans for a career and, upon his return, entered Balti-more's Johns Hopkins Medical school to fit himself to be a physical instructor.

After completing a four year course, he taught physical training in several sections of the country. He became in-terested in outdoor playgrounds for children and soon "sold" the idea to officials of New York City, where he built many such playgrounds. His work was outstanding and Judge Ben Lindsey called him to Denver for similar work. He was still supervising playground construction and maintenance in 1905 when, while in Seattle, he was intrigued by the adventure and outdoor features of life in Alaska. He spent four years there, most of the time with the United States Government Boundary Survey.

Returning to Seattle, he became a salesman in the commercial branch of the motion picture industry, married and settled down. But not for long. He soon moved again, this time to San Francisco, where he sold musical in-struments until he financed a small gym-nasium for business men.

(Continued on page 90)

Riding the Crest *with* Morton Downey

(Continued from page 17)

to my rather surprised and perhaps not altogether happy look. "That is the way I catch songs I want to hear. You'd be surprised at the amount of stuff I pick up that way."

It developed later in the evening, for the Radio was used on and off, that this was not altogether true. Downey skipped over the music, both vocal and orchestral, save when he caught a tune he wanted, passed up the drama with equal indifference, but when we caught a really good speaker—Morton was all attention and listened closely to the end.

But to get back to our evening, it was only a few blocks from the Tavern when he shot over to the curb and parked.

"Come on fellows—let's have a drink," was the invitation.

Looked around expectantly for steps leading down to a basement entrance, but nothing met the eye—it being Fifth avenue—save shop windows, some of them lighted, some of them not.

In past one of the latter Morton led us—for a strawberry (fresh) ice cream soda that was nobody's business. (He ought to know where the best sodas are kept for right here and now would state that never in the recollection has there been a man who could consume in the space of a day so many and varied sodas and sandwiches as this fellow Downey. He would save a lot of money if he rigged up a freezer alongside the Radio in his car.)

The next stop was to see a friend in from Connecticut at an uptown hotel. The friend could not come down to see us, so we went up to see him.

It was a good party at that. They had a French renaissance fireplace with a brass guard rail around the bottom and a gas-log inside. You could pull the thing out from the mantle and the fireplace became a bar and the brass a foot-rail. They didn't have it closed up much. Five minutes after we arrived and were introduced they were calling me "Morton" and Morton was "Dick." As for Jim, they couldn't seem to figure by that time what the heck he was doing there at all.

There were two objects of interest there for Morton. One was his old friend, with whom he swapped reminiscent yarns, and a perfect peach of a German shepherd dog. Finally, to prevent mayhem, Morton obliged with a couple of songs and we made our farewells and were off to the studios for the second broadcast—stopping on the way for another soda.

Well—that is one side of Morton—another and equally intimate one is that offered by the man at home—really at home I mean when he does not feel that there is any particular reason for not feeling fully at ease.

Once I asked Downey when and where and how he got his exercise, outside of driving that pet car of his.

"Oh I do all my exercising at home," said he.

Just a picture folks, of Downey exercising. When Downey gets home first thing off comes coat and vest, and then his tie and collar too, if that will come off that day. Next the shoes are shed and a really disgraceful pair of house slippers adopted. About three shirt buttons undone, his hand run through his hair the wrong way, and Morton is ready for exercise.

He subsides into a nice roomy and comfortable chair in his den with all sorts of magazines and books handy at his elbow, props up his feet on a low stool—and—exercises.

His eye roams over the room—he pulls those inevitable and confounded coins from his pocket and starts running them from hand to hand—puts them back—gets up and smoothes a wrinkle out of the couch cover—looks over at the forsaken chair—looks at the couch—lies down and gets it more wrinkled than ever — hums absently while examining the ceiling for a possible crack—spies a picture one one-thousandth of an inch crooked—gets up and makes it more crooked the other way—sits down in the chair again—picks up a book not to read but just to be holding something—then:

"Lover (and no matter what anyone else may tell you that is his real pet name for Mrs. Downey), do you think Charlotte can fix me up a nice meat sandwich—some of that lamb or beef —with mustard?"

He has got a rowing machine or some such contrivance stowed away under the den couch in its case, bought in some moment of weakness or of New Year's resolutions, but to the best of this lad's knowledge and belief that is where it has been since the day he made the purchase—right in its case.

He has a sacred medal of his patron on the dashboard of his car. He has a good luck ring, and if ever the time comes when Morton feels that he has to knock on wood and there is no wood available he is going to pass out right then and there from heart failure. When his manager visited him in the hospital during his recent illness and threw his hat on the bed Morton nearly had a relapse. If they had not been mighty good friends outside of their business associations there might very likely have been one darned good m: ager looking for new connections.

And speaking of illnesses, during more recent and very serious illness Mrs. Downey an incident occur which is typical of the sort of thin chap as much in public favor as he to contend with. Mrs. Downey ca very near to death, and anyone v appreciates the depth of love there in that family can well realize the st Morton was in at that time.

A priest was called in to admini last rites, and three days later wl she had rallied and was out of dan a New York tabloid printed a story her being then at death's door and u their entire front page for a picture her asleep in the hospital bed. It is s to say that had Morton met a cert editor at that time a messy looking tor it would soon have been.

The entire hospital went on the pet to determine responsibility for picture—and no one knew anyth Morton heard later that the editor told a friend he had a camera-r ready with a concealed camera, sneaked into the room via a fire esc when the nurse went out. But Morton:

"There wasn't any fire escape off d—— room!"

The worst of it was that some wit let Mrs. Downey see the art and she promptly staged a perfect lapse. Constance Bennett, her sis was all for leaving a talkie in the m ing and flying East from the Co Richard Bennett, her father, with f and highly combustible fuel adde the permanently smouldering fl within him against newspaperm strode around tearing his hair, an nice time was had by all.

But that is all over now. The s are clear. Mrs. Downey, out in country, is fast blooming back to he That alone is enough to make Mo a mighty happy lad, but as if that not enough he continues, and the diction of this writer is that he continue, to defy all his severest cr and the laws of gravity—and go slipping—up-hill.

He has practically a year ahea him on his Camel contract, as an clusive radio artist, and the offe is meeting with great and widesp popularity. The producers of t legitimate stage presentations, sc uled for fall openings are after hi well. Morton will probably close one of them.

The chart of his course ahead cords no menace to navigation, the is clear, the wind blowing strong free, and Love and Confidence s side by side at the helm. And should it not be thus? For, as a y ing friend of mine said the other when Downey came up for discuss

"He's one mighty swell chap!"

Ambrose J. Weems Wants to Know

Is radio in its infancy? --- Hot debate leads nowhere when the Papa Cuckoo and Mr. and Mrs. Pennyfeather seek answer to vital question

By Raymond Knight

I WAS entertaining Mr. and Mrs. George T. Pennyfeather at tiffin recently and we got to chatting about Radio over a bottle of rare old gingerale. Some one had left the bottle under the table at which we were sitting which is how we happened to be chatting over it.

I think it was Mrs. Pennyfeather who brought the subject up. (She brought it up on the service elevator, as all deliveries have to be made that way.) Soon we were deep in an excited discussion of short waves vs. long waves, what color network a soprano should use who wears a plaid dress, etc., etc. Many a merry laugh was had as we all gave imitations of static and for some time we debated pro and con, (e. g. when does an amateur broadcaster become a "pro," and is "con" better on the cob or distilled). However we seemed to get nowhere and so we dropped the subject, which unfortunately landed on the bottle of gingerale and for several minutes we were all busy mopping up the floor, Mrs. Pennyfeather, in her whimsical way, contributing her dress for that purpose—(It was very amusing to see her bustle around.)

It was at that moment that some one said, "Radio is in its infancy." I do not know who said it and history shall probably never have the true facts. Suffice it to say that the remark was made. Instantly a hush fell over the room. The women paled and the men looked at each other apprehensively. Sensing the tenseness of the situation, I remarked lightly—"Yes, but remember that the infantry won the war."

In a moment the place was a shambles. Commercial announcements flew wildly about the room and blood ran freely in the gutters in gutter abandon. It was fully six months before order was restored and by that time the building had been torn down and a new one erected in its place. There were no traces left as the tracing paper had been destroyed.

I escaped by holding a blanket over my head and being led out as one of the horses.

But let us forget that horrible scene and get down to the bare facts. (Note to Editor: In this article the question is —"Is Radio in Its Infancy?") To this question I reply—yes and no. The affirmative is held by some pedants. (A pedant is a *scholar*, and not as some people believe the word for a flag or banner spoken with a cold in the nose.) They think that Radio is in its infancy because it is constantly changing. Others believe this, because Station KUKU broadcasts on the baby blue network. Both groups are correct and incorrect at the same time. It is all a question of the angle as any sports announcer will testify.

RAYMOND KNIGHT, radiocally known as Ambrose J. Weems, is the Big Papa Cuckoo of Station KUKU on the NBC net. He is also known as Bill Borealis on the Cliquot Club program and is on the Raising Junior program as Tony Pendennis, the poet, and Jasper Blitz. Having attended both Harvard and Yale as a student, he maintains a seat in both sections when the football teams meet. He changes and roots for the side that needs his encouragement least. He deserted the law practice to become a writer, which led to his present predicament as the Ed Wynn of Radio.

I think at this time it is apropos ("apropos" as used here must not be confused with Edgar Allen Poe) to mention the name of Archibald Finch as an example of what Radio can and will do to the people, for the people and by the people.

Archibald Finch was the father of Condensed Milk. You will not find this in your history books. You will not find it in your telephone books—No. It was left to the power of Radio to bring this to the attention of the American public, and I cite this case as an answer to—"Is Infancy In Its Radio?"

A few weeks ago, Station KUKU, of which I am managing director and first to twenty-sixth vice-president inclusive, celebrated Condensed Milk Week and during the preparation of a jubilee program our research experts discovered the following facts.

As you go to the kitchen larder—(with apologies to Ring Larder after whom it was named), take out a can opener and a can of condensed milk, rip the can open and drain the contents at one exhilarating gulp, little do you realize the romance which is behind condensed milk. Behind that can of milk is the story of a poor farmer lad. Behind that farmer lad is a soft-eyed cow, and behind that cow is a barn—no the *cow* is behind the *barn*—well, anyway, behind all this is a background.

ONE quiet summer's day back in 1888, a farmer lad named Archibald Finch, who was known to the country folk as Archibald Finch, sat milking a cow. As he leaned back on the sofa, which he had brought out into the barn to make the milking easier, he thoughtfully regarded the cow, a brown and white one named Henery XIV, and he

(Continued on page 71)

Broadcasting from
The Editor's Chair

Radio Amplifies Happiness

SINCE the early fall of 1929 we have all been watching our whole economic fabric writhe itself through a post-war deflation of major magnitude. For some of us the transition has been personally painful. We have lost stocks. We have lost real estate. We have seen market values of one kind or another literally "shot to pieces."

For others the deflation has been even worse. They have lost jobs and in consequence the means to supply loved ones and themselves with even the bare necessities of life. Willingness to work, hard, long and honestly has not brought a quick and satisfactory answer to their woes. Some of our fellowmen have been denied the right to earn a living and as a result have been torn between alternatives of imposing on friends and relations, of accepting public charity, of turning to racketeer methods or of just plain starving.

For deserving men who are willing to work this is indeed a tragic and threatening period. It is the most significant challenge to the so-called capitalistic system. It must be and will be intelligently and equitably solved or even here in the United States political evolution may give way to political revolution.

Meanwhile there is nothing which can mean more to the American people—or any other people—than contentment of mind and soul. Just plain ordinary happiness can do more to bridge and overcome obstacles and hardships than anything else. It is the accelerator in the victory of mind over matter.

What a marvelous opportunity is therefore presented to Radio! There is no human medium in existence today which can do so much to build happiness among people and at such unbelievably low cost. Think of the places Radio can take you, first hand, in a single month. Think of the famous people and the great events it can bring before you. And add to all this the endless round of music from "low brow" jazz to the very finest symphonic and operatic performances. But why go on? The parade is too imposing and too extensive to begin to enumerate.

Just thinking about it, however, leads to the thought that the manufacturers of the Radio industry are "making no speed rapidly" in arising to the opportunity which is theirs. The Radio industry ought to be advertising and otherwise promoting to the public the bounteous blessings of Radio. Industrial sponsors ought to sell *programs* and what they mean to human happiness. They ought to sell the great economy of Radio as a producer of happiness of many kinds and in many directions for there is no way to spend so little in dollars for so much in pleasure.

If those in the Radio industry were doing the kind of cooperative merchandising job they should be doing, the sale of Radio sets would be rapidly mounting. No matter how much is done by individual manufacturers to sell their individual sets, there should be a master campaign financed by manufacturers, dealers, jobbers and broadcasting stations to merchandise Radio programs as a common prerequisite for selling their individual wares.

The time for such a campaign is *right now,* when many newspapers are shying off (mostly as a matter of necessary economy) from giving the public adequate Radio news and feature service. The public wants to know more about what to look for and where to get it. Supplying this information properly is bound to increase Radio sales, but what of it? The people have never objected, good times or bad, to buying what they want and know can do the most good for them.

Kill the Fess Bill

IT SEEMS incredible that so many of our great army of teachers should permit themselves to fall into the hands of schemers. Capable, earnest, sincere in their noble task of preparing the minds of the generation which will carry the destiny of the nation tomorrow they sometimes follow political leaders who must be either pitifully incompetent or brutally unscrupulous.

They are swayed by the demagogues who picture the "American Radio lost in a growth of commercial weeds." They are told that the money powers have taken away their Radio rights, and they believe it. Knowing this weakness and seizing an extremely potent strategical situation nominal leaders have turned to competitive "advertising media" and are boldly trying to get them to lead the assault, and take all the blame, for as unjustified an attack as ever has been attempted on a great American institution.

Like the young lion, still unaware of its strength, broadcasters are permitting themselves to be cowed and restrained. They should stand erect and look facts squarely in the face.

We believe that American listeners—and that includes the majority of school teachers—who are familiar with the various kinds of broadcasting in other countries would resent bitterly any attempt to break up the American Plan of Broadcasting where twenty times more money is spent for programs than in any other country in the world, and where there is a greater variety by a hundred times to supply all the varied wants in Radio entertainment.

Yet the passage of the Fess bill to set aside 15 per cent of all the wave channels for educational institutions would be one of the most telling blows imaginable to the American Plan. It would be an opening wedge to the complete dissolution of the system. Later other blocks of channels would be trimmed out until nothing worth while would be left.

The passage of the Fess bill would be about as heavy a smash as could be managed at one time without bringing down the entire wrath of the listening public.

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of America's Great Key Stations

Bernardine Flynn

By Marie K. Neff

THE grape arbor in the back yard was the big "white top;" a clothes line stretched from side to side, about three and a half feet high, was the tight rope; and a little girl of ten years, with long black hair that had been braided to make it frizzy, was the tight rope performer. Her skill three and a half feet above the ground was heralded throughout the neighborhood, consequently, she and the rest of the troupers were above the "two pins" admission stage. They charged five cents and took their circus feats seriously.

Even though the kids from one end of Madison, Wisconsin, to the other all turned out, there were no more enthusiastic members of the audience than mother and father Flynn. They had reserved seats at the kitchen window and through that glass pane John Flynn saw the day when his four little girls and two little boys would swing to and from a trapeze under a real white top billed as the "Six Flynns." Natalie Flynn could see her husband's chest swell and a gleam of pride shone in his eyes.

But today tells a different story. While Bernardine Flynn, the little mistress of the tight rope, is not performing under a real white top, she is, nevertheless, in the Radio spotlight, the rays of which are not confined to canvas walls. Her audience stretches from coast to coast.

It was during her sophomore year at the University of Wisconsin that she "took stock" and decided it wasn't so easy for her father to keep five youngsters in school at the same time, so she decided to leave. She went to Chicago where she secured a position in the art sections of one of the department stores. During this time her mother died and it was a toss-up between her sister and herself as to who would keep house for the family. Her sister was well established in Chicago and had an excellent position as secretary. This was too much to lose so Bernardine returned to Madison for the time being.



Bernardine Flynn

(See Roto Section for another picture of Miss Flynn)

After being "homemaker" for a year her father decided she should return to school and finish her work. She enrolled in the School of Speech at the University. The value of her experience in Chicago cropped out at this time. Short as her stay had been, her association with art had left an imprint—she had the desire to know more about it—hence she became a student in sculpture and portrait painting. Due to the fact that her interests were so varied she was permitted to graduate and receive her degree without having to take a course in general education along with her art work, which, up to that time, had been one of the requisites established by the university.

While a pupil of M. C. Trautman, one of the country's best known tutors, she became a leader in student dramatics, playing parts which attracted the favorable comments of many critics. At this time her work was brought to the attention of Zona Gale, author, in whose play, "Miss Lulu Betts," Bernardine was taking part at school. Miss Gale became quite interested and following her graduation gave her a letter of introduction to Brock Pemberton, theatrical producer, in New York City. Contrary to expectations, the young graduate did not wish to go on the stage. However, after much urging from her father, who decided he would be just as well satisfied with the footlights, she went. It was a most peculiar journey—she was going to a city where she was unknown and in search of something in which she wasn't interested.

MR. PEMBERTON was well satisfied with her ability as an actress and secured for her the part of understudy to Miss Muriel Kirkland, the heroine of "Strictly Dishonorable." At the close of this show, he suggested she give up understudying leads and try for a part herself. He was just in the midst of producing another show at the time and remarked that he needed a French maid. She suggested he give her a try at it. He just shook his head. He needed a real French maid, couldn't she understand? She volunteered the information that her French was

"pretty good" so he gave her the trial. Her French was excellent, but "Good Heavens, I can't list the name Flynn across from 'French Maid.'" It was then that "Natalie Boisclair" was made to live again in her daughter.

As all things go, Wall Street crashed and so did the show—in Washington. Miss Flynn returned to New York and, still under the guidance of Mr. Pemberton, she secured a part in George Jessel's play "Joseph." The only difference in the fate of "Joseph" was that it went on the rocks in another city.

By this time the young ingenue was fairly disgusted with plays on wobbly legs and not desiring to go on the stage in the first place, it was an easy matter for her to take a trial balance and close the books so far as the "boards" were concerned.

A relative mentioned Radio. It was food for thought but not so far as New York was concerned. Radio artists had "already arrived" there so she decided Chicago was the place.

Bernardine Flynn came to Chicago with only a letter of recommendation "to whom it may concern" regarding her ability, and made application for an audition at the NBC studios.

And now there comes a coincidence. Frederick G. Ibbett, director of dramatics for the Chicago studios, mentioned the fact that he needed a French girl—not a maid this time, however. He also heard the story about her French being "Pretty good"—it proved to be a good story. In this instance there were no printed programs so "Natalie Boisclair" again became Bernardine Flynn.

She is no longer troubled about deciding upon her career—she's satisfied that it's Radio—and always has been. Since her Radio debut, about a year and a half ago, she has established herself as one of the few outstanding dramatic actresses on the air and is heard in "The Girl Reporter," "Rin Tin Tin Thriller," "The Play's the Thing," and others. She thoroughly enjoys her work and members of the Chicago staff are never surprised to see her come hurrying in anytime from 7:00 o'clock in the morning until 10:00 in the evening. An actress who leads in four or five productions a week has to be on the job but one can see that it's more a pleasure than a job. She always takes time for a smile and a pleasant "good morning," regardless of her hurry.

Even though rushed from morning till night, week in and week out, this pert little "maid" manages to squeeze in time for a few "at homes" to her friends. And those fortunate enough to call at these times are always treated to some sort of rare foreign concoction. Miss Flynn still plays at keeping house and one of her homemaking hobbies is collecting foreign recipes. Another is furnishing her little apartment on the shore of Lake Michigan. She is keenly interested in antiques—real ones, however. The want ad columns hold a fascination for her. She scans them eagerly to see if some old aristocratic home is parting with a few rare pieces.

Regarding romance, she just looks askance—and really did a "pretty good" job of bluffing. But, she had forgotten that in telling about collecting her furniture she had said she wanted only the best so that someday she could use it in her own home.



John L. Fogarty
The latest crush in NBC tenors

Her art work is also quite prominent in the apartment, but she has laid aside her brushes for charcoal. She explained that she doesn't have room for an easel and the many other things one needs. And charcoals are so simple. She still models in clay. "A lump of soft clay, a board on which to work it, a few tools and your own fingers are all that's needed," she said, "and that doesn't take much room."

And her last hobby is public auctions.

So far as father Flynn is concerned —all he says, beaming, is "Well we didn't know anything about Radio in those days."

JOHN L. FOGARTY

Just when it seems a poor girl is already sold heart and soul on one invisible but delightfully audible serenader, along comes another even more appealing than the last. Now comes John L. Fogarty who is nothing less than divine with that devastating tenor voice no fair lady with the slightest touch for the romantic could possibly resist.

If you love those big out door men from the open spaces then Mr. Fogarty —Oh, heck, let's call him John and be done with it—then John is your man. He began singing to the mountain peaks in Montana, with his pony and his dog for companions. The mountains loved him and gave back that indefinable something that becomes fibre and soul of a human being so favored.

He is more fair than dark, broad shoulders, lean limbs and blue eyes that seek points above the horizon. He laughs but never gushes and when he's in a crowd he listens more than he talks. There are no petty artist mannerisms with which so many who have gained the spot of public favor seem to become afflicted. Broadway has not softened him. If you do get him to talking his conversation will go back to Montana, and his mother and dad. That's where his heart is.

Don't you ever think that Montana has forgotten him either. His success as a Radio singer, and an acknowledged favorite from coast to coast over the NBC network, has lessened the claim of his home state to him as one of its beloved sons. During the last session of the legislature when John was unable to get home for a visit they rigged up a Radio receiver at the state capitol. The House formally called a halt in its legislative deliberations and listened for one hour while their wandering boy sang to them from New York.

When it come right down to plain biography John L. Fogarty first saw the light of day at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. But from early boyhood he lived the rancher's life in Montana. He has always been a great lover of horses and when a very little fellow it was not uncommon for him to play hookey just to follow the strings of horses that were exhibited at state and county fairs.

He grew out of his childhood younger than most boys and when the World War boomed along in 1917 John had reached the glamorous age of 16. Just how he managed to get by is known to but a very few people. At any rate he was presently seen swinging a rifle and marching along with other and older boys on the way to France. He en

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MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

TODDLES is home still autographing copies of our photograph which appeared in last month's column—and as usual the task—pardon me—I mean the pleasure—of writing about things and affairs and whatnots—is mine.

First of all, my dears, there was the NBC picnic a few weeks ago—and everyone in Enbeesee's Pub. Dept. was on the boat. I wish you could have seen Gene Mulholland's pretty blue-eyed wife. She looks like sixteen but I understand that she answers to "Ma" for two little tots at home. Then there was Edythe Jeanne Meserand who arranges interviews between NBC artists and those tireless, patient, worn-out specimens of mankind—called reporters. Bill Thomas salvaged Marcella from the talons of three great big successive waves—and Harold Stein, Prince of Photographers snapped Indi's substantial visage in his magic camera. Everyone is still getting the sand out of their ears—and if you've ever tried to separate spinach from its native soil, you know what a job we're having.

* * *

MR. AND Mrs. Toscha Seidel were driving something like—sixty on their way to the Columbia Broadcasting System when a—motorcop stopped to make their acquaintance. "Say, where the H?xy***l d'ye think ye're goin'," asked the blue-robe, brass-buttoned city official in the King's English. "I'm going to work," replied the famous virtuoso. "What'd'ye do fer a livin'"? questioned this persistent pursuer of Cadillacs, as he eyed Mr. and Mrs. Seidel's evening togs. "Oh, I play the violin," this from CBS' Music Director. "Yeh? I guess ye play this high class music, don'tcha? Well, I like jazz—and ye're goin' te get a ticket, get me!" Standing in a corner of the car was the dear li'l $60,000 Stradivarius just about shivering in its timbers. Came the sweet voice from charming Mrs. Seidel, "Well, of course, you know how it is—Mr. Seidel prefers to play jazz but he has to do the other for a living." "Well, I guess ye're regular folks—go ahead." and the ticket disappeared into a deep cavernous pocket. That's Mrs. Seidel—the right word and always at the right time.

* * *

LOUISE BENNER, I'm surprised at you. John L. Fogarty is not married, thank goodness. It's almost refreshing to find a dashing young person in Radio circles who has escaped from the ravages of wedlock. You'll find his picture and a short history about him a door or so away from this page.

* * *

JIMMIE MERRELL who recently accused Marcella of having a soft heart for down-trodden announcers, writes that he's landed the job as Studio Manager of WNOX, Knoxville,Tenn. May its tribe of listeners increase and flourish under your efficient management, James. "Most of last year," Manager Merrell writes, "I was just another city boy that made good in the country," in parenthesis he adds, WSFA, Montgomery. "Before that I was the hired help at WKBC, in Birmingham." Awfully glad to have heard from you and shall be glad to get anything you have about WNOX. Hope your next stop is New York not New Jersey.

* * *

POOR Lew Conrad! Or I should say poor Mrs. Conrad! Well, probably I should not have let the cat out of the bag so suddenly—but there is a Mrs. Conrad — his wife. Again, I say, poor Mrs. Conrad! Can you imagine, my dears, how difficult it must be for any woman whose husband's voice so beguiles his Radio listeners that they all —blondes, brunettes, married and single—send *him billets doux* weighted with *affaires de coeur*—or to use a more expressive term—mash notes. Now, what would you do—those of you who have a husband under the yoke—if he received letters numbering into the hundreds like this: "I am faithful to you, Lew my beloved. You have the voice of a thrilled soul. I weep to think that others must be writing you the same loving lines as I am writing." If that's the effect his *voice* has on 'em, what would happen if they saw him—simply irresistible—brown eyes—you know with a merry twinkle—wavy black hair—and five foot six. You're welcome, Mrs. Kidwell, come again some time.



Lew Conrad

* * *

SARAH ROBERTS of Wilmington and Mrs. W. N. Crosby of Amesbury are interested in John Mayo, CBS' popular announcer. He's 32 years, my dears, was born in Providence, went to a military school and to Brown University. As an armament officer in the World War he spent fourteen months in the air—and as a Radio announcer he's spent longer than that on it. Don't know which he likes better but he doesn't seem to consider his job a bit tedious even though he has announced over 3,500 programs over WABC—this last year.



John Mayo

* * *

MOST of the stars in whom—you are interested, Mrs. Jenkins, have had pictures and articles in Radio Digest. Jean Paul King was in the May issue and there was a fine article about Horace Heidt in the April number. But here's Curt Peterson for you. He's married, has two children, Stephanie, eight, and Janet, five. Is 33, graduate of the University of Oregon and has a B.S. degree. And talk about getting jobs. I don't think there's another story like it. Way back in the good old days of 1927 when WJZ had its studios on 42nd Street, Curt ambled by that way. There was that mystifying something about the Radio station that "got" him, so in he went, and came out just as quickly with instructions to write the station director. Miss Brainard, and she certainly could have no name that would be more significant of her mental capacity, wrote back this very encouraging note, "Dear Miss Peterson: I gather by intuition, not your letter, that you want a job. I regret to inform you that we have no place for



Curt Peterson

feminine voices on the air." For a moment Curt staggered, but a thought quickly flashed across his mind. He picked up the receiver, and called Miss Brainard on the telephone. "Miss Brainard," said Curt—in his deep baritone voice, "this is Miss Peterson." "I beg your pardon," came from the other end. "This is Miss Peterson," this in a resonant bass. "Well?" was the not-by-any-means-long-drawn-out-reply. "Only it ain't Miss—it's Mister. Does that make a difference?" "Tut, tut, young man, announcers never say ain't. You're going to be announcer, judging by your voice on the telephone, soon as you come in here and let us see that you're not a bearded lady." And that Curt Peterson did not turn out to be a side show at the circus is proved by the fact that he is now supervisor of announcers at NBC and has been "doing" some of the most important programs on that chain.

* * *

IT WAS an awfully blue Monday — the ceiling had come down and settled on our jade vase—our Radio lost its voice during a favorite program, the dog had puppies and the cat had kittens — so you can imagine what a joy, it was, Edna, to receive your charming note. I want to share it with the rest of the Marcellians. Here it is:

"Tweet, tweet, Marcella!

"What under the sun *is* the matter with the office inmates of our fair Radio Digest? First Indi-Gest, whose smiling effigy has haunted my nightmares since it first sprang at us from the pages of an otherwise domesticated magazine. And now Marcella and Toddles. I had few doubts about Toddles — but Marcella was something of a shock! However, I was gradually adjusting myself to a painfully sudden optical illusion, and in a frantic effort to fit the new Marcella into the empty corner of my heart so recently bereft, I am forcing myself to appreciate her manifestly good points.

"Hummmmm . . . yes, you have good reason to be proud of your legs, Marcella. (You're a darlin' Edna.) Never since legs wuz legs have I seen such legs!! I can't see why you let Toddles out-do you in the matter of fancy headdress, but I can see that you beat her to the dressing table and carried off the family heirloom—real pearls, too, aren't they? And that ducky parasol with the hand-made lace—not to mention the paisley opera wrap . . . would you mind telling me how much Radio Digest pays you and Toddles for knowing everything? Not that I care . . . but you are both SO extravagant! (Well, the next time you come to New York, Edna, drop in and I'll tell you all about it over an ice-cream sody.)

"Please don't forget to send me that autographed copy, will you? Thank you so much.

"No, I don't seem to have any 'burning questions' on my mind. Other people get them first, and your soothing, Unguentine (that word really should be censored—sounds like advertising) responses answer all queries before they have time to disturb me.

"But can't I think of something . . . just to be sociable . . . Oh, yes, I'm so glad Nellie Revell made the statement that Lucille Wall is not married . . . What a relief to her host of male admirers!! Her name has been confused with that of her sister Mildred, who is married to Frank Knight. By the way, these sisters' voices are so identical that the keenest ear would have difficulty in distinguishing one from the other. However, the confusion of the two in the minds of "fans" as regards the marriage of Mildred is partly due to the secrecy with which the Knights chose to surround their marriage. Why do people do it? Why keep the fact of a marriage hidden, as—as though it were something to be ashamed of? Intelligent persons who take their Radio in the right spirit won't have their enthusiasm dulled by the knowledge that their favorites are married, and like the old woman in the shoe, "have so many children they don't know what to do"! A Don Juan of Radio, whose name is familiar to everyone having a receiving set, married and kept the fact a secret for many months—in the meantime receiving letters and invitations from lady-friends on whom he had bestowed attention before his marriage and who thought him still single — ungallantly placing them in the unflattering light of trespassers upon another woman's claims. Rather unsporting of the gentleman. There are certain things that the Dear Public has a right to know—and a marriage is as much everybody's business, for obvious reasons as birth and death. Don't you agree? (Ah doe, quoth I.)

"We have taken Radio Digest ever since its advent into the magazine world and have such an affection for it that we can overlook its peculiarities as easily as we appreciate its perfections. "Peculiarities," however, should be singular (and don't shoot me for this unintentional pun!) and not plural—for under this heading is listed but one item, namely that, under your present publishing schedule, and reversing the usual system, a year's subscription to Radio Digest costs more than the yearly sum of the single copy purchased each month at the newsstand. Ain't that the awfullest! Just ask Toddles! (Now, Edna, your 'rithmetic must be suffering from the humidity—now I ask you—how much is 25 times 12—if the product isn't three dollars, you can have my paisley shawl and bonnet.) But if it cost fifty cents a copy and twelve dollars per year, I still subscribe to it, rather than be met with the usual response at the newsstand—'All sold out!!!'

"And now I've had the grandest gab, but I see Toddles is dozing on your

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Mr. and Mrs. Percy Grainger

GABALOGUE



Nellie Revell, "The Voice of RADIO DIGEST"

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network.

HOWDY, friends. I'm going to try and square myself with a lot of people whom I've shamefully neglected by not answering their inquiries about their radio favorites. So if you'll please forgive me this time, (I'll probably do much worse in the future). * * *

Since, we're talking about cooking, I guess I might as well begin with the Sisters of the Skillett. * * * No, they're not related to each other. They were both born in Indiana and both are married. Their real names are Eddie East and Ralph Dumke. Eddie has a daughter 15 years old who was just given an audition playing the ukelele. Eddie East was a lawyer, and his first client is still in the penitentiary. Ralph was a designer of plows. That's how he learned how to play the banjo.* * *

Gene and Glenn were both born in Illinois. Both are married and both now reside in Cleveland. Gene Carroll married Mary Stuart, of the Stuart Sisters, vaudeville entertainers. They have three children. Glenn Rowell married a girl who looks enough like him to be his twin sister. They have two children. Gene and Glenn are noted for their fishing ability. Not so good at catching—but awfully good at fishing. * * *

The Tastyeast Jesters were all raised in Connecticut, and are all married. The three couples now live in Jackson Heights, Long Island. Dwight Latham is Pep; Wamp Carleson is Vim; and Guy Bonham is Vigor. * * *

Vincent Lopez is small and dark—specializes in neck-ties. He owns about 100 but uses only about four—and wears them until his valet takes them away from him. He was born in Brooklyn, and was educated for the priest-hood. * * *

Those Goldberg sketches about the Rise of the Goldberg family are written by Mrs. Berg, who plays Molly in them. Mrs. Berg is the wife of a sugar merchant—and had no previous radio or stage experience before she wrote these sketches. She is the mother of two children. The part of Sammy, the son in that sketch, is played by Alfred Corn. * * *

CLARA, Lou and Em are graduates of Northwestern College in Chicago, and their radio sketch is a result of their fun frolics in the dorms. * * * Their names are Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King. The characters of Clara, Lou and Em were conceived by the girls in their efforts to make college life less humdrum. * * *

Paul Whiteman was born in Denver and has been playing the violin since he was six years old. His mother told me a rather amusing incident about Paul's childhood days. One day she was on her way to a luncheon, and driving past a corner fruit-stand, she noticed a crowd gathered there. She heard a violin playing—and driving closer she saw that it was little Paul, then about 7. It seems that the fruit vender had promised Paul all the fruit he could eat if he would play the violin and draw crowds for him. And she learned later that her angel child was known at the corner fruit store as "da kid wid de fid." Well, did she yank him home quick! It's a good thing it wasn't piano lessons Paul was taking. Well, Paul has grown to be quite a big boy since then and quite famous too. But no matter how much fame, how many chins, or how many wives he may acquire, when he goes back to Denver, and passes that corner fruit stand, he is still known as "da kid wid de fid." * * *

PHIL COOK left school because he flunked. He flunked because he spent more time drawing pictures than he did studying. Then he got a job tying up bundles in an advertising agency—where he also got some experience in drawing. Soon he became an expert cartoonist. He has also drawn some very fine pictures, some of which have appeared on the front page of the Saturday Evening Post. He married the only sweetheart he ever had. They have a baby girl named Phyllis,

(Continued on page 74)

Voice of the

TRUE LOYALTY

I AM enjoying your new magazine very much. Glad I am back in the fold again —you see I am an old-timer and I didn't like Radio Digest going to New York, but I'm for you from any town from now on. Don't see how I got along all these years. In mentioning favorite stations I must put WLS at the top of the list with WMAQ a close second. The latter, I think, is the least obtrusive station on the air and even though I have never met the gentleman in person I think much credit should go to that pioneer announcer manager, Bill Hay. Give him a little space some time. (See page 61 of May issue.)—Mrs. J. F. Foster, 4824 Elm Ave., Hammond, Ind.

WHERE ARE YOU EDDY?

I SHOULD like to get some information concerning Eddy Utt, "The Vagabond Poet" of St. Louis. I was fortunate enough to hear one of his programs and I liked it very much indeed. I should like to learn where I can tune in on him, too.—Judy

THUMBS DOWN ON RADIO DIGEST AS STAR-GAZER, EH? SEE P. 57

IN the Radio world there is a star, slowly but surely rising to a prominent position in the hearts of the listeners. The Digest's part in bringing him closer to the people's hearts has not been in keeping with his meteoric rise to fame. When I say that I mean Lew Conrad, how many of your readers can say that they know him? Not many, for on the air he is usually a haunting, unidentified voice, while in your columns he is hardly ever mentioned. Won't you do your part and give us some articles and more pictures about Lew?—Musketeer No. 1—Chicago, Ill.

A COINCIDENCE!

ALL Lew Conrad fans who are interested in joining a club in his honor are cordially invited to write to me. The club has just been organized but we're sure it will be a great success—so c'mon fans! Congratulate you on your thoroughly enjoyable magazine.—Kathryn L. Ellis, 7133 Harvard Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THESE LOVE R. D. AS IS

MERCY ME! Please let me say a word about an article in "Coming and Going." Please, please don't besmear your lovely magazine with "scandals, divorces, and domestic tribulations" of Radio-ites. I'm sure the Radio-ites get plenty of "dirty publicity" without Radio Digest ruining a perfectly good reputation in order to air Radio scandals. What's more, I don't hesitate to reassure you that the feelings of the artists will no doubt be in keeping with the above quotation. If enlargement of your magazine is necessary let it be for the better instead of the deterioration of it. More columns of the type of Radiographs, Marcella, Tuneful Topics, Gabalogue and Broadcaster-Oil would be more suitable to advance. Of course it is entirely up to yourselves whether or not you run with the goats or the sheep, but I've had my word.—Miss Betty Jamieson, 635 Stibbs St., Wooster, Ohio.

* * *

SORRY there was no August issue. No, don't write any scandal about Radio stars in your magazine. Keep it sweet and clean, and if any morbid-minded readers want a scandal feast let them get their meal from the newspapers. Please put in more pictures of the men stars in the rotogravure section. Doesn't that sound "feminine"—but it should be half and half anyway.—Mrs. Arthur Lueck, Mancelona, Mich.

WOULD FIGHT FESS BILL

JUST read the new issue of your magazine and before I take up the main subject may I say it seemed like a very long wait this month. Your magazine is so interesting I hated to miss the August issue. Now for my real reason for this letter. Read very carefully the article by Mr. Hobart and think I understand the situation as he puts it. What can we do to prevent Senator Fess' bill S5589 from becoming effective? Some programs on the air are not so interesting but I tune out and get another station. But these instances are rare. On a whole the entertainment and educational features provided are good. Only a few days ago I was forced to be without my Radio for forty-eight hours and I realized then just what it meant to me. As far as the advertising talks are concerned I'm sure fair-minded persons do not object to the few minutes devoted to them. And as you pointed out, the advertisers pay for this entertainment so why not be appreciative and generous. PRESERVE US FROM GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF THE RADIO!!! I never cease marveling at the magic of Radio. It's cheering and comforting and instructive. I believe I have at least average good sense and intelligence. I can enjoy the music of the masters and I can also get great pleasure from the popular music played by various orchestras. Heading this wonderful list of programs is Rudy Vallee. Don't tell me he's no extraordinary singer. I know Rudy hasn't a voice for the Metropolitan, but I can honestly say I've listened to all the noted singers starting with Caruso but never felt the tugging at my heart as when Rudy's voice reaches my ears. If the Fess bill means taking Rudy off the air I'm starting for Washington with a bomb in my pocket at once. Let us know as soon as you can just what we can do. We do not want government control.—G. M., Margate City, N. J.

TWO NEW VOL-IANS—WELCOME!

HAVE enjoyed reading your magazine always but more so since devoted exclusively to Radio. We enjoy reading your well-written, interesting articles, and looking at your descriptive and entertaining pictures. We enjoy reading V. O. L. especially, and would like to join. Would appreciate having pictures and articles especially of the following Radio stars: Bob and Jimmy Palmer, the Utah Trail Boys of KFI and KECA, Los Angeles, Cal., of the Beverly Hill Billies of KMPC, the artists of the Happy Go Lucky Hour, KFRC, Shell Happy Time artists of KPO as well as any others particularly in Southern California. Wish the best of luck to Radio Digest and hope for a still bigger magazine.—S. and A. Kovacevich.

WE MERELY ASKED YOU

READING page 4 of the Summer Edition of Radio Digest and can't go any farther without stopping to tell you that the day you start gathering the scandal, i the day I quit reading Radio Digest—an I think there are many others of the sam mind as I. If you find it necessary to prin that kind of "stuff" then quit publishing because that's the beginning of the en There's plenty of interesting material t be had concerning "our friends of the air without dragging in their shortcomings.— Jess Jackson, Apollo, Pa. [We distinctl stated we didn't like scandals for Radi Digest. Editor.]

* * *

HERE'S three emphatic answers to th query, "Should Radio Digest go for scandals?"—NO! NO! NO!—one fo each member of our family—and the puss cat—who looks forward to chewing up eac copy of Radio Digest after we have fi ished with it and considers herself entitl to a vote upon the quality of her foo Radio Digest is unique in the fact that has so far steered clear of everything u clean. Its gossip is of the light, harmle sort which entertains without leaving unpleasant taste in the mouth and I, f one, should be very sorry to see it Walter Winchell. For those who get vicarious delight in learning of the infide ties of the great and near-great of t stage, screen or Radio, there are the mo magazines and metropolitan tabloids to t rescue. Although I have been a regul reader of your magazine since almost first issue, this is my first letter to V. L., and is written in appreciation of t editor's efforts to give us what we real want in the form of a Radio magazi I sincerely hope that other interested rea ers will respond to this important questi and if Bigger and Better Scandals is t order of the day as a result of the po then I make the motion that those in t minority, who may feel like canceling the subscriptions to Radio Digest, instead tu their energies into organizing a Skipp of Pages Association to see who can sk the fastest!—Edna H. Stanbrough, R. D. No. 3, Newburgh, N. Y.

WANTED: DISTANT STATION

JUST a line to tell you that I certain enjoy reading your fine magazine. I sho like to hear from listeners about the d tant stations they can get or about th locals—or anything about Radio.—Flo Smith, R. R. No. 6, Box 52, Greenvil Ill.

RUDY'S CORNER

IT IS rumored in Canadian as well American circles that Rudy Vallee, idol of America, is about to sign a co tract for an enormous sum, and depart for Elstree, the Hollywood of England several British films. This will surely a loss for America.—L. Fahey, Toron Ont. ..... May we soon have an arti devoted to Rudy Vallee's famous Conne cut Yankees? And a little picture of e

Listener

the boys? This particular orchestra ssesses so much individual personality, at such an article would be more than preciated. Wish you would also publish article about John S. Young and Lew onrad. (Lew is in Marcella's column is issue—and John Young in May).

* * *

HAVE always said I would never miss such an interesting magazine as Radio igest. I can't wait each month for it to me out. Since Rudy Vallee is so happily arried, here's hoping it doesn't hurt his opularity and that Radio listeners will ways have Rudy's interesting programs listen to. As Rudy Vallee is my favorite, re's hoping he will always be on the air id in Radio Digest.—Mrs. Maria Jones, Vashington, D. C. ..... After reading udy Vallee's *Tuneful Topics* one cannot oubt that he has a magnetic personality. stead of all or the majority of the men ing jealous of his charming voice, good oks, lovely orchestra, wonderful athletic gure and pleasing personality, I should ink they would admire him like most of e women do. I'd stay up all night to sten to him. Another young man whose oice bubbles with boyish enthusiasm, amely Ozzie Neslon. Please print a picure of him. Three cheers for Smith Balw and Julian Woodworth and needless to ention for the one and only Rudy Vallee. -Peggy Wood, 219 Pine Street, Peekskill, . Y.

TRY R. D. BINDERS

I THINK every "listener-in" was delighted to see the picture of "This is ouglas Gilbert Speaking" in the last edion of your magazine, and write to ask ou if there is not some way you can secure n intimate interview of Gilbert's life. Such wonderful voice and we hope he receives fine salary! Can you not print some more f his broadcasts on men of note? Buy our magazine and file in a folder.—A Listener-In."

SEE APRIL R. D.

HAS Radio Digest forgotten that the charming Jessica Dragonette is one of the finest and one of the most popular ingers on the air? Do let us have some nore pictures and articles about this fasinating star. She certainly has no equal on or off the air.—Marjorie Goetschins, 28 Ray Street, Manchester, N. H.

A FLOYD FAN

YOU asked for suggestions from readers about what they'd like to read and what pictures they'd like to see. Well—I read the Digest and enjoy it very much—and here goes for what I personally would like—I'd like more nice full page pictures of Floyd Gibbons and interviews and articles about him—in fact you can fill the book about him and I'm satisfied—but not where he travelled with Pershing or about Pancho Villa or the Laconia sinking, etc. I've read that fifty times in every paper, book and magazine. What I want to know is—does he really like lemon pie and ice cream—is he grouchy or jolly—serious or silly—as talkative off the air as on—and does he like riding, golf or flying—or just plain hiking—does he ever smoke a pipe—does he ever listen to the Radio himself—does he like music and jazz or the classics, etc.—that's the kind of interview I like. Maybe he doesn't—anyhow—that's what I'd like to hear about him. And about another hero of mine—of course he's really not a Radio star but he was master of ceremonies on the Chevrolet program for a long time —Col. Eddie Rickenbacker. These are my two heroes and it's sure hard to get a squint at a picture of or a word about either. Once again may I say how very much I enjoy this magazine and hope to find what I'm looking for in it one of these months.—Betty of Boston.

DX'S OWN DEPARTMENT

IN YOUR recent issue the most interesting article was the write-up by Charles J. Gilchrist on DX-ing, in my estimation. Undoubtedly, all DX'ers and Radio bugs will be your constant boosters if you succeed in getting Mr. Gilchrist to continue his articles through the coming winter months. I'm also glad to see more letters in V. O. L. from the "ether hunters," the "rubber ears," etc. The article in your May issue on a new station in Algiers using native entertainers was very, very interesting. You might give us a few more similar stories. While writing, I want to urge you to give us soon, in your dandy magazine, a good write-up on "Billy Sunshine," (Jack Owens), the boy who pulls in such a load of fan mail at KFH. Although he's but 18 years old, his voice is exceptional among crooners and his impersonations range from Henry Burbig to Morton Downey.—Paul K. C. McAfee, R. 4, Salina, Kans.

* * *

I WOULD like to say a few words in regard to DX. I have been DX-ing for nearly four years. While I have not set the woods on fire and made any records I have had lots of fun. My log runs between 425 and 450 stations. The best catches are as follows: (I am only giving those that are verified) 2LO London, England; JOGK, Kuamoto, Japan; KGMB, Honolulu, Hawaii; KGBU, Ketchikan, Alaska; WKAQ, Porto Rico; CKMO, Vancouver, B. C.; CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; VAS, Glace Bay, N. S.; Dudeleutscher Rundfunk at Stuttgart, Germany. I have 21 stations in California verified, 3 in Oregon, 5 in Washington. I also have several Mexican, Cuban and Canadian. I have every state in the Union with the exception of N. H., N. D. and Vermont. I have several more good catches that are not verified as yet. Will be glad to give any information that I can on any of my stations listed above. Also have numerous verifications from low-powered stations all over the country ranging from 7½ watts to 100 watts.—Clyde Ham, 1002 S. Lafayette St., Shelby, N. C.

TCK! TCK! JOHN!

I DISLIKE your magazine more and more every month, as you gradually fill it with fashion notes, what the bride will wear and all that sort of junk. Who cares what people think about the women of America being happy? I like the way you logged the stations in your April or May issues, but your idea in the June issue was all wet, considering the many mistakes you made. Now what about something in your magazine that pertains a little at least to Radio, also some pictures of some of the good orchestras.—John Drake, 1920 Athol Street, Regina, Sask.

SOME SOFT ANSWERS

THE Radio Digest gets better and better every month. I really can't tell you what I like the best. I think Marcella is first and then the V. O. L.—when I read the letters from listeners who are always knocking the Radio Digest or some artist, I boil. I do not see how anyone can find a single fault with the Radio Digest. When they say the Radio Digest is "punk" and nothing but "junk" I fear they do not get very much out of life—they are too quick to criticize and not quick enough to give the Radio Digest or the artists some appreciation. As for orchestras I think I like them all—Vincent Lopez, Ben Bernie, Bernie Cummins, Henry Theis, Guy Lombardo, Rudy Vallee and heaps of others. Please forgive me if I have seemed a bit pointed in my accusations to some of your readers. But life is too short to always be criticizing and when anyone says a single word against Radio Digest, I'm ready to fight right back. More power to the Radio Digest.—Virginia "Jinny" Peters, 3021 Fairfield Avenue No. 14, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

MAY I express my appreciation of a magazine so well-rounded as Radio Digest. I read it with great avidity each month. There are some of us—and our name is legion—who appreciate the simplicity, lack of affectation, and charming presentation of the incomparable Vallee's particular line. It seems to me the facts prove what the majority of listeners think of him. Success is not granted to mediocrity. More power to your publication.—R. M. Walker, Sunnycrest, Seymour, Ind.

* * *

I WANT to express my appreciation for your magazine. To me it is the answer to a Radio fan's prayer. You can't please everyone but you're doing a mighty good job. Keep up *Broadcaster Oil* by Ray Perkins. He has the most spontaneous humor I have read in a long time. Also enjoyed Jean Paul King's article on the *Sisters of the Skillet*. I like your pictures. Here's luck.—Maurine Sanderman, Marion, Ind.

TRUE WISDOM

I'D LIKE to say a few words to the men who seem to resent the ladies' adoration of Rudy Vallee. I'd buy my wife a gold statue of Rudy if she would be content to stay home and adore him. You are mighty lucky if your wife is content to worship at the shrine of the Radio. Suppose she *stepped out* with any Tom, Dick or Harry who happened along.—Just Another Listener Who Thinks Rudy is Not So Bad, Norwich, N. Y.

* * *

I JUST bought my first Radio Digest today, and I had to write to tell you how I enjoyed reading the magazine. I have heard a lot about it but I haven't bought it before. Why? I don't know. I would like to hear from more Lombardo fans. I think that Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadians have the cream of the slow tempo music. Jack Denny and his Orchestra from Montreal is also a headliner on the CBS and his type of music is also inimitable. Hope to hear from Lombardo fans.—L. C. Braddock, 14 West New York Avenue, Somers Point, N. J.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

TOLD you about the Little Black Book last month. Well sir. (please 'scuse for stealin' your stuff, Floyd) one of my ver' best friends writes to know if the Little Black Book isn't a Indi-rubber Book—don't we stretch things sometimes? You're wrong, Sylvia, it's a book of concrete facts. Not sayin' that the concrete might not be a bit cracked in places.

You'd be surprised at the Limericksters. Here are a couple of fresh ones which Robert G. Wyatt of Bakersville, Tenn., got 'em off his own limerick tree.

WHATCHA MEAN "RAW"?

There was a young couple from Arkansaw
Who were not aware of the parking law,
And with their bathing suits on
They were told to be gone
By an old cop who thought they were sparking raw.

PRESSING ENGAGEMENT

There was a nice girlie from Butte
Who turned down a neighbor galoot
Because he was dumber
Than the smart city drummer
Who found joy in pressing his suit.

Stop that! Don't you throw that tomato! Maybe you'd like this one from Nellie Foster Seibert, 3451 W. 30th ave., Denver, Colo., who swears she found it in her own cellar.

Oh, Lady Moon, so frail and slim,
At first I hardly knew you;
Last week you were so round and fat—
Now, I look right through you.

Pray tell me, did you exercise,
Or follow some strict diet?
If I but knew your recipe,
I certainly would try it.



CUTE THING

Oh Edna O'Keefe, of KFRC
I love the little dimple
In each little knee
Please think me not simple
And wink at me so
For loving each wrinkle
In each little toe.

IS THAT NICE?

Imagine the scandalized housewives who dote on Col. Goodbody's food talks! John Myatt Napier, 2627 Texas Street, Vernon, Tex., sends this indiscreed clipped, as he says, from the Dallas Morning News. It's from the Radio program listing:

Colonel Goodbody, fool talk (NBC network), WFAA.

Song titles connected with announcements are an invariable source of amusement. Rolf George, 6153 Catin st., New Orleans, La., writes:

While listening to the dance progra from the Trianon ball room, 62nd ar Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill., ar broadcast thru WGN, at ten P. M (Cent. Time) to-night, I heard the a nouncer say that the next number wou be "I'm dancing in the Dark, by Sp cial permission of the copyrigh owners."

Hubert Colombe, 44 Albion s Houghton, Mich., writes:

"I heard this over WHDF; 'You a again reminded that at the Calum theatre tonight "Strangers may Kis with Norma Shearer'."

O. M. Crosby, 272 Elm st., Ame bury, Mass., heard the announcer WNAC, Boston, say, "Ninety-nine c of a Hundred Want to be Kissed Ben Selvin and his orchestra."

Sue Dickerson, 329 Clifton av Lexington, Ky., reports Phil Coo funny: "Well he will have to buy new license for his dog." "Nope, n this dog," replies Crackles. "Why not "Because he is just covered with already."

Don't know whether you heard t one. Vincent Sorey, Columbia orch tra leader, gives this as an experie he once had with a dictatorial spon who rushed up to him mad and all of breath:

"You're playing too loud. . . TO LOUD, I say!"

"The score says forte," Sorey plied.

"Then, for heaven's sake, play TH TY!" snorted the sponsor.

The Tastyeast Gloom Chasers h aroused a great deal of curiosity ab the mysterious Schultz for whom t frequently weep. A fan sent Colo Stoopnagle a handkerchief for

tears. Various legends were inscribed on the linen. This was one:

The Colonel stood at the microphone,
Whence all but him had fled;
He laughed and then broke down and cried,
Because our Schultz was dead.

FAR-FLUNG is the fame of this whirlwind of Radioscapes or what-chamacallums. Two letters come to Indi, on the same day from the opposite side of the world. First we have this bit from O. B. Ward, P. O. Box 2181, Honolulu, Hawaii.

SCULPTOR?

Listening to the police news
Our interest was intense
Until the radionouncer said,
"A *statuary* offense—"

I would like to print the letter and verses sent in by G. C. Tollenton of Auckland, New Zealand. It's all good, but gotta snap off too quick. We want MORE space! (We WANT more space! We want more SPACE!) You can reach Mr. Tollenton at Box 83. And sezze, sez he—

"Only came across Radio Digest just a few weeks ago and am delighted with its contents. Have just sent subscription for 12 months and am keenly looking forward to their arrival. Your own particular department is most diverting and I get a lot of laughs out of it." He tells about an Orange Trick performed by a broadcasting magician. This is his Indi-script:

"An artist over IYA, Auckland, New Zealand, caught all his listeners very nicely a few weeks ago. They were requested to take out their pocket handkerchiefs and follow the moves as they were given through the air. He got them to fold the hankys first one way and then another until the hanky was in a shapeless mass about the size of an egg. Then he asked them to close their fingers around it and hold it above their heads for one moment. 'Don't forget,' he said, 'this is the Orange trick so just for effect I want you to hold the handkerchief in the air and gently squeeze it. That's right, all squeeze the hanky, now. That's right, squeeze a little harder; harder still. That's right keep on squeezing, squeezing until you get the pip.' Then he went off the air. The mail which poured in immediately showed very effectively how many people had fallen for the hoax." Very funny, what?



GENEROUS RIVAL

Who said the gals would all drift away from Rudy now that he has got himself a bride? Miss Mapel of Denver perhaps voices the sentiment of many others who are seventeen. She writes her *bon voyage:*

The echo of his wedding bells—
And seventeen am I;
Deep, black despair has filled my heart—
My knight has passed me by!

And then upon a newsreel film
Their pictures flashed one day;
I saw my lovely rival there—
And now I hope and pray
That this romance down through the years,
Sincere and true will stay.

A Vallee fan I've always been,
A Vallee fan I stay.
Not his alone, but also her's.
May joy be theirs always.



Frank Watanabe (Eddie Holden) at KNX, Hollywood

FAN SONG

A Vallee Fan I've always been,
Since first he took my eye,
I heard the beat of courser's feet
My knight was riding by!

ROSIN DID IT

Now we know what put the kibosh on Firpo when Jack Dempsey quit laughing, climbed back up in the ring and got down to serious work. It came out during a Radio interview between Ed. Sullivan and Jack (Doc) Kearns over WOR, New York.

Sullivan: "I've often wondered, Doc, what Dempsey whispered to you after the first round in the Firpo fight? Can it be told now?"

Kearns: "Dempsey said, 'Doc, I can't get started. I'm slipping all over the ring.' And I said, "No wonder you're slipping, you chump; put some rosin on your feet."

So Dempsey squshed his dogs in a rosin box and that was the end of Firpo. (Fred Morgan shows how Ed and Doc looked during the mike bout at WOR in the drawing here.)

Aunt and Uncle Mike

By Evans E. Plummer

NOW let's travel down to At-lan-tahh Georgia, where, I've been told, we'll find a couple who are going to run Gus Edwards out of business if they continue with their present success of finding and starting off young theatrical protegees.

Technically speaking, they don't call themselves "aunt" and "uncle," and they purposely avoid the gushiness that often is found present in the Radio feature supposed to attract the juvenile. But — they already have more than 30,000 children tuning in their daily broadcasts, and they've only been on WSB since last September.

"They," of the above paragraph, are Janet and Lou Zoeller, directors of the Atlanta Journal's "Sunset Club for Girls and Boys." Up to Radio the Zoellers were in vaudeville, playing the RKO, Loew and Pantages circuits. They were billed as "Souls o' Sunshine," and the name has remained with them on the air.

Since joining WSB last Fall, the Zoellers have been appearing over the station every weekday afternoon except Saturdays at 4:30 (CST) p. m. with their young protegees selected from among aspiring tiny listeners. On Saturdays they carry the youngsters down to one of the larger motion picture houses on Peachtree street where they present their coming stars in the fastest-moving juvenile revues Atlanta has ever known. Do the listeners like the idea? Well, an average of 3,000 boys and girls jam the theater for each of these special matinees.

The Zoeller broadcasts are adult in every detail—except the talent. Bedtime stories, recitations and the like are forgotten as the youngsters, hundreds of them, face the microphone to mimic the songs and dances they've heard on their Radios and at the movie and vaudeville houses.



Just see what Uncle Television is bringing to the Little Listeners and Lookers around New York! Here you see Big Brother Mortimer Stewart, director of television for W2XCR, the eyes of WGBS, presenting Gamby, the dancing fairy; Little Billy, the midget, and Felix the Clown

ONE outstanding star is 12-year-old Frances Marie Bess, a crooner who, it is whispered about the studios, is slated for the talking movies and may be in Hollywood when this appears in print. Another is William Blue McKay, three-year-old master of ceremonies, whose claim to being the youngest announcer in America regularly on the air, is apt to go unchallenged.

Another Sunset Club protege, Maurice Wager, was signed by RKO several months ago and is now touring the country with "Scooter" Kelly, one time Our Gang screen comedy star.

Chicago has three more children's hours besides Uncle Bob Wilson's over KYW. At WMAQ there's the "Topsy Turvy Time Man"; at WENR, Everett and Irma's Air Junior and at WGN you hear Uncle Quin.

Russell Pratt, known more widely to the adult audience as one of WMAQ's "Three Doctors," is the originator of the Topsy Turvy Time Club. Daily except Sunday for the past five and a half years, the program has been heard without fail over WMAQ, and the membership of the club is now well over the 400,000 mark.

With the aid of his rather mysterious helpers, Tommy and Harry, Pratt has built an informal, leisurely and conversational situation, where, by for the distances separating, the listening child might put in his word. Songs, stories, recitations and little talks find a place on each program. Puzzling and beguiling actions are the contributions of Tommy, alias Dr. T. Thomas Tofins, "plain and fancy reciter of T.T.T. and Harry H. Hoozis, the singer of T.T.T. and the official mail man. Strange to say that Tommy and Harry, while ever crowding the mike on the air, are always bashfully absent whenever there are visitors at the studio.

The three T's on the red and gold

microphone pin which is given free to each member signify two things—Topsy Turvy Time and The Club Secret. The latter, I'm told, is so sacred that I must not divulge what it is, but I may say, at least, that the secret is a motto expressing an ideal of behaviour. The club has other ideals, civic services, and activities, too, and is always busy on some seasonal enterprise.

Well, Russell Pratt should make a good director of a children's hour. He has five of his own of assorted ages at home. Another boast of his is that he has never, in all of the five and a half years, used the word "kiddies." This news, I trust, will reach the ears of the Carnegie Foundation, or some other live-wire medal-awarding group, and be taken into immediate consideration.

The five-year-old Air Juniors Club of WENR, Chicago, started by Everett Mitchell, announcer, and Irma Glenn, staff organist, still waves under the banner of NBC, and at present its enrollment is near the 150,000 mark.

Don't tell the children, as they'd probably be off of it for life, but the Air Juniors programs are ninety per cent educational with heavy sugar-coating to insure listening young ears. But there are no long talks or lectures. The education is purveyed by means of stories that bring out educational points. One broadcast, for instance, will deal with health, another with nature stories, another with safety, the next with pets and birds. This year a garden contest is being staged. The Air Juniors have been told how to plant their gardens and take pictures of them as they grow. Next Fall the boy and girl with the best garden will be awarded a prize. Other civic enterprises of various kinds are conducted.

One night each week children selected by regular auditions take their places before the WENR microphone and supply the talent for the program. The queer part of these amateur talent nights is that they draw as many adults to the loud speaker as children.

THE slogan of the Air Juniors Club is: "The Air Juniors Club—A Club for Happy Boys and Happy Girls." And every night the program is closed by a child's prayer sent in by one of the members.

Quin Ryan, manager of WGN and "Uncle Quin" to the tots of that station's audience, is responsible for the "Punch and Judy Show" heard nightly from WGN.

"I have never tried to be edifying," Ryan replied when asked of the program's activities. "Neither was Tom, the piper's son, nor the unconventional cow that jumped over the moon. I never preach, nor moralize, nor goo-goo, nor strive to ingratiate myself. Clowning is enough."

Radio has brought a new interval into the public's everyday, he points out—the period of the bedtime story. It is time to confuse images, images to sweeten dreams. Peter Pan hops into the window and Tinker Bell whisks through the room. The magic quality of the Radio enhances its imaginative appeal to the children. Turn a dial and from the set darts music, and voices, and stories, and animals. Such is Ryan's vision.

Uncle Quin started his menagerie oddly. One evening he was inadvertently toying with a kit of whistles and bells that a trap-drummer had left behind in the studio. He proceeded to name each one of them for some animal or bird, and his tiny audience believed him! Out of his bewildered hat they had pulled a cuckoo bird, a wabbly calf, an Airedale, a lumbering baby elephant, a kindly lion, a frisky frog, and a garrulous duck who never goes without her galoshes.

"I never allow any children in the studio," Uncle Quin concluded, "because for them the show would be ruined by disillusionment and for me by self-consciousness. In their presence I am just a wooden Indian, but miles away from them—they almost engulf me with their letters, their love and

(Continued on page 70)

Three Beautiful Jay-birds of the Air



Joan Colburn



Jane Houston



Joan Danton

Joan Colburn, called "The Girl of a Thousand Personalities" will appear under the direction of Sterling Program Corp. in a new series to be announced soon. She is well known for her excellent work in "Dracula," Horace Liveright's stage success in which she played the leading feminine role.

Jane Houston, well known to all radio listeners for her long, long portrayal of the character "Vi" in Graybar's "Mr. and Mrs." sketches over Columbia, is seen here creating a new character in which it is planned to present her under the banner of a prominent national broadcaster, shortly.

Stage audiences know the remarkable versatility of this beautiful actress. Besides playing the part of "Azuri" in the Desert Song, dancing her way into the heart of drama and music lovers over the U. S. she has played highly emotional and sweetly demure ingenue parts, as well. Her character delineations are making her a favorite.

Station Parade

Pageant of Personalities and Programs as they Appear Across the Continent for the Biggest Show on Earth

FALL programs are leaning more toward dramatic presentations this year. But vocalists who can both sing and act will doubtless find themselves to a better than usual advantage.

Television is sweeping the country like wildfire. Stations in every community are making preparation for television equipment. This new phase will prove a special boon to the community broadcaster because it is not possible to hook television through a series of stations with the present wire equipment of the telephone and telegraph companies.

* * *

And now let's see what they are thinking about in the various studios scattered across the continent.

* * *

NINE YEARS OLD

OLD WNAC, Boston, is celebrating its ninth anniversary. That puts it in the same anniversary class as Radio Digest.

The celebration held at WNAC came to its climax the night of July 31st. To make an extraordinary occasion of the event Linus Travers, production manager, arranged to bring from various parts of the country some of their former entertainers. It was a particularly happy event for John Shepard, 3rd, who founded the station and who since that time has been actively identified with almost every phase of Radio development.

Station WEAN is now one of the two key stations for the Yankee Network. New studios and transmitting equipment have recently been installed so that it is possible to send out six programs over the system at one time.

* * *

GONDOLERIOUS

WILL television interfere with some of those fine delusions we now enjoy? What about those jolly Gondoliers at WGY, Schenectady? As you hear them now you fancy a moonlight scene in Venice. It is so easy when you can't see to imagine a barrel stave swishing around in a tub to be a long, slim paddle dripping and rippling through a glancing moonbeam.

But here are the real Gondoliers in this tower of masculinity just below. Not a Venetian in a boatload! Just read the names in the list below the picture!



The Gondoliers of WGY, Schenectady. Top, down: John Danduarnd, Clyde Kittel and A. O. Coggeshall (Tenors) and John Finke (accompanist)

PASKMAN'S PROGRESS

SPEAKING of television of course you know that WGBS has it in New York. Dailey Paskman, the guiding genius, of this independent station in the heart of Manhattan simply took the bull by the horns and set his station right down at 655 Fifth avenue, about a stone's throw from the formidable NBC where it has been rather stoutly maintained that television, after all, is more "tell" than vision.

Recent announcements state that Mme. Mariska Aldrich, formerly of the Metropolitan opera, is now one of Paskman's regular television artists. She is presenting a series of programs with associate artists, all made up in costume for the characters they represent. They portray different nationalities. Some of the programs already presented which have been notably successful were Hungarian, Russian and Spanish in theme.

On the Golden Hour you hear organ selections from the studios of Miss Marcia Stewart. Of course Miss Stewart also may be seen through W2XCR, the WGBS television station.

* * *

THE CYNIC SPEAKS

By Muriel Allen

IT WAS after one of his peppiest evening broadcasts that I interviewed WPCH'S incognito misanthrope (yes, they're both in the dictionary). He calls himself "The Old Cynic," and he's a member of the tribe of scribes.

But no newspaper man, present or ex, can be comfortable enough to answer personal questions about himself in the formal atmosphere of an open-to-the-public reception room. It requires a swivel chair and a desk for the victim's feet to rest on. We found it in the press office, and then the fun began.

"How did you come to do it—this cynical sort of a program? (I guess that's the best way to start, isn't it?)"

"H-m-m-m," grunted the Old Cynic. "Good as any. I don't really see what difference it makes to anybody, but here's the answer. Experience! My

forbears couldn't boast of a single divorce in their entire history. I had to break that jinx, so to do a really good job I had two before I was 26. That's how I learned about women. And when you figure a *pair* of alimony checks on the first of every month, you can judge the expense of *that* lesson!"

"Do the women like your program?"

The answer to this one came with a chuckle. "Be yourself, lady, would you? But they get so infuriated that they have to let off steam, and so they write to me and tell me what *they* think of *me!* And here's another funny thing about the one—or I should really say—two-track mindedness of the 'dear ladies' in my audience. My feminine 'fans' either assail me for overlooking all the romantic elements of marriage, or else they pounce on me for not revering my mother. Now as far as I am concerned, neither one of these accusations shows any indication of common sense reasoning. In the first place, a man who doesn't revere his mother is no man at all. And in the second place, it is romance that is the matter with marriage. When romance wears thin for a man, he's disillusioned. When it wears thin for a woman, the old shopping instinct comes to the surface, and she goes out into the matrimonial market again looking for a better bargain, or buy, than the one she has. And Reno is the exchange desk!"

"And what about the men? What do they say about your program? Anything?"

There was a twinkle in the Old Cynic's eyes and a smile turned up the corners of his straight mouth (cynics always have straight mouths, you know). He almost laughed.



Anita Cheney, dramatic soprano with the Stamford Players at WCHI, the "Voice of Chicago"

"If I should tell you women about some of the letters I get from the men, the male population of this great and glorious country would have to unite in self defense. To a man, they give me a verbal 'pat on the back,' and tell me I'm telling you 'dear ladies'



Fred Hoey who scores highest batting average for baseball announcers

exactly what they've wanted to tell you for years, and haven't had the—well, nerve—to do it!"

A long pull on the glowing pipe as the Old Cynic pondered a while in silence. I asked him if he didn't feel a little ashamed—or, was it fun?

"Fun? You bet it's fun. But you needn't tell them that!" And he wandered out into the jungles of Broadway, leaving me wondering if I didn't see him shift his tongue into his cheek as he turned his back on the inquisition.

* * *

THAT MAN HOEY

BEFORE the baseball season of 1931 becomes one of those things that have already come and entirely gone let's have a look at that Boston man, Fred Hoey. It is the sports announcer who has the chance to make a name for himself these days. Fred Hoey, of the WNAC staff, acclaimed by his great army of admirers "King of Baseball Announcers." His whole career has been curved around a baseball, it seems, and began back when Frank Selee's Boston Nationals played Ned Hanlon's Baltimore Orioles in the 1897 Temple Cup series. From years of baseball writing on Boston newspapers he turned to baseball Radio reporting five years ago. People who had hitherto been indifferent to baseball became ardent fans by listening to his dramatic and accurate word portrayal of the games as they were being played. He knows everybody in every team, knows them so well he can just about foretell what they are going to do before they do it from what he has seen them do in the past.

The fans thought so well of Hoey's batting at the microphone last spring that they took a day off and made quite an ado for him. They called it Fred Hoey Day and gave him a lot of presents including a certificate of deposit for $3,000; a purse of gold from the Boston Braves and a whole truck full of gifts from other players and admirers.

Being a baseball specialist does not prevent Hoey from being good at other sports as the Wnacians will readily testify.

* * *

ETHIOPIA HEARS KDKA

WESTINGHOUSE stations have always gone after the distant listener—to the Arctic or the Antipodes. Letters from delighted fans from these far points are their reward. Not long ago a special program was broadcast to the United Presbyterian Missionary colony, 8,000 miles away at Gorei, Ethiopia. Many letters have been received from the colonists stating they were able to hear their friends at home clearly and distinctly. "It was like Christmas all over again," wrote Mrs. Ruth L. Walker.

* * *

DOT AND DICK AT WMAZ

LET'S tune in Dot and Dick who do that intriguing drawl from stations Georgiaward. They're at WMAZ, Macon, for the present although they are very well known to the WBZ listeners at Atlanta. There's a quaint naturalness to their skit which savors of the same dramatic quality that has put Amos 'n' Andy over so successfully. Just a couple of young American Newlyweds being themselves.

It's no secret that the skits are written and presented by Mr. and Mrs. Malcom Jones, Jr., of Macon. It was a matter of tradition that this family of Jones should follow the legal profession. But nobody before had anticipated the advent of Radio. Mal simply did not like law. He went to war and eventually became a Radio dealer. Mrs. Jones was formerly a newspaper woman. She teaches speech and dramatic art at Wesleyan Conservatory. They have been married five years and have a little daughter in kindergarten.

ENGLISHMAN SHOWS US

IT TAKES the perspective of an Englishman to get the real slant at Americans, some folks say. That may account for Norman MacDonald, English born and graduate of Cambridge, being able to come to this country and portray American historic characters over WGN, Chicago. He is doing a series of famous men there. The skits are written by Miss Jean Conover. Among the impersonations already broadcast are those of Gen. Gage, Nathan Hale, George Washington, Gen. Custer and Alexander Hamilton.

* * *

McCORMICK FIDDLERS

SOME of these so-called "old time fiddlers," "mountaineers," and "hill-billies" are only Big City tuba players filling in time. They live in hall bedrooms in the tenement districts and never saw the mountains this side of the ocean.

But you can't say that about the McCormick Fiddlers at WLW, Cincinnatti. Pa and Ma McCormick come from Owenton; Frank Mills was "bawn 'n' brung up in Mt. Zion; Ohmar Castleman, who tweaks the five-string banjo, came up from Folson and Jerry Foy, guitarist, calls Harrodsburg his native town. They have all just rounded out three years at WLW.

* * *

MAY MAKE KMA PAY

CONSIDERING investment and returns you probably wont find a town anywhere in the world that has earned more money by Radio than Shenandoah, Ia. Last year 250,000 people visited the town which has a population of only 6,500. There are two broadcasting stations.

EARL MAY, owner of KMA, Shenandoah, is entertaining at two stations these days since he became owner of KFOR at Lincoln, Nebr. He is a busy commuter between Shenandoah and Lincoln and depends on his big Buick de luxe sedan to speed him back and forth.

Last year he spent $120,000 for talent on KMA alone. And he gave away $40,000 in premiums. He sells everything over his station. In one sales drive he sold $82,000 in dress goods last year.

The Burlington railroad just put in a new $50,000 stockyard to handle the livestock business developed by KMA.

* * *

NEWSBOY ON KFNF

IT WAS Henry Field who launched the first Radio station in Shenandoah. He is said to have cleared as much as one million dollars net in one year through sales made over his station, KFNF.

Mr. Field opens each day with religious service for the farmer listeners. About six years ago James Pearson, an employee of the Field Seed House, began broadcasting news from the papers. This proved a very popular feature and he now enjoys a national reputation as the KFNF Newsboy. He is also known as the Newsboy-Pastor because of Radio church services he conducts.

* * *

Full Length Plays

EVEN though she now has four jobs to perform instead of one, Patricia O'Hearn, former Broadway leading lady, finds Radio much less tiring and much more interesting than stage work.

Returning to Chicago, her home town, after playing a prominent part in the New York cast of Frank Craven's "Salt Water," which followed her engagement playing opposite Glen Hunter in "Behold This Dreamer," Miss O'Hearn joined the Goodman Theatre Repertory company. At the close of the Goodman season, during which she played several important roles, she turned to Radio drama.

It was Miss O'Hearn's idea to apply the Goodman laboratory of the theatre methods to broadcast drama and with this in mind she became associated with John Stamford, director of WCHI and a member of the faculty of the Chicago Conservatory.

The Stamford Players, one of the first groups to regularly present full length plays on the air, under the combined direction of Mr. Stamford and Miss O'Hearn is now broadcasting high class dramatic productions over WCHI each week.

* * *

ART MAKES WILians CRY

SALT water showers and blubber-weather are predicted for St. Louis and vicinity. The handkerchief business is picking up. Art Gillham, whispering pianist, and arch apostle of "Syncopated Pessimism," is now wringing tears from the WILians. In presenting his lugubrious hoakum at WIL Art is a successful comedian. He has made the circuit of practically all the broadcasting stations in Uncle Sam's domain. Recently he was heard over the Columbia System. In returning to St. Louis Art has meandered back to settle down in his home town. But, ah there you California—.

(Continued on page 70)

Victor Rodman Entertains KPO Artists



KPO entertainers were entertained a few nights ago when Victor Rodman gathered the boys around the grand for a little fun. Left to right: Raymond Marlowe, Victor Rodman, Marsden Argall, Cy Trobbe, Baldwin McGaw. Rear: Hans Neiderhofer and Henry Thompson.

Watanabe Kids a Cop

IT WAS such a pleasant evening. The borrowed automobile spun along the wide and cheerfully lighted boulevards of Los Angeles and Hollywood, with a hardly perceptible purr while the tall, slim young man at the steering wheel called attention to the various and sundry sights.



For Frank Watanabe (Eddie Holden) of the team of "Frank Watanabe and the Honorable Archie," popular nightly broadcasters from the Paramount Pictures-Los Angeles Evening Express station KNX, Hollywood, was showing his visiting aunt and uncle about the purlieus of the allegedly "wicked film capitol."

"Now over there are the famous La Brea pits from which they have taken so many dinasaurs and pterodactyls and . . . er . . . all those things that lived so many thousand years ago," Watanabe explained. "And not far from here we come to Beverly Hills where I'll show you the homes of the famous movie stars."

However, just then a long-drawn shriek of a siren caused Frank to waggle an apprehensive ear. A shiny, radio-equipped automobile pulled up alongside the sight-see-ers. "Pull over, buddy, pull over,"



Hon. Archibald Chissellberry (right) and Frank Watanabe

came the command. One look at the red lights and Watanabe hastened to obey, wondering what was wrong.

"Where's the fire? Are ya in a hurry?" the officer queried as he got out of the scout car and began to pull a packet of "tickets" from his pocket.

"No," meekly replied Watanabe. He quivered a bit and cast a side-long glance at his visiting aunt and uncle. They were apprehensive but brave.

"Well, how come you rode through the red light at the last crossing?" the cop wanted to know.

"Oh, did I?" whimpered Frank.

"Saaaaaay! Tryin' to kid me? Where's your driver's license?"

A sinking feeling came over Watanabe. He remembered that in his hurry he had not taken his license, or, in fact, any of his papers from his "other" suit.

"Well, let's see your 'Pink Slip'," continued the glowering officer.

Be it explained that the "Pink Slip" is the certificate of ownership California drivers are expected to carry with them all the time—that is, when the last payment has been made and the car belongs to them.

"Th-th—this is a b-b-b-orrowed car," Watanabe tried to explain.

"Oh, it is, is it?" and gruff is no name for the growing suspicion in the policeman's voice.

"Well, why aren't your lights on, buddy, trying to make a sneak?"

Aghast, Frank saw that he had forgotten to turn on the headlights.

"Well, I guess I'm in wrong, officer," he explained. "But I'm Frank Watanabe of the 'Watanabe and Honorable Archie' skits over KNX," he added.

"Yeah," said the cop, reflectively, eyeing Frank as if about to measure him for a shroud. "Well, I'm George Washington. Anything to identify yourself?"

Watanabe suddenly saw a bright light. In his hip pocket reposed the script for that evening's broadcast.

"Look," he said brightly, "here's our continuity for tonight." He pulled out the typewritten pages.

"Gimme," said the cops. Together they read them over. "Sounds all right but does it belong to you? You don't look like a Japanese."

"No, please. I not looking too Japanese. But I feeling just like five, sicks Chinamen. Ah, yes mam."

Hopefully, Frank looked up at the cops. "Gowan!" they commanded.

"But we coulda give you five tickets, young feller, me lad," said the m. c. as the car put-putted away.

Station Parade

(Continued from page 68)

MODEL HOME

DON'T talk, do something! Give the unemployed jobs! And in answer to that demand Radio Station KSTP started doing something by building a model home, costing $20,000. It has just been completed. Some 40 building firms sponsored the undertaking. Daily progress was reported in a special program. The project proved successful.

* * *

REGINALD MARTIN, smart young announcer at WGN, Chicago is off the list, girls. Married Miss Jane Neilson of Evanston on July 11th. He was only twenty but he won a nice girl.

* * *

VISITORS are always welcome at KHJ, Los Angeles. To keep faith with that policy the studios recently were enlarged to accommodate audiences of about 500. The studios occupy the entire second floor of the Don Lee building. Permission has been obtained for the installation of television, and Hollywood beauties soon will be seen from here through this medium.

* * *

PRUDY AND ANN are making singing history over WJR, Detroit.

* * *

HAROLD TURNER is being announced as poet of the organ at Lincoln, Nebr. Don't let Jesse Crawford hear about this.

* * *

FREDERICK O'BRIEN, author, lecturer and traveler has been taking KPO listeners for some long jaunts into wild places lately.

* * *

WALTER BUNKER, JR., KFRC chief announcer, is getting ambitious to do a little warbling himself. He has been taking vocal lessons several months and may be expected to burst forth into song almost any time now. It sounds baritone.

* * *

MEREDITH WILLSON will have no salt on his eggs but makes up by sprinkling it liberally on his grapefruit and so the KFRC, San Francisco, musical features are normally savoured.

* * *

FREDERICK BITTKE, KFRC baritone, resigned as a swimming and diving champion after he had an argument with a springboard that wouldn't get out of the way of his head when he was making a "Flying Dutchman." He was unconscious for 36 hours. He finds singing for KFRC less dangerous.

* * *

HAPPY GO LUCKY GANG COMES TO KFRC FROM SEATTLE SEPTEMBER 12.

KENNETH NILES and bride doubtless have heard by this time of the sad state of affairs at their rabbitery. After leaving KHJ in Los Angeles for a trip to Seattle the rabbits were supposed to be in the care of Paul Rickenbacker, announcer-actor. Rabbit dinners have been thrown right and left. The well known rabbit fecundity has been unable to keep up.

* * *

ELVA ALLMANN at KHJ hasn't hasn't had a wreck for several weeks. Our correspondent says that traffic has learned to move over on the nearest sidewalk and leave her alone. Ken Allen went away and left his new Chevvy on top of the Bixel street hill. When he came back it was a hunk of junk at the bottom.



Hits, Quips and Slips

(Continued from page 63)

Talk about being embarrassed—and what would you do about that? Imagine those know-all Sisters of Skillet thinking up things to sound funny over a mike and then discovering that all the time they had been carrying on Mike had his face turned the other way and they were talking into the back of his neck. Engineers and officials were running around frantic trying to locate the cause of their voices sounding so distant! Now what would you do crawl under it or get a ladder and go over the top?

A lot of Indi-scribes sent in this one from WGY, Schenectady:

Announcer: "I Left My Girl in the Mountains, with Otto Gray and his Oklahoma cowboys."

One fair listener comments at the end of her letter, "Oh! Oh!"

Mrs. Eugene B. Tinker of Creswell, Ore., writes:

"Little three year old Jane had listened to the new Radio all day. That evening she ended her prayer, 'And tomorrow evening at this same time there will be another prayer.'"

Jasper B. Sinclair, 318 20th ave., San Francisco, quotes Monroe Upton over KFRC where he sometimes works under the alias of Lord Bilgewater. Quoth His Ludship: "Why does an Indian wear a hat?" (And you dern well know he doesn't.) Hearing no answer from the Radio audience and thinking they are totally flabbergasted the lord replies, "To keep his wigwam, of course."

SETTING UP, ETC.

B. V. Bloom, 945 Delaware ave., Toledo, O., writes: "My wife has her breakfast by remote control. Every morning at 7 she takes her coffee and rolls in front of the Radio."

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Aunt and Uncle Mike

(Continued from page 65)

their kisses, till I think of the Bishop of Bingen in his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

"What would you give," he asked, "to be the confidant of an army of children? What would you give to hold the pop-eyed attention of an exacting audience between the ages of one and ten? Well, I wouldn't trade it for whatever you would give!"

In St. Louis at KMOX these days is the "Once Upon a Time" lady Georgia McAdams Clifford occupies a unique position among story tellers. Her stories for children are the accumulation of twenty-five years and include folk tales, fairy tales, stories with morals, and story cycles. "Aunt" Georgia has developed her own system of technique and story pattern, and is frank to say that her recent (less than a year old) connection with KMOX is her first attempt at the microphone.

That she is watching the results there and of other stations' children's features, goes without saying. She has her theories—and why not? For isn't she the president of the American Association of Story Tellers, which has its headquarters in St. Louis?

She says that it seems that she has been telling stories all of her life. She began her career at Chautauqua, New York, a quarter of a century ago. During the war her thrift stories were immensely popular and helped Uncle Sam a great deal. Mrs. Clifford is a St. Louis woman and a member of the faculty of Washington University there.

Incidentally, one of her astonishing discoveries is that fairy tales are universally popular! Even the adults go for them.

KDKA, Pittsburgh, has "Uncle Ralph" (R. P.) Griffith on the job, assisted by Purves Pullen, animal mimic, and George Preach, pianist. Based on the juvenile love for animals and our



The real Raymond Knight and his family. Mrs. Knight is the girl in the center. The other girl is Betty Lou. That man on the left is John.

of-door life, Uncle Ralph keeps his programs educational in effect but never so that his young listeners can detect it.

Pullen's imitations of various animals are so realistic that they even bring delight to fathers and mothers as well as to the younger members of the radio audience. And Uncle Ralph's stories likewise draw mail from the grownups.

As I conclude this review of the air's aunts and uncles, who by the way, number entirely too many to be covered in so short a space, my eye is attracted to a chapter, "Programs for Children," in Peter Dixon's new book entitled "Radio Writing." Dixon, a continuity and script author of some years' experience, and who creates and enacts, with his wife's help, NBC's "Raising Junior," writes:

"The worst mistake any writer can make is to attempt to write 'down' to children. They not only resent it but they develop a positive dislike for the writer. Children like simple stories, but they will not tolerate slush. . . They are mainly interested in what it is all about. . . A good way to antagonize ninety per cent of your child listeners is to make it clear to them that you are going to tell them in very simple words and phrases, calculated to appeal to their childish understandings, just what you are going to tell them. They will promptly desert your program and tune in on the weather reports."

Does this help you to understand little Annie and Willie a bit better? If not, just sit down and write a letter to your favorite radio uncle or aunt. He or she will tell you more things, probably, about your own offspring than you yourself had even suspected!

THIS is the second and concluding installment of the Aunt and Uncle Mike story by Uncle Ev Plummer. It was impossible to tell the story of all of these splendid Radio entertainers, but Radio Digest will keep telling you something about some of them from month to month.

—EDITOR.

Ambrose J. Weems

(Continued from page 53)

also regarded a nearby milk can, whose name escapes me at the moment.

Now Archibald Finch was cross-eyed and as he regarded Henery XIV and the milk can, whose name still escapes me, they blended into one and the same thing. As they crossed his vision Archibald leaped up and shouted, "Eureka." At this, his sister, who was named Eureka, came running out of the house, fell into the well and was never heard from again.

But Archibald Finch was not a man easily daunted. "If only I could get that cow into the can," he exclaimed, and forthwith he set to work on the problem.

For days he labored trying to get the cow into the can. At first the cow, whose name had meanwhile been changed to Edith, protested but after a while she entered into the spirit of the thing better, and also into the can, and after a week she was into the can up to her neck. You see the difficulty lay in her ears. The rent was in arrears, but that's neither here nor there.

However, Archibald Finch came of sturdy stock and when two more weeks had passed, the cow whose name had again been changed, this time to Smith, was entirely inside the can all except her tail—but that's another tale.

The world was quick to see the practical value of combining the cow with the can and in a few years Finch became wealthy, was elected to Congress and disappeared from the sight of man.

If it had not been for Radio these facts would never have been known. (Incidentally this above account can be used in later programs as the story of the invention of canned corn beef hash. It will probably appear the week after the broadcast of how Eustace Winterbottom, the flypaper king, invented blueberry pie.) (Advt.)

AND so in conclusion, in answer to those who ask me whether or not Radio is in its infancy, I reply—"You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool some of the people some of the time."

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLEE

AS I begin the dictation for this issue of "Tuneful Topics," Evelyn, my stenographer, and I are sitting back-stage of the "Scandals," with the opening less than two weeks away. Rehearsals are still conducted with a nonchalance and a laissez-faire attitude, indicating that we are still far from the scenes of feverish activity that next week will bring to us.

So far there has been no complete rehearsal from start to finish; in fact, the chorus girls are rehearsing next door in the Apollo Theatre, while we, the principals, rehearse afternoons and nights back-stage of the Selwyn Theatre which the Selwyns seem kind enough to permit Mr. White to use.

Little by little we are polishing up the various odds and ends of our songs and sketches. But it is of the songs I intend to speak in this month's issue.

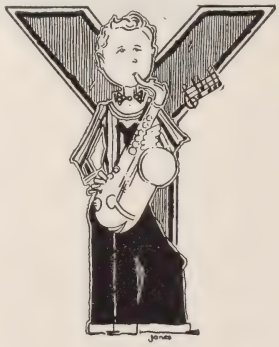
The triumvirate of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson is no more. Following the making of that stellar production, "Indiscreet," starring Gloria Swanson, in which were featured the two songs "Come to Me," and "If You Haven't Got Love," Ray Henderson and Lew Brown returned to New York while, as Lew Brown puts it, DeSylva "treads among the gold" of Hollywood.

IT IS such genuine, spontaneous and truly remarkable witticisms as these that have established Lew Brown in the foremost ranks of writers. One of his sly witticisms, which he dropped before leaving the Coast, has been used all over the Hollywood lots—"There's gold in them heels!" Brown is one of the fastest and most brilliant thinkers of lyrics, situations, and ideas; while Ray Henderson, a thorough student of harmony, counter-point, and a most prolific originator of musical ideas, is an ideal mate for Brown.

Ray plays piano beautifully, and from his nimble fingers have sprung many of the beautiful melodies that have come from the DeSylva, Brown & Henderson firm ever since it began its million dollar career several years ago—January 1st, 1927, to be exact.

I can early remember Ray Henderson's "Just a Memory," before the trio was formed, which he wrote for Harms, Inc., and which was one of the most lovely compositions ever written.

Under the direction of Bobby Crawford the boys wrote the music for "Good News," "Hold Everything," "Follow Thru," and the "Scandals of 1926," from which came "Birth of the Blues," "Lucky Day," and "Black Bottom." For Jolson they wrote, in a hurry, at his special order, while they were writing a show in Atlantic City, a simple little tune which, three or four months later, filled all their pockets with gold. That was "Sonny Boy." They wrote it more as a gag than anything else, and no one was more surprised than they when they found it turned out to be a hit.



When I learned that Brown and Henderson were going to write the book and music for the "Scandals," I knew that I was in the best of hands, and that I would have some fine songs to sing. And as song after song was played to me by the two boys long before rehearsals began, I felt that my belief was justified. Certainly few shows have had as unusual a score, and there is little doubt in my mind but that within several months nearly everyone will be humming and whistling at least two or three of the hits from the show. When it comes to picking tunes one person's guess is about as good as another's, and I would say, in my humble opinion, that the most popular song in the show, from a standpoint of country-wide popularity, urchins whistling in the street, hurdy-gurdies, phonographs and radio, will be "This Is the Mrs."

This Is the Mrs.

THE reasons for my belief in it popularity are simply that it is th type of song that may be played ex ceedingly fast with no damage to it lyric or melody. It is a lilting type o song, with a new thought. The melo dy is of a novel twist, and will mak great "dansapation." I believe I am go ing to sing this song to a young lad whom I pull away from a group of ad miring boys, and the song simply be speaks the fact that she is mine—he lips, her eyes, every bit of her—in fac she belongs to me.

Urban has devised a beautiful littl church background from which issu a train of girls in bridal costumes, an so forth, which will be extremely colo ful and lovely. The song itself, from melodic and lyrical standpoint, shoul be extremely popular.

We will play it at about 40 second to the chorus. It will be published, c course, by DeSylva, Brown and Hen derson.

Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries

THIS is one of the comedy songs a rather odd, humorous and dari thought from the brain of Lew Brow and if treated in schottische tempo carries one along in an extremely d lightful fashion.

It is introduced in the show by t Loomis Twins, who sing it with vi and vigor, and much exaggeration facial expression, but whose delive of it will certainly plant it and put well over before the rest of the ch acters each sing a chorus specially fitt to their own character.

The idea of the song is that nothi is worth worrying about—that life a er all is "just a bowl of cherries." R Bolger does a chorus about a cop s up by gangsters, who, after seve months in bed, gets the $10 "New award.

Barbara Blair, the delightful come enne does a chorus of a beautiful l dumb girl who gets nothing else but beauty cup after being man-handled a kicked around the place.

Willie Howard, whose comedy is

ays so refreshing and laugh-provok-ng, does a chorus at the end of which e makes me the butt of his joke, his ob being a daily plunge off the Em-ire State Bldg., for which he receives ttle, whereas, as he says, "there's a uy in the show who gets thousands or singing like this!"

Eugene Howard is discovered in the it as a musician who, after studying ne fiddle for years finds himself noth-ng but a pit violinist.

I predict that everyone will leave the neatre humming LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES—it's that type f song. We will play it in the schot-sche tempo, taking about one minute or the chorus, in order to give it the ight swing.

My Song

THIS is the pet song of Ray Hen-derson and Lew Brown. Both of nem feel it should be the hit song of he show, but I am not so optimistic s to its hit possibilities. Again it is ny good fortune to introduce it. I sing t to Ethel Barrymore Colt, daughter f the first lady of the stage, Ethel Barrymore, the idea being that after nding everything else a failure in my ffort to win her, the best I can do is simple song, which I call MY SONG.

It is a lovely musical thought, men-ioning Franz Schubert and Berlin, whose touch I cannot seem to acquire. t provides the opportunity for Franz Schubert later, with lovely glimpses of cenes from the days of Schubert, and he Berlin likewise exemplified. The ong will probably be very popular.

We will play it, taking one minute nd ten seconds for the chorus.

The Thrill Is Gone

THIS is the type of song I do best —a song that I will get a great deal f pleasure out of singing in the "Scan-lals," because of its unusually poignant nd rich melodic qualities, which offers me an opportunity to really get a kick ut of singing something. There is really nothing specifically or intrinsi-cally unusual about this except that it will be presented in the usual George White fashion, with a real reason for its rendition.

I believe it will be first sung by Ev-erett Marshall, the delightful tenor of the Atwater Kent Hour, and later by two or three other voices, before the final rendition is mine.

That's Why Darkies Were Born

THE mention of Everett Marshall brings me to the description of per-haps the most unusual song in the show, from a standpoint of grandeur of pres-entation—THAT'S WHY DARKIES WERE BORN. Ever since the success of "Birth of the Blues," Brown and Henderson have been seeking its proto-type. I imagine it will be presented in somewhat the same style, with a caval-cade of negro folk, as "Yaller" was pre-sented in "Three's A Crowd." Everett Marshall will certainly be in his glory in the rendition of this stirring compo-sition. He has a big chorus made up of the best voices in the cast to answer him with "Hallelujahs" and "ayes" and "noes," but he will really be in his prime when he sings the phrase "Some-one had to pick the cotton." The song builds toward the end, and there are terrific passages in triple F, as loud as Everett can sing them. The audience should certainly rise to its feet at this place, if they don't previously.

Henderson has conceived some of the most beautiful descending harmony against the melody of the composition, and since the scoring of the music is in the hands of the finest of arrangers, there is every reason to believe that this song, which depends on the orchestral arrangement, the chorus and the full rich quality of a voice like Everett Marshall's, will be sensational.

In October Radio Digest

YOU enthusiastic radio listeners who have urged Radio Digest to publish a new picture of Rudy Vallee will have your wishes gratified. There will be a new picture of this popular radio star and it will come to you in the next issue. So, Rudy Vallee rooters, make sure of that October Radio Digest. Visit your newsstand early.

I'd Die

WRITTEN along the idea of the songs sung in the synagogue by the Jewish cantors, Brown and Hender-son have evolved a song which four girls will sing, and the fifth rendition of which may possibly be mine. It has the very odd title of I'D DIE. The idea of the song is that the fellow or the girl goes on to express the many things that he or she might do, but would not do were he or she to lose the one they love.

Paradoxically, most of the lines are like this: "If I thought I could laugh over losing you, I'd cry," but it is such subtle paradoxical touches that make Lew Brown the lyricist he is.

While the orchestra sustains the beau-tiful low chords, the singer utters a phrase as rapidly as possible. It is in a minor vein, and should be an exceed-ingly captivating number in the show.

I believe that the four girls are going to be spotted in four different spots of a large curtain, each being lit up as they sing their spot, while yours truly is to be in the middle, in a sort of mi-crophone setting, not being lit up until the fifth chorus.

You Don't Live to Love

MARSHALL has another song in the show which he does with Ethel Barrymore Colt—a very dramat-ic type of song again, one which only his strong type of voice would carry through, a song in which he utters his contempt and loathing for a gold-digging girl who, finally shown how little she really cares for him, and the final blackout ends as he shoots her with a pistol which he has pointed at her through his coat pocket all through the song.

Like all musical comedies there are several other songs of the incidental character, songs that will probably nev-er reach the public ear to any extent, but the above are the outstanding songs of this year's "Scandals."

Begging for Love

NOT since "Reaching for the Moon" has Irving Berlin written any-thing really worth while. Now he seems to be in a writing streak again; two songs have followed one another in quick succession. The first, BEGGING FOR LOVE, is one which I recorded last Saturday, and which I think is a very lovely song. It may not assume hit proportions, but for those of us who enjoy the pathetic, really beautiful type of song, just a little bit different and unusual, BEGGING FOR LOVE is this.

It is unusual in the number of meas-ures in its chorus, of which there are 22; the verse is one of the loveliest I have ever heard. Our record of it, in-cidentally, is the first on which I have ever sung a song in ad lib style, (that is, singing both the verse and chorus ad lib, and not in any strict dance tempo; I am very curious to hear the master, which should come back from Camden tomorrow.)

BEGGING FOR LOVE is published by Irving Berlin, and we play it at about 50 seconds to the chorus.

It's the Girl

I FIND it always a pleasure to dis-cuss songs that are really unusual in one way or another, because it is an unusual type of song that attracts atten-tion. This one is certainly unusual be-cause of the number of measures, hav-ing 51, though I sometimes wonder if it is improved by its extra length.

It is written by two of Tin Pan Al-ley's best liked boys, one of them, Dave

(Continued on Page 96)



Siberian Amethysts Set in Gold, 18th Century

ROMANCE of Jewels

Olga Tritt, famous Expert on Precious Stones, Says Her Happiest Moment Comes when She Brings Together Right Person and Right Jewel

●

By Ida Bailey Allen

SINCE the beginning of time man has made things with which to adorn himself—and his wife. And we of the twentieth century have no less an appreciation of these things. In fact, there is only one danger accompanying the jewelry of this age—and that is that people often come to value it merely because it spells riches and success to own a jeweled bracelet or a cameo rather than because of any really artistic value. To many the enormity of a diamond is more important than the way it is set, or its appropriateness for the wearer. The semi-precious stones, which are often infinitely beautiful, if worked into designs by the appreciative hands of a real artist in the craft, are often disregarded by women because they are not educated to their beauty.

To many people gems mean no more than glitter. If a setting of a stone does not bring out the maximum illumination, it is considered a loss. But how pathetic that is—and in what poor taste!

Because I feel so strongly that this art of jewelry making is not half understood, I asked Miss Olga Tritt, who is one of the most distinguished women in this field—and has pulled herself up to her present authoritative position by her own bootstraps, as the saying goes, to broadcast for the National Radio Home-Makers Club.

Miss Tritt was born in Russia and comes from a family of goldsmiths. But in her youth, there was no opportunity as a goldsmith or jewelry maker for a woman in Russia—and so, when she was still quite young, she came to our country. Here she started quite at the bottom of the ladder. A good artist, she was also a fine craftsman, with a great respect for acquiring a definite working knowledge in her chosen field. And so no detail was too small or too hard to be fascinating to her. To gain knowledge, she worked on the bench in a factory, but as soon as she felt sure that she had learned all she could, she stepped out, with little or no capital—but with that enormous courage that some people have—and started in business for herself.

Because she knew her field, and because she had something real to offer the world—original work and authoritative advice and appraisal on antique jewelry—she has been a success. She has become, as well, one of those rare figures—a person who makes few gestures to attract people to her, but to whom connoisseurs, as well as every sort of person who loves beauty, nevertheless find their way. She not only makes lovely jewelry herself, but she has been responsible for bringing into being the famous jewelry collections of several wealthy people.

Miss Tritt has a theory which seems very right—even very important to me—and that is, that jewelry is entirely individual. In most cases it should be made especially for the one who is to wear it. Some people, for instance, cannot wear rubies well; for others they become a part of their natural color scheme and personality.

ALTHOUGH Miss Tritt is one of the leading authorities on pearls and diamonds, she nevertheless honestly feels that there are quite inexpensive jewels that are just as beautiful. She has told me that she enjoys making a little ring that almost any woman can afford just as much as she does making the most cos

When Miss Tritt spoke on the N tional Radio Home-Makers Club per d she said: "Women in this generat n have to make or help make a living in so very many cases. Many of them h e real talents for various kinds of wo but they are often too shy, too fearfu to attempt to follow out their careers these things independently.

"But you can accomplish almost a thing—there are only two requisi s First, you must *know* the work you w to engage in—from every point, anc every detail. And then you must *not afraid* to venture to compete with th who are already established.

(*Continued on page 95*)



Miss Tritt and two pearl divers ready for a day's wo

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 80

Throughout Week

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(daily except Sunday)
7:45 a. m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR WLW

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds. (Daily except Sun.)
8:00 a. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WJAR WEEI WTAG
WCSH WFI WCAE WGY
WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI
WRVA WPTF CKGW WJAX
WIOD WFLA WSUN CFCF
WBEN

CHEERIO—(daily ex. Sun.)
8:30 a. m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WCKY WRC
WCSH WWJ WHO WOC
WDAF WAPI KPRC WFI
WSB WSM WJAX WPTF
WTAG WOAI WBEN WRVA
CKGW WIOD WHAS WFLA
WSUN WTAM WJDX WJAR
WGY WOW WCAE WGN
WKY

THE COMMUTERS—Emery Deutsch. (Daily ex. Sun.)
9:00 a. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WPG WJP WFAN WHP
WMAL WWNC WXYZ WSPD
WDOD WBBM WMT KMOX
KOIL KFH CFRB WOKO

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Daily ex. Sun. & Fri.)
9:30 a. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WDRC WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WMAL
WCAO WKBN WSPD WREC
KFH KFJF KTRH KTSA
KLZ CFRB

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)
8:45 a. m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WTAR
WADC WHK WKRC WBT
WGST WXYZ WSPD WREC
WLAC WBEC WDSU WISN
WOWO WMAQ WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFH KFJF
KRLD KTSA KLZ KDYL
CFRB

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radio Home Makers. (Mon., Wed. & Thurs.)
10:00 a. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WWNC WSPD WDOD
WLAC WISN WBBM WXYZ
WTAQ KMOX KFH

RAY PERKINS—Libby, McNeil and Libby Program. (Thurs. and Friday)
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WIBO WLW KDKA WSB
WREN WKY WHAS WSM
WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
WJR WGAR

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(except Friday and Sunday)
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WLIT WRC WCAE WWJ
WTAM KSD WTMJ KSTP
WEBC WEEI WGY WMC
WBEN WSAI KYW WOC
WHO CFCF CKGW

UNEEDABAKERS—(Mon. and Thurs.)
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WTAR WADC WKBW WWNC
WBT WGST WXYZ WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WOWO WBBM WCCO
KMBC KMOX KOIL KFH
KFJF KRLD KTSA KLZ
KDYL

PAUL TREMAINE—(daily ex. Sunday)
12:00 noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WBRC WADC
WKBN WLAC WBRC WISN
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
WDAY KOIL KFJF KLZ
KOL WTAQ

COLUMBIA REVIEW — (daily except Sat. and Sun.)
12:30p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WDRC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WADC WBTC
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WISN WOWO
WBBM KSCJ WMT KMBC
KLRA WDAY KOIL WIBW
KFJF WGR

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 a.m. 10:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WGR WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WIP-WFAN WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WREC WBRC WDSU WISN
WTAQ WCCO WMT KMOX
KMBC KFJF KOIL KDYL

PABST-ETT VARIETIES—(Tues. & Fri.)
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WKBW WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL
WCAO WHK WKRC WXYZ
WOKO WBBM WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFH KDYL
KVI KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC KLZ

THE THREE DOCTORS—(Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)
3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30 I
WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WMAL
WCAO WTAR WADC WHK
WWNC WXYZ WSPD WDOD
WISN WTAQ WBBM WCCO
WMT KMOX KFH KVI
KOL KFRC CFRB WOKO

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WHP WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC
WKBN WWNC WBT WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WISN WFBN WGL WBBM
KSCJ WMT KLRA WDAY
KOIL KFJF KRLD KTRH
KLZ KVI KOL KFPY

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK — Anthony Wons. (Wed., Fri., Sat.)
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WJAS WLBW WCAO WWNC
WXYZ WSPD WDOD WLAC
WDSU WTAQ KMBC KFH
KRLD WAVE DE W KOH

ROY ATWELL'S TIDE WATER INN—(Mon., Wed. & Fri.)
6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WJAS WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WMAL WTAR WOKO

BIRD AND VASH. Comedy Sketch. (Daily except Sunday)
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WDRC WAAB WHP
WJAS WLBW WTAR WWVA
WBT WTOC WDBO WBCM
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WOWO KSCJ WMT
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD
KTRH KTSA KOH KFPY
KDYL KLZ CFRB KVOR

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)
6:45 p. m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WBAL KDKA WRVA WPTF
WJAX WIOD WLW WFLA
WSUN

KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC—(Tues. to Sat.)
7:00 p. m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
(Mon. at 7:15) (Sun. at 8:15)
WABC W2XE WFBL WDRC
WNAC WORC WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WTAR WWNC
WDOD WTAQ WCCO WMT
KOIL KFH KRLD CFRB

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent. (Daily except Sunday)
7:00 p. m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WJZ WHAM KDKA WBZ
WBZA WRC CKGW WRVA
WPTF WJAX WIOD WCKY
WFLA WSUN WLW WJR
WGAR CFCF
11:00 p.m. on following stations
WMAQ KWK WREN WDAF
WTMJ KECA KSL WHAS
WSM WSB WKY WENR
WSTP WSMB WJDX KTHS
KPRC WEBC KGO KHQ
KOMO KGW WFSD WOAI
WMC KAO KFAB WBAP

TASTYEAST JESTERS — (Monday, Thurs., Sat.)
7:15 p. m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WJZ WCKY WHAM WBZ
WBZA WREN KDKA WRC
WGAR WRVA WPTF WJAX
WIOD

PHIL COOK — The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)
7:30 p. m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WOAI
KPRC WJDX KTHS WPTF
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WSMB WHAM KDKA WREN
KWK WTMJ WEBC KOA
KSL WRC WGAR CFCF

THE CAMEL QUARTER HOUR—(Mon. to Sat.)
7:45 p. m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WJAS WEAN WDRC
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC
WCAH WWNC WTOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WOKO WSJS WSPD WMAQ
11:30 p. m. 6:45 following
KOIL WGST WBRC WDOD
KTRH WFBM KLRA WCCO
WISN WREC WNOX KLAC
WDSU KFJF KSCJ KTSA
WIBW KHJ KOIN KFRC
KOL KFPY KVI KLZ
KDYL

DADDY AND ROLLO—Congress Cigar Co. (Sun., Tues. & Thurs.)
7:30 p.m 6:30 5:30 4:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WLBW
WGL WCAO WADC WKRC
WXYZ WSPD WREC WISN
WMAQ WCCO KMOX KMBC
KOIL

JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT — Blackstone Plantation. (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WIBO
KSD WOC WGY WBEN
WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI
WHO WDAF WOW WEBC
KSTP Thurs. network: WJZ
WBZA WBZ WBAL WHAM
KDKA WCKY

ARTHUR PRYOR'S CREMO MILITARY BAND—(Daily except Sun.)
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WEAN WDRC WPG
WWNC WLBZ WBT WTAR
WDBJ WORC WQAM WDBO
WTOC WDAE
11:00 p.m. on following stations:
WFBL KWK WMAQ WBBW
WADC WHK WKRC WCAH
WKBN WGST WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WTAQ WOWO WFBM WMAQ
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KLRA WNAX KOIL
KFH WIBW KFJF WRR
KTRH KTSA WACO KLZ
KDYL KOH KOL KFPY
KOIN KFBK-WOKO

RUDY VALLEE— Fleischmann Hour. (Thursday)
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAX
WJDX WJAR WSAI WFI
WRC WGY WHO WOW
WDAF WWJ WHAS WTAR
WMC WSAI WSB WSMB
WEBC KOA WRVA KSL
KOMO WOAI WSM WOC
WAPI KGO KHQ KECA
KSD CKGW WTAM KGW
KSTP KPRC CFCF WLIA
WSFA WSMB WTMJ KTHS
WIOD WBAP WKY. Off 8:30)
Sunday 7:00 p.m. on following stations:
WJZ WREN WSB WSM
KFAB WJR KWK

BARBASOL PROGRAM—(Mon., Wed. and Friday.)
8:15 7:15 6:15 5:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WWJ
WSPD WISN WBBM WMAQ
WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS — (Sun., Tues. and Thurs.)
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WNAC WORC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WWJ
WSPD WOWO WFBM WCCO
KMOX KMBC KOIL

TASTYEAST GLOOM CHASERS — (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WCAZ
WADC WAIU WGST WWVM
WSPD WDSU WOWO WEBC
WBBM WCCO KMOX KMBC

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA — (Tues., Thurs.)
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WCAE
WWJ WSAI KSD WOC
WHO WTMG WEBC WRV A
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSU N
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WSMB WJDX WOAI KOA
KGO WKY KECA KGW
KHQ KOMO KTAR KSFD
WIBO WDAF WTAM WAPI
WBEN WOW
Thurs. same as Tues. except following are off:
WAPI KECA WIBO
Thurs. add WGY
Saturday stations as follows:
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WCAE WFI WRC WGY
WRVA WWJ WSAI WTAP
WHO WTAM WBEN WOC
KGO KFKX WIOD KFI
KGW KOMO WSM WEBC

CLARA, LU AND EM (daily except Sun. and Mon.)
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WJR WLW KWK WREN
WGAR WBZ WBZA WGN

NOCTURNE—Ann Leaf at Organ—(daily).
12:30 a.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WNAC WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDRC WREC WBRC
WDSU WISN WFBM WCCO
WMT KMBC KOIL KFH
KFJF KTRH KLZ

Sunday

MORNING MUSICALE—Emery Deutsch Conducting.
9:00 a. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WCAO WTAR
WWNC WBT WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WISN WFBM
KFH KMOX WNAX WIBW
WMT KFJF KRLD KTRH
KDYL

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WJAR WTAG WBAP
WOC WHO KGO KECA
WEBC WMC WAPI KOA
KOMO KFSD WENR

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WDRC WORC WPG
WHP WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC
WBT WBCM WSPD WDOD
WISN WOWO WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMBC KLRA WDAY
KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN GEMS —
5:00 p. m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WTIC WCAE KGW
KOA WEEI WJAR WTAG
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WCSH WRC WGY WTAM
WWJ WSAI KYW WOC
WHO WFLA WSUN WHAS
WSM WAPI WSMB KVOO
WGAR KGO KSL

GYPSY TRAIL Emery Deutsch, Conductor, with Karle Thome, Soloist
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WGR WDRC WORC WPG
WHP WJAS WMAL WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC
KMBC WKJF KLZ CFRB

YEAST FOAMERS —
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30 a.m.
WJZ WBAL WHZ WBZA
WGAR WJR WTIC WDKA
KYW KWK WREN KLRA
WTMJ KSTP WFBC WRVA
WPTF WIOD WLIA WSUN
WSM WJAX WDAE WHAS
WAPI WJDX WSMB KTHS
KVOO KOMO WLAA WKY
WOAI KGO KHQ KPO
KECA KGW KHQ KTAR
KFSD

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE—Dr. Daniel A. Poling.

3:00 p. m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	KWK
WREN	KFAB	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WFAA	KVOO	WOAI
WFLA	WSUN	KGW	WTFF
KGO	KOA	KSTP	WEBC
WMC	WSMB	KPRC	WKY
KOMO	KHQ	WSB	WAPI
WGAR	WTMJ	KSL	WJDX
WSAI	WSM	WDAY	

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	KOA	WOW	WKY
WOAI	WSAI	WJAX	WHAS
WJDX	KVOO	KPRC	WEBC
WDAF	WWJ	WFLA	WSUN
KHQ	WHO	WOC	KGO
KOMO	WCAE	WFJC	WRC
KGW	WPTF	WMC	WGY
WSM	WSB	WAPI	WBEN
WRVA	WIOD	WGN	KPO
KHQ	WCAE	WPTF	WTIC
WDAY	KFYR		

POP CONCERTS — Cleveland Symphony Orchestra.

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WRC	WCSH	WGY	WWJ
WFI	WBEN	WTAM	WSAI
WOC	WHO	WDAF	CKGW
CFCF	WCAE	WOW	WEEI
KYW			

PASTORALE—Andre Kostelanetz, Conductor.

5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WHEC	WKBN	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBHC	WDSU	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KOIL	WIBW	KFJF
KRLD	KOH	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB	KVOR	

GRACE HAYES—Songs.

6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBAL	CFCF	WREN
WBZ	WBZA	KFAB	WGAR

IODENT CLUB OF THE AIR—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WDAF	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WLS	KSD	

THE BOSWELL SISTERS.

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WIP-
WFAN	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WKBN
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KFSA	WACO	KOH	KOL
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	KVOR

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	KYW	WKY	WJR
WREN	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
WHAS	WSM	WTMJ	KSTP
KDKA	WMC	KOA	WENR
WIOD	KTHS	WSMB	KOMO
KFI	KGW	KSL	KHQ
WLW	WCKY	WSB	WPTF
WRVA	WFLA	WSUN	KFAB
KFSD	KTAR	WJDX	KPO
KVOO	WBAL	WGAR	WEBC
CFCF			

CHASE AND SANBORN—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
WSD	WOW	WIOD	WHO
KSTP	WHO	WOC	WHAS
WEBC	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WKY	KTHS	KPRC	WOAI
WTMJ	WTAM	WJDX	WFLA
WSUN	WDAF	WTIC	KVOO
WBEN	WLIT	WRC	

THE DUTCH MASTERS—Old Time Popular Songs and Script Act.

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WXYZ	WSPD	WOWO
WFJM	WBHM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

ATWATER KENT HOUR—

9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WEAF	WEEI	WRC	WFI
WGY	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WOW	KOA
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KPO
WOC	WHO	WDAF	KSL
WBEN			

"WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS"—Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Co.

10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	WREN
KYW	WCKY	WGAR	WBAL

Blue Ribbon Chair

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds. (Daily ex. Sun.)

9:30 a.m.—WABC—Tony's Scrapbook. His poems and philosophy cheer millions of hearts. (Daily ex. Fri. & Sun.)

9:45 a.m.—WABC—The Old Dutch Girl. Who is this mysterious appealing personality? Just stop, watch and listen. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Perkins whose topper and pineapple inspire this Radio savant's even flow of foolish filosophy. (Thurs. & Fri.)

3:30 p.m.—WABC—The Three Doctors and the operations they perform put you in stitches. (Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)

6:30 p.m.—WABC—Roy Atwell's Tide Water Inn whose infectious spoonerisms are beginning to worry lexicographers. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

6:30 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas gives thimble notes of important day's news. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n Andy—the indefatigable, affable, lovable pair of Negro dialectitians. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith and Her Swanee Music. Popular vaudevillienne here to stay on ether. (Tues. & Sat.)

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook—The Quaker Man with the versatile voice. (Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Camel Quarter Hour—worth turning the dial a mile. (Mon. to Sat.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Sanderson & Crumit. Delightful program of comedy and songs. (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)

8:00 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Valee—Fleischman Hour—The royal crooner of Radio. (7:00 p.m. Sun. on WJZ)

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Tastyeast Gloo Chasers. F. Chase Taylor, the rollickin Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Wilbu Hulick (Bud for short) in person. (Mor Wed. & Fri.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—B. A. Rolfe and h Lucky Strike Orchestra. (Tues. Thurs.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em among whose popular indoor sport is di secting political speeches and puttering international problems. (Daily ex. Su and Mon.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broa cast. For those who are weary of jazz a are anxious for a bit of culture.

1:00 p.m.—WEAF—Pop Concerts—Clev land Symphony Orchestra. And alwa interesting program notes.

5:00 p.m.—WEAF—Gilbert and Sulliv Gems from those charming, colorf operettas.

7:45 p.m.—WABC—The Boswell Siste —They are—Connie, Martha and Vet.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase and Sanborn Orchestra under masterful direction Dave Rubinoff.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—The Dutch Maste —so that's where Jack Smart—the Mr. Joe and Vi—has been hiding—is it?

9:15 p.m.—WEAF—Atwater Kent Ho

9:45 p.m.—WJZ—Westinghouse Salute

10:15 p.m.—WJZ—World Adventur with Floyd Gibbons—If the stocks a down and your bank has closed and yo neighbor has ruined your lawn-mowe you can at least spend an interesti period listening to Floyd.

Monday

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors Pi gram. A program of high class enterta ment.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Death Valley Da Stirring tales of western life.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—

9:45 p. m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WGAR	WJR
WCKY	KYW	KWK	WREN
WIOD	WHAS	WMC	WSM
WSMB	WJDX	KVOO	WOAI
WKY			

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WHAM	WJR	WLW	KWK
WREN	WENR		

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—

10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WEEI	WCHS	WRC
WGY	WOW	WDAF	CKGW
KSTP	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
KYW	WHO	WEBC	WJAX
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WJDX
KPRC	WKY	KOA	KGO
KGW	WSB	KTAR	KFSD
WRVA	WBEN	WFI	WOC
WFLA	WSUN	KECA	

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WRC	WWJ	WOW
WGY	WTAM	KSTP	WEBC
WOC	WHO	WENR	WAPI
WIOD	WHAS		

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Monday

THE MADISON SINGERS—Musical Program by Mixed Quartet.

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WOWO	KSCJ
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA			

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WHAM	WJR	WRVA
WHAS	WEBC	WAPI	WOW
WMC	WSB	WGAR	KVOO
WKY	WOAI	WRC	WHO
WDAF	WJDX	WBAL	WSMB
KWK	KOA	WBZ	WBZA
WOC	KTHS	WFLA	WSUN
WJAX	KFAB	KPRC	KDKA
WLW	WPTF	WSM	WDAY
KFYR	KTW	WREN	

Eastern Central Mountain Pa

U. S. ARMY BAND—

4:00 p. m.	3:00	2:00	1:
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WN
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WA
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WI
WBBM	WCCO	WLBW	WM
WTAR	WXYZ	WDSU	WT
WACO	KOH	KFRC	CFR

MORMON TABERNACLE CH AND ORGAN—

6:15 p. m.	5:15	4:15	3:
WJZ	WBAL	WSM	KO
KOMO	KFAB	KGW	CK
KSTP	KTAR	KPO	KF
WSMB	WHAM	WIBO	KF
KGO	WWJ	WREN	WD
WJDX	KECA	WRC	WL
KSL			

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kal born.

7:00 p. m.	6:00	5:00	4:
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WG
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WC
WTAR	WWNC	WSPD	WD
WTAQ	WFBM	WACO	KO
KFRC	CFRB		

Features

0 p.m. — WJZ — Chesebrough Real lks—good old-fashioned small town life cks up ears of sophisticated city eners.

00 p.m.—WEAF—True Story—Didn't know that Mary and Bob moved over C's way?

30 p.m.—WJZ—Mr. Bones and Com-y. Paul Dumont in a minstrel show.

30 p.m.—WABC — Arabesque — grip-g dramas of love and intrigue.

00 p.m.—WEAF—Paul Whiteman.

Tuesday

5 p.m.—WABC—Adventures in Words. you don't know your P's and Q's Dr. zetelly will take you for a grand ride.

0 p.m.—WJZ—Raising Junior—and it e takes the Dixon's to do it.

0 p.m.—WEAF—Mid-Week Federa-n Hymn Sing via Mixed Quartet in-ding Richard Maxwell and Arthur lings Hunt.

45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs reveal Jewish heart in comedy.

0 p.m.—WABC—Henry George in an roarious comedy skit.

:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie—the Old estro and his Blue Ribbon Orchestra.

Wednesday

0 p.m.—WABC—Bill Schudt's Going Press—Editors and Publishers are not ogres you think they are. Just listen in.

30 p.m.—WEAF—Boscul Moments with me. Alda—Frank LaForge at the piano.

00 p.m.—WEAF—Halsey, Stuart Pro-am.

30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour with ive Palmer, Paul Oliver and Revelers' uartet.

:00 p.m.—WEAF—The Voice of Radio gest—Nellie Revell, the woman of a llion friends. Tune in and hear what e has to tell you about your favorite dio stars.

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

Thursday

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Birthday Party. Everything there except the cake and the candles.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Premier Salad Dressers. Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn, inseparable Radio comedians have sure cure for wrinkles.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble.

Friday

11:00 a.m.—WABC—Rhythm Kings under direction of Nat Brusiloff, Clown King Conductor.

4:00 p.m.—WABC—Light Opera Gems—under direction of Channon Collinge, modest baton wielder.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Armstrong's Quakers—with Mary Hopple and Lois Bennett.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert Orchestra—with Jessica Dragonette.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Interwoven Pair—with Billy Jones and Ernie Hare.

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air. Everything from soup to nuts.

9:00 p.m. — WEAF — General Electric Hour—with Floyd Gibbons.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Valspar Saturday Night Club.

10:00 p.m. — WABC — Hank Simmons' Show Boat—Hello Folks. How d'ye do everybody is familiar greeting of Harry C. Browne who has been Hank Simmonsing for well-nigh three and a half years.

11:45 p.m.—WABC—Will Osborne and his Bossert Orchestra.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—Robert Burns Panatela Program.

10:00 p. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
WJAX	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WNYZ
WSYR	WOWO	WLBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMBC	KMBC	KOIL
KEJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFPY
KORK	KHJ	KFRC	

MR. BONES AND COMPANY

10:30 p. m.			
WJDX	WJR	WLIA	WFAA
WJZ	WGAR	WSUN	KPRC
WBZA	WHEN	WSM	KOA
WBAL	WBBC	WMC	KSL
WHAM	KFYR	WSMB	WSB
KDKA	WJAX		

ARABESQUE. Desert Play.

10:30 p. m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WDBJ	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WSAM	WMBO	WNYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WSAI	W3XAN
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KOH
KOL	KVI	KSCJ	KFRC
KDYL	CFRB	KVOR	

THE SIMONIZ GUARDSMEN—

10:45 p. m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WCSH	WLIT	WWJ	WRC
WGY	WHEN	WSAI	WCAE
KSD	WTAM	WENR	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	CFCF
WTAG			

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

11:45 p. m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC
WAAB	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WGL	WHT	WTOC	WDBO
WNYZ	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	WNAX	WIBW
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	WACO
KOH	KOL	KDYL	KLZ
KVOR			

PAUL WHITEMAN—

12 mid.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WRC	WTMJ	KYW
WSH	WENR	KSD	WDAF
WSM	WOW		

Tuesday

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBZ	WHAM	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY	KWK	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WRC	WTMJ	WFTF	WJDX
WJAX	WIBO	WREN	KSTP
WEBC	WRVA	WHO	KTHS
KVOO	WAAP	WIRC	WOAI
WHAS	WJR	WFLA	WSUN

WHISPERING JACK SMITH—

3:45 p. m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	WJAS	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WAAB
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WKPN	WBT
WQAM	WDBO	WNYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WGL
WFBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KTBW	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KTSA	KOH	KVI	KFPY
KFRC	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	KVOR		

ADVENTURES IN WORDS Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly.

5:15 p.m.	4:15	3:15	2:15
WABC	WJAS	WHEC	WGR
WDRC	WEAN	WHP	WFBW
WMAL	WCAO	WFAR	WKBN
WWSW	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAF	KFH	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ		

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—

6:00 p. m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WDRC
WHP	WLBW	WFAR	WDBJ
WWNC	WHT	WBCM	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WGL
WBHM	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAF	KFJF	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY

RAISING JUNIOR

6:00 p. m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WJZ			

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—

7:00 p. m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJAR	WTIC	WTAG	WEI
KSD	WDAF	KOA	WGO
KECA	KGW	WEEI	WBEN
WCAE	WSAI	WHO	WFTF
WOAI	WLS	WSUN	WSB
WMT	WKY		

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

CONYLAND SKETCHES—

7:00 p. m.	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WGY
WBEN	WTIC	WCSH	WEEI

"HOW'S BUSINESS?"—

7:00 p. m.	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WRC	KSD
WCAE	WSAI	WDAF	WJDX
WGO	KECA	KHQ	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WEBC	WSMB
WOAI	KTAR	KFSD	KSL
WMC	WTFF	WIOD	WOC
WHO	WLIT	WCSH	KFYR
KOA			

BATH VALLEY DAYS—

8:30 p. m.	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WCKY	WREN
KDKA	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WJR	WEAN	WGAR	WLS
WREN	KFAB	KOA	KSL
KSTP	WEBC	KSTP	WTMS
WOAI	WIBA	KGO	KFRC
KFI	KGW	KTAR	KFSD

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WGAR	WJR	WLW	WOAI
WKY	KYW	KWK	WREN
KOA	KSL	KFAB	WRVA
WTPF	KGW	KTAR	KFI
KHQ	WBAL	KOMO	KFSD
KGO	KTHS		

A. & P. GYPSIES—

8:30 p. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAR
WTIC	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI
WGN	KSD	WOC	WDAF
WTAM	WOW	WHO	WBEN

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—

9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	WREN
KSTP	WEBC	KTHS	WKY
WOAI	KOA	KSL	KGO
KECA	KGW	KSO	KOMO
KVOO	WLW	WFAA	KPRC
WGAR	KFYR	WSM	WMC
WBAL	KYW	WDAY	WTMJ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—

9:30 p. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WCSH
WTAG	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSAI
WDAF	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	KPRC	WJAX	WFAA
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KFI	KOMO
KHQ	WTIC	WHO	WBEN
WTMJ			

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS

9:30 p. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WLW	KWK	KYW
WREN	CKGW	WJR	WGAR
WBAL			

TRUE STORY—Cecil Secrest and Nora Sterling.

10:00 p. m.			
WEAF	WCSH	WBEN	WSAI
WJAR	WLIT	WCAE	WENR
WEEI	WRC	WTAM	WOC
WTAG	WGY	WWJ	KSD
WHO	WOW	WDAF	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE GOLDBERGS—
7:45 p. m.
WEAF WTIC WGY WBEN
WCAE WWJ WSAI WENR

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—
8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
KYW KWK WHAM KPRC
WJR WTMJ WEBC WHAS
WSM WSB WOAI KOA
WSMB KSL KGW KOMO
KHQ WMC WBAP KFI
WCKY KTHS KSTP KVOO
WKY WREN KGO WBAL

ROUND TOWNERS—
8:15 p. m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WIP-WFAN WHP
WJAS WLBW WCAO WTAR
KVOR WDBJ WWVA WADC
WKBN WQAM WDBO WBCM
WSFD WDOD WLAC WBRC
WDSU WISN WOWO KSCJ
WMF KMBC WMAQ KOIL
WIBW KFH KFJF KTRH
WACO KOH KVI KFPY
KFRC KLZ CFRB

NATIONAL DAIRY VIRTUOSO—
8:30 p. m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WTAG WFI WRC
WGY WWJ WSAI WGN
KSD WDAF WEBC WRVA
WJAX WIOD WSUN WFLA
WSM WMC WSB WSMB
WDJX KPRC WJAR WHAS
WCSH WBEN WOW WTIC
WEEI

HENRY GEORGE—
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJXAU WHP WJAS WMAL
WCAO WADC WHC WSMB
WXYZ WSPD WISN WOWO
WFBM WBBM WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFH

FULLER MAN—
9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WGY WCSH
WBEN KVOO WBAP KSTP
WTMJ WTAM WWJ WSAI
WOC WHO WOW WDAF
WKY KOA KGW KGO
KECA KGW KOMO KHQ
WTIC

BEN BERNIE AND HIS BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA—
10:00 p. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL
WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ
WLAC WBRC WDSU WOWO
KMBC KOIL KFH KFJF
KOL KVI KFPY KOIN
WDRC WNAC WCAO WADC
WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO
KRLD KTSL KNJ KFRC
KHJ KDYL KLZ

FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p. m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WDRC WORC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WKBN WSPD WREC
WBRC WDSU WISN WTAQ
WFBM WCCO WMT KMOX
KMBC KFJF KTRH KTSA
KLZ CFRB

Wednesday

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERIOD—
10:00 a. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBAL WIBO KDKA
KWK WREN WJDX WSMB
KFAB WHAS WSM WSB
WBZ WBZA WLW WGAR
WJR WEBC WAPI KSTP

THREE MEN IN A TUB—Musical Program by Male Trio.
11:15 a. m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WBT WTOC
WXYZ WBCM WDOD WREC
WISN WBBM KSCJ WMBD
KFH KFJF KTRH KDYL
WHEC WKBW WORC WPG
WDBJ WWVA WQAM WDBO
WLAC WBRC KMOX KMBC
KOIL CFRB

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—
6:00 p. m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WDRC WFAN
WHP WLBW WMAL WTAR
WDBJ WADC WWNC WBT
WBCM WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WGL WCCO KSCJ
KLRA WDAY KFJF KRLD
KTSA KLZ KDYL KVI
KOL KFPY

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

BOSCUL MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA—Frank LaForge, pianist.
7:30 p. m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WLIT WBEN WCAE
WSAI WRC WTAM WGY
WENR WCAE WEEI WJAR
WCSH

CONNIE BOSWELL, with Freddie Rich's Orchestra.
8:30 p. m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WMAL
WHP WJAS WLBW WTAR
WDBJ WADC WBT WQAM
WXYZ WBCM WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WMBD
WSFD WBBM WMAQ WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMBC WNAX
KOIL KFJF KRLD KTRH
WACO KOH KVI KFPY
KFRC KDYL CFRB WIP-WFAN

MOBILOIL CONCERT—
8:30 p. m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
KYW WTAG WLIT WRC
WSAI WIBA KSD WOW
WTAM KOA KVOO WFAA
WOAI WKY WTIC KPRC
KSL WGY WEBC WDAF
WJAX WHO WOC WWJ
WBEN KSTP WTMJ WDAT
KFYR

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WFBM WMAQ
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFH

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WLIT WRC WGY
WJAX CKGW WRVA WJAX
KOA KSL KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WSAI KSD
WOC WHO WOW WWJ
WSMB KVOO KPRC WOAI
KSTP WTMJ KYW WHAS
WCCO WSB WMC KFI
WBEN WTAM KFI

DUTCH MASTERS PROGRAM—
9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WLW WGAR
WJR

PALMOLIVE HOUR—
9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
KSD WOC WOW WSMB
WTMJ CKGW KSTP WHAS
WSM WMC WDAF WHO
WSB WOAI KOA KSL
KGO KGW KOMO KHQ
WFAA KPRC WWJ WTAM
WBEN KFI KVO WIBA

VITALITY PERSONALITIES—
10:00 p. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WKBW
WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WCAO WADC WHK
WKRC WJAR WBT WGST
WXYZ WLAP WREC WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WOWO
WFBM WBBM WCCO KMBC
KOIL KFH KFJF KTRH
KTSA KDYL KLZ KRLD

HOWARD BARLOW, with Augmented Symphonic Orchestra.
10:15 p. m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WEAN WNAC
WORC WIP-WFAN WHP
WJAS WLBW WTAR WDBJ
WADC WBT WTOC WQAM
WBCM WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WISN WBBM WMBD
WMAQ WCCO KSCJ KMBC
WNAX KOIL KFH KFJF
KRLD KTRH KTSA KOH
KOL KVI KFRC KHJ
KDYL KLZ CFRB

COCA COLA PROGRAM—
10:30 p. m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC KTAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WCAE WSAI WOC WEBC
WKY KYW KSD WRVA
KSTP WJAX WIOD WSM
WSMB WSUN KPRC WOAI
KOA KSL KGO KGW
KHQ KOMO KFSD WIBA
WDAF WHAS WTAM WHO
WOW WMC WSB WWJ
WAPI WBEN KFI WGY
WTMJ WBAP WFLA

"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"—Nellie Revell.
11:00 p. m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WOC WHO WRC
WIBO WJAR WCSH WIOD

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Thursday

ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S CUBAN BILTMORE ORCHESTRA.
1:00 p.m. 12:00 a.m. 11:00 10:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WGR WLBZ WDRC WAAB
WORC WPG WIP-WFAN
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WWVA
WADC WHK WKBN WQAM
WDBO WXYZ WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WBBM WCCO KSCJ WMT
KMBC KOIL WIBW KFH
KFJF WACO KOH KVI
KFPY KFRC KHJ KLZ

PICKARD FAMILY—
8:30 p. m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WHAM WLS WJR
KWK

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—
8:45 p. m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WJZ WREN KFAB WBAL
WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA
WGAR WJR WLW WLS
KWK

THE BOSWELL SISTERS—Connie, Martha and Vet.
8:45 p. m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WJXAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WADC WHK WKBN WTOC
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WDSU WISN WFBM WCCO
WNAX KOIL WIBW KFH
WACO KOH KVI KFRC
WHEC WGR WORC WCAU
WCAO WDBJ WDBO WXYZ
WLAC WBRC KSCJ KMBC
KFJF KTRH KHJ KLZ
CFRB

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI CKGW WRC
WGY WTIC WSM WIOD
WJAX WOAI KOA KSL
KSD WBAP WRVA WSAI
WEBC WDAF KYW WCAE
WOC WOW WDJX KGW
KECA WMC KHQ KGO
WAPI KOMO WBEN KGW
KFSD WFAA WTAM KTAR
WWJ

PREMIER SALAD DRESSERS—Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn.
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WBBM WMBC WOIL KTRH
WEAN WDRC WMAL WCAO
WSPD WOWO

THE COTY MELODY GIRL—Welcome Lewis.
9:15 p. m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WNAC WJAS WMAL WCAO
WKRC WXYZ WSPD WOWO
WEAN WDRC WADC WHK
WBBM KMOX KMBC KOIL

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—
9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WLW WKY WTMJ WEBC
WHAS WSM WJAX KPRC
KOA WRVA WSB WBAP
KYW KWK WREN WIOD
WJR WSMB WOAI KECA
KGW KOMO KHQ WAPI
WMC WHAM KDKA KSL
KGO WJDX WSUN WFLA
KTAR KFSD WRC KSTP

PETERS PARADE—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WKBW WPG WHP WJAS
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WHK WKRC WKBN
WWNC WBT WGST WTOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WISN
WTAQ WOWO WBBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KLRA WNAX KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF WRR WTHH
KTSA KLZ KDYL KOH
KVI KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC WNOX

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—
12:00 a.m. 11:00 p. m. 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WEAN WNAC WPG WCAU
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WHK WKBN WBT
WXYZ WBCM WSPD WDOD
WBRC WDSU WISN WFBM
KMOX KMBC WNAX KOIL
KRLD KTRH KTSA KOH
WKBW WJDX WSUN WHP
WDAE WWVA WTOC WDBO
WREC WLAC WCCO WMT
WIBW KFH KFJF KFPY
KDYL KLZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pa

Friday

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—
10:15 a. m. 9:15 8:15 7:1
WABC W2XE WFBL WHE
WKBW WEAN WDRC WNA
WORC WCAU W3XAU WMA
WCAO WTAR WADC WBN
WAIU WXYZ WSPD WDS
WFBM KMOX KMBC KOI
KFH KFJF

RHYTHM KINGS—Nat Brusi Conductor.
11:00 a. m. 10:00 9:00 8:0
WABC W2XE WOKO WFB
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WN
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCA
WADC WHK WBT WT
WXYZ WBCM WSPD WD
WBRC WDSU WISN WC
KMOX KMBC KOIL KFH
WHEC WKBW WCAU W3X
WDBJ WWVA WQAM WDI
WREC WLAC KSCJ WM
KFJF KRLD KTRH KD
CFRB

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—
3:45 p. m. 2:45 1:45 12
WABC W2XE WGR WE
WDRC WNAC WORC WP
WCAU W3XAU WHP WM
WCAO WTAR WHK WK
WSPD WBRC WISN WT
WFBM WBBM KMT KM
KOIL KFH KFJF KT
KTSA KLZ CFRB

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—
4:00 p. m. 3:00 2:00 1:0
WABC W2XE WOKO WF
WDRC WAAB WPG WC
WCAU WCAO WDBJ WW
WKBN WBT WTOC WQ
WBCM WSPD WDOD WR
WBRC WDSU WISN KS
WIBW KFJF KRLD KT
KOH KOL KVI KF
WGR WEAN W3XAU WH
WADC WHK WDBO WX
WLAC WBRC KMBC KO
KTSA WACO KDYL KL
CFRB KHJ

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—
7:00 p. m. 6:00 5:00 4
WEAF WJAR WWJ WO
WCAE WE
WHO KO
KSD WDAF WCSH WW
WSNB KFYR

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT CHESTRA—Jessica Dragonette
8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5
WEAF WEEI WTIC WI
WRC WCAE WJAR WC
WOW KYW KSD WI
KSTP WTMJ WKY WJ
WEBC KOA WOAI KO
KGO KHQ WTAG KS
CKGW KECA WHO WS
WTAM WBEN WWJ KS

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—
8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5
WJZ WBZ WBZA KI
WBAL KWK WREN KF
WLW KDKA WGAR
WLS WCKY

INTERWOVEN PAIR—
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6
WJZ WHAM WMC KL
WJAX WKY WREN KP
KWK WBZ WBZA KC
WSMB WIOD WFAA WJ
KSTP WHAS KYW WI
WCKY WSM WRVA WS
WAPI WOAI KOA KS
KGO KGW KOMO KE
WFAA KTAR WGAR KF
WBAL WSUN KSTP

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC W
WTAG WCSH WLIT W
WOW WCAE WSAI W
KSD WWJ WDAF W
WHO WGY WBEN

ARMOUR PROGRAM—
9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA W
KYW WREN KSTP W
WRVA WMC WSB W
KOA KSL KGO W
WHAS KGW KHQ K
WGAR KDKA WTMU W
WBAL WJAX WAPI W
WPTF WJDX WHAM W
KPRC WIOD KWK K
WTMJ WFAA

THE BOSWELL SISTERS—
9:45 p. m. 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WOKO W
WKBW WLBZ WEAN W
WORC WIP-WFAN W
WJAS WLBW WMAL W
WTAR WDBJ WADC W
WTOC WQAM WXYZ W
WSPD WDOD WREC W
WDSU WISN WFBM W
WCCO KSCJ WMT W
KMBC WNAX KOIL W
KFJF KRLD KTSA K
KVI KFPY KFRC K
CFRB WDRC

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Gentlemen: Please send me your General Catalog. I am checking at left the phase of radio in which I am particularly interested.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation..... Age.....

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—			
10:00 p. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WTMJ	WJR	WLW
KYW	KWK	WREN	WRVA
WJAX	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	KTAR	WGAR	KOA
WIOD	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WJD X	WSMB	WOAI
KFAB	KGO	KECA	WSUN
WBAL	WPTF		

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WOC	WHO	WTIC	WOW
WWS	WTAG	WFI	

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—Floyd Gibbons.

9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WFI	WJAR	WTAG
WCAE	WCAE	WRC	WGY
WBEN	KSD	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WTMJ	WOC	WOW

EASTMAN PROGRAM—

10:00 p. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WJAR	WCSH	WCAE
WWJ	KSD	WSAI	WRC
WBEN	WLIT	WTAG	WGY
WTAM	WOW	WENR	WEEI
WOC	WHO		

WDAF	WJAX	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WAPI	WHAS	WMC
WSB	KOA	WSMB	KPRC
WOAI	KGW	KSL	KGO
KFI	KTAR	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	WFLA	WHO	WIOD
WDAY	WIBO	KFYR	WSUN
WTIC			

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—

10:30 p. m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WGY	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WDAF
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WMC
WSB	WSMB	WOC	WJDX
KGO	KTHS	WOAI	WKY
WRC	WCSH	KOA	KGW
KFI	KHQ	KOMO	KTAR
KFSD	WHO	WOW	WTAM
KSL	WFLA	WSUN	WBEN
WTIC	WPTF	WTMJ	WDAY
KFYB	WAPI		

HERNANDEZ BROTHERS—Instrumental Trio.

9:00 p. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WTAR	WDBJ	WHK	WKBN
WQAM	WDBO	WKYZ	WBCM
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KHJ
WEHC	WKBW	WPG	WCAU
WMAL	WCAO	WBT	WTOC
WSPD	WDOD	WFBM	WMAQ
KMBC	WNAX	KTRH	KTSA
KOH	KDYL	CFRB	

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CFCF	1030	WENR	870
CKGW	960	WFAA	800
KDKA	980	WFI	560
KECA	1340	WFLA	620
KFAB	770	WGAR	1450
KFI	640	WGN	720
KFKX	1020	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KFYR	550	WHAS	820
KGB	1330	WHO	1000
KGO	790	WIBO	560
KGW	620	WIOD	1300
KHQ	590	WJAR	890
KOA	830	WJAX	900
KOMO	920	WJDX	1270
KPO	680	WJR	750
KPRC	920	WJZ	760
KSD	550	WKY	900
KSL	1130	WLIT	560
KSTP	1460	WLS	870
KTAR	620	WLW	700
KTHS	1040	WMC	780
KVOO	1140	WOAI	1190
KWK	1350	WOC	1000
KYW	1020	WOW	590
WAPI	1140	WPTF	680
WBAL	1060	WRC	950
WBAP	800	WREN	1220
WBEN	900	WRVA	1110
WBZ	990	WSAI	1330
WBZA	990	WSB	740
WCAE	1220	WSM	650
WCFL	970	WSMB	1320
WCKY	1480	WSUN	620
WCSH	940	WTAG	580
WDAF	610	WTAM	1070
WDAY	940	WTIC	1060
WEAF	660	WTMJ	620
WEBC	1290	WWJ	920
WEEI	590		

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WFBL	1360
CKAC	730	WFBM	1230
KDYL	1290	WGL	1370
KFH	1300	WGR	550
KFJF	1480	WGST	890
KFPY	1340	WHEC	1440
KFRC	610	WHK	1390
KHJ	900	WHP	1430
KLRA	1390	WIBW	580
KLZ	560	WIP	610
KMBC	950	WIS	1010
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOH	1380	WJAS	1290
KOIL	1260	WJJD	1130
KOIN	940	WKBN	570
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLAP	1200
KTSA	1290	WLBW	1260
KVI	760	WLBZ	620
WAAB	1410	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WACO	1240	WMAQ	670
WADC	1320	WMT	600
WAIU	640	WNAC	1230
WBBM	770	WNOX	560
WBCM	1410	WOKO	1440
WBRC	930	WORC	1200
WBT	1080	WOWO	1160
WCAH	1430	WPG	1100
WCAO	600	WQAM	560
WCAU	1170	WREC	600
WCCO	810	WRR	1280
WDAE	1220	WSPD	1340
WDBJ	930	WTAQ	1330
WDBO	1120	WTAR	780
WDOD	1280	WTOC	1260
WDRC	1330	WWNC	570
WDSU	1250	WWVA	1160
WEAN	780	WXYZ	1240
WFAN	610	W2XE	6120
	W3XAU	6060—9590	

Saturday

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—

4:00 p. m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
CABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WHK
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WFMB	KOIL
KRLD	KVI	CFRB	WOKO

VALSPAR SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB

9:30 p. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WRC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	CFCF	WSAI
WENR	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	CKGW	WEBC
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOB
WFLA	WSUN	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	KTHS	KPRC
KOA	WKY	WCSH	

THE SILVER FLUTE—

8:30 p. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WCSH	WGY	WCAE
WSAI	KSD	WDAF	WJAR

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—

10:00 p. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KHJ

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—

11:45 p. m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WHK	WWNC
WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KRLD	KVI
KFRC	CFRB		

The October issue will contain a more comprehensive list of Chain Calendar Features.

HER MASTER'S EYES

Faithful Shepherd Sees Way to Studios and About City for Blinded Veteran



Reginald D. White and Wickee

WICKEE is a lady. Her best boy friend is her ma[ster] Mr. Reginald D. White, a war-blinded veteran, [who] is heard regularly on the Pacific coast from t[he] NBC studios in San Francisco.

"She freed me forever from the prison of blindness," he explained recently to the Radio audience. They met about a year ago, became pals immediately, and have been inseparable ever since. Wickee leads him safely through traffic, [to] chairs, door-knobs, stairs, and even elevator buttons for [the] Sailor White says she has human intelligence and, watching her tender and watchful care over him, you are forced to admit he's right.

She even laughs, cries and speaks in his act at the microphone where he tells dog stories for a dog food program—you know, she has a voice as well as eyes. Wickee is a Belgian shepherd. White was an engineer and blinded in an accident aboard a vessel during the war.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

The following list of stations has been corrected from the latest authentic sources. However, station managers are invited to report any inaccuracies.—EDITOR

K

KBTM.....Paragould, Ark. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KCRC.....Enid, Okla. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KEX.....Portland, Ore. 5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr. 5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
KFAC.....Los Angeles 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont. 500 w.—1360 kc.—234.2 m. 2500 w. until local sunset.
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash. 50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas 500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D. 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KFEL.....Edgewater, Colo. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo. 2500 w.—680 kc.—535.4 m.
KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.7 m.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif. 5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash. 100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska 10 w.—1310 kc.—328.9 m.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KFJF.....Oklahoma City, Okla. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
KFJI.....Astoria, Ore. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFJM.....Grand Forks, N. D. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KFKB.....Milford, Kans. 5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans. 500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill. 10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KFLX.....Galveston, Texas 100 w.—1370kc.—218.7 m.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFPM.....Greenville, Texas 15 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFPW.....Fort Smith, Ark. 50 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash. 1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska 100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFRC.....San Francisco, Calif. 1000 w.—610 kc.—419.5 m.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif. 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas 500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KFUM..Colorado Springs, Colo. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo. 500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m. 1000 w.—KFUO until L. S.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif. 250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif. 1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFWI.....San Francisco, Calif. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KFXD.....Nanysa, Idaho 50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFXF.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFXJ.....Grand Junction, Colo. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFXM..San Bernardino, Calif. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFXR...Oklahoma City, Okla. 100 w.—1500 kc.—249.9 m. 250 w.—KFXR until L. S.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m. 2500 until local sunset.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash. 5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m. 250 w.—KGAR until L. S.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif. 500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska 500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa 50 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGDE.....Fergus Falls, Minn. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif. 250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
KGDX.....Huron, S. C. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo. 50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGFW...Fort Morgan, Colo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFF.....Shawnee, Okla. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGFG...Oklahoma City, Okla. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGFK.....Moorehead, Minn. 50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGFL.....Raton, N. M. 50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D. 200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
KGGC...San Francisco, Calif. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGGF...South Coffeyville, Okla. 500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M. 250 S.—1230 kc.—243.8 m. 500 w. until local sunset.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo. 250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m. 500 w. until local sunset.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont. 1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KGIR.....Butte, Mont. 250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIZ.....Grant City, Mo. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas 250 w.—570 kc.—526 m. 500 w. until local sunset.
KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii 500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGNF.....North Platte, Nebr 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif. 7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas 1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KGVO.....Missoula, Mont. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGW.....Portland, Ore. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KGY.....Lacey, Wash. 10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m. 2000 w. until local sunset.
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho 250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m. 500 w. until local sunset.
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KIT.....Yakima, Wash. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KJBS...San Francisco, Calif. 100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash. 5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark. 50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
KLPM.....Minot, N. D. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark. 1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo. 1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KMAC.....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo 1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KMCS.....Inglewood, Calif. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KMED.....Medford, Oregon 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KMLB.....Monroe, La. 50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr. 1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash. 500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo. 50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif. 500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
KMTR.....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif. 50,000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KOA.....Denver, Colo. 12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KOB.....State College, N. M. 20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla. 250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m. 500 w. until local sunset.
KOH.....Reno, Nev. 500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa 1000 w. 1260 kc. 238 m.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KONO.....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz. 500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif. 5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif. 50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KPQ.....Wenatchee, Wash. 50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPRC.....Houston, Texas 1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m. 2500 w. until local sunset.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif. 500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KRFG.....Santa Ana, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas 10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif. 500 w.—940 kc.—288.3 m.
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash. 50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans. 500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m. 1000 w. until local sunset.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa 1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m. 2500 w.—KSCJ until L. S.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo. 500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho 250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KSL.....Salt Lake City Utah 5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.1 m.
KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa 500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D. 2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif. 1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz. 500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m. 1000 w.—KTAR until L. S.
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas 1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La. 1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
KTFI.....Twin Falls, Idaho 500 w.—1310 kc.—227.1 m.
KTHS.....Hot Springs National Park, Ark. 10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KTLC.....Houston, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m. 1000 w.—KTM until L. S.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa 5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m. 2000 w.—KTSA until L. S.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTW.....Seattle, Wash. 1000 w.—1220 kc. 246.1 m.
KUJ.....Walla Walla, Wash. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—215.7 m.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset.
KUT.....Austin, Texas 500 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash. 1000 w.—760 kc.—394 5 m.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz. 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla. 5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWCR...Cedar Rapids, Iowa 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KWEA.....Shreveport, La. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore. 500 w.—1060 kc.—282 8 m.
KWK.....St Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—1350 kc.—222 1 m.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La. 10,000 w.—850 kc.—342.7 m.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m. 2000 w. until local sunset.
KWWG...Brownsville, Texas 500 w.—1200 kc.—238 m.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KXL.....Portland, Ore. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KXYZ.....Houston, Texas 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KYA.....San Francisco, Calif. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243 m.
KYW.....Chicago Ill. 10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KZM.....Hayward Calif. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.

W

WAAB.....Boston, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WAAF.....Chicago Ill. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m. 2500 w. until local sunset.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J. 300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr. 500 w.—600 kc.—454.3 m.
WABC.....New York City 50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.

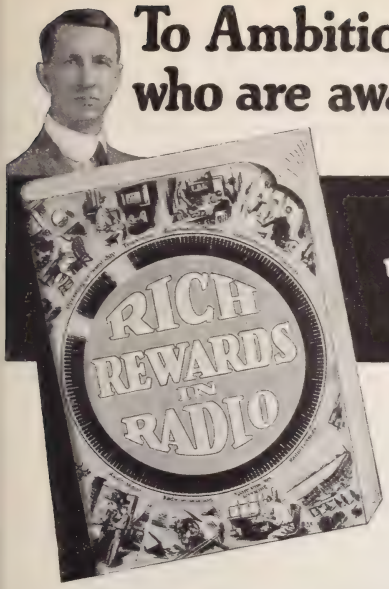
WABI.....Bangor, Me. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La. 500 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WACO.....Waco, Texas 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio 500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
WAIR.....Zanesville, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala. 5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
WASH....Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WAWZ.....Zarepath, N. J. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md. 10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas 50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WBAX.....Wilkes Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.—237.8 m.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill. 25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WBEO....Marquette, Mich. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBGF.....Glens Falls, N. Y. 50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WBIG.....Greensboro, N. C. 1000 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WBIS.....Bond Clothing, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WBNX.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBOQ.....New Orleans, La. 5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBSO.....Needham, Mass. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WBTM.....Danville, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass. 15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
WCAC....Storrs, Conn. 250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y. 100 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCAH....Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—430 kc.—209.7 m.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr. 250 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa. 10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill. 50 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn. 7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WCDA.....New York City 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
WCGU....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill. 500 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.

WCKY.....Covington, Ky. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCLO.....Janesville, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WCMC.....Culver, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla. 500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WCOD....Harrisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCSC.....Charlestown, S. C. 250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WCSH.....Portland, Me. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Texas 1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WDAH.....El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D. 1000 w.—914 kc.—319 m.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va. 250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WDBO....Orlando, Fla. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
100 w. until local sunset.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Dela. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WDGY....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WDIX.....Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn. 1000 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WDRC.....Hartford, Conn. 500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WDWF.....Providence, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill. 100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y. 1000 w.—850 kc.—352.6 m.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I. 250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio 750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis. 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y. 100 w.—1220 kc.—228.9 m.
200 w. until local sunset.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WEHC.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill. 100 w.—1400 kc.—211.1 m.
WELK....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WELL.....Battle Creek, Mich. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill. 50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WEPS.....Auburn, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WEVD.....New York City 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WEXL.....Royal Oak, Mich. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFAA.....Dallas, Texas 50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WFBC.....Knoxville, Tenn. 50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WFGB.....Altoona, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md. 500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.

WFDF.....Flint, Mich. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WFDW....Anniston, Ala. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WFIW....Hammondsville, Ky. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WFOX.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGAR.....Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGBS.....New York City 250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill. 500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WGH.....Newport News, Va. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y. 50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
WHA.....Madison, Wis. 750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y. 5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
WHAP.....New York City 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky. 10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo. 500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio 10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHBD.....Mt. Orab, Ohio 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WHDH.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WHDI.....Minneapolis, Minn. 500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WHDL.....Tupper Lake, N. Y. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio 1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
WHN.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia. 5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WHOM....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WIBG.....Ellans Park, Pa. 50 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WIBO....Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
1500 w. until local sunset.
WIBR.....Steubenville, Ohio 50 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WIBU.....Poynette, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas 1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
300 w. until local sunset.
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn. 250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo. 100 w.l.s.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WILM.....Wilmington, Del. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C. 500 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WISJ.....Madison, Wis. 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WJAD.....Norfolk, Nebr. 1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WJAK.....Marion, Ind. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJBK....Highland Park, Mich. 50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WJBT-WBBM....Glenview, Ill. 25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJBW.....New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill. 20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
1250 w. until local sunset.
WJR.....Detroit, Mich. 5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
WJSV...Mt. Vernon Hills, Va. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WJZ.....New York City 30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WKAR....E. Lansing, Mich. 1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis. 1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—228.9 m.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
150 w. until local sunset.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
WKBZ.....Muskegon, Mich. 50 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WKZO..Berrien Springs, Mich. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.

WLAP.....Louisville, Ky. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind. 50 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WLBF.....Kansas City, Kans. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WLBL....Stevens Point, Wis. 2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WLBW....Oil City, Pa. 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y. 1000 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y. 50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WLIB.....Elgin, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill. 50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
WLSI.....Cranston, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O. 50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
WLWL.....New York City 5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WMAC.....Cazenovia, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMAF....S. Dartmouth, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
WMAL....Washington, D. C. 250 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga. 500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WMBD....Peoria Hts., Ill. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WMBF.....Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMBR....Tampa, Fla. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WMCA.....New York City 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WMMN....Fairmont, W. Va. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
500 w. until local sunset.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WMSG....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla. 1000 w.—296.8 m.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. Dak. 1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WNBF.....Binghamton, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WNBH....New Bedford, Mass. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WNOX.....Silver Haven, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa. 10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt. 10 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WNBZ....Saranac Lake, N. Y. 50 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn. 1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
2000 w. until local sunset.
WNYC.....New York, N. Y. 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.



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Radio's big growth making hundreds of fine jobs every year

I am doubling and tripling the salaries of men and young men by training them for Radio's good jobs. My training fits you for Radio factories, broadcasting stations, a spare time or full time business of your own, operating on board ship—which gives you world-wide travel without expense, commercial land stations, research laboratories and many other branches. Talking Movies, Public Address Systems, Radio in Aviation, Television, Advanced Servicing and Merchandising and other valuable subjects are covered in my course.

Opportunities so great that many make $10 to $25 a week extra almost at once

The day you enroll I will show you how to do 28 Radio jobs common in almost every neighborhood. Throughout your course I'll show you how to do many other jobs for extra money. G. W. Page, 2210 Eighth Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn., made $935 in his spare time while taking his course. Joseph Skrivanek, 20 Telegram Ave., Elmont, L. I., N. Y., says: "My total earnings since my enrollment amount to $2,892 for spare time work in evenings."

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Spare time set servicing is paying N. R. I. men $200 to $1,000 a year. Full time men are making as much as $65, $75, $100 a week.



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Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
50,000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WOAN.....Whitehaven, Tenn.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WOBT.....Union City, Tenn.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WOBU....Charleston, W. Va.
250 w.—880 kc.—516.9 m.
WOC.....Davenport, Iowa
5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WOCI.....Jamestown, N. Y.
25 w.—1200 kc.—247.8 m.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WODX.....Mobile, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WOI.....Ames, Iowa
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
WOKO....Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
100 w.—1500 kc.—228.9 m.
WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WOOD.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
WORC.....Worcester, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WOV.....New York City
1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WOW.....Omaha, Nebr.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WPAD.....Paducah, Ky.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WPAP.....Cliffside, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.8 m.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WPCC.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—570 kc.—535.4 m.
WPCH.....New York City
500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WPSC.....College, Pa.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
WQAM.....Miami, Fla.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc. 296.8 m.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
100 w. 1369 kc.—220.4 m.
WQDM....St. Albans, Vt.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WQDX.....Thomasville, Ga.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRAF.....South Bend, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WRAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRAM....Wilmington, N. C.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRBI.....Tifton, Ga.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WRBL....Hattiesburg, Miss.
10 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WRBX.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
WRDO.....Augusta, Maine
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRDW.....Augusta, Ga.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WRHM....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WRNY.....New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WROL.....Knoxville, Tenn.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WRR.....Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WSAZ.....Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—980 kc.—516.9 m.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WSDA....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSEN.....Columbus, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSFA.....Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSJS....Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WSOC.....Gastonia, N. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSPA.....Spartanburg, S. C.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset.
WSSH.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN.....Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
50 w.—1370 kc.—218.7 m.
WSYB.....Rutland, Vt.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—576 m.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—209.2 m.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW....College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTAX.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1200 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
WTEL.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTHT.....Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMM.....Huntsville, Ala.
50 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWSW.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA....Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—285.5 m.
WXYZ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC....Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—600 kc.—435 m.
CFBC.....St. John, N. B.
500 w.—800 kc.—337 m.
CFCA-CNRT....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CFCF.....Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFCL-CKCL-CKNC
.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFCN.....Calgary, Alta.
10,000 w.—1030 kc.—435 m.
CFPL.....Orillia, Ont.
100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1,10 kc.—247 m.
CFCT.....Victoria, B. C.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CFCY....Charlottetown, P. E. I.
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
CFJC.....Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CFLC.....Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CFNB.....Fredericton, N. B.
500 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
CFQC-CNRS...Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CFRB-CJBC..King York Co., Ont.
4000 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CFRC.....Kingston, Ont.
500 w.—630 kc.—424 m.
CHCH-Charlottetown, P. E. I.
100 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CHCS.....Hamilton, Ont.
10 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHGS....Summerside, P. E. I.
100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CHMA.....Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—880 kc.—517 m.
CHML.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHNS-CNRH....Halifax, N. S.
500 w.—960 kc.—330 m.
CHRC.....Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHWC.....Pilot. Butte, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—312 m
CHWK.....Chilliwack, B. C.
100 w.—668 kc.—100 m.
CJCA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.
CJCB.....Sydney, N. S.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CJCJ-CHCA.....Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.
CJGC-CNRL....London, Ont.
5000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CJGX.....Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CJOC.....Lethbridge, Alta.
50 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CJRM.....Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CJRW.....Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
CKAC-CHYC-CNRM
.....Hyacinth, Quebec
5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCD-CHLS..Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKCI.....Quebec, P. Q.
2215 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKCK-CJBR-CNRR
.....Regina, Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.
CKCO.....Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
CKCR.....Waterloo, Ont.
500 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CNRV-CNRQ....Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKFC.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKIC.....Wolfville, N. S.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKGW-CJBC-CJSC-CPRY
.....Ontario, Ont.
5000 w.—630 kc.—435 m.
CKLC-CHCT-CNRD
.....Red Deer, Alberta
1000 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CKMO.....Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKNC.....Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CKOC.....Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CKPC.....Preston, Ont.
25 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m
CKPR.....Midland, Ont.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
CKUA.....Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—880 kc.—517 m.
CKWX.....Vancouver, B. C.
100 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CKY-CNRW....Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
CNRA.....Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CNRV.....Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.

Cuba

CMBC.....Havana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMCI.....Havana
14 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMCF.....Havana
250 w.—900 kc.—333 m
CMCG.....Guanabacoa
30 w.—1286 kc.—233 m.
CMCM.....Havana
100 w.—1500 kc.—200 m
CMCO.....Marianao
225 w.—660 kc.—455 m.
CMCQ.....Havana
600 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.
CMCR.....Havana
29 w.—1286 kc.—233 m.
CMCT.....Havana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m
CMGA.....Colon
100 w.—834 kc.—360 m
CMGC.....Matanzas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMGE.....Cardenas
30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.
CMHA.....Cienfuegos
200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m.
CMHB.....Sagua la Grande
10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMHC.....Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD.....Caibarien
250 w.—920 kc.—325 m.
CMHF.....Santa Clara
20 w.—1429 kc.—210 m.
CMHI.....Santa Clara
15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m.
CMJB.....Ciego de Avila
29 w.—1276 kc.—275 m.
CMK.....Habana
3000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
CMKA.....Santiago de Cuba
20 w.—1450 kc.—207 m.
CMKB.....Santiago de Cuba
150 w.—1200 kc.—250 m.
CMKD.....Santiago de Cuba
40 w.—1100 kc.—272 m.
CMAA.....Guanajay
30 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
CMAB.....Pinar del Rio
20 w.—1249 kc.—240 m.
CMBA.....Habana
50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBC.....Habana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBD.....Habana
150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.
CMBF.....Habana
7½ w.—1345 kc.—223 m.
CMBG....Santiago de la Vegas
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBI.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBJ.....Habana
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBK.....Marianao
15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBL.....Marianao
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBM....Marianao
15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.
CMBN.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBP.....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBQ.....Habana
50 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBR.....Habana
15 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
CMBS.....Habana
150 w.—790 kc.—380 m.
CMBT.....Habana
150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.
CMBW.....Marianao
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMBX.....Habana
30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBY.....Habana
100 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.
CMBZ.....Habana
150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CMC.....Habana
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CMCA.....Habana
150 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMKC.....Santiago de Cuba
150 w.—1034 kc.—290 m.
CMJC.....Camaguey
15 w.—1321 kc.—227 m.
CMQ.....Habana
250 w.—1150 kc.—261 m.
CMW.....Habana
700 w.—588 kc.—510 m.
CMX.....Habana
500 w.—900 kc.—333 m.

Mexico

XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEB.....Mexico City
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEC.....Toluca
50 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XED.....Reynosa, Tamps
10,000 w.—977 kc.—307 m.
XEE.....Linares, N. L.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEFA.....Mexico City
250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
XEFE....Nuevo Laredo Tamps
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEI.....Morelia, Mich.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEJ.....C. Juarez, Chih.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEK.....Mexico City
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEL.....Saltillo, Coah.
10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEM.....Tampico, Tamps
500 w.—730 kc.—411 m.
XEN.....Mexico City
1000 w.—711 kc.—422 m.
XEO.....Mexico City
5000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
XEP.....Tamaulipas
200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
XEQ.....Ciudad Juarez, Chih
1000 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XER.....Mexico City
100 w.—650 kc.—461 m.
XES.....Tampico, Tamps
550 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
XET.....Monterey, N. L.
1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XETF.....Vera Cruz
500 w.—680 kc.—441 m.
XEU.....Vera Cruz, Ver.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEV.....Puebla, Pue.
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEW.....Mexico City
5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
XEX.....Mexico City
500 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.
XEY.....Merida, Yucatan
100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XEZ.....Mexico City
500 w.—568 kc.—510 m.
XETA.....Mexico City
500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
XFA.....Mexico City
50 w.—7143 kc.—42 m.
XFC.....Aguascalientes
350 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
XFD.....Mexico City
50 w.—11,111 kc.—27 m.
XFF.....Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—915 kc.—328 m.
XFG.....Villahermosa, Tabasco
2000 w.—638 kc.—470 m.
XFI.....Mexico City
1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m.
XFX.....Mexico City
500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.

Television

2000-2100 kc. band

W2XCR.....New York, N. Y.
Jenkins Television Corp.
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W3XK.....Wheaton, Md.
Jenkins Laboratories
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XCD.....Passaic, N. J.
DeForest Radio Co.
48 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XBU.....Beacon, N. Y.
Harold E. Smith
48 lines per picture—100 w.
W9XAO.....Chicago, Ill.
Western Television Corp.
45 lines per picture—500 w.
W2XAP.....Portable
Jenkins Television Corp.
48 lines per picture—250 w.

2100-2200 kc. band

W3XAD.....Camden, N. J.
RCA Victor Co.
60 lines per picture—500 w.
W2XBS.....New York, N. Y.
National Broadcasting Co.
60 lines per picture—5000 w.
W2XCW....Schenectady, N. Y.
General Electric Co.
— lines per picture—20,000 w.
W8XAV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
Westinghouse Electric Co.
60 lines per picture—50,000 w.
W2XR..Long Island City, N. Y.
Radio Pictures, Inc.
48 lines per picture—500 w.
W9XAP.....Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Daily News
45 lines per picture—1000 w.
W3XAK....Bound Brook, N. J.
National Broadcasting Co.
60 lines per picture—500 w.

2750-2850 kc. band

W2XAB....New York, N. Y.
Columbia Broadcasting System
60 lines per picture—500 w.
W9XAA.....Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Federation of Labor
48 lines per picture—1000 w.
W9XG....West Lafayette, Ind.
Purdue University—1500 w.
W2XBO Long Island City, N. Y.
United Research Corp.—500 w.

2850-2950 kc. band

W1XAV.....Boston, Mass.
Shortwave & Television Lab.
48 lines per picture—500 w.
W9XR.....Downer's Grove, Ill.
Great Lakes Broadcasting Co.
24 lines per picture -5000 w.
W2XR..Long Island City, N. Y
Radio Pictures, Inc.
48 lines per picture—500 w.
W6XK.....Los Angeles, Cal.
Don Lee. Inc.
— lines per picture—500 w.

43,000-44,000 keys

W9XD (E-5).Milwaukee, Wis.
The Milwaukee Journal—500 w.

43,000-46,000; 48,500-50,300; 60,000-80,000 keys

W3XAD.....Camden, N. J.
RCA Victor Co.—50 w.
W2XBS.....New York City, N. Y.
National Broadcast'g Co.—750 w.
W1XAV (E.P)....Boston, Mass.
Short Wave & Television
Laboratories—30 w.

On thousands of cellar shelves you can find the results of

BALL BROS.' CANNING TIME

on

WLS THE PRAIRIE FARMER STATION
CHICAGO

For the information Martha Crane has been giving twice every week at 1 o'clock standard time, is practical and her talks smell of the preserving kettle and the savory chili sauce. Starting with strawberries, Ball Brothers' Canning Time has followed the garden and orchard season straight through, with an occasional glimpse away from fruit and vegetables to the fascinating subject of meat canning. The reason Martha Crane has such a large audience for this program is simple enough. She is talking facts and experience, telling things that the women of the WLS audience want to hear.



Martha Crane

Here at WLS we like to build programs like that—programs that serve—and we find that our vast audience on farms, in small towns, and in the city of Chicago, like them too. In building a program we study to make it truly serve its purpose.

Probably you have been listening to Ball Brothers' Canning Time, on WLS, and you understand why it makes the housewife want to reach for the stew-kettle and the paring knife and start filling up the cellar shelves with good things for winter.

WLS, The PRAIRIE FARMER Station

Operated by the Agricultural Broadcasting Company

Burridge D. Butler, President,

50,000 Watts **1230 West Washington Blvd., Chicago** **870 Kilocycles**

Chicago asks License

(Continued from page 15)

Eleanor Holm, all under the guidance of Jack Norman, television sports announcer; marionette shows by Remo Bufano; songs of the 'Gay Nineties' by Dr. Sigmund Spaeth in fearful and wondrous costume; Little Billy the midget, and Felix the Clown; international song periods in typical costume by Suzanne Kenyon; piano lessons showing technique of fingering and so forth by Professor G. Aldo Randegger; elaborate theatrical presentations by Chamberlain Brown and his guest stars; Samuel's 'Protegées' period, the Fanchon and Marco 'Radio Idea' and others.

"Noted operatic virtuosos such as Vladimir Radeef, Mme. Mariska Aldrich, Mme. Herma Menthe and Dorothy Edwards have also enjoyed the advantages of television as well as sound representation.

"We have had magicians, jugglers, tap dancers, character analysts, cartoonists, and we have even tried the stunt of putting on a man who plays tunes on ordinary tree leaves, which is one jump ahead of the old tissue paper and comb instrumentation!

"And we are only beginning. In the near future, as we are able to extend our facilities for television broadcasting, we plan to do regularly complete Broadway plays, both musical and dramatic; remote control pick-ups of baseball games, prize-fights and the like; and to stage presentations in our Fifth Avenue studio which will be designed and produced by Mr. Stewart especially for television. The technique of television program production, according to him, is already different from that of radio, screen, or the stage; and we are developing as rapidly as possible the particular style of acting, script, make-up, costume and lighting peculiar to the needs of visual broadcasting. But that, as Kipling, says, is another story."

National Broadcasting Co.'s Television Plans

TELEVISION remains the great mystery of Radio broadcasting. Despite research and experimental work conducted for years by engineers in all parts of the world, image transmission has not progressed beyond the laboratory stage. Engineers of the National Broadcasting Company hope, however, that television will be available to the public in the near future.

As the most significant step taken in this -direction for some time, M. H. Aylesworth, president of NBC, announced recently that space had been leased on the eighty-fifth floor of the Empire State Building, the world's tallest structure, for an experimental television broadcasting studio. The antenna will be placed atop the dirigible mooring mast, twelve hundred and fifty feet above Fifth Avenue. In the studios will be installed the most advanced and complete image broadcasting equipment, combining all latest developments. The studios will suggest elaborately equipped experimental laboratories rather than points of origin for actual broadcasts, sight or sound.

NBC experimental television broadcasting has been carried on in co-operation with RCA Victor Company and dates back to April 14, 1928, when the RCA technical and test department received a permit to construct station W2XBS, the first of the present group of stations in the metropolitan area. The station began experimental operation a few days later. W2XBS was turned over to NBC in July, 1930, and moved from 411 Fifth Avenue to the NBC Times Square Studio over the New Amsterdam Theatre. NBC engineers continued experimental broadcasting on a regular schedule.

NBC has not attempted to broadcast actual programs, projecting only small images, a man's face, for example, or the now famous "Felix," a black toy cat. A person could pose before the camera at full length but the image received at the other end would lack detail, so that only "close ups" are used at present.

In further cooperation with RCA Victor, NBC installed an experimental shortwave transmitter at the top of the RCA Building tower at Fiftieth Street and Lexington Avenue, and conducted extensive experiments, studying the influences steel buildings have on the propagation of waves within the television band. Engineers have known for some time that large buildings reflect shortwaves in much the same way as light is affected. The waves bounce about like light rays after striking a group of mirrors.

As a result of these and other tests, C. W. Horn, NBC general engineer, and other scientists, reached the conclusion that television waves cannot be projected successfully through buildings but might travel over them. For this reason NBC is building the Empire State transmitter and will attempt to thrust waves down into New York from that elevated point.

NBC's program and engineering departments are cooperating in the study of program technique with the view to anticipating the requirements of television program broadcasting by devising methods of program presentation suitable for the camera as well as the microphone. A great deal of work is ahead of them in this respect, for many problems still require solution. As an example—it is known that photo-electric cells, the television eyes, are selective as to color—some cells will not transmit red and others will not handle blue, and so on through the spectrum.

STERLING ARTISTS SERVICE

AN ORGANIZATION OF RADIO TALENT SPECIALISTS SERVING THE INTERESTS OF ARTISTS, BROADCASTERS AND ADVERTISING AGENCIES

Artists are invited to apply for Registration and *Certified* Audition—Free

Each Artist or Feature is Auditioned Free.

A Record-O-Graph Instantaneous Transcription of each Artist or Feature is made available to Artist Bureaus of Advertising Agencies and Radio Stations without charge —together with *Certified* Audition Report.

Sterling Artists Service

The Sterling Program Corp.

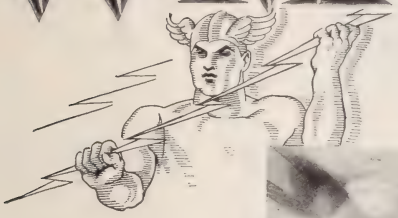
220 West Forty-Second Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.

AMERICA'S PREMIERE REGIONAL STATION

WMCA

NEW YORK CITY

570 K.C. 100% Modulation 500 Watts



13,000 square feet of modern broadcasting facilities . . . . . 7 perfect studios . . . . . the WMCA THEATRE, first Radio Theatre of the Air with auditorium comfortably seating two hundred . . . . . studios overlooking the Great White Way . . . . . a staff of more than one hundred experts to prepare and present your programs . . . . . a truly modern broadcasting plant.





THE AIRLINE TO THE NEW YORK MARKET

Twelve million people live within the trading area of New York. Nowhere else in the world is there a greater concentration of buying power. The yearly consumption of luxuries and necessities of these New Yorkers reaches a staggering total.

New York is the world's richest, most compact market for every kind of product and service that human ingenuity can devise. The New York market *alone* has made millionaires of men. Because of its size—the many-sided angles of its life—the cosmopolitan character of its population—some advertisers believe that the New York market is difficult to sell successfully.

But radio broadcasting through WMCA has shattered this prejudice; has proven through actual *results* for a varied clientele of advertisers, that New York is *now* one of the *easiest* markets in the world in which to gain a firm foothold.

NEW YORK'S OWN STATION

WMCA covers practically *every* event—*every* happening that is of *interest to New Yorkers.* If there is an important New York news story WMCA broadcasts it. Banquets of local importance and significance, outstanding ring and sport events, theatrical performances, the smarter night clubs—these are a few of the things that New Yorkers expect WMCA to cover.

We believe that no station has more friendly and personal relations with its army of listeners than WMCA. Because they are always sure of finding something of immediate and local interest on its program, New Yorkers have an exceptionally warm regard for WMCA.





Knickerbocker Broadcasting Co. Inc.
1697 Broadway at 53rd Street
New York City

Thorough coverage at rates that are commensurate with service . . . . transmission that is thorough perfect and clear . . . a pioneer station that has achieved a unique record of success for itself as well as for its clients . . . . . literature and rate cards will be forwarded to interested prospective clients.



Bowery Mission



Night Clubs



Banquets



Theatres



Sports

BROADCASTING · IN · THE · NEW · YORK · MANNER



He *didn't* count sheep jumping a fence

NO SIR! The guest we have in mind had his own cure for insomnia! He asked us to furnish a thermos bottle full of hot milk, so that he could have it by his bed, in case he woke up at night, take a drink ...and then get to sleep again! Thermos bottles and hot milk aren't part of the standard equipment of United Hotels... but we do have large, airy high-ceiling rooms, with a feeling of pleasant freedom... and the beds... well, if you've ever slept in one of our hotels you know how good they are! So there's very rarely occasion for insomnia at any of the 25 United Hotels listed below.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United*.... The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. ..... The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. ..... The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. ..... The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. ..... The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. ..... The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. ..... The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. ..... The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. ..... The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. ..... The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. ..... The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. ..... The Niagara
ERIE, PA. ..... The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO ..... The Portage
FLINT, MICH. ..... The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. ..... The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. ..... El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ..... The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. ..... The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. ..... The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. ..... The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. ..... The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. ..The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS



Paul Dumont, little big NBC-M.C.

Ted Lewis—Bad Boy

(Continued from page 27)

Finally he played at Coney Island and the resort somehow survived. So did the Caprice Club and Rector's, the "Greenwich Village Follies," the Columbia Phonograph Company, the Kit Kat Club in London, "Artists and Models," the talkie company for which Ted made "Is Everybody Happy?" and the great vaudeville circuits which bid for Ted's orchestra and Ted. The money-wire days were over with almost miraculous abruptness.

Several times since 1925 Ted has made special Radio appearances but years ago he set his price for sponsored appearances and he told me, when I interviewed him for Radio Digest, that he had not been particularly anxious to have the price met. Why not?

"It's been a real problem," said Ted. "Radio builds reputations so rapidly and on such a grand scale today that it's perfectly obvious one can't neglect it if he expects to remain a real headliner. Yet here I am—I've spent twenty years developing a style and attack which depends in some measure on my own prancings and gesturings. I've spent fourteen years teaching that hat to sit up and beg—it looks like it, doesn't it?" He pointed to the famous piece of headgear, borrowed from a doorman at Rector's in 1917 and not yet returned, looking every day of its age.

"I don't feel that I'm doing my Radio audience justice unless I substitute something audible for the tricks vaudeville audiences have applauded all these years. So I've worked harder on the monologue and orchestra effects in my first series of chain broadcasts than I've ever worked on script in my life.

"I feel completely easy with a stage audience. If something unexpected happens it's easy to ad lib or to fill up with a minute of juggling my hat or clarinet, or with a step or two. In fact, in my first broadcast, when it became apparent that we hadn't made our program long enough by almost a minute, I reached

(Continued on page 90)

SAVE $1.00

by

Subscribing

to

Radio Digest

now!

Make sure of receiving each issue of Radio Digest at your home « «

Fill in the Coupon and Save Time and Money

Radio Digest Pub. Co.,
420 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for Radio Digest for one year. Remittance for $2.00 is enclosed.

Name.....

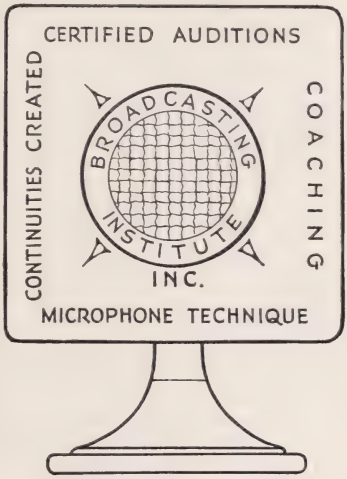
Street.....

City and State.....

YOU MAY POSSESS THE TALENT TO BE
A GREAT RADIO STAR

Fortunes are being made in Broadcasting The demand by Radio Stations for new talent is increasing daily

Knowledge and Ability are the Twin Keys to Success



NOW—Through Broadcasting Institute, Inc., you have the opportunity to select the branch of broadcasting for which you are best fitted.

Get into this new field NOW and in the Right way

This Advertisement May Open the Door to FAME and FORTUNE to YOU

Auditions and Broadcasting Courses

CERTIFIED AUDITIONS

An audition, preparatory coaching, including Test Recording, *Certification of your talent qualifications and ratings, Registration in Audition-Report Service Available to Artists Bureaus of Radio Stations and Advertising Agencies, DURING SEPTEMBER SPECIAL THRIFT RATE $3.00.

INDIVIDUAL COURSES

Broadcasting Institute, Inc., will teach you to express your personality—your individual talent—under actual broadcasting conditions.

SPECIAL COURSES

Training in script reading, personality projection, character portrayals, dialects, dramatic delineation, orchestral balance, radio writing and merchandising courses are given by recognized broadcasting authorities.

COACHING COURSES

Dramatic artists, groups and speakers will find the courses in dramatic projection, enunciation, diction, dialects and character delineation invaluable. Courses in Broadcasting Technique, radio showmanship, etc., have been designed especially for vocal artists and ensembles. For instrumentalists and musical organizations there is instruction in radio development, novelty technique, tone valuation, etc.

EXPERIENCED DIRECTORS

Directors of the various courses are experienced in every phase of radio production, dramatic or musical—assuring expert advice and help.

***Record-O-graph *Instantaneous* Transcriptions are used to test the talents of each artist applicant without extra charge.**

THRIFT RATE--THIS MONTH

Single periods, each, $5.00—Ten periods, complete, $45.00—Twenty periods, complete, $85.00—Fifty periods, complete, $200.00.

TERMS: Tuition payable in advance of each period. Deposit of first and last periods required with application. 5% discount for FULL Payment in Advance.

ACT NOW!

Use the Coupon—Your Future May Be at Stake

Broadcasting Institute, Inc.,
220 West Forty-second St.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I am interested in a course on.....Please send me further information regarding this course.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Or, telephone Wisconsin 7-2758

Broadcast Beauties on Parade

See the galaxy of America's most beautiful Radio Girls entered as station candidates for the Most Beautiful Radio Girl in America at the Radio World's Fair in New York this month. Exquisite Art Rotogravure studies of these marvelous young women will appear in the

October Radio Digest

Make sure that you get your copy of this outstanding issue by ordering it now.

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The Radio Digest
420 Lexington Ave.
New York, N. Y.

for my hat. It wasn't until I'd had time for a second thought that I got really worried; then I signalled the boys and we filled out by repeating our last chorus.

"In some ways Radio work demands more of you than any other form of entertainment. Appearing in person, applause and laughter give you time to catch your breath. On the air you have to be clicking every minute."

For years Ted has opened his appearances with the question he forced into popular slang, "Is Everybody Happy?" In Pittsburgh, while Ted was traveling with the "Greenwich Village Follies" in 1922 his father came to see him. Two minutes before Ted's appearance on the stage at one performance his father had a heart attack and died. Ted walked out on the stage and asked. "Is Everybody Happy?"

Hugh Barrett Dobbs

(Continued from page 51)

He first went on the air in 1925, giving a series of morning exercises over KGO, San Francisco. Later he tried KFI, Los Angeles, for a time, but finally returned to San Francisco and joined KPO in September, 1926. He has been there ever since.

Dobbs' success with his exercise programs and the possibilities of his idea for mythical "Ship of Joy" Radio cruises appealed to E. H. Sanders, advertising and sales promotion manager for the Shell Oil Company. Sanders retained him and gave him a free hand to develop a program for the company.

By January, 1929, Sanders was so impressed by the success of the program and its promise for the future that he "signed" Dobbs for a period of three years at a salary calculated to net him almost a quarter of a million dollars during that period.

More than a year has passed and Dobbs is even more firmly entrenched as a Western radio success. There have been many impressive evidences of his strong position—proof that his popularity is not waning. Surveys among listeners place the "Happytime" program next to Amos 'n' Andy in point of popularity in the San Francisco Bay area. In Salt Lake City and vicinity, listeners rated Dobbs above the famous Radio taxicab team.

More than 16,000 listeners entered an air mail slogan contest which Dobbs mentioned over the air; Dobbs received 6,000 Christmas and birthday greetings, and 3,000 sympathetic fans wrote him when his father died recently. "Wee Willie" Hancock, the "Ship of Joy's First Mate," received 2,800 letters of condolence following the death of his wife. And there have been innumerable similar evidences of listener interest, loyalty and appreciation. Fan mail received includes more than 1,000,000 letters, postcards, telegrams and other messages.

Dobbsie has demonstrated the therapeutics of a chuckle and good fun, and I'll match his "crew" against any comparable radio audience in America for whole-hearted appreciation and support

Radiographs

(Continued from page 56)

listed with the Second Montana, 163rd infantry and later got to use his rifle at Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and Argonne. In spite of his youth he was quickly recognized as more than ordinarily able and promoted to the rank of sergeant. After three months in the trenches he was again promoted and at the time of the armistice he had become a second lieutenant in an officer's training camp. Having been through three major engagements part of his job during the latter part of the war was in training commissioned officers how to take platoons over the top.

In the summer of 1919, before returning to the United States, John wore the colors of the United States in the Olympics, running the mile against seasoned stars. In the semi-finals at the Colombe Stadium, Paris, he was accidentally spiked in the heel when coming down the final stretch in the lead. Larry Shields, University of Pennsylvania star, won the race.

John earned his first reputation as a singer at the age of nine. He began his

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st musical training in New York in 20. In 1925 he made his bow in udeville and toured the United States d Canada. He began broadcasting er the NBC networks in 1930. By e time you read this he will probably on the air with a new sketch called, anny of the Finest," which will be itten and produced by Edd Russell, rmerly of Hollywood, and Jack Shan-n, author of the Radio feature, "The ssipers."

DADDY AND ROLLO

NICK DAWSON, the Daddy of "Daddy and Rollo". . . Christened ter his birth in Vineland, N. J., as eorge C. . . . never has been called his right name since his third grade acher told him he was worse than d Nick . . . Until he became head of e Ideas Department at Columbia, ver stayed in one place more than a ar . . . Has been almost every place the world but the North and South oles, southern end of South America, ussia and Scandinavia . . . Was a econd Lieutenant in the United States fantry because malaria kept him out the Foreign Legion . . . Never eats rrots or curry; ate the latter every eal for three weeks once while cross-g from Australia to North Africa . . . unched cows in California for one nter and boasts he never won more an $300,000 at the gaming tables . . . ode advance cars three seasons for arnum and Bailey's and Ringling's rcuses . . . Studied portrait painting the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine rts . . . Then got a job painting enery for a theatrical stock company . . Graduated from scene painter to ading man in one night . . . Was in e advertising business, but never rote a slogan . . . Chased out of Mex-o in 1909 on suspicion of running ms . . . Loves to cook, particularly eaks and pies, but never washed a sh in his life . . . Owns a flock of ckties, but keeps wearing one until is threadbare . . . His conservative ste in clothes does not affect the splen-or of his ties, suspenders, or bath-bes . . . Never eats breakfast . . . eads any book he can borrow . . . llects first editions . . . Loves ani-als and has owned, from time to time, rses, dogs, cats and two monkeys . . . ys that he's been to Seattle many nes, but never met Addison Sims . . .

DONALD HUGHES, 11 years old . . . "Rollo" to Nick Dawson's Daddy" . . . One of the youngest ra-o performers to have been put under clusive contract with a broadcasting mpany . . . Makes a hobby of having w hobbies . . . To date, stamp collect-g, swimming, fishing and reading ir-raising scientific fiction . . . Played e part of Kurt in Channing Pollock's "The Enemy" . . . Thereafter, named a succession of assorted dogs, Kurt I, Kurt II, etc. Attends Professional Children's School . . . Was spotted for a part in "The Enemy" while appearing in a school play . . . Played with stock companies around New York when only eight years old . . . Drinks a quart of milk a day, but is not otherwise interested in food . . . Never eats candy . . . Hates to write letters, but when he does always uses a typewriter . . . Has never travelled further west than Chicago, and only went there to appear in "Street Scene" for two weeks . . . Likes the movies and baseball . . . Never uses broadcasting as a theme for a school composition . . . Always wears soft, open-neck pongee shirts . . . His most prized possession is a Wimbrola presented him by Dale Wimbrow, the designer of the intrument . . . His most prized toys are an electric questioner he received from Channing Pollock and a complete electric train from Fay Bainter . . . Is not superstitious, but never tires of having his horoscope charted, his palm read, or his fortune told by cards . . . Does it just to see if they all come out the same . . . Is an instinctive actor, but prefers radio work to the legitimate theatre . . . Says that when he starts to travel he wants to go as far away as possible and take a long time getting there . . .

Marcella

(Continued from page 58)

shoulder (that's nothing new, Edna), so I'll take my departure and give the floor to the next comer. But from a corner of the waste-paper basket, I'm just gonna take a peek around, I *yam* an' see for myself whether I'm in a menagerie or just a pet shop!! Your devoted admirer, regardless, (signed) Edna H. Stanbrough, Newburgh, N. Y."

* * *

MRS. GRAINGER recently made her Radio debut over WGBS and delivered an inspiring talk on the form of art in which she is so interested—painting portraits on tiles. Mrs. Grainger and her famous husband are spending the summer in Europe and are expected to return some time in September. In the meantime the concert-going public in America are whetting their appetites for Mr. Grainger's masterful programs which he will give in the fall.

* * *

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Gabalogue

(Continued from page 59)

and live in Jersey. * * * Phil plays all the characters on his program and can imitate 15 voices. He has a brother, Burr Cook, who is a radio author and who writes the "Harbor Lights" sketches. * * *

Vaughn de Leath, the first lady of radio-land because she was the first American woman to broadcast, was born in Mt. Pulaski, Ill. She is six foot tall and weighs 200 pounds. And is married to Livingston Geer, the painter. * * * They reside in Westport, Conn. * * *

A gentleman from Jersey asks if Olive Palmer speaks any language other than English. I don't know her linguistic attainments, but she certainly knows how to speak music—and that, according to the poets, is the language of the soul. Olive Palmer's real name is Virginia Rea, and she was born in Louisville, Kentucky. She sang in a church choir when she was 12 years old. She took the name of Olive Palmer, just as Frank Munn, took the name of Paul Oliver, when they went on the Palmolive hour, and I understand she has taken steps to legalize the name. Mr. Munn may do the same thing. * * *

I hate to be the bearer of sad news, Evelyn, but—Ray Perkins is married and lives in Scarsdale. His sister is Grace Perkins, the authoress of several best-sellers including: "Night Nurse," "Ex-Mistress," and "Personal Maid." His other sister was on the stage and retired last year. * * *

Yes, Montreal, Jessica Dragonette has appeared on the stage. She was for a short time with Earl Carroll's "Vanities," and also appeared in "The Student Prince." She is unmarried. * * *

Ooh-la-la—smell that! Isn't that nice perfume? It's a letter from a lady who wants to know about John Fogarty, the NBC tenor, and says he is her favorite artist. * * * All right, Theresa, here goes. Mr. Fogarty is a product of Montana. He was 16 when the United States entered the World War—and he ran away from home to enlist in the army. Young Fogarty saw two years of active service in France. His singing career began while there with minstrel shows staged by the men behind the lines. * * *

Hits and bits is played by Helen Board and Edward Lewis Dunham. Mr. Dunham was born in Medford, Mass., has two children, and has been broa casting since 1920. Miss Board, t other half of Hits and Bits, is also be heard on other NBC programs su as "Gems of Melody," "Twilight Hour "Classic Gems," and the "Recitalists Miss Board was born in Louisvil Ky., and went to the public schoo there. * * *

Gladys Rice is no relation to Grar land Rice. Gladys is the daughter John Rice and Sally Cohen, a we known vaudeville team of yesteryea Gladys has been on Radio six yea and is not married. Grantland Ric daughter is Florence, and has never my knowledge been before the micr phone. * * *

Ford Bond is about five foot eleve weights 200 pounds, wears white fla nels, (weather permitting), is alwa immaculately groomed and much b ter looking than any announcer nee to be—since his public can't see h anyway. And he should be very popul in television. * * *

Peter Dixon, who writes and pla Ken Lee in "Raising Junior," is the s of a minister. He had planned to f low in his father's footsteps, when newspaper game beckoned. He w from there to Radio. He is married the Joan of the sketch, and they hav little Junior and (whisper—don't tel soul I told you)—Junior is going have a little playmate real soon. * *

Hear Nellie tell it every Wednesd night at 11 over WEAF and net.

Get Acquainted!

Make new friends everywhere! Join our Lonesome Club for Ladies and Gentlemen! Big list (FREE). Send for one. Box 100-B. Detroit, Michigan.

Coon-Sanders

(Continued from page 11)

Sanders, once claimed the second la est bar in the world. Quite a contr to his singing in the Linwood Met dist Church. In 1915 he came to Edelweiss Gardens in Chicago, loca at 63rd and Cottage Grove.

The war and Camp Funston in K sas and his visit to the same music st in Kansas City, owned by J. W. J kins. Sanders was at the piano play "I Ain't Got Nobody." Coon m have thought he was singing "I A Got No Buddy" for right then there they took a liking to each otl and as soon as they were out of ser they started a booking agency in K with $100 borrowed from Coon's ther. With it they purchased a d davenport, and a couple of chairs opened an office.

They organized under the name Coon-Sanders Novelty Orchestra, "Aristocrats of Jazz." To this day Sanders mentions this apposition

(Continued on page 94)

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Coon-Sanders

(Continued from page 92)

fore Coon, who did the christening, Joe takes a hasty exit for he fears an avalanche of a tuba and flock of saxophones.

Coon and Sanders were the first in the world to start a radio club with their Coon-Sanders Nighthawks Club in the Muehlebach Hotel in K. C. They were the most militant enemies of sleep in America. And their first Radio hit over WDAF of the Kansas City Star was "Does the Spearmint On the Bedpost Lose Its Flavor over Night." My! what a number. They were humming it and singing it in every college fraternity house in the United States. Can you remember back that far?

One day they received a letter postmarked Morton Grove, Ill. It never occurred to them that this was a suburb of Chicago. Jack Huff, the proprietor of the Lincoln Tavern at Morton Grove, offered them $1,250 a week to come with their 9-piece band to the tavern. Coon and Sanders caught the next train out of Kansas City. They saw themselves independently wealthy in a few months. From the tavern in the summer time they went into Chicago to the Congress Hotel balloon room which they opened and there started the Insomnia Club, a sister to the K. C. Nighthawks. They were heard from KYW and then in 1926 they moved bag and baggage to the Blackhawk Restaurant and have played there for five winters, taking the Dells, northwest of Chicago, for summer engagements, their hot rhythm going on the air from WGN, The Chicago Tribune station on the Drake Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Coon have four children, namely John Allyn, 18, who is going to the University of Kansas this fall; Nannette, 16; Virginia, 12, and C. A. Jr., 10. Mrs. Sanders formerly was Madeline Baldwin, of Kansas City. They do not have any children and Carleton says he will divide with Joe so that they will both have two.

Both Carleton and Joe are proud of the record made by two of their band members, brothers, John and Harold Thiell, of Joplin, Mo., who have been with the band for seven years. They both play saxophones. Other members are: Floyd Touch Estep, saxophone, of K. C.; Alvin R. Downing, trombone, of Weiner, Ark.; Robert Fritz, trumpet, of Oklahoma City, Okla.; Joe E. Richolson, trumpet, also of Oklahoma City; Clarence Russell Stoub, banjo, of Freemont, O., and Elmer Dinny Krebs, tuba, of Waukesha, Wis. There they are, the two Indians and their whole tribe. And when they get going on their musical warpath—no pale face can stop them. They are "Whoopee" personified, two alive good Indians.

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Bradley Kincaid, Mountaineer

(Continued from page 26)

La Porte, Indiana, to work for the W. C. A. For four years, she sup-ted herself while Bradley worked at ery job he could find to pay his way ough college.

One of his jobs was a position in the quartet that sang once a week at tion WLS. One day the director of quartet mentioned to the station icials that Bradley knew some moun-neer ballads. Bradley was asked to g some. However, summer vacation ne along before he had practiced them ough, and he went off to summer camp Lake Geneva, where he had work the vacation season. All through the mmer, the directors of the Chicago tion kept sending word that they nted to hear his mountain songs. But adley didn't like the idea of singing untain songs on the Radio. He nted to be a tenor soloist and go on concert stage. Besides, he was "mike v." The thought of facing a micro-one alone was enough to give him d chills. At the beginning of his ior year in college, he did get the rage to sing for the program editor. mediately that dignitary booked him sing on the WLS National Barn Dance on alternate Saturday nights. Bradley traded his typewriter for a second hand guitar to accompany himself.

After a while, Bradley was put on the air every Saturday night. To him that didn't suggest any possibility of popularity. Radio singing was just another way to earn money to complete his education. In fact, Bradley wasn't aware he was popular until one day, several weeks after he had begun singing mountain songs.

"There's some mail out in the back room for you, Bradley," they told him at the mail desk.

Indeed there was. Clothes baskets full were piled in that back room.

"I was flabbergasted," he said. "I took as many letters home as I could carry that Saturday night. All that week-end Irma and my sister and I read those letters—and believed every word of them. When a letter said, 'We're crazy about your singing,' I really thought they were crazy. And when they said, 'We're dying to hear you sing more songs,' I was afraid they were going to die."

Bradley's popularity continued to increase. Demands for copies of his songs came in such numbers that a printer finally offered to publish a book of them and to wait for his money until enough were sold to pay for them. Bradley announced the book on the air while it was being printed. Before it was off the press he had orders for the first run of 10,000 at 50c each. From that time on, Popularity and Prosperity both have smiled on him and he has been a Radio sensation.

All of his success in Radio he attributes to his wife who, with his three children, is his inspiration. The work of writing down the music for the song books has been her task. In successive summers since he graduated from college, Bradley has gone back to his hill country and has learned new songs from his people. These she has transferred to paper so that they could be published.

Bradley went to station WLW early in 1931 to see how the WLW audience would take to his mountain songs. He "saw" to the extent of 50,000 letters in four weeks, so he returned the first of March to make his permanent Radio home at the Crosley Radio station.

Success has not turned his head in the slightest. He is as unspoiled and as fresh in his viewpoint as he must have been when he was singing ballads as lullabies for Kincaid babies. His ambition beyond Radio entertaining is to be able to retire when he has enough money to support his family.

Jewelry

(Continued from page 74)

"I love the gems themselves. There-re, I endeavor to bring out their auty, warmth and color just in the y that nature endowed it. One of my st famous pieces is made from a tural emerald prism, just the way it me from the mine. I combined its gnified splendor with a visualization the modern skyscraper. I combined arls, and other precious stones to give effect of the setbacks of the modern vering building, and in indicating the a of windows and so on. Finished, it a pendant to be worn at the end of jeweled chain. You see, by using the erald in its untouched condition it s complete individuality—for in na-re, of course, no two things are ever actly alike.

"I think one of the things I love most my work is when I go to the distant arl fisheries myself, to find the treas-es of my art. I work among the men, atching them as they bring up the ells, and picking out the pearls that ok finest to me right there on the spot.

"And I think of all things my favor-is the black pearl. I don't know of y gem with which nature has been so aring in quantity and so generous in auty. And because I have given my pecial interest to this kind of pearl, I ve come to be considered a connois-ur."

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Radio Cosultant

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Flees Revolution

(Continued from page 32)

Consul to help her find her father, whom she knew to be in the United States. It sounds impossible, but within a few months, the Consul had good news for her, and she was aboard an ocean liner, bound for the U. S. A. and her over-joyed parent. That must have been a heart-warming reunion. One can just imagine the surprise of this man, who left a young unformed child in 1915, and now found her to be an experienced young woman, full of life and laughter, warm with the fire of youth and temperament, and glowing with a dark beauty. Miss Georgievskaia speaks beautiful English now, with just enough accent to be enchanting, but she sings in plaintive Russian.

American Radio

(Continued from page 21)

as there are in any two European countries combined.

Moreover, we are a unit in the geographical sense, and for purposes of electrical transmission. That enables us to reach, at very short notice, the great majority of our outstanding personages in statesmanship, politics, business and finance, science, art and education.

By comparison with this, Europe is subdivided into so many separate units, although they are no longer warring among themselves, that each country is obliged to work out its own salvation, with much more limited resources.

We must maintain our present cordial relations with such great musical bodies as the symphony orchestras of New York, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Detroit, Rochester and so on, which enable us to present, with the minimum of didacticism, the greatest possible quota of musical education to millions of people all over the United States, many of whom never could go to a symphony concert. It is my contention that the prestige of these orchestras greatly enhances their value and power in bringing the great masters of music to the attention of the man on Main Street. Inasmuch as the countries of Europe have not been so successful in persuading their great orchestras to take the air I think there is no doubt that we are more fortunate in this respect.

In the educational field we see probably the clearest example of how each country gets the type of broadcasting best fitted to the character of its people. If one were to transplant the European idea of Radio education to American or vice versa, the result would be incongruous if not chaotic. The foreign practice is to offer education to the people with little or no sugar coating, ... belling the package clearly "Medicin"

I have still to be convinced that ... in this country are not also on the ri... track to reach our own people. Ni... teen per cent of the programs broadc... by the Columbia network come un... the category of education. It would ... difficult to reach that conclusion sim... by glancing through our schedu... Therein lies the secret of our met... —we believe in an indirect approach ... many instances. But we also get ... sults, for the competitive nature ... American Radio would not permit u... survive unless we could show we ... doing a good job.

We shall make countless changes ... method before we reach our goal: ... just as I am sure of that, so also a... sure we are on the right track, ... that with reasonable care we shall ... tain our objective as quickly as ... other nation.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 73)

Oppenheim, a very dear friend of m... the millionaire owner of a chain ... beauty establishments, who writes ... hobby, but who conceives some of ... cleverest titles and lyrics found ... songs today.

We play the song very brightly, ... on account of its unusual length it t... about a minute and five seconds to ... chorus. The voice is quite easily t... before the end is reached. It is ... lished by Leo Feist.

Yours Is My Heart Alone

FROM Germany, whence came "... Hearts in ¾ Time" comes this, f... one of their splendid German ope... a very lovely song, DEIN IST MI... GANZES HERZ, or YOURS IS ... HEART ALONE. Richard Tau... the greatest voice in all Europe, a ... with a wooden leg who stands t... perfectly motionless, a big hulk, ro... and almost ugly in appearance, yet ... such a lovely voice that only rec... he sang before the King and Quee... England at a command performa... This same Richard Tauber is respo... ble for the success of most song ... Germany and on the European ... tinent.

The song is much beyond my me... qualifications as a singer, the hig... being something I find extremely ... cult to reach unless I am in very ... voice, and since I am rarely that I ... a very limited speaking acquaint... with high G.

However, the unusual enthusiasm ... song has received from our few ... entations of it at the Hotel Pen... vania lead me to believe that it wi... one of the best in my repertoire.

Radio Digest

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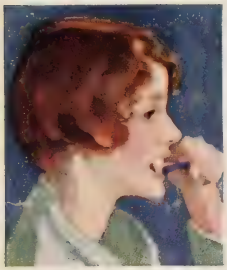
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DOROTHY KNAPP, NBC

oadcast BEAUTIES PARADE



No one can afford to pay this price of NEGLECT



ALTHOUGH they are still able to chew their food, countless people today find themselves ashamed, even afraid to smile.

It is a grim yet needless price they pay to wear false teeth, because they can usually blame neglect and resulting pyorrhea for the loss of their own.

An insidious disease of the gums, pyorrhea comes to four people out of five past the age of forty. Hence, it's 4 to 1 you'll lose, if you gamble with this infection.

At first, your gums grow tender and bleed easily when brushed. Later, they become soft and spongy until teeth often loosen in their sockets and either come out or must be extracted.

Start, in time, the use of Forhan's

If you would escape the toll pyorrhea takes in teeth and health, see your dentist twice a year; he can do a lot to prevent needless trouble in your mouth. But in your own home, your teeth are your own responsibility. Nothing but the finest dentifrice is good enough for them.

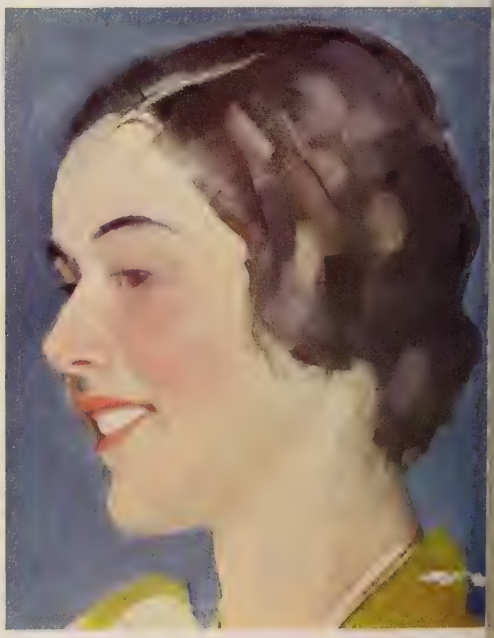
Forhan's is the discovery of a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for years specialized successfully in the treatment of pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, an ethical preparation widely used by dentists for treating this dread disease.

Don't gamble with pyorrhea

Start today brushing your teeth with Forhan's, morning and night. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

So fine, so pure, so gentle and mild, Forhan's cannot harm the most delicate tooth enamel of the youngest child. Do not wait for trouble before you start using Forhan's.

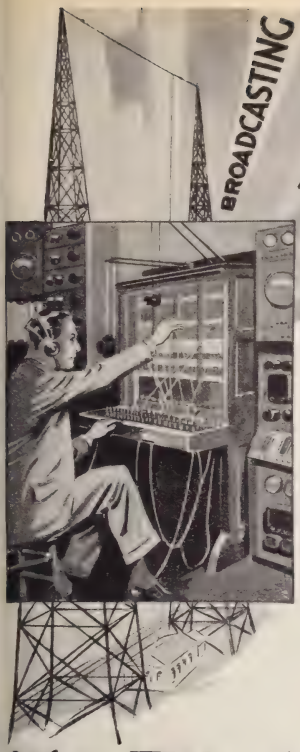
Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40



TELEVISION

TALKING PICTURES

WIRELESS OPERATING

WIN FAME and FORTUNE in RADIO!

Scores of jobs are open to the Trained Man—jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation work—as Operator, Mechanic or Manager of a Broadcasting station—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane—jobs with Talking Picture Theatres and Manufacturers of Sound Equipment—with Television Laboratories and Studios—fascinating jobs, offering unlimited opportunities to the Trained Man.

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Come to Coyne in Chicago and prepare for these jobs the QUICK and PRACTICAL way—BY ACTUAL SHOP WORK ON ACTUAL RADIO EQUIPMENT. Some students finish the entire course in 8 weeks. **The average time is only 10 weeks.** But you can stay as long as you please, at no extra cost to you. No previous experience necessary.

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Free Employment Service to Students

After you have finished the course, we will do all we can to help you find the job you want. We employ three men on a full time basis whose sole job is to help our students in finding positions. And should you be a little short of funds, we'll gladly help you in finding part-time work while at school. Some of our students pay a large part of their living expenses in this way.

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Coyne has been located right here in Chicago since 1899. Coyne Training is tested—proven by hundreds of successful graduates. You can get all the facts—FREE. JUST MAIL THE COUPON FOR A FREE COPY OF OUR BIG RADIO AND TELEVISION BOOK, telling all about jobs . . . salaries . . . opportunities. This does not obligate you. **Just mail the coupon.**

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Harold P. Brown, Managing Editor

Henry J. Wright, Advisory Editor

Radio Digest

Printed in U. S. A.

Charles R. Tighe, Associate Editor

Nellie Revell, Associate Editor

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

Raymond Bill, Editor



RUTH ROLAND made a fortune playing silent movie thrillers (and she still has it). She can't give up being active so she performs and entertains generally. This shows her at CBS studios, N. Y.

October, 1931

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DOROTHY DAU BEL is the sen sational new pian player who suddenl popped into fame a the NBC-WEAF net work. Dorothy cam down to the Big Cit from Buffalo an made good righ away. She's on weekl



LEE MORSE—not Ree Morse—unless it's because she had to hurry back to New York from her Oklahoma home to broadcast on the WABC-Columbia network. She hated to leave home, said.

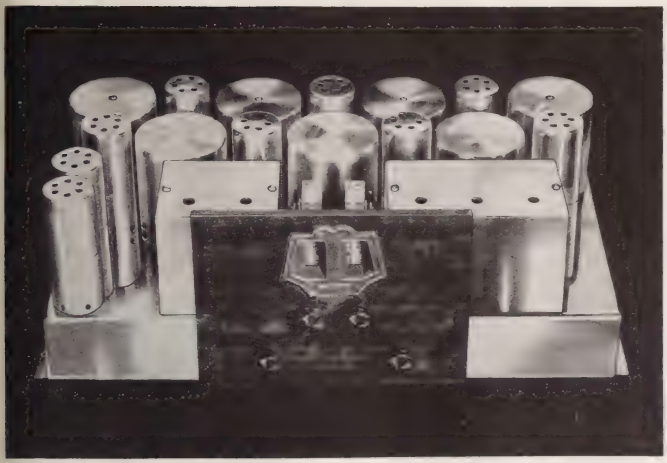


MARY HOPPL has a radio au dience that extend from coast to coa for she has been sing ing over the NB network almost fro the time of the fir net. She was on o June cover in paste

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There is a new thrill in Radio—the thrill of actually tuning in the other side of the world—Japan, Indo-China, France, England, Australia, Germany and South America. Not code, but voice, music and song, loud and clear—often so perfect that its quality matches the finest nearby domestic stations. Such is the daily service being given by Scott All-Wave Receivers located in all parts of the country and operating under all sorts of conditions. And the tone of the Scott All-Wave is *naturalness* itself. Think of it! England and Japan, thousands of miles away from each other, yet only a quarter inch apart on the dial of the Scott All-Wave. A fractional turn of the tuning control and either is yours to listen to with an abundance of loud speaker volume. Unbelievable? Read the letters reproduced below. They are but a few of the hundreds received!

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Read What Scott All-Wave Owners Say About This Great Receiver

England on an indoor aerial . . .
"London, England, comes in with great volume on an indoor aerial, which I have to use on account of static. Can get all the volume I want with the volume control turned up most of the time only one-quarter."
—*W. J. McD., Intervale, N. H.*

'Round the world . . .
"Have heard 'Big Ben' strike midnight in London; Grand Opera from Rome; the 'Marseillaise' played in France and at 8:30 a. m. have heard the laughing jack-ass from VK2ME at Sydney, Australia."
—*C. L. B., Chicago, Illinois*

China, too . . .
"Static conditions have been extremely bad this Summer. However, we have been getting regular reception on G5SW at Chelmsford, England, 12RO at Rome, Italy, F3ICD, Indo-China, and VK3ME at Melbourne, Australia."—*S. F. S., Lock, Utah.*

Paris for 3 hours . . .
"Yesterday I tuned in station FYA at Paris and received them for three hours with considerably more volume than Rome; El Prado, Ecuador, comes in very clear and loud every Thursday evening."
—*S. O. K., Tuskegee, Alabama*

Records Australia . . .
"Last Saturday night I received VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, loud enough to make a recording on my home recorder. It certainly gave me a great thrill to hear the announcer say, 'The time is now 20 minutes to 4, Sunday afternoon' when it was 20 minutes to 12 Saturday night here."
—*J. R. C., Highland, Mass.*

Germany to Australia . . .
"I hear England, France, Italy, daily while Ecuador, Colombia, Honduras and Germany and Manila come in quite often. VK2ME at Sydney, Australia, comes in very well."
—*J. M. B., Wierton, West Virginia*

Austria . . .
"I have tuned in VK3ME at Melbourne with enough volume to be heard across the street. I listened last evening to France, Italy, Austria, as well as G5SW in England and several other European stations. The SCOTT is all you claim and then some."
—*R. N. B., Fullerton, Penna.*

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(Formerly Scott Transformer Co.)

The SCOTT
ALL-WAVE
15-550 METER SUPERHETERODYNE

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Send me full particulars of the Scott All-Wave.

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News, Views *and* Comment

By Robert L. Kent

THE Fall broadcasting season is well under way and listeners as well as lookers have more good things in the way of programs than ever before. . . The opening gun of the March of Time series over the Columbia network was all that anyone could desire. . . This in reality marks a forward step in broadcasting. . . If there is anything better on the air than the March of Time we have not listened to it. Tune in that one on Friday night.

Radio Digest comes close to being the most frequent broadcaster on the air . . . more than seventy stations each week are spreading the Radio Digest message. There are all kinds of programs . . . classical music . . . gossip hours . . . breakfast hour skits and brief announcements. We are doing our part to keep in step with the progress of broadcasting . . . and now Radio Digest is regularly (Thursday nights, W2XAB) staging a television program. . . We intend to study television from the ground up and pledge ourselves to aid in the development of this new art.

The Football season is here and both chains are regularly broadcasting the games. . . Favorite announcers are doing the job in each case . . . thrills galore!

We knew it had to come . . . a course in broadcasting technique. . . There are several available for those who have a desire to find out what it's all about. . . The latest is Floyd Gibbons school of broadcasting. . . Well, Floyd has learned a lot about the microphone during his years on the air. There's another school in New York with instructors and studios, recording facilities, etc. I will be glad to forward inquiries for those interested.

Met a beautiful blond young lady at the television studios operated by Columbia a short time ago. Her name is Harriet Lee . . . she was made up to be televised and she had on deep red rouge, used brown lipstick for lips and eyebrows and she wore a white wrap. She was placed against a dead black background and she came over like a million dollars. Now, I just have been informed that Miss Lee has been named Radio Queen . . . and here's news for you . . . Miss Lee will adorn the November cover of Radio Digest.

Speaking of television, Radio Digest had as guest artist petite Marion Brinn, vaudeville headliner at the age of seven and known to radio fans from Coast to Coast as the soapbox crooner. She's so small that she stands on a box in order to reach the microphone. They put a box under her so she could be televised. We'll tell you more about Miss Brinn next month.

The studios of the National Broadcasting Co. in Chicago are the finest in America. . . They are in the Furniture Mart and they are worth traveling far to see. The lighting arrangements are unusual and the usual studio drapes are conspicuous by their absence. The studios are huge and were designed with an eye to television. If you are in Chicago don't fail to visit these studios.



When you pause to bask in the summer sunshine and enjoy a lazy smoke — make the stolen moments more enjoyable with the cool refreshment of Beech-Nut Gum. Its zestful flavor stimulates your taste sense and makes the next smoke taste like the first one of the day — each smoke a fresh experience. Motorists will find BEECH-NUT GUM especially enjoyable—it keeps the mouth moist and cool while driving. Remember always there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

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Now Ranges in Lovely New Colors

Don't miss the new Coal and Wood Ranges, new Combination Gas and Coal Ranges—new colors and new improvements. *Look for the ranges with the new Utility Shelf—they're lower, much lower in price, and so attractive!* The President is a modern new Coal and Wood Range. Your choice of Pearl Gray, Ivory Tan, Nile Green, Delft Blue or Black Porcelain Enamel in all ranges. Colors to match every decorative scheme. Colors that start you dreaming of a beautiful kitchen. Colors as easy to clean as a china dish. Also Gas Stoves, Oil Stoves, Household Goods.

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Kalamazoo's standard of quality is the same as for 31 years. Tremendous buying power enabled us to buy raw materials at the lowest possible prices. Selling direct from the factory—we are able to give you this year as never before, *absolute rock-bottom Factory Prices.* Kalamazoo is a factory. You can't beat factory prices at any time—more especially this year. Mail the coupon now for this sensational new book.

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Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the World of Broadcasting

INSIDUOUS efforts to split up and manipulate the limited channels used for broadcasting apparently will be renewed with increased energy as the time draws near for Congress to convene. Besides the Fess bill which was sluffed off at the last session—and which it is promised will be reintroduced at the next session—there are any number of other kindred measures in prospect. On October 16th the Federal Radio Commission will entertain a proposal by C. R. Cummings of Williamsport, Pa., to set aside twenty-five channels "for the exclusive use of local or community broadcasting stations." Walter Birkenhead, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune* of September 13 says, "The application (by Cummings) lists 267 cities and towns in which stations would be erected, and considerable support may be given the plan by some members of Congress." While we have no comment to make as to the merit of Mr. Cummings' plan of operation, it does seem as though any project that contemplates the breaking up of the broadcast spectrum as it now stands for competitive programs will weaken the whole structure for dissolution by its enemies. The field is now open for everybody and it must be kept open.

* * *

ANOTHER radio measure that may have more than casual significance which is expected to be introduced at the next session of Congress will provide for a consolidation of all governmental radio authority in the Federal Radio Commission. This will relieve the Department of Commerce of its radio division. Ultimately, if those who are opposed to the American plan of operation successfully carry through their maneuvers for government operation the commission would have all the lines in its own hands to function as a full fledged bureau. And when the politicians prepare your radio programs, ladies and gentlemen, you'll probably hear things that will irritate more than your Adam's Apple.

One of the interesting exhibits at the Radio World's Fair was the daylight television camera. Instead of putting the subject in a black box and scanning the features with a tiny spot of light the camera works in the open with the sun-lit scene focused on the whirling scanning disk inside the camera like the retina of the eye; it passes thence through the photo-electric cell and the copper "optic nerve" to the "brain" of coils and circuits, off the antenna, through the air, into the "eye" and "brain" of your television receiver and instantaneously to your own eye, which repeats the process thus figuratively described. "Marvelous is the age of radio!"

* * *

WHAT else does the new Radio World's Fair bring to us? The one last year proved a trifle disappointing, not so much for the lack of interesting exhibits as for novelty in the way of entertainment. Perhaps there are no more radio novelties. The sensational surprises of a few seasons ago now have become common place in almost any home. One thing expected sure to attract the crowd is the television exhibit with the promise of images filling a screen ten feet square directly visible to 10,000 visitors.

AT LAST the telephone company has become a subscriber to its best customer—the broadcaster. Programs have been inaugurated over both of the big chain systems. The two networks alone spend $5,000,000 a year with the telephone company and use 40,000 circuit miles of wires. It's fun to buy when you take the money out of your right hand pocket and it comes right back to your left hand pocket.

A gentleman called us up the other day to find out whether it was not a fact that the passion for mysticism as practiced over the radio had not generally subsided. He said there was not one astrologer on the air from any of the New York stations, and he believed the condition was general. So Venus, Neptune, Mars and the other celestial bodies are now feeling the weight of the depression. What do they forecast for themselves? One wonders.

Speaking of Fred Smith of *Time Magazine,* or were we, did you read his new mystery thriller called *The Broadcast Murders?* Mr. Smith and his talented wife live in a remodeled hayloft down in Greenwich Village. George Gershwin said of Mrs. Smith that no other woman had so perfectly translated his Rhapsody in Blue on the piano. Recently the pair returned from Europe where Fred has written a sequel to the enthralling tale of *The Broadcast Murders.* Do your reading of this book in the daytime or you may not sleep when you have finished it.

* * *

AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON has really married a radio man at last. On September 13th she stepped into an airplane with David L. Hutton, former manager of two of the smaller broadcasting stations in Los Angeles, and sailed away over the mountains to Yuma, Arizona. A surprised and somewhat disgruntled clerk was aroused from his bed to supply the necessary papers. A double ring ceremony was performed in the plane as the couple returned to Los Angeles. The groom is 30 and a singer in the Angelus choir. The bride is 38. They immediately started out to Oregon together on an evangelistic campaign.

* * *

OBSERVATIONS at the NBC Press Relations Ball at Hotel New Yorker Sept. 22 . . . Nellie Revell, out Nellie, all primped and crimped chatting with Aileen Berry (Mrs. Peter Dixon) about the great scoop when the Voice of Radio Digest broadcast over a WEAF net the news of arrival of Junior No. 2 at the Dixon home just eight minutes after it occurred . . . Philips Carlin busy as the proverbial one-armed paper hanger as he tried to be equally attentive to two fair damosels who sat on either side of him . . . Vaughn de Leath swaying before a microphone and telling everybody how she had thrice that night been forced to deny she was Kate Smith . . . Ray Perkins, with a side-wise glance toward the Aylesworth table, as he explained that his last year's job was being supervisor of the NBC vice-presidents . . . lovely gorgeous Virginia Gardiner nonchalantly appropriating the scribe's chair at Table No. 9 . . . Jean and Glenn from Cleveland making their debut—before a New York audience.

H. P. B.

... *Hear these* FAVORITE STARS


Ivan Simpson


Loretta Young


Dorothy Mackaill


Walter Huston


Marian Marsh


Frank Fay


Richard Barthelmess


Winnie Lightner


Edward G. Robinson


Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.


Jack Whiting


Don Kelly

A New Celebrity *each week* on the

RADIO NEWSREEL *of Hollywood*

over the following stations

MONDAY

Station	City	Time
WKBF,	Indianapolis, Ind.,	6:30 P.M., C.S.T.
WGAL,	Lancaster, Pa.,	8:00 P.M., E.S.T.
KDKA,	Pittsburgh, Pa.,	7:45 P.M., E.S.T.
WTAD,	Quincy, Ill.,	7:00 P.M., C.S.T.
WGBI,	Scranton, Pa.,	7:45 P.M., E.S.T.
WIBX,	Utica, N. Y.,	8:45 P.M., E.S.T.
KFWB,	Los Angeles, Calif.,	7:45 P.M., P.S.T.

TUESDAY

Station	City	Time
WFBG,	Altoona, Pa.,	6:45 P.M., E.S.T.
WBEN,	Buffalo, N. Y.,	7:15 P.M., E.S.T.
WCAU,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	6:45 P.M., E.S.T.
KWK,	St. Louis, Mo.,	9:45 P.M., C.S.T.
WBRE,	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.,	7:15 P.M., E.S.T.

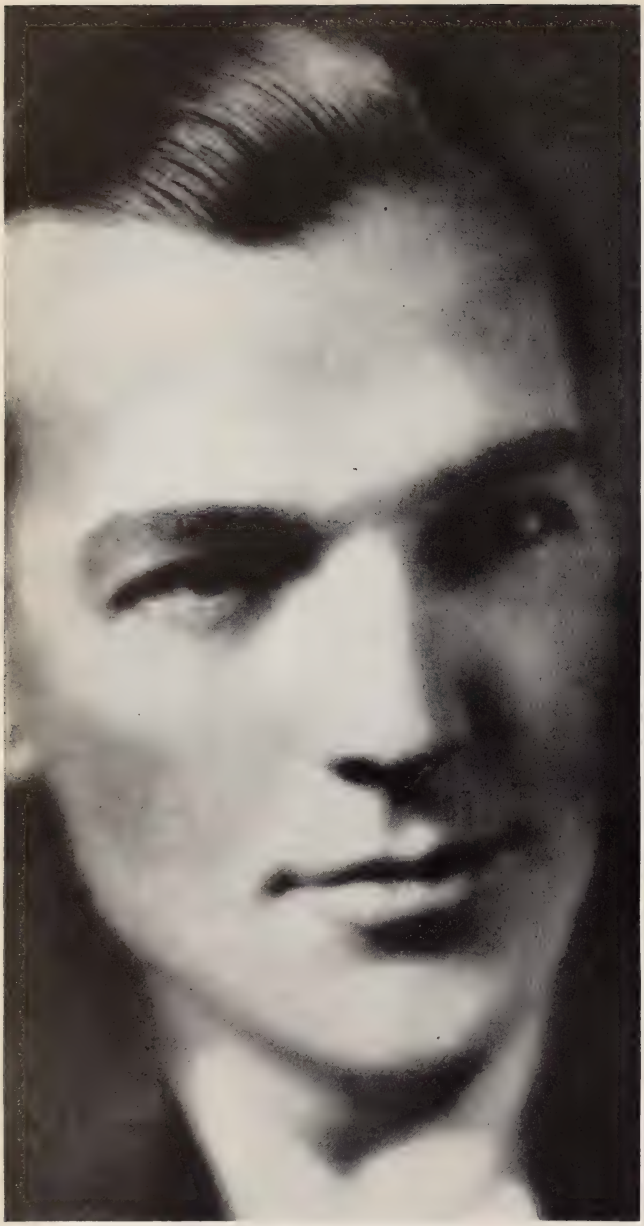
THURSDAY

Station	City	Time
WLW,	Cincinnati, Ohio,	6:30 P.M., E.S.T.
WJBL,	Decatur, Ill.,	7:00 P.M., C.S.T.
WHEC,	Rochester, N. Y.,	8:30 P.M., E.S.T.
WRAK,	Williamsport, Pa.,	8:30 P.M., E.S.T.
WGM,	Jeanette, Pa.,	5:15 P.M., E.S.T.

FRIDAY

Station	City	Time
WHK,	Cleveland, Ohio,	9:45 P.M., E.S.T.
WJAC,	Johnstown, Pa.,	9:45 P.M., E.S.T.
WCBA,	Allentown, Pa.,	6:30 P.M., E.S.T.
WLBW,	Oil City, Pa.,	7:45 P.M., E.S.T.
WRAW,	Reading, Pa.,	6:30 P.M., E.S.T.

Presented by the Mobilgas *Stations and Dealers of your Neighborhood*



TYPICAL Texan is this popular idol of the NBC fold. A lean six footer with a smile that wins confidence and friends. He got the idea of becoming a musician from hearing a negro street singer. Started out with a 75 cent banjo but found hard picking at the beginning. They put his voice on records and now he's independent.

SMITH BALLEW

Strumming His Way from Texas Came

Smith Ballew

Lone Star Orchestra Leader Plays Course Through University — Meets Adversity — Strikes Gold Note in His Voice — Wins Success from Manhattan to Hollywood — Now a Radio Favorite

By Robert A. Wilkinson

"WHEN you call me that, smile!"

These words from Owen Wister's, "The Virginian," symbolize the character of Smith Ballew, rangy Texas orchestral leader who has been transplanted from the great Southwest to blase restaurants and hilarious night clubs of Manhattan.

His more than six feet, to say nothing of the seriousness of his facial expression, demand respect. Ballew takes life seriously, earnestly, after the manner of old Texas rangers, and ranks loyalty and allegiance as two of the greatest virtues.

Here is an example:

When Ed. Scheuing, NBC orchestral supervisor, asked Ballew in March, 1929, to organize an orchestra and broadcast over NBC networks, at the same time offering him the pick of NBC musicians, Ballew chose to remember a former friend and musician.

"Can your friend play as well as any one of the talent we have at your command?" Scheuing asked.

"He's a musician," Ballew answered, "and a loyal friend. That's enough. I'd sooner have a bunch of good, loyal musicians, willing to cooperate, than a group of fiery geniuses."

But it happens that the man in question, as a musician, is not one to jeer at. He is Dee Orr, now drummer in Ballew's orchestra, who, aside from handling the drumsticks, sings many ballads and popular songs during the orchestra's broadcasts.

The story of Orr's early musical career is an entertaining anecdote but, for the present, this is a story of Ballew.

Ballew was born January 21, 1902, in Palestine, Texas, and when 15 years of age moved to Sherman, Texas, the home of Austin College. In the latter city he first had vague musical aspirations, all of which were to lead him through many troubled and hectic years.

Although Ballew is one of a musical family, his father a violinist and his mother a pianiste, it was an old negro banjo player — known as Ned — who first inspired him to learn to play a musical instrument.

THE colored banjoist used to saunter down a Sherman, Texas, street every night in the year, strumming his banjo and singing quaint Southern songs. His regular route led him by the Ballew home, and there Smith and his playmates often stood in wait.

"'Play for us, Ned,' we used to plead," Ballew now relates.

"Ise can't; Ise gwine to see my gal," was Ned's inevitable excuse. Nevertheless, when the youngsters insisted, Ned often stopped and played and sang several numbers.

Then Ned was killed; shot down by a colored enemy. And Ballew remembers the occurence as one of the tragedies of his youthful days. He stole away from home, against the request of his father, to view Ned's body.

Also there was a negro string band in Sherman which aroused Ballew's musical inclinations. And some of the neighborhood boys used to serenade Ballew's older sisters with their guitars, banjos and mandolins. So Smith finally purchased his first banjo, paying seventy-five cents, and his older brother, Charles Robert Ballew, bought a guitar at the same time from a mail order house for $4.

When seventeen years of age Ballew organized an orchestra in Sherman. His older brother was at the piano and Jimmy Malone, now known as Jimmy Joy, who conducts a nationally known orchestra bearing that name, was another of the original members. They played at Austin College social functions.

The entire personnel of this orchestra, except for one member—Dee Orr, of whom we must tell more later—finally packed their instruments and left Austin College, for Austin, Texas, and the University of Texas. There the band was enlarged from six to nine pieces It was one of those "go-gettem," loud and noisy college bands so popular ten years ago. The boys played everything by ear—orchestrated jazz music had not yet reached the great Southwest—and the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums smothered soft tones of the strings.

In April, 1923, three months before Ballew was due to receive his college degree, he married. Some of his friends tried to dissuade him from matrimony, at that time, arguing that he should wait until he finished school. One of them called him stupid. Ballew's reply embodied the same meaning as Wister's phrase,—more or less:

"When you call me that, smile."

The responsibilities of married life caused Ballew to finish school. And the unfavorable outlook for a musical career in Texas led him to withdraw

(Continued on page 90)



"IN THE radio direction lay much of the credit for the fact that the army flew 672 planes three million miles without a serious crack-up," writes Mr. Lockett. This is a story right out of the cockpit of one of the ships in the twenty-mile long aerial parade.

RADIO

By EDWARD

International News Service Staff

IT is one thing to transport passengers from place to place in one, or several, airplanes. It is a splendid accomplishment to deliver those passengers, day in, day out, safely at their destinations, and in half the time a train would take to cover the same distance.

But compare this, if you will, with the task of moving 672 airplanes—flying nose to tail—in a single formation and loaded with equipment, gasoline and extra parts, hundreds of miles daily for three weeks!

That is the job the army air corps tackled in its spring maneuvers this year. That is the job that piled up three million miles of flying for the corps during the exercises. And that is the job the air corps accomplished without the loss of a single man in a flying accident.



Edward B. Lockett

It was a task begun under clouds of somber predictions and protests at its warlike character. The over-cautious complained dozens of America's youth would die in accidents during the maneuvers. The pacifists protested such an aerial show would stir anxiety in other nations of the world. But the air corps planned the maneuvers, carried them out with half a nation for a stage—and provided space in its big formation for a corps of flying newspaper, press association and photographic correspondents certain to provide full publicity to upwards of thirty million readers.

This latter action marked a new era in the life of the corps whose mission is to portray to the public a written picture of the news of the day. It effected the initiation of the press into the world of flying war correspondence. For nearly three weeks we rode, worked and slept with America's first peacetime army of the skies on the march. We performed to the best of our ability the tasks which would be demanded of us should war come and we be sent to an army airdrome near enemy lines. We lived on an emergency schedule, ate and slept when and where we could, and wrote our stories in all sorts of places and under all conditions.

I wrote one story in pencil on scrap paper sitting in the open cockpit of a jouncing attack plane, enroute from Dayton, Ohio, to Chicago, in the worst weather we had during the trip. We were bucking a forty mile wind which drove a stinging rain in our faces, and bobbing up and down in the worst air I have ever experienced except during storms.

Most of the correspondents assigned to "cover" the maneuvers had done considerable flying, and were writing aviation news regularly for some paper or press association. I don't suppose there was a man in the group of more than a score who had not taken one or more trips in a plane. But none had ever before been given an assignment similar to this. The assignment was like Adam. There hadn't been any before it. There were, therefore, no set rules of coverage to go by. How to handle the story, how to put it before the public, how to move copy from points where the air corps set you down to earth—all were matters which had to be worked out on the march, so to speak.

WHEN I left my home bureau in Washington for Dayton, Ohio, where the big formation was mobilizing, I remember I worked out one of those careful, comprehensive schedules of copy which we like to believe save work in the future. It proved as useful as an Eskimo igloo on this assignment. I would have done much better to have taken a thermos bottle and a sandwich box.

Solution of the various problems came in the end through radio and a



View of the flying army rounding Manhattan with river traffic and the bay below as seen from Lockett's plane. Note at left the S. S. Majestic getting ready to dock—what a target!

AWING

B. LOCKETT
Correspondent.

highly efficient staff of army press relations officers. Without either of these two aids the newspaper corps would have been lost. I was highly impressed by the value of the radio. Not only did it work for the press. It demonstrated thoroughly that it will play a prominent part in any future war, especially insofar as the air corps is concerned.

The hardest job of the trip, as I saw it, however, was not getting the news. It was the task of finding time to write, and finally and most important, presenting a picture of the maneuvers to the public which would in some measure give realization of what we believed to be their tremendous importance. It was no task at all for me to be impressed, watching the wheels go round from the inside of the greatest single air formation ever assembled. I could not help but be impressed. The job was to give some idea of the size of the undertaking, and picture the interest it held for us to the readers who could see the exercises only through our eyes.

It was easy to say an aerial formation of 672 planes would start at Dayton and cover the eastern portion of the country in maneuvers. It was another job entirely to show how much the trip meant to the air corps and aviation in general. Every movement and parade of the maneuvers was an accomplishment. The movement of that giant formation northward to Chicago, back to Dayton, eastward to New York, into New England and then southward to Washington, D. C. was an aerial odyssey comprising the air drama of the age. The work which the 1,400 officers and men who staffed this first air division of the American army performed was almost incredible.

AND the responsibility of those 1,400 lives and millions of dollars worth of equipment, resting on the shoulders of Major General James E. Fechet, chief of the air corps, and Brigadier General Benjamin D. Foulois, commandant of the division, was one which could not be borne lightly. They were confident of success, but there must have been many moments freighted with anxiety for these two officers.

To the news writers who were part of the maneuvers, they were the thrill of a life time. We were away up on the watching public. It was our privilege and job to ride most of the time in that twenty mile long cordon of airplanes roaring away at a hundred mile an hour clip. From the ground the parade formation was an inspiring thing. Flying as part of it afforded a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Assigned to attack, observation or bombing planes, we climbed out of bed in the grey of early morning dozens of times to pull into a sky whipped by a cool wind and streaked with the red and amber of a brilliant sun. Hours on end we would fly in the midst of a sea of planes, rippling up and down the air trails like waves, guy wires singing and motors thundering evenly until sunset, when the formations would drone to earth like homing birds.

FLYING was not the only thrill. There was a dramatic something about the directing of this formation that ran it a close second. We used to watch Major Carl Spatz, one of Foulois' staff officers, fascinated as he sat, a hooded figure in a plane on the ground, and moved the sections of the big formation around in the air by radio like so many checkers. It was the job of the figure in the grounded plane to send the various wings of the division to points a hundred miles or more away, and then start them towards a central rendezvous so each section would drop in behind the others in orderly fashion. Here was where the 672 airplanes of the formation were welded into



a single cohesive, yet highly individualized unit. It was this work which brought the parade roaring by reviewing stands, a single twenty mile column. It was work here, through the medium of the radio, which brought these hundreds of planes to earth in unhurried, safe fashion. In the radio direction lay much of the credit for the fact that the army flew 672 planes three million miles without a serious crackup.

IN the radio, too, lay the medium which supplied the press almost instantly with advice as to the minor crackups which occurred. It was this instrument which enabled the press to "cover" a formation of planes which at night might be staked out in half a dozen fields, miles apart.

We were nervous about the job of covering crackups when the maneuvers began. With the first forced landing this anxiety was dissipated. A Kelly Field flier was forced down 60 miles from Dayton. Five minutes after he landed in a corn field the press room at Dayton was advised by radio that lieutenant so and so had been forced down by motor trouble, landed safely, would repair his plane and come in. This performance was repeated throughout the maneuvers. Whenever anything out of the ordinary occurred, the press was notified by radio—and immediately.

Other than the paramount problem of handling the news correctly and interestingly after we got it, the hardest job I struck was the work of getting copy into the office on time. This was not because of lack of filing facilities. They were excellent. The trouble was that the formation was in the air so much it was all but impossible to get time on the ground for writing and filing. Much of the news story of the 1931 army air corps maneuvers was written in open army planes, on division paper and in pencil.

The press flew from Dayton to Chicago, Dayton to New York, and southward to Washington in commercial transports loaned to the army by the Fokker, United and Ford aircraft companies, and in these ships it was possible to get going on a portable typewriter. But the majority of the time the news writers were flying in army planes, doing parade and patrol. That was when the trouble came.

Many times these army planes did not land, or landed long after parade formation, and hours after the story was to appear in print. Often advance coverage was given through comprehensive schedules issued by the army press relations staff, but this was not always possible, and is never as satisfactory, from a spectacular standpoint, as copy written concerning an actual occurrence. Several times, too, I was listening in on a plane radio and heard a crisp announcement come through that a ship was forced down, and there I was, a mile in the air and no chance to file copy. Luckily, none of these crackups proved serious.

We did some tall date line filing on the maneuvers trip. One morning I wrote an early story out of Chicago, a lead in Dayton, and my late afternoon stuff from Columbus, Ohio. The army kept our copy on the jump sometimes, too. In Dayton when the bad weather which followed us all the way through began, we spent two days of fifteen minute periods, any one of which might bring a weather bulletin which would make a preceding story so much wasted time. It was during the Dayton bad weather period that we got a taste of what waiting for the "zero hour" on the front lines might be like.

The first big parade was to be in Chicago, and when the day came for



FLOYD GIBBONS wrote comprehensively about "Radio in the Next War" in Radio Digest a year ago. His predictions are confirmed by Mr. Lockett who says here that the use of radio in the air maneuvers, "demonstrated thoroughly that it will play a prominent part in any future war, especially insofar as the air corps is concerned."

departure of the formation from Dayton northward, rain was drumming the wings of acres of planes staked out in the Fairfield air depot. That was a hectic day. At first the staff officers got together and decided that maybe we wouldn't go to Chicago at all if bad weather blocked the trip planned for the day. They figured it would throw the whole maneuvers' schedule off. We got that story out. The wires were still hot when another staff conference evolved the somewhat different idea that maybe we would go to Chicago, even if held up for a day. All during this time the whole outfit, planes, fliers and all, were "on the line," ready to leave at a minute's notice if the weather improved. Quarter hourly weather bulletins switched from good to bad and back and added less than no certainty to the situation.

Finally, at half an hour after midnight that night, a last staff conference gave the decision we would move to Chicago the next day, thus moving the schedule up. And then the next morning it rained again.

The weather bulletins were a little better then, however, and after considerable indecision we pulled out for Chicago in a driving rain and a stiff headwind, bouncing through a choppy couple of hundred miles of "soup" to settle thankfully in Chicago several hours later.

IT was not much better flying the next day when a parade was held down Chicago's 31 mile lakefront, but the air corps pulled it off and moored in Dayton that night, ready for the long jump to the eastern coast the following day.

Through all the work, the needs of the correspondents were ministered by a press relations staff which left nothing undone that would help in any way. Always, its personnel was ready and anxious to do everything in its power to smooth the way of the group of men whose job was to cover the movements of the first air division of the army.

Colonel Ira Longanecker, air corps press relations chief, headed the staff, and was assisted by Major Oscar W. Griswold, regularly in charge of war department press relations work, and Lieutenants Roland Birrn and Arthur Ennis, regulars in Longanecker's office.

They provided food at reasonable prices for the press wherever the corps went; they provided beds when they could, and always they provided excellent service.

Both of the major telegraph companies sent men along with the press on the maneuvers, and these men were equally anxious to afford service to the news writers. One of the telegraph companies sent a man who has worked the air races for a number of years, Ben Thelan, of Chicago, and there were many times when he provided transportation accommodations which could not otherwise have been secured. It was his work which in many cases got the copy into offices in time for dead-lines and which in many ways smoothed paths that otherwise might have been rough-going.

Probably the most anxious moments

(Continued on page 89)

Clara, Lu and Em

By JEAN PAUL KING



Jean Paul King, announcer for Clara, Lu and Em

HELLO, radio listeners—

Once upon a time radio advertisers were looking for something different; radio stations were looking for something new; radio listeners were looking for something entertaining.

They all found what they wanted.

It happened this way.

Three college girls entered the Drake Hotel studios of WGN. They were broke. They had just finished an audition at a prominent Chicago station and had been turned down.

"What do you sing?" the audition manager at WGN asked them.

"We don't sing—we talk."

Doubt shadowed the face of the audition manager. Reluctantly—"Well, there's a mike. Go ahead and talk."

And talk they did; talked themselves right into one of the biggest evening acts offered in Chicago; talked themselves into being sponsored by the Palmolive Company, one of radio's largest and oldest advertisers; talked themselves into a five-night-a-week contract with the National Broadcasting Company.

And then it is said that women talk too much—now listen!

All you women who wash dishes know these girls—Clara, Lu and Em, the Super Suds Girls, who go on the air at nine-thirty every night except Sunday and Monday. Their act is simple as is every good thing. Three "girls," getting close to middle age, meet some time each evening and discuss events that happen to themselves, to well known persons, and to the world in general. Those friends have flats in a double house, so you may be sure they miss little that happens in each other's families.

THEIR "chatter" is homely and ungrammatical, but it is intensely human and kindly. That quality of humanness is, probably, the most outstanding characteristic of the act. They are interested in all that goes on, intensely alert, laughably querulous, and—I find I must say it again—human.

Their interest in everything, combined with their lack of knowledge of anything, betrays them into many humorous conclusions. Their humor is unconscious and always wholesome, relished by both banker and baker, peddler and bartender. (Yes, lady, we still have bartenders.)

So we characterize the act as extremely typical of a certain cross section of American life, and entirely natural in its pathos, humor and imagination.

In character, the three friends are Clara Roach, practical, capable and fat. She is married to Charley Roach, who is a plodder and who is steadily employed as a mechanic in a garage. Clara has two sons, Herman, twelve years old and August, six. She is always the sensible one of the trio, and offers a distinct contrast to Lu's giddiness and Em's impractibility.

Lu Casey is a widow with one child, Florabelle, 9. Her love affairs with Ollie Gifford, "C. W." and Gus, the burly truck driver furnish much gossip for the girls as well as Lu's attempts to learn stenography at business school.

Emma Krueger is the most pathetic and the most earnest of the three. She



From left: Louise "Clara" Starkey, Isobel "Lu" Carothers, and Helen "Em" King.

is married to Ernest Krueger, a World War veteran from Peoria's Caterpillar Corps, who chronically is out of a job. Em is the mother of five children—Junior, 11, Esmerelda, 10, Geraldine, 8, Little Em, 6, and Archie the bouncing baby boy. Poor Em—she has her difficulties in trying to manage her housefull of children, her improvident husband and her slippery finances. However, she always remains happy and cheerful.

SINCE the act and its characters are not based upon actual figures in real life, nor upon any personal experiences of the three themselves, the writing of these nightly sketches is difficult. The girls write all their copy and it is interesting to note that to date they have collaborated in turning out over 425,000 words of radio continuity. This is no mean feat, as this number of words, written 1500 at a time as they are for their nightly sketches equals four good length novels. To do their writing they meet each afternoon at two o'clock and work together until they have a sketch that is satisfactory. Sometimes it comes easily but often no ideas materialize (as any writer will agree) and then comes a diligent searching of the newspapers and current periodicals for a topic of conversation. And what with Gandhi in India legislating for free salt; President Hoover going south on a battleship; the Prince of Wales touring South America; and a big league baseball season under way—to mention but a few, there is certainly always a wealth of current news for gossip.

It was in June 1930 that the three girls went to WGN for their audition. For six months they were presented as a feature by that station, then in January, 1931, they joined the network of the National Broadcasting Company. Strange as it may seem the act of Clara, Lu and Em was not evolved as a radio skit; it was not born with any thought of profit or commercialism, but solely as an instrument of amusement.

Let Em tell the story of how the act originated:

"We three were in college several years ago—in fact we were sorority sisters in Zeta Phi Eta in the School of Speech at Northwestern University, and our major interests lay in dramatics and the stage. We had a great deal of fun dramatizing life and characters and from this the individualities of Clara, Lu and Em emerged. We became close friends and began to identify ourselves with these characters to amuse our sorority sisters, and soon we were putting on impromptu skits, much like the chatter of Clara, Lu and Em today. We almost lived the characters."

Lu smiled and continued the story.

"It certainly is interesting to look back and remember how popular Clara, Lu and Em became among our friends. We were being asked constantly to 'do the act" and so thru association the personalities of Clara, Lu and Em developed. They were not women that we had ever known—just characters we made up, and characters we tried to make typical and amusing as well as real."

So well acquainted did the girls become with Clara, Lu and Em that when they finally put the three on the air they felt, to quote Clara, "almost as though we were exposing the private lives of real friends to the public. I felt disloyal."

Even as Clara, Lu and Em had become real persons to their authors, so they have become real to thousands of listeners. The girls receive over four thousand letters a week from the radio audience, and these letters tell them how human and how humorous the lives of the three are, and how much their chatter is enjoyed. These letters come from a high class audience, the girls find—a critical but appreciative audience, and are helpful as well as interesting, the girls say, since many of them contain suggestions which may be incorporated into the act. For helpful criticism and suggestions, any entertainer is grateful, especially any radio entertainer whose audience must remain unseen.

NOT since Amos 'n' Andy commenced their curious daily dialogue has there been such an outstanding character production over national networks as that of these three college girls who play Clara, Lu and Em. Jean Paul King their announcer, has come to know them as Radio entertainers better than anyone else. His story about them therefore has an intimate interest that will appeal to every fan who has become one of the Clara-Lu-and-Em addicts.

The act of Clara, Lu and Em has proved of great popularity particularly to women.

Of course every listener interested in Clara, Lu and Em is interested in the girls behind these characters. They are three well-educated, clever and highly capable young women—all attractive. They are graduates of Northwestern University, all three from the School of Speech.

Clara, who except from nine-thirty to nine-forty-five, Chicago Time, is Louise Starkey, lives at present in Evanston, Illinois, as do Lu and Em. She has had many colorful experiences crowded into her short life. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, where she went through high school, at an early age she was left an orphan and was reared by her guardian who has done everything in the world for her. She tells a story that you may believe or not. Clara says that when she was born she was so large that her father made her mother a present of a mammoth grand piano. But she also wanted me to tell you, her audience, that now she herself, really is much smaller than the "Clara" of the air.

Louise came to Northwestern on a scholarship won in high school and through her pronounced scholastic abilities won two more scholarships, one in her junior year and one which enabled her to take a post-graduate course, finishing in the spring of 1928. Her graduate work as well as regular college work was in the speech department and after finishing college she took a position teaching dramatics in Denton, Texas, at the Texas State College for Women. Finding teaching less enjoyable than she had pictured it she returned to Chicago after a year in Texas. When in college, Louise many times had put on a burlesque of old-time vaudeville as a feature of her work in dramatics. Thinking now that she might book this act as a regular vaudeville skit, she took a position in a Chicago book shop while attempting to make the necessary arrangements. Soon she went touring on the road with a show sponsored by the Allied Arts—a sort of Lyceum show resembling the well known Russian Chauve-Souris. When she returned from this engagement she worked for the Goodman Theatre, doing publicity. Louise still had this position when the girls, reunited, had their audition at WGN.

LU IS Isobel Carothers who was graduated from Northwestern in 1926. She too was born in Des Moines and was the third of four children. When she was born there were already two boys in the family and her mother had been promised a watch if the baby was a girl. Upon Isobel's arrival (on her father's birthday) her mother received the watch and as you may imagine there are many arguments between Louise and Isobel as to the relative merits of a watch and a grand piano. The little girl's early adventures were all in Des Moines and in the fall of 1922 she went away to college in Chicago, where she became friends with

(Continued on page 94)

"Line up! Attention!" SIGNALS! "

Husing, McNamee, Munday, Totten, Hoey, Thompson and All the Other Great Football Announcers are Getting into Action to Give You Those Collegiate Thrills by Air

Mr. Nelson S. Hesse is the first of our Radio Digest reporting scouts to file the story of what is going on in football as it concerns the CBS sports camp. Here 'tis:

WALK around the grounds of any university, college or school these days and you'll hear the thud of cleated shoes against pigskin, the sound of running feet and of harsh, raucous voices bellowing, "Hit 'em low! Hit 'em hard! What do you guys think this is?"

Another football season is under way.

To the football players and coaches the new season means two, three or four weeks of training, after which six or seven games are played. To Ted Husing, sports announcer for the Columbia Broadcasting System, it meant nine months of training and preparation for thirteen games.

Most people believe that all Ted Husing has to do is go to a football game, set up his microphone and describe what goes on.

"Gee! What a break you get being a sports announcer," they say. "What a lucky guy being able to see all the big games. Pretty soft."

They do not know that Ted has been training for this football season ever since the last one ended. As soon as the 1930 season came to a close, Husing began eliminating the names of the players who were scheduled to graduate from the leading elevens in all parts of the country. After that he added to the lists of the players on the various teams the names of last year's freshmen stars who would be eligible for varsity football in 1931.

Then came a more difficult job. The names of players on the squads were written down and their records looked up, catalogued and carefully filed away. Later they were read over and over and memorized. Thus, if Halfback Smith, of Whoozis University, breaks away for a 90-yard run during a game this season, Husing will be able to tell you without a moment's hesitation that this is the same Smith who scored four touchdowns against Whatzis High School during his senior year in school and has scored 149 points as a freshman halfback.



Ted Husing using the latest type of hand microphone.

THIS compilation of facts and figures is but the beginning of Ted's task. He must go over carefully the records made by the leading teams in 1930 and endeavor to predict what their 1931 records will be so that he may select the most important games of the coming season. Finally, after nine months of consideration, Ted and executives of the Columbia Broadcasting System decided that the following thirteen games would be described this season:

Sept. 26—Army vs. Ohio Northern — West Point.
Oct. 10—Northwestern vs. Notre Dame —Chicago.
" 17—Army vs. Harvard — West Point.
" 24—Yale vs. Army—New Haven.
" 31—Illinois vs. Northwestern — Evanston, Ill.
Nov. 7—Navy vs. Ohio State—Columbus, O.
" 14—University of Pittsburgh vs. Army—Pittsburgh.
" 21—Southern California vs. Notre Dame—Chicago.
" 26—University of Pennsylvania vs. Cornell—Philadelphia.
" 28—(Undecided.)
Dec. 8—Penn vs. Navy—Philadelphia.
" 12—Southern California vs. Georgia—Los Angeles.
" 26—Georgia Tech vs. California —Atlanta.

While thirteen dates have been selected for football broadcasts over the Columbia chain, it has not yet been decided definitely what game will be described on one of the dates, November 28, although it is certain that Husing will describe one of three important frays scheduled for that day.

Although the remainder of the schedule appears definitely set, executives of Columbia this season may make some changes if some of the teams fail to live up to expectations or if some other games loom as more important later in the season.



Ted will travel many thousands of miles during the 1931 football season in order to furnish radio listeners with vivid word-pictures of these thirteen gridiron classics. He will journey west to Los Angeles, Chicago, Evanston, Columbus and Pittsburgh; south to Atlanta and north to New Haven.

Another

(Continued on page 92)

TELEVISION

AS Radio Digest goes to press with this October issue all television eyes seem focused on the exhibits to be shown at the Radio World's Fair in New York. The exposition is scheduled to open September 21st. By that time all the apparatus will be installed to show the remarkable developments that have taken place since the last exposition.

Various makes of television receivers will be shown, whereas in the past only one has been sufficiently developed to be displayed to prospective buyers.

Almost every fan has heard of the great image produced by young Sanabria of Chicago. It will correspond favorably, according to reports, to a moving picture production. The image will fill a screen ten feet square. Thus it will be possible for visitors to view what is going on from almost any point in the auditorium where it is shown.

An almost continual television performance is planned by the World's Fair officials. More than 600 performers will appear before the televisior, singly and in groups. Carveth Wells, eminent African debunker, will act as master of ceremonies.

First night of the fair will feature Earl Carroll and some of the "Vanities" beauties; Harry Hershfield, cartoonist and monologist, and Patricia Bowman, well known dancer. Madame Mariska Aldrich, former prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera House, will appear Wednesday night. Doug Brinkley, Thursday night master of ceremonies, will interview Nell Brinkley, prominent newspaper illustrator.

WHETHER or not the large radio manufacturing companies, Radio Corporation of America, Victor, Philco and so on who are known to be working on television problems—will exhibit commercial sight receivers is not certain. It's the general opinion among radio experts, however, that these companies will withhold such receivers until next year. Instead, they'll push the sale of their new type radio receivers—the midgets, phonograph-radio combinations, remote tuning outfits, and the like.



Helen Choat who strolled around to W2XAB from her Broadway show for her first experience before the flying spot.

However, Jenkins and the Short Wave and Television Corp. already have announced that they will present models which will be offered to the public.

The show officially will open at 8 o'clock on September 21 and it will be listed as the Radio-Electrical World's Fair, since refrigerators, electric clocks and so on also will be on display. David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corp. of America, will deliver the greeting to be broadcast by WJZ from the Crystal Studios.

"Miss Radio 1931," the successful entrant in the third annual search for the most beautiful radio artist in America, will receive her title and a loving cup at the opening broadcast ceremonies. Also on the program will be the Radio Prince and Princess. The latter search was open to child radio singers from 6 to 12.

IT is estimated that 300,000 visitors will witness the ceremonies, which will include extensive broadcasts and the annual award made by the Veteran Wireless Operators' Association.

Charles E. Butterfield, radio editor of the Associated Press tells us that when television receivers get down to mass production basis they will cost less than the audio receiver. He goes into a technical description of the sets to show why.

Many of the metropolitan newspapers have given special attention to the development of television. The New York Sun recently offered prizes in a television contest. It is going far to encourage the amateur who likes to build his own sets. In an article published September 12 in the Sun Mr. A. G. Heller says in part:

"No one expects television for the general public entertainment now. But there is a vast army of ingenious citizens who must be busy during their spare time making something. For years now that corner of the home which the mistress of the house has referred to as the radio junk shop has been covered with dust and neglect.

"Manufactured sets are of such quality and inexpensiveness that the home set builder, having performed his function and brought radio from incoherent beginnings to perfection in eight short years, no longer has the urge to attempt to better present reception. But given any cooperation at all on the part of broadcasters and manufacturers, those corners would again become clean and tidy.

"Those home experimenters would again sit up nights to catch television signals. What if the pictures are at

Giant Images Shown at Radio World's Fair

times spotty and blurred? The very imperfections that are held out as bars to the acceptance of television in the home are the spurs which will goad the home mechanic into serious attempts at their elimination.

"Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, upon presenting an enlarged television image, remarked that he estimated there were 250,000 home experimenters who would welcome the opportunity to participate in the development of television. And that it was this 250,000 upon whom he placed his confidence for aid in its development.

"If our experience with radio is any criterion, it would be conservative to say that each of these 250,000 is prepared to spend at least fifty dollars a year on parts and equipment for experimentation. In other words, there is available a sum of over $12,000,000 a year to be used for the development of television through the purchase of parts.

"BUT far more important than the money involved is the enormous impetus that these enthusiasts would give to interest in television all over the country. Just as the imperfections of radio would probably have not as yet been greatly reduced were it not for the enormous interest aroused by individual enthusiasts, just as no one organization or individual can claim to have brought radio to its present perfection even though patents running well into the thousands are controlled by different organizations, so there is little hope that there will be an early emergence of television if it is kept entirely in the research laboratory.

"For the research laboratory cannot hope to have the same enthusiasm and interest in speedy results that is present within the ranks of the small manufacturers and inventors. A research worker's salary goes on from year to year and his work is carried on from man to man regardless of how great a period of time is necessary to complete it.

"Pure science and research is interested only in perfection. Manufacturing and business is interested only in practical results. The research laboratory can never really call its work finished. It will not release any results which can by any possible touch of the imagination be improved.

"In the research laboratories it will probably take years to reach the same result that can be achieved by the intelligent cooperation of a number of independent manufacturers working in collaboration with each other and the home enthusiast in one year. For it is only by competition and rivalry that the best in the world is brought out in the quickest time possible.

"The divergent viewpoints of the research and production worker can best be summed up by saying that the research worker is interested in the perfection of a detail. The production man is interested in the production of a working whole.

"From time to time the above arguments will appear in various forms under various headings and promulgated by various individuals and groups. Nevertheless, in this newest battle of television the issues are clear and the paths are well defined.

"Either television must go even more deeply than ever into hiding until it can come from the confines of the research laboratory ready for parlor use, or it will follow the path of its parent radio, urged on and helped by the enthusiasm and ingenuity of that vast throng of mechanically inclined Americans who must have a hobby."

UNDERNEATH the swift current of television development there are two rival forces each working to outpace the other. One is the skilled scientist who is delving into the precisions of the laboratory. The other is the amateur working in the home workshop. Nobody hesitates to give the latter the bulk of the credit for radio as we hear it today.

The boys have gone back to their tools. They have found a new hobby. Will the commercial developers outdistance them? A discussion of the subject by A. G. Heller appears on this page.

Invasion of America by British television apparatus was predicted within the last few weeks by the appearance of Sydney A. Moseley of London. Mr. Moseley is director of the Baird Television Corporation of Great Britain. Branch offices here were established at 145 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

"WE propose to begin television broadcasting in a few weeks," Mr. Moseley announced, "in cooperation with Station WMCA, as soon as the Federal Radio Commission grants its official sanction." He added that the commission had expressed itself as being in favor of the project and that actual operations would begin as soon as formal notification was received from Washington.

Arrangements also are being made, Mr. Moseley said, for the immediate manufacture in this country of television receiving sets, to market at about $100, for installation in American homes. Many of the existing radio sets, he added, could be hooked up with a television device for receiving purposes.

The first television programs will consist of vaudeville and plays, and use will be made in their sight and sound transmission of the recent eighteen months of daily experimental broadcasts in London. In addition it is also intended to transmit a baseball game, allowing fans to watch their favorite players, at their homes or offices.

Mr. Moseley also announced the perfection in London within the last few days of a portable transmitting set, no larger than a moving picture projector, which marks, he said, a very important development in the art of television, making it possible to "tele-broadcast" events, such as the landing of big airships, prize fights and football games, in the same simple manner as it is now to broadcast them.

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SCANNING

with

Bill Schudt, Jr.

TELEVISION is stepping out. Rapidly discarding its swaddling clothes the new experimental broadcasting service of the Columbia Broadcasting System has set a number of records since the last issue of Radio Digest went to the printer.

For example a studio technique unlike any other kind of broadcasting has been inaugurated. Radio performers who came to the sound studios without shaving, and then performed in their shirt sleeves, find it quite the opposite in the visual studio.

The little twelve by twelve room in which Columbia parades its seven and one-half hours worth of sight programs daily is the show window of CBS. The eight dull looking photo-electric cells are the electric eyes of the multitudes just like the black long microphones in the sound studios are the ears. An artist wouldn't think of sneezing or coughing into the microphone!

Artists used to standing or sitting while they broadcast find things different too. Whether you sit or stand before the television camera, it is necessary to animate your program. Motion is important for two reasons in present day visual broadcasting. First it makes the program more interesting. Second, according to Edgar Wallace, chief television engineer for CBS, motion makes far clearer images in your television receiver because, he says, an inanimate object causes black lines to accumulate over the surface, while on the other hand, an object in motion cannot linger long enough to gather these.

Experiments in stage scenery setting and multi-colored back drop screens have also been conducted and are being continued.

Thrills in television? Well, I'll say there are. Let me tell you about the time we broadcast a million dollars worth of rare gems — diamonds and pearls.

A solid million dollars worth of rare jewels and stones. A huge black box filled with gems!

New York just getting over the peak of the super crime wave . . . Police protection, naturally was deemed necessary . . . nine o'clock several squads of cops arrive with two squads of plain clothes men.

Fifty-second street, one of the busiest of the mid-Manhattan thoroughfares, was completely closed for the first time since it was repaved last year. Cops line the sidewalks. Cops lurk in doorways. Cops are looking down at you from over-hanging parts of skyscrapers. Cops are everywhere, in elevators, in corridors, on fire escapes, in studios, behind microphones, under control apparatus. Cops . . . cops . . . cops . . . where there are not cops, there are plain clothes men. Hard looking "dicks," these are, with a right hand lingering in the immediate vicinity of their guns and a pair of keen eyes on everybody at once.

Machine guns are trained on Madison Avenue, on Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets and on adjoining building roofs. Protective measures for a million dollars worth of gems.

"They shall not pass" is on the lips of every copper while his weather eye looks for crooks, crooks, crooks, CROOKS!

It is five minutes to ten. (Ten o'clock is the time for the jewel broadcast. It is the time when the black box will be unbolted and the individual gems will be brought forth and displayed.)

Cops and "dicks" become restless. Announcer David Ross and your columnist begins to feel uncomfortably warm despite the iced air in the studio. It is tense! Very, very tense!

Your columnist introduces the program and presents David Ross. Ross is now trembling. His voice trembles. Confusion reigns as diamonds big as both your thumbs are drawn from the innermost recesses of the big black box. The program is on and before you know it, you're so busy, the half hour is over and a cordon of detectives surround the bearers of the jewels in the big black box and the parade is on once more. As the jewels leave 485 Madison Avenue everybody, including the elevator man especially, breathe huge sighs of relief. There wasn't even the sputter of a machine gun.

Columbia's sound effects department could have made it even more thrilling had they suddenly set off their make believe machine gun contraption which was idly resting in a corner on the floor below, but wisely, they left it there.

We've been broadcasting boxing matches by television. A miniature ring was set up in the little studio and fights are presented weekly. Benny Leonard and Jimmy Martin went three rounds some time ago establishing records for presentation by Columbia of the first big fight by the visual route.

So crowded was the studio during a recent amateur fight that your guest columnist, giving a blow-by-blow account, took two very stiff rights under the left ear and lost a lot of enthusiasm right there and then.

Our puppet shows are creating widespread interest because they give us the opportunity to utilize a stage with screens and curtains and full size puppets.

Speaking of curtains and screens . . . we've been doing a lot of experimental work with black, gray, white and aluminum-tinted screens all of which make far clearer images when certain oppositely tinted objects or persons are set before them. Various kinds of lighting have been tested and an attempt to utilize miniature stage settings are also being made.

The engineers, Edgar Wallace, Spears, Briand and Sachs are doing an admirable job in perfecting new and different types of scanning and lens focusing.

A series of experimental television dramas are being telecast weekly under the direction of Charles Henderson. These are especially written for television and utilize full costume and props.

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ENTERTAINERS contemplating an appearance over W2XAB are asked to consider Mr. Schudt's 14 points in order to obtain the best results. Among the points that may prove useful in any television studio might be mentioned:

"Action is very important . . . an active image comes through more clearly. Use head and shoulders, roll the eyes, shake your finger —keep in motion all the time.

"Keep in the focus range. Look into the light or on either side but never upward at the microphone.

"Don't look amazed and flabbergasted if the director taps or directs you into the picture.

"Avoid talking, whispering or otherwise distracting fellow entertainers while they are in the spot.

"Use costumes or a change of hats whenever possible. Small 'props' of any kind are desirable."



GRACE MOORE has loomed up bright and fair in the radio firmament during the past year—another beauty recruit to the television dawn. She has distinguished herself in the Metropolitan Opera as a singer and with Ziegfeld for her charm.

The Challenge!

Station KNX Seeks Literally to Serve "Public Interest and Convenience" and Meets Opposition from the Press

By Charles H. Gabriel, Jr.

WITH the sensational broadcast of the trial of David H. Clark for the murder of Herbert Spencer, KNX has written a dramatic chapter into the great epic of radio! *(Hollywood, Calif.)*

In one bold stroke, KNX has made a revolutionary addition to radio broadcasting!

Hurling its challenge at political graft and press monopoly, KNX has done what no other station apparently even dreamed of attempting.

With the refusal of Judge Stanley Murray, imported from Madera County to preside over the Clark trial, to permit KNX to place its microphone in the courtroom, the wheels of fortune began to grind. Radio history was in the making!

When the press discovered that it was about to be "scooped" by radio, it succeeded in having KNX excluded from the courtroom.

The radio station countered by setting up a remote control panel in the Hall of Justice, less than 100 feet from the courtroom itself. Radio reporters would rush from the court with transcripts of the testimony, and it would be immediately broadcast in dramatized form by a cast of trained actors almost before the voices of the witnesses themselves had died away.

The newspapers were beaten by at least two hours in bringing the thrilling story of one of the most sensational murder trials in local crime annals to the public.

Sensing defeat, the press struck again!

Then the judge handed down another ruling . . . the court transcripts, public property available to any citizen, were denied KNX by the court! The press enjoyed a moment of triumph. But it was a brief moment!

KNX reporters were undaunted! They took down their own transcripts of the trial in shorthand, and the broadcast continued uninterrupted. Never before in the West had a court trial been broadcast and the attention of radio fans all over the country was riveted upon the heroic efforts of this lone 5,000 watt station to overcome every obstacle to bring them a story which it was their right to hear. Letters, telegrams and telephone calls began to pour into the offices of KNX by the thousands. Radio had clicked! And the public, loving a good fight, was watching with eager interest the struggle of radio to relate the true story of the great trial, ungarnished by political or biased interests.

TWO mighty forces in this Modern World push to the front and knock elbows. Herewith is the unedited story from the KNX public relations department. Last month Radio Digest pointed to the war clouds. Perhaps this is the first gust of the storm. As its final answer to the challenge KNX announces its forthcoming Newspaper of the Air. . . ."leading the way into a new untouched field in radio."

THE press in desperation, summoned together all its forces for one last onslaught against radio. It succeeded in having KNX thrown out of the Hall of Justice! The station was forbidden by "public servants" to use any public property for its broadcast.

It was then that KNX won the admiration and whole-hearted support of the public. The plucky station set up emergency quarters in a musty storeroom of the Paris Inn, a nearby restaurant. Here, among broken bottles, packing cases and cobwebs, the tense scenes of the court drama were re-enacted by KNX staff artists . . . and the broadcast continued despite every attack that its enemies launched to prevent it!

Radios in every public building, on every street corner, and in almost every home in the city were surrounded by tense-faced persons, listening intently to the dramatic presentation of the trial.

Thousands of letters, telegrams and 'phone calls continued to flood KNX. Without exception, the people of Los Angeles were rushing to support the victorious standard of Radio! Cheered on by public encouragement and support, KNX redoubled its efforts, and built what is admitted to be the largest radio audience in local radio history!

The accurate and complete story of this trial created a sensation. The people stormed the Hall of Justice with protests in the form of letters and telegrams against the discrimination of Judge Murray and public officials against radio. They demanded that the court transcripts be given to KNX. And they never faltered for a moment in their support and praise of the first broadcast in Radio of a trial, word for word, as it actually happened.

The terrific, and sometimes almost heart-breaking work of preparing these trial broadcasts was done by Stuart Buchanan with the assistance of every member of the KNX staff.

Among those who took the roles of the prominent figures in this court drama were Tom Brensman, Jack Carter, Tom Wallace, Drury Lane, Naylor Rogers, Mary Duckett, Maxine Elliott, Lois Hunt, Mary Yorke, Michael Kelly, and many others.

Excitement never ceased to reign in the offices of KNX during the hectic days and nights of the trial broadcast. Letters, telephone calls, telegrams kept

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Moonlight Sonata

By Edythe Jeanne Meserand
of National Broadcasting Company

An Impressionistic Prose Poem Inspired by Beethoven's Classic

A ROOM dark save for the flood of pure still moonlight coming in from the window—a light that seemed to center on one object of wood and sparkling ivory that stood by an open window. Outside in the darkness one could distinguish the outlines of stately trees, the figure of the Goddess Diana in the midst of an old Garden. A still pool of water reflected the Lunar Diety and her numerous courtiers. All was quiet, still, even as in the room wherein he entered.

HE was alone, feeling bitterness but no remorse; knowing only an indifference for the horror that had been created around him. Tonight it was no longer an indifference, but a longing to be someone else, to share his beauty, his grace, his ideals and life with one who understood, appreciated and loved.

Nay, alone he would be. Alone, he would live—no life, no love and no understanding.

He gazed around the large dark room and finally let his gaze rest on the piano that was shrouded with the light of the moon.

Like a deadly thing it invited him to come to her—the Goddess of Music—promising him the comfort and love that mortals had denied him—how she called!

STARING hard and long till tears came to his eyes, he finally walked the length of the room and came nearer to the seductive keys that shone like moonstones in the reflected light of the Goddess Luna. Fascinated he touched them with infinite tenderness and found them warm and smooth like the petals of a full blown rose, yielding to his touch like one enamored—grasping his every note, resounding it with the same intensity of pain, of sorrow that he felt.

A CLOUD passing over the moon left him in utter darkness—clasping the keys tighter he let them ring out clear and melodious—a cry of someone crazed by pain, of one crushed by futile effort—and in answer to his prayer, the Goddess once more covered them with her beauty, took them into her embrace and crowned him Knight of Music.

Now fondling the piano, he commenced a moaning plea,



Decoration by Gaspano Ricca

an appeal for salvation of his loneliness. Begging, his soul crying, each note torn from his heart until he could stand no more, then as though raising his voice in rebellion his music cried, "Not forever more, not forever more!"

CRYING out demanding consolation, demanding a balm for his heart, his soul, his body that was being wasted on an incredulous world—alone!

A litany to A God, who knew and understood long and passionate—his heart beats resounding in each note, entreating, demanding, begging in turn. What infinite sorrow he portrayed in his liturgical sonata, expressing in each chord a supplicatory prayer in which his soul responded.

THE moon shone brighter as though anxious to attract the attention of this Dreemer that sought to find solace and could not. And as though in answer to her thoughts, he turned and smiled up at her, changing his music to an offering of love to this bright, shining Goddess of Night.

A tribute to a Goddess, offering to her the very essence of his soul, the breath of his life and the beauty of his love. Compounding these into an immortal melody, he interpreted it for her on ivory keys sparkling with his tears.

THE moon, flattered by his music, and proud to have made him one of her Knights, appeared more luminous in the dark room, and her light shining through the window formed a Halo about her Knight of Music and His Human Instrument.

The playing continued until he had given it his soul completely without a regret, and as his head dropped lower and lower nearly touching the very keys, the tears hitting them sparkled like diamonds strewn on velvet. His fingers striking the keys caused his precious tear drops to spatter into a million more brilliants till the entire instrument resembled a dancing jewel.

HOW gay it looked as its God invited it to dance to the rhythm of the poems of his soul, to the beauty of these odes. It smiled to him, worshipped him, and in turn entreated him to understand and realize that he had at last found what he strived so hard to find.

"STRIKE *up the*

By ARTHUR PRYOR



"Band music has been my life. For fifty-eight years . . . I have played in bands."

TO ME band music has always meant America. Marches—stirring, thrilling, spirited—always have symbolized the soul and spirit of the inhabitants of America, the surging strength and confidence of the increasing people and the growth of the Nation.

Band music has been my life. For fifty-eight years, since I was a mere three years old, I have played in bands. I have traveled across this continent more than a dozen times and have conducted or played in sixteen foreign lands. Throughout these years I have had one primary aim—to make others derive the same joy and meaning from stirring martial airs that I have since childhood.

Of recent years there has been less and less opportunity to hear band music. This is due by no means to a lack of interest in it on the part of the people. There is a logical explanation for this condition.

First, the development of the automobile and the resultant increase in traffic on the streets, coupled with the necessity of obtaining a parade permit, have virtually driven parades out of existence.

Secondly, amusement parks, which in former days flourished during the summer months from coast to coast now are rarities. When they began to disappear, the traveling band began to disappear because of the lack of places to play.

Band!"

Thus, the demand for band music existed, but the means of meeting the demand was lacking.

Mr. George W. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, saw this condition. I was laying plans for my annual summer tour a few months ago when I received word that Mr. Hill, believing that band music is closest to the hearts of the American people, wished to know if Arthur Pryor's Band would like to play over the air.

Would they! Through Mr. Hill we were being afforded the opportunity to play every night but Sundays over a coast-to-coast network. We were being offered the chance of meeting the demand for martial music.

Within a few weeks the plans for our nightly concerts had been made and my thirty-two musicians had arrived in New York City. They came from all parts of the country. After several days of rehearsing, Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band made its debut over WABC and a nationwide network of the Columbia Broadcasting System on the evening of March 16.

THAT night was one I never shall forget. As I stood before my men and gave them the signal to start the first march I realized that in the next fifteen minutes I could accomplish more than I had in the past fifty-eight years. In fifteen minutes I would carry the message of band music to many more people than I had in all the rest of my life. I experience this same thrill as we begin each of our broadcasts.

It was natural that I should become a musician. My mother was a gifted pianist and my father the head of his own band — "Pryor's Silver Cornet Band." In those days they were all "Silver cornet bands," and it was an unbreakable tradition that every leader should play the cornet.

Back through the generations before my parents you could trace the musical strain, like a silken thread, plain and unmistakable. I could not have mistaken my heritage had I wanted to. The desire to be a musician was with me something of a birthmark.

I was born in St. Joseph, Mo., in 1870. At the age of three I was a full-fledged member of my father's band, playing the bass drum. A year later I was playing the cornet and at seven the alto horn. By the time I was twelve I had mastered the valve trombone, the bass violin, the tuba and the baritone.

The village band still holds an important position in many sections of the country, but before the advent of the automobile and other modern attractions its place in the community life was far more distinctive. When I was a boy the band was a most important factor in the lives of all of us. Age limit was not considered then. Father and son played side-by-side. Of necessity nearly every member could play three instruments and some were proficient on four or five.

FATHER'S band, at its best, had only twenty members and of these only a few were professional musicians. Engagements were few and the pay small Consequently they followed other professions. The bass drummer worked in a cracker factory; the snare drummer was a carpenter, the alto player was a tailor and so on down the line.

One of the chief reasons why so many wanted to belong to the old village bands was the beautiful, gaudy, braided uniform each member wore. It was his proudest possession.

Considerable rivalry existed in St. Joseph between father's band and Winkler's Band, an organization of about the same size. Many times the bands would be parading on the same day and would pass on the main highway. As the bands would approach each other, the musicians of each would blow and play their loudest in an effort to drown out their rivals. The band that was still playing in unison after passing the other was the winner.

Father had a system by which our band nearly always emerged victorious. He always cautioned us to watch the bass drummer and keep in time with him.

My fifteenth year was a momentous one. First of all, I learned to play the piano after taking six lessons. But there was a more important event. A tramp printer, as improvident and addicted to drink as most of them were in those days, came to my father and asked for an engagement, announcing that he was a trombonist and in dire want. Father gave him a try-out, advanced him some money and took him on.

The printer's temperate spell did not last long. When the wanderlust again began itching his feet he was in debt to my father and, being an honest soul, he offered to settle by turning in his slide trombone. I was away on a visit at the time. When I returned my father gave the trombone to me.

I discovered that I was a natural trombonist. The art came to me as naturally as baseball to a natural ball player. I improved rapidly on the instrument, even though I didn't know for three or four months that you were supposed to oil the slide.

Since fortune thrust that old trombone in my lap I have played more than 10,000 trombone solos. I consider the slide trombone the king of all brass instruments, and the most difficult of all instruments to master. When you consider that we have so few real artists on the trombone but have hundreds of violin, 'cello, piano, flute and organ soloists of note, you may agree with me.

The trombone is the one instrument that has received the most abuse. In the hands of an artist the trombone produces tones more nearly like the human voice than any other instrument.

My first solo of importance was played at the St. Louis Exposition with my father's band. This engagement called for a band soloist, and it was my good fortune to be the one selected. The solo I played was "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Thomas Shannon, a member of the famous Gilmore's Band, heard the solo and was so enthusiastic about it he arranged an audience for me with Mr. Gilmore. I played my very best for Mr. Gilmore and so delighted him he offered me a contract to play with his band the following spring. Unfortunately I cancelled that glorious oppor-

HEREIN you will find the great American band master's own story told in his own words for the first time. Some folks say the brass band as it was known a generation ago is passing into the limbo of forgotten joys. Music and other phases of art have developed a new mode of expression. Whether this change is permanent or merely symbolic of a fast tempo period remains to be seen. At any rate we have a few of the great bands left. Arthur Pryor touches the highlights of an active and distinguished career.

tunity to fame and fortune and in so doing committed my greatest mistake.

In 1888 I left St. Joseph to join Alexander Liberati's Band at Kansas City. For two years I remained with this organization as trombonist and soloist, traveling through Texas and up through California to Los Angeles, where we were stranded. Los Angeles had a population of only 42,000 in those days.

After a short visit to St. Joseph I went to Denver, Colo., in 1891, at the age of twenty-one, to become conductor and pianist with the Stanley Opera Company, they touring the country presenting a different light opera at each performance. With the company was a young girl whose destiny it was later to enjoy a long reign of popularity in New York in many of Victor Herbert's shows principally "The Fortune Teller." Her name was Alice Nielsen.

During this engagement I soaked up all sorts of information which was to be of value to me in later years. Everything was new, and it was all interesting. I learned the intricacies of routing, how bookings were made, the temperamentalities of musicians and a hundred other useful things in addition to enlarging my musical horizon and performing my daily work.

WHILE we were playing in Denver, Lillian Russell's opera company stopped there. She and her entire company honored us with their presence at one of our matinee performances. We were giving "The Mikado," and just as our luck would have it, our "Nankipoo" failed to put in an appearance. We struggled through many a laugh without a "Nankipoo" until the final curtain.

After the performance Lillian Russell came back-stage to see us and remarked that it was too bad Gilbert and Sullivan hadn't realized how perfectly "The Mikado" could be given without "Nankipoo."

For three years I traveled with the opera company from coast to coast. Then, in 1894, I came East and joined John Philip Sousa's Band as first trombonist and assistant conductor. During the nine years I was with Mr. Sousa I learned a great deal about a bandmaster's duties, and the hope that some day I would conduct my own band was born and grew steadily.

When I began playing with Sousa's Band I found that Mr. Sousa and the members of his organization had heard something of my reputation as a trombonist. While I was with the band many memorable incidents occurred in connection with my trombone playing. The year I joined the band we went across the country to the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco. I was a feature on this tour and was billed as "The Boy Wonder with the Trombone." En route to California we stopped off at the Broadway Theatre, in Denver, to play a one-night engagement. On his arrival Mr. Sousa received a telegram from Boulder, Colo., which ran something like this:

"Mr. Sousa:—

There are eighty of us who will come to your concert if Arthur Pryor plays a trombone solo."

I played the solo.

At the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco there was some rivalry between Sousa's Band and Schell's Orchestra. This rivalry finally grew so strong Mr. Sousa insisted that the band and orchestra play a joint concert in one of the large buildings on the exposition grounds to prove to the public that a wind band was as entertaining as an orchestra of string instruments, if not more so.

One soloist was to appear from each organization during the concert. Franz Hell, Flegelhorn player, appeared as soloist for the orchestra. He was a superb musician, and in later years I secured his services for Mr. Sousa's band. I was selected to represent the Sousa Band as its soloist. It was one of the greatest moments of my life.

In the audience that day was the late Dave Montgomery, of the famous team of Montgomery and Stone and an old and dear friend of my school days in St. Joseph. As I stepped up to play Dave greeted me in a loud voice with, "Show 'em, Arth! Remember old St. Joe." And believe me, I did my best to show 'em.

In the "nineties" our Sousa Band seasons ran eight or nine months. We opened at Manhattan Beach, N. Y., early in the summer and remained there until Labor Day. Then we went to the St. Louis Exposition for six weeks and later on the road, stopping at two towns a day from the South to San Francisco.

My first trip to Europe was with Sousa's Band in 1900. Much to my surprise I learned soon after my arrival that I had quite a reputation in Europe as a trombone player. While we were playing at the Paris Exposition I met an American musician who told me an interesting story.

"Well, Pryor," he said, "you certainly have made a deep impression on the French trombone players. After you had played several solos at the Exposition, the French Trombone Club sent one of their best performers to watch you and pass judgement on you. They arranged another meeting to get the returns.

"Well, they met, and the judge kept stalling and stalling until the members insisted upon a verdict. Finally he said, 'The only way I can give you my impression is for all of you fellows to get your trombones and come here tomorrow night and all play the best you can all the time.'

"'If we do that, what then?' one of them asked.

"'Why,' replied the judge, 'Pryor, himself, can do what all of you put together can do.'"

AFTER leaving Paris we visited Germany. While we were there I received a letter from a professor at the Conservatory of Music addressed in this manner: "To the Poet of the Trombone." I considered this one of the greatest compliments ever paid me.

An amusing incident occurred at Kroll's Garden, in Berlin. Trombone players from six German regiments attended one of the concerts for the expressed purpose of hearing Arthur Pryor, whose reputation seemed to have preceded him.

In their honor I played a solo, "Air Varie," which I wrote myself. I have been told this solo is possibly the most difficult ever written for the trombone. It calls for the playing of both the air and the bass accompaniment, and necessitates rapid-fire variations. So far as I know it has never been played by another soloist.

The Germans watched with all their eyes and listened with all their ears. After the performance they hunted up a member of our band who spoke German and asked for permission to examine my trombone. They spent fifteen minutes in a meticulous study of the instrument, in the process taking it apart, discussing it the while in gutteral accents. When they had finished I asked the interpreter what they had said.

"They say it is impossible," he replied. "They say it's a 'Yankee trick.'"

In Russia I played several solos for the late Czar Nicholas, in St. Petersburg, and afterwards was shown all

(Continued on page 88)

IN COMPLIANCE with the trend of the times Radio Digest has cut its subscription price to the very lowest in its history. And at the same time it is giving you the best quality magazine in its history. Newsstands are often sold out the same day the new issue is released. It is advisable to make sure of your copy every month by sending in your subscription, which is only $2 for the whole year.

They've Laughed at the Rain

TOGETHER

And Now Frank Luther and Zora Layman are Enjoying the Sunshine

By HAROLD E. TILLOTSON



Zora Layman

FRANK LUTHER was born with a proclivity for mischief and action. Did you ever see one of those big tumbleweed balls that go scurrying along beside a train as you ride across the Kansas prairies? One of them, if you had happened to be passing through Hutchinson of the Sunflower state, a few years ago may have been young Frank Luther on the day he first met Zora Layman. It was a momentous day although there was nothing at all auspicious in the portents according to the usual rules of love. At any rate it was the beginning of one of the sweetest romances of Radioland.

Not a jack rabbit in sight. His dog off on a lone hunting expedition of his own; and eleven-year-old Frank, befreckled and barelegged had tumbled the last tumbleweed ball in sight to a mess of broken bits. Nothing had happened for at least five minutes when suddenly through the brush he heard the beat of hoofs. Indians, cowboys—what? Shucks just a couple of small girls! And ponies—silly, fat little ponies. He'd wake 'em up. You never hunt far for a stone of about the right size to suit any convenience in this part of the country. And Frank could plunk a tin can from a fence post at thirty yards nine times out of ten.

SEEMINGLY from nowhere a tiny pebble lifted itself out of the scrub and bit with a sting at the right foreleg of the leading pony. A snort of equine indignation and surprise. A startled cry from a frightened little girl and then a sudden plunge through the scrub weed at break-neck speed aiming, it seemed, for Chicago and further points East—and directly over the observation post of Master Frank Luther.

Action was what he wanted, eh? Well here was action plus. You never, never could accuse Frank Luther of lacking in courage. So instead of reaching for his hat as the frightened pony came leaping straight at him Frank reached for the bridle—and the girl was saved!

Hero? No sir-eee! He was just a wicked little meany—and nine-year-old



Frank Luther

Zora Layman said it with all the fire she could blaze at him. Furthermore she never wanted him to speak to her again. She hoped she'd never even see him—so there!

Well, ha ha, what did he care! Girls are funny.

So they are, no doubt. Because the time came when that same little girl stood with Frank before a preacher right there in Hutchinson and said the words that have made them the happiest married couple in the present world of radio.

But after this incident they continued living in the same town for a long time, and practically as strangers. Then it happened they began taking vocal lessons at the same time from Roy Campbell, a very famous instructor. As part of his training Campbell gave them practical experience in singing in public by putting them in a church choir. The old feud was buried as Frank, a shy but still mischievous young man now, was properly presented to Miss Layman on the steps of the church where they were to sing.

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New Plans Add GRANDEUR *to* RADIO CITY

By E. A. Holland

"WHAT has happened to Radio City and the funny oval sardine can shaped building that was to have been its front-center?" asks a reader from Denver, Colorado.

You would be surprised, Mr. Jameson. Of course the funny looking building that you compared to a sardine can has vanished. It never was anything but paper anyway. We are too conventional a people to stand for such radical departures and it was voted out.

However, Radio City is rapidly taking root. It must go deep down into the ground to go up, you know. So the excavators are digging and blasting and taking every sizable hunk out of the very center of that twenty-four dollar island that grew to be worth a billion or so. When that hole is finished we will know more about a depression in a big way.

And when you consider that $250,000,000 of the Rockefeller money is going into it you must appreciate the fact that a great army of men will be employed and help circulate the cash.

Three of the largest phases are now under way.

The largest of the three units is a sixty-six story office building with a sixteen story wing. This structure will have a gross area, or floor space, of 2,500,000 square feet, nearly half a million square feet in excess of the gross area of any other office building in the world today. It will occupy more than half of the middle block.

A second unit is the International Music Hall, world's largest theatre, to be located on the west half of the block between 50th and 51st Streets, and flanked on the Sixth Avenue side by a 31-story office building. Similarly situated in the block between 48th and 49th Streets will be a capacious sound motion picture theatre, completing the triumvirate with which the contractors are now concerned.

Excavation work has been in progress for several weeks on the sites of the three structures. Their actual construction will start some time in the autumn. The theatres will be completed by October 1, 1932, and the office building by May 1, 1933.



This gives general view of Radio City as it might be seen from a still taller building looking north and west.

Latest plans for the development show seven other building units. They include two office buildings of 4 stories each in the north and south blocks; two six-story office buildings fronting on Fifth Avenue; a 13-story department store facing Fifth Avenue in the northern block, and an office or club building just east of the International Music Hall, the size of which has not yet been determined. A large area in the south block is being left out of the building picture at present while negotiations are continuing with the Metropolitan Opera Company for a new opera house.

The plans show a radical innovation in architectural city planning. The lower roofs and setbacks of the buildings in the three blocks will be turned into modern and much magnified Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Seven acres of intensive landscaping will be devoted to water falls, fountains, reflecting pools, trees, shrubbery, formal flower beds, multi-colored tile walks, grass plots, and statuary. Plans for covering the outer walls of the buildings with a heavy network of living ivy are also a tentative part of the scenic picture.

AN ACRE of ground space, visible from the street, will be devoted to a Sunken Plaza, studded with a central 30-foot fountain, smaller fountains, statuary, grass, flowers and mosaic pavements. In following out this plan, more than $17,500,000 worth of open land area will be devoted to beautification for the public's benefit, without any revenue to the owners of the development. Between a quarter

illion and a half million dollars ill be spent on the general land-caping.

These three blocks will have wice the garden area, and four r five times the "population" of ne three blocks south of 42nd treet, which are maintained by ne City as Bryant Park.

Forty feet above the roof of the 6-story wing in the center block, curved waterfall, a miniature of ne famous horseshoe falls of Niagara, will send a tumbling orrent through a series of cas-ades to end at the roof level in reflecting pool, from 80 to 100 eet long and 25 or 30 feet wide. he waterfall will have 50 feet f spillway, with approximately a 0-foot radius between the ends f the arch. The water from the pillway will drop about 20 feet nto a ribbon pool, thence about 0 feet into another ribbon pool, rom which it will spill into the arge reflecting pool at the roof evel. Fountains will play at each nd of the lower pool.

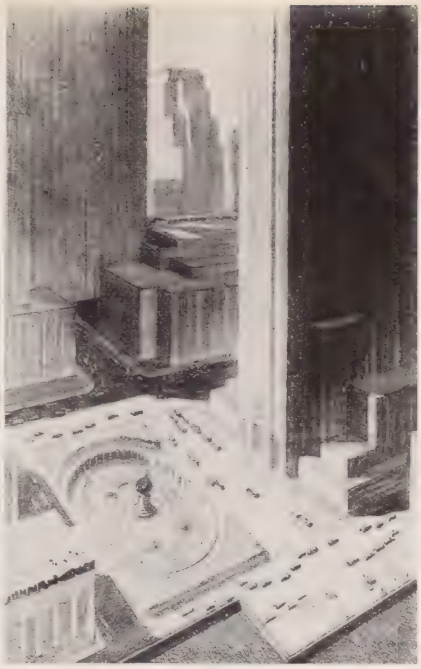
Thirty-foot trees, shrubbery, rass, flowers, and multichromatic valks will furnish a general back-round for the water effects.

THERE will be two evels of landscaping above the tudios of the National Broad-asting Company, in the lower oof area between the main build-ng and the main east wall of the 16-tory wing. These areas will be at the hirteenth and eleventh floor levels and onnected by stairways. They will have erraces, formal flower gardens, benches nd geometric grass plots, with at least wo small fountains. The general ap-earance will be that of a formal gar-len.

Extensive landscaping will be worked ut on the roofs of the International Music Hall and of the sound motion icture theatre. On the north side of he Music Hall and the south side of he sound theatre there will be 30-foot edges of beech, hemlock or linden, so hat as one gazes at gardens the hedges will form a frame for the picture. The rest of these two roofs will be devoted to formal gardens, with hedges, grass plots, flower beds, fountains and reflecting pools.

Trees rising to a height of 30 or 35 feet, planted in at least three feet of earth and ingeniously anchored to the roof will be prominent features of the general scheme.

All the roofs and setbacks beneath the 16-story level will be fully landscaped. A complete piping and sprinkling system, underneath the earth, will water the entire landscaped area.



See below the great sunken garden as explained in the article.

On the roof of the 66-story office building will be arranged the most capacious and varied observation space ever designed for a skyscraper. At the very top, 835 feet in the air, there will be an open esplanade about 30 by 50 feet, above the water reservoir for the building. This will offer an unobstructed view of lower Manhattan. The esplanade will have a 3-foot railing.

Twenty feet below there will be an open terrace about seventy feet wide and one hundred feet long. A terrace at the roof level will be open on three sides and the fourth side will lead into an observation gallery, which will be a shelter in windy weather. Plans are being considered for a dance floor on the roof, about seventy by a hundred feet.

PART of the 66th floor will be used as a roof cafe or club. This will be glassed in with no pillars to obscure the view.

Practically all of the office tenants above the ten-story level will look from their windows into a vista of gardens. Since the floors below this level will be filled in the main with shops, display space for national merchandisers, and the windowless, air-conditioned studios of the National Broadcasting Company, the big majority of the office workers will have roof gardens at the West or the Sunken Plaza at the East as a visual relief.

The areas of bare roofs, capped with smoke stacks and ventilators, which are seen from the windows of most skyscrapers, will be conspicuously missing. So far as this building creation is concerned, the opprobrious term "chimney-pots" will have lost its meaning.

"We are lifting New York up into the air," say the builders. "Instead of thinking primarily of the harassed pedestrian in the street, who is so busy elbowing his fellows and dodging taxicabs that he seldom sees above the ground floor of an office building, we are putting our most intensive efforts at beautification where they will do the most good to the greatest number of people."

The location of the buildings in the Development follow the "stagger plan," which leading city planners have been urging for years as the perfect architectural solution for the placing of skyscrapers in a modern city. The central "tower," with lower "towers" across open areas at diagonal angles, follows the mass composition of the Taj Mahal. This arrangement offers a maximum of light. There will be from 200 to 300 feet between any corner of the bigger buildings and the nearest diagonal corner of the building most closely adjacent.

APPROXIMATELY one-quarter of the space in the entire development will be used as offices, studios, and theatres by the Radio Corporation of America, the National Broadcasting Company, Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation, and their affiliates. The latter company will occupy practically the entire 31-story office building on the Sixth Avenue side of the block between 50th and 51st Streets.

The very heart of Radio City,—as is implied by the name of the vast development for the promotion of the entertainment and cultural arts now rising in midtown Manhattan,—will be the studios of the NBC.

With the dedication of the radio citadel still two years off, it is too soon to give a detailed picture of what those studios will be like except to say that they will surpass in extent and perfection of detail any broadcasting center ever before envisioned.

O. B. Hanson, manager of Plant Op-

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SOCONYLAND SKETCH

The TENT SHOW

From an NBC Broadcast

By CARLTON *and* MANLEY

EXCITEMENT comes rare enough in .Snow Village an' there ain't been nothin' thet's stirred the town up like it was when Hoaker and Huntley's big tent show played Uncle Tom's Cabin up there last May.

'Twant the show that het things up so much as it was the way Uncle Dan'l Dickey hornswoggled Hirum Neville—but guess I'm getting ahead of my story. There ain't nothin' so pervokin' to a New Englander as to have a next door neighbor dicker ye out o' somethin' ye think ye got closed in yer hand. An' the wust of it was Neville kinda figgered he had Uncle Dan'l beat from the start.

Dan'l was so tarnation mad when he hitched his chair up to the supper table he spilled gravy all around his plate on the red and white checkered table cloth Hattie an' little Margie had spread before puttin' on the vittles.

Margie was teasin' him an' he got plumb exasperated.

"Now you quit pesterin' me, Margie —" he dropped his fork on the floor, an' stopped to pick it up. Then he banged his fist down on the table—"I said NO, ain't I; an' you heard me didn't ye? Now it ain't goin' to do no good to keep on teasin' cause I ain't goin to—"

"Dan'l I kin't see why you wunt let the young 'un go. It only costs fifty cents," Hattie argued. An' she gave Margie a nudge with her knee under the table.

"No, no, no—" The fork fell off on the floor agin as Dan'l pounded the edge of the table with both fists.

"Bu-but I've never seen Uncle Tom's Cabin," pleaded the girl as two tears began to roll down either cheek.

"Stop snifflin'! It ain't nothin' I seen it once—thuty year ago. All I got for my money was settin' there watchin' a mangy dog thet they called a bloodhound scratch etself fer fleas. An' then some sharper in the crowd snook my watch an' four dollars. There ain't nothin' in et. Pass the pickles, an' don't say nothin' more about et."



"Everybody's goin' in Show Village but us—" urged Margie.

"Whut of it? It's jest a waste of money. Anyway, them actors should have come to me as select-man afore they went plast'rin' all the barns in the township!"

Margie began to cry an' got up from the table. There was a slight softening in the wrinkles at Dan'l's eyes.

"Where's their tent goin' up?" he asked.

"I think et's over in Neville's back pasture by the bridge," said Hattie as she began scrapin' Margie's plate on her own.

"WHY in tarnation they go'n pick out thet place—off'n the road 'n all swampy 'n alive with mosquitoes?" Dan'l bit the end off a toothpick and nibbled it between his teeth.

Hattie continued to clear up the dishes while Dan'l relieved his mind.

"'N I got the best—the best place in town. I s'pose they think Neville's runnin' this here town. They seem to forgit I'm alive. Jest wait. We'll see ef they're goin' to run me off'n the ditch—"

You see how Dan'l felt, cal'latin' he was sort of leadin' citizen of Snow Village. So Hattie lit into him 'bout bein' mean an' cussed.

When Hattie finally let it out as how she heard from Pearl at the store that Neville not only got four dollars rent for the pasture but had also got two dollars for haulin from the depot Dan was pacin' back 'n forth across th floor.

"Well I'm village clerk an' they ain got permission from me to put on th show. If I re'lect there was some song 'tween the acts 'twant decent for ou wimmen folks to hear."

Now anybody knowin' Dan'l wouldn say 'twas anythin' 'bout the morals the was a-worryin' him. It was the money Finally, like he biled over, he grabbe up his hat 'n went out.

Guess it must've been about five min utes an' a rap came to the door ar Hattie seen a stranger there. She aske him in an' lo 'n behold it was thet Mr Hoaker the head of the show himself He was a slick lookin' feller like mos of these show people are. An' he say he come to talk to Dan'l. Margie ru out to the barn. But Dan'l wunt in n hurry. He figgered the man was peddler. When he come in he says ab rupt like:

"No sir, my kidneys are all right Don't want no pills, nor reversible cell loyd collars. Don't want no book needles nor pins. Glad ye called. Goo day, sir."

It took quite a spell for Dan'l to reall believe who Hoaker was. Then Hoake told him he wanted to rent a lot fo his show in Dan'l's place.

"Thought ye was goin' to be over a Neville's?"

"Unfortunately, Mr. Neville and can't agree."

"I'm not surprised 'bout thet any."

"I won't pay any $6.50."

"Why the old skinflint! What ca you pay?"

"How about ten passes to the show?

"Guess not. Money is the best passe at the store."

Well, Dan'l finally agreed to hat the show over from Hi Neville's plac for four dollars. They shook hand and Mr. Hoaker went away. But h wunt hardly out o' sight when Nevill come along an' wanted to talk busines to Dan'l. He was whittlin' a piece o ol' clothes pin.

"Hev these show people been up here o see you 'bout gettin' permission?" ie asked.

"Oh, I dunno—why do ye ask?" asks)an'l holdin' down a chuckle.

"Well I think we ought to keep 'em)ut," says Neville. "They're just a hievin' lot. An' I ain't so sure 'bout heir morals neither. Wunt do the town 10 good."

Dan'l said he wouldn't jedge the show till he seen it. An' while Neville was antin' along 'bout shows who should come bouncin' in but this feller Hoaker gin'! Of course he let the cat out the)ag right away an' Neville was mad-der'n hops.

You see the shoe was on the other foot now. So Dan'l was answerin' his own arguments on the other side from Hirum Neville an' Hirum stomped away swearin' he'd prevent the show from ever goin' on in Snow Village. But all the while he was threatenin' you could hear 'em drivin' stakes and hammerin' the stage together before they had the tent moved from Neville's on the other side.

It didn't take Dan'l long to get the heavy stuff moved. Just as he was rollin 'out the last bundle of canvas from the tail of the wagon he heard a woman sobbin' an' moanin'. Then Hoaker came over all excitement.

"Oh Mr. Dickey!" he wailed. "Reginald's dead."

"Dead! Well, goodness me, wa—was et an accident or sudden?"

"Not exactly unexpected. But he was part of our big act. Reginald was the blood-hound that chased 'Liza over the ice."

"Well ain't thet too bad! Looks like you'll have to get another dog. Don't s'pose a cow'd do you any good?"

"This is serious, Mr. Dickey. We got to get a dog some way."

"Humm-um. Got an idee mebbe I kin help yu."

"You've got to help us. The tickets are going like hot cakes. We got to give the show but we can't get along at all without a blood-hound to chase 'Liza."

So there was Dan'l with his four dollars dependin' on the show, an Ol' Neville up to mischief to stop it, an' he had to go an' get a dog yet. But leave it to Dan'l in a fix like that. Besides he was just gettin' out from takin' one lickin' an' he wunt goin' to take another. The only dog he could think of thet would do at all was ol' Mose belongin' to Neville. So 'long 'bout four o'clock he goes strollin' casual like over to Neville's house an' calls out to him quite regretful for hard words spoken.

"Neville," he says, hangin' his head, "I think mebbe you're right about them people I've let onto my land. I should have took your advice. I've got a lot of stuff layin' around loose an' it would be easy for a prowler—what I'm gettin' at is I'd like to borry your dog, Mose, to watch the premises."

"Heh! Heh! So you've changed your tune, but ain't no need to worry I'll hev 'em all out of town 'fore it gits very dark." Neville swelled his chest with pride and self confidence.

"All right, all right, we'll let that pass," said Dan'l. "But they're on there now an' I was thinkin' mebbe ef I had that mutt of yours to yip out when he seen anybody comin' round they wouldn't bother much."

"No, sir." Neville stuck up his nose

(Continued on page 80)



Dan'l, Hattie and Margie in their Snow Village home

"If You're Fat and Healthy, Stay Healthy"

says

KATE *Smith*

By HILDA COLE

MEET a very unusual young woman called Kate Smith. There are as many sides to her character as there are lights in prisms. There is the Kate Smith who beguiles her radio audience with Swanee music and wistful memory songs; there is the stout person with the merry laugh and hearty voice who casts a solemn spell over the cynical Broadway audience, dealing them laughter and tears; then there is an affectionate, half-motherly individual who finds time midst the delirium of theatrical appearances, her La Palina program, and varied rehearsals, to escort bus-loads of war veterans to ball games, and sing them the songs they love.

Although she has been on the stage since babyhood and pinafores, this girl has never deemed it necessary to practice "girth control," and has spent all of twenty-three years making that old adage about "nobody loves a fat girl" look like two cents. She has her own ideas on the subject. If you're healthy the way you are, you might just as well remain that way. She is bubbling over with good spirits and has a gay and grand sense of humor.

"Hello everybody, this is Kate Smith," is her La Palina greeting over the Columbia Broadcasting System, and immediately that diabolically cold microphone becomes alive, and over the ether travels something unusually warm and friendly.

Her career has been a triumphant succession of appearances. Since childhood she has been the possessor of a rich voice, which became truer and lovelier as she grew up from a small tomboy in Washington to one of the stars of *Honeymoon Lane* and *Flying High*. Back in the days when she was a child prodigy in socks at benefits in the District of Columbia, she coaxed compliments out of Nicholas Longworth. And of course you remember her last Broadway success, *Flying High*—the big girl with the grand voice and exaggerated dimensions who sang *Without Love* and had them all applauding for encores?

Late this summer Kate made a personal appearance at the Ambassador, Atlantic City. *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*, she sang, jigging and jazzing about. But they did. After it was all over Kate sat down with some friends, and jubilantly ordered a chocolate parfait. The waiter, no doubt a bit flustered, spilled it all over her dress. She accepted his abject apologies quite cheerfully, "but" she added, shaking her finger at him, "I will have my sweet revenge." And forthwith ordered four more parfaits on the house.

KATE buys chiffon by the bolt, wears her hair in a simple, straight bob, and is just immense. She lives in a cozy, homelike apartment on Park Avenue with a stucco balcony where she harbors a few of her beloved plants. Inside there is a living room with a grand piano, of course, and a radio. Her favorite colors are lavender and green, and these are manifest in the Chinese rugs, and in the drapery. There is a comfortable, deep easy chair in which she occasionally re laxes, and a desk which is perpetuall cluttered with fan mail. Her two par rots, Ben and Al, sit gravely in thei gilded cages, bursting out frequentl into Kate's familiar songs, and neve failing to accompany her as she sing about the house. Whenever she come into the room they greet her cheerfull in their parrot voices, "Hello baby. And when she is away, broadcastin from the CBS studios, they listen i and squawk parrot harmony when the hear *When the Moon Comes Over th Mountain*—which particular song tho birds have down pat.



"This song," smiles Kate, "will be dedicated to the boys at the Speedway Hospital in Chicago."

Kate is a whale of a cook and ca concoct culinary delicacies that—wel just look at her. She inherited the re secret of Southern cooking, the formul of which seems never to have bee efficiently put in words. Ask her ho she makes one of her special pala teasers, and she'll vaguely answer- "Oh, I put a little of this into it—ar stir in a little bit of that—Really, can't tell you just *how* I do it!"

Kate has a snappy roadster and lik to go FAST. Out driving in one her Barney Oldfield moods, she wer zipping down a hill too fast to be lav abiding. A red-faced, irate, and puffi policeman eventually greeted her. H took all the joy out of the atmosphe with one baleful glower. Kate wilte but not visibly.

"WELL, Well, Well roared the policeman according to fo mula, "Where do you think you' goin'—HUH?"

What could our Katie say?

He exhausted all her alibis efficientl Kate shook her head.

"WELL, this is JUST ONE TIM you're not going to get away with young lady!"

Kate desperately began to hu *Mother Machree*. She noticed a slig response around the corners of h mouth.



Singing for vets at Brooklyn Naval hospital.—N. Y.

Born in Virginia She Grew up in Heart of Nation at Washington . . . Now a BIG Radio Success

"Say," said the officer of the law, "are you Irish?"

Kate pleaded not guilty on the charge of being Irish.

"Well, if you aren't you ought to be," he assured her, "singing *Mother Machree* that way."

Kate smiled up at him pepsodently. The ticket was only half-written. He never finished it.

And Kate's present life is like zipping down a hill. Precipitate.

"Don't you believe that all of it is fun," she admonishes. "Because it isn't. I won't forget this summer for a long time—coming onto an icy stage from a hot dressing room, and having a stiff neck by the time I got off again."

However, Kate is far from resigning. She loves her work, and, if one may count on fan mail, and wild applause she probably will, like Tennyson's brook, just go on forever.

And now let's go back to a small town in Virginia, "Greenville"—"Down in God's country" as the Johnnyrebs will tell you, where Kate first drew breath of life. As a matter of fact, the lady has no definite recollection of Greenville, for the family moved to Washington when she was very small, and it is around her home there that her earliest memories are centered. This chubby, vital piece of humanity known as "Katherine" (Kate to *you*, Mister) was the second daughter of the Smith family. Of the two Smith sisters, Helene was always the studious one. Books were her life, and her reason for existing. With Kate it was always the theatre. Consequently there evolved quite a span between them.

At the age of seven, our Katie was monarch of a small gang of boys near her Washington home. She reminisces, with a giggle in her throat, "We had a club called the Midnight Riders. Goodness only knows why, because we were put to bed at eight o'clock. I was the president, the secretary, the treasurer, and the initiator. Whenever a new member was brought into our club I'd drag him out to the clubhouse in the back yard, sterilize a pin, jab it in his thumb and put his thumb-prints in blood at the top of our law book."

There was a large pear tree in Kate's back yard. The small villain, having always had a desire to slip away, would drag a rustic chair into the tree and sit by herself, quite unperturbed. (Oh—that tree-sitting impulse). Her family would search diligently for her, and the air would be rent with cries for "Katherine," but her refuge was quite intact. They never guessed where it was, and she was safe with her dreams.

THE family had definite ambitions for Kate. There were many doctors in the Smith family, and they wanted her to follow up the profession by becoming a nurse. Little Kate wanted to be an actress. However, since it was not a question to be decided immediately, they all supposed she would grow out of it. You know how families are.

The first day Kate was led to school and put at her desk, she ran away four times. Each time she vanished, she was led persuasively back by her mother, planted at the desk, and told to be a good girl. They finally decoyed her with some caramel candy and she became resigned to her fate. But she always played hookey whenever there was a chance. Kate was a tease, and a born cut-up and she vows to this day that the only reason the teachers ever let her through was out of kind-heartedness.

KATE SMITH thinks people who seem over-blessed with adipose tissue make a regrettable mistake in trying to get rid of it, provided they also have good health. She eats whatever and whenever she pleases and doesn't give a hoot. Furthermore she can cook the things she likes best herself. There is danger, however, that she may get thin from running back and forth between studios, theatres and her Good Samaritan visits to the hospitals. Next month we will tell you something more about her

"There was a girl at school," Kate told us, "who had two long braids of hair, and she used to tease me by throwing them over my desk so that they would get in my way. One day I got mad as a hatter, fastened her braids between the desks, and when she leaned forward again there was a terrific yank. The little girl let out a yell that sounded like the finish of a Sioux massacre! And who do you suppose graced the school-room after hours? Why, Miss Kate Smith. In person."

She laughed spontaneously.

"I used to shock everybody," she went on, "by riding around to fires on the fire-engines. The chief was an old pal of mine. Mother couldn't break me of the habit. I just grew out of it."

"And then," she continued breathlessly, "we all had skate trucks."

"What?"

"Skate trucks," replied Kate in amazement, "don't you know what they are? Where were you brought up—anyway? Why, you make them out of skates and soap-boxes and *are they speedy!*"

Yeah. They must have been.

"I had every kind of pet imaginable," Kate went on, "rabbits, guinea-pigs, chickens, pigeons, dogs—cats. The family finally renigued because I insisted on keeping all the babies. Father had to get rid of them. Our yard looked like a branch of the S. P. C. A."

Kate, for some obscure reason or another, was very fond of running away. On one occasion, while she was hiding from "the kids," she took refuge in a Standard Oil truck and, as she was about to creep out again, discovered that she had been locked in.

(Concluded in the November issue)

Lucky Bing!

By Aline Nelson

When the Good Breaks Came for Young Crosby he Was Set to Go

WHAT is luck? How does a man get ahead in life? What mysterious fate seems to rule that one fellow will get all the breaks while the other fellow gets all the bumps?

Of course you may see this happen: A chap thinks he has the stuff in him, works hard, tries to deliver and flops. Maybe he will get along a little way, and just as the world begins to look sort of rosy, wham! And the whole works go upside down again.

Take for instance a couple of young fellows who answered the beckon of the golden finger from New York. They burned up the road all the way from the Pacific Coast together—now they are getting their pockets full, and living the life of Riley.

You know who I mean—Bing Crosby is one of them. Now Bing isn't much different so far as talent and ability are concerned than he was a year ago. But how many of you readers had ever heard of him then? Not many. I never even heard the name. Today you hear people talking about him and his great baritone voice everywhere you go. Why he seems to have blossomed out just over night.

Where do you suppose he would be now if William S. Paley, that smart young president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, had not just happened to be near a certain stateroom two days out on the S. S. Bremen when the person in the stateroom just happened to put on a record Bing had made some time ago? And suppose it hadn't just happened to be that particular song, *I Surrender, Dear?* See what I mean?

Bing had made hundreds of other records—good ones too. But there was Paley *in the middle of the Atlantic* outside that stateroom door hearing that particular record and Bing was off in California probably lolling away a hot afternoon in some shady spot without the slightest glimmer of an idea he was getting a swell audition from the president of the CBS.

Now it would have to be Paley the man who knows what he wants pronto and goes after it even prontoer. Some of these big fellows would say, "That's a darn fine voice and I'll have to hunt the chap up when I get back home." Then they would forget it and that would be the end of it. But Bing got another one of those fine breaks when Paley promptly goes to the wireless and tells his office in New York to hunt up this man Crosby who sang *I Surrender Dear.*

SO Bing gets a big surprise out in California. Would he go to New York to broadcast nightly on a nation-wide chain at a fat salary? Listen in at one of these CBS stations any night at 11 o'clock and let Bing tell you himself that he did.

But the point is, Bing was good all the time before this happened. Who knows but Paley might start out across the ocean tomorrow or next day and pick up another voice from a phonograph record—some crackerjack good singer who never got the right kind of a break?

Now don't get the idea Bing has always had things break for him that way. The truth is Bing feels inside himself he is just about the same as he always was.

He's always lived West—born in Tacoma May 2, 1904. He's quite well known up and down the Pacific coast where he has been in and out with different outfits where a voice and a good trap drummer were needed. He got the name Bing when he was a little shaver playing cowboy at battle with the Indians. "Bing! Bing!" Even then his voice leaped out over that of his companions and they commenced calling him Bing.

See Art Portrait of Bing Crosby in Roto Section

His parents moved to Spokane where he finished his grammar grades. He went to high school in Seattle and later went to Gonzaga College. He was active in all athletics although too light for the first football team. He discovered he had a good voice and he liked to sing.

He had made up his mind that law was the right profession for him to follow. But making a living while he attended college was rather precarious. Besides that he didn't get time enough to sing. And finally it occurred to him that some people actually make a good living from their vocal ability.

There was another chap in the school who thought along the same line. His name was Al Rinker. The two of them put their heads and talents together and organized a seven-piece dance orchestra. Bing played the traps and sang with Rinker. They became very popular and had plenty to do filling engagements at all the hops and fraternity dances.

Before they could get around to it to graduate they signed up to appear at the Clemmer theatre. And that put an end to the book grind. From then on they were to be professional musicians. From Seattle they went directly to Los Angeles. Al took Bing to the home of his sister, Mildred Bailey, who was then singing at a night club but who since has become famous by singing with Paul Whiteman's band. Mildred was enthusiastic and secured an engagement for them at the Tent Cafe, which was owned and operated by Mike Lyman brother of Abe Lyman who has distinguished himself as an orchestra leader on the Columbia chain and in theatres everywhere.

You see how the breaks were coming for Bing. He had to do it. Sup

(Continued on page 85)

Ethelyn Holt



TA-TA-TA, TAA! Let the
al heralds toot, but whoso-
er that new radio queen may
the judges are not passing
s picture of Miss Holt with-
t a second look. However,
Ethelyn it is only just another
e of those things. Men will
'e about her. She came to
oadway, one of those deli-
ius Hollywood confections,
led in cello—no, celluloid.
e flickers through the ether
from W2XAB.



Sue Read

SHY, a little frightene
about being stared at and st
so alluring—well that's litt
Miss Sue whom you hear ov
the NBC on Colliers, Lu
Maltine and other program
She seems quite aloof to r
mantic experiences althou
we did see her sitting on
lounge in the NBC recepti
room one evening with a b
Connecticut author on o
side and one of the ma
actors on the other. She's n
in the race for radio reg
glory but she might well be

Helen Withers



WHAT does a man think
out when he looks at a pic-
re such as you see here? You
ver can guess because every
n is different. One may go
t on the lawn and turn hand-
rings, jump over the rose
shes and feel maddingly ex-
arated to the extent that he
ould insist on giving the
ung woman all the radio
owns she could carry on her
ad and in both arms. Another
ght simply observe the keen
es, smiling lips and generally
holesome appearance and
en pass to the next picture.
elen Withers is another can-
date from the New York
olumbia fold. Great soprano
voice and a televisitor.



ne Brox

sters

(Left)

LOOKS a little like
n but there's always
om for one more under
: Brox family umbersall.
nly don't ask the young
lies to share their rain-
ats—Oh no, no, no!
fact from the appear-
ce—but let's talk about
nething else—you know
ey are announced on
: stage as Three Little
rls in Blue. Maybe you
ow Lorna, on the left,
d then Patsy and Gloria.
ey specialize in blue
ngs, but they never are.
s, NBC. Good?
ey've got to be good!



Irene Taylor

GO AHEAD, bring
on your blondes. And
then meet Miss Taylor of
WENR, Chicago. Either
somebody lied or you're
no gentleman. Certainly
such dark-eyed beauty
must be a supreme pref-
erence. Irene has a soft
beguiling voice and you
hear her on many of the
programs that emanate
from this popular station
through the NBC studios
in the City-by-the-Lake.



Juilia Sanderson

(Right)

OH WHAT luxurious loveliness! Here you see the glorious Julia in the morning splendor of the garden of her home, Dunrovin, near Springfield, Mass. Miss Sanderson is not entered in the Queen tournament. She has a little kingdom all her own. Besides what station could claim her exclusively? Miss Sanderson, teamed with her husband, Frank Crummit, is heard on programs from both of the leading chain stations—and that's a rare distinction in itself! "Yoo-hooo!" That's Frank calling. She'll have to get up now and hurry away to New York to entertain you on her next program.

Harriet Lee

LET'S turn the spot on Harriet Lee for a minute, even if she is not entered in the race for regal honors. Remember when we had her on a Radio Digest cover? She's been getting prettier every day since. That's the smile she sends out over the television waves at W2XAB, and of course you hear her sing over WABC and the CBS system.





Katherine Krug

BEING a charming and talented actress and the wife of one of America's most brilliant dramatic critics is the true life role of Miss Krug, who in private life is Mrs. Ashton Stevens. One may wonder if she paraphrases the familiar bromide about the severest critic. She is considered one of the leading lights of the Goodman theatre, and is now heard over an NBC network in the Miniature Theatre productions from the Chicago studios.



Vicki Johnson

BLONDE beauty is perhaps more in evidence in the vicinity of the Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis than in any other part of the country. So here comes Vicki as a Princess from the North, representing KSTP. She still is very young and who can tell but eventually her soprano voice may bring her the crown of a Jenny Lind. Keep your eye on Vicki—likewise an attentive ear. She'll make the name of Johnson famous.



Jane Green

Rayhuff-Richter Photo

ALMOST like a fluffy little sprite is this fair maiden who is known for her beauty from London, England, to San Francisco, where she is now on the studio staff of KFRC. She was formerly with the Ziegfeld and the Greenwich Village Follies. Besides looking pretty Miss Green sings, and there's a come-hither in the blue coloring of her voice.

Aileen Clarl

(Right)

FEW indeed are the amb tious radio artists who achiev instantaneous success. Mis Clark stands as one preemine example of those very few She applied and was grante an audition. Within 24 hou she was put on a progra When she had finished the offic was flooded with calls—30 of them—everybody wantin to know who, how and where come the new wonder voice A representative of the Clu Valspar Variety program, listen ing in, at once negotiated an closed a deal to make Mis Clark a part of their progra over the NBC network.





Audrey Farncroft

(Right)

ONLY 22 and taking the part of Musetta in La Boheme just as you see her in the picture on the opposite page. Carl T. Nunan who speaks for KPO says in a note attached to the picture, "Miss Farncroft is one of the finest and most beautiful singers we have ever had on the Pacific Coast, and I can back this up with the words of the critics." The picture says more than any of the critics, Carl, and the mere fact that she has sung leading roles in many of the great operas in famous companies should convice anyone that her voice is exceptional. You may have heard her last season as Oscar in The Masked Ball, or Gilda in Rigoletto. Following her triumphs with the Pacific Opera Company she was engaged by the San Francisco Opera Company, and that was where she scored as Musetta. Her latest success was in the role of Lucia in Lucia de Lamermoor. KPO listeners know her best as the featured artist in The Bostonians of the Air. Thursday nights she is heard in a special concert of Grand Opera selections.

Olive Palmer

(Left)

CHARACTER, integrity and a certain amount of dignity are written into the voice and radio personality of Olive Palmer. She lives simply and never fails to costume herself becomingly. Clothes influence her mood and in preparing for her regular Wednesday night program she plans her gown for the occasion. She shuns the fast night life, riotous dinner parties and unholy hours. She demands the sleep necessary to keep her alert and in good health—and she gets it. Mr. Mark A. Stevens tells you more about Miss Palmer in another part of this issue. But you must admit she well deserves a place in this Revue of radio beauties. Right? Right!





Mr. and Mrs.

(Right)

NOBODY needs to tell you who those two happy souls are over on the next page. Could anyone appear more serenely happy than this very joyous looking bridegroom—the one and only Rudy Vallee? They did not look so happy the day this picture was given to Radio Digest, for it was a day of parting. The bride took a train for California. Many weeks of separation were in prospect before they were to meet and be happily united once again.

Bing Crosby

RELAXING from business worries and leaning back in a deck chair for a care-free journey across the Atlantic William S. Paley, president of the CBS was about to take a nap when he heard someone singing "I Surrender Dear." A great voice, he thought. Who was broadcasting? He investigated and found that a fellow passenger was playing a record by Bing Crosby. Mr. Paley promptly communicated with his office to look up this man Crosby. Bing was discovered in California. But he is in New York now and singing nightly over the CBS.





Russ
Columbo

(See oppos
page)

The Valentino of Song

By EDWARD THORNTON INGLE

"ONE—two—three—four! One—two—three—four! Ach! You must learn to play it so! Or, you will never be the great violinist. Now—play! One—two—three—four—"

It is a long jump from the stuffy parlor of a little house in Calistoga, California, where a pale, dark-eyed boy underwent the ordeal of a weekly violin lesson under the guidance of a squat, floor-pacing, Teutonic teacher, to the glamorous role of newest singing sensation with the National Broadcasting Company in New York.

It was always so in those boyhood days! The slender youth frozen to his task—the teacher walking, walking! The boy dared not relax even for a moment lest he bring down the wrath of his master. When aroused by some heinous mistake, John Czech would raise his hands above his head and wring them in a tempest of rage. The boy would then bite his lips, lean limply on one foot and then on the other until the outburst subsided. And as the boy took up his bow the pacing began again . . . and the voice resumed. . . "One—two—three—four—" until one hour, sometimes two and sometimes three had gone by.

John Czech, no matter how much he thundered, never dismissed this pupil after the usual half-hour of drilling. This boy—Russell Columbo—was the apple of his eye. Secretly he was convinced the lad had talent, real talent—genius perhaps. He would see. It was enough now to make him work very hard.

At the Columbo home on the outskirts of the village, where there were twelve children, Czech often stopped. He would lean over the picket fence and talk earnestly with Russell's mother.

WHEN Russell Columbo was trying to get his start as a boy he was fortunate enough to acquire the friendship of the late Rudolph Valentino. He idealized this great hero of the screen so much his friends declared he had come to look like Valentino. Judge for yourself from the picture on the opposite page. Columbo has now become a singing and playing hero of the air for the National Broadcasting Company.

The conversation inevitably ran something like this:

"Good-day Mrs. Columbo. You always are so busy, yes? Vell, I think it would be fine if you would let me have dot boy Russell. P-s-s-t! He vill be a great violinist already yet! I have no boy and I vill take him to Chermany and give him the wonderful opportunity to be the vorld's greatest violinist."

"No, no! Mr. Czech. That would be too wonderful—but Russell is my baby! Remember that! I could not give him up, even to let him go back to the old country. . . You must forget it, please!"

A few days later the little scene would be reenacted and the heavy-set Czech would shrug his shoulders and amble off down the street muttering unspeakable imprecations.

RUSSELL did well. He was soon playing difficult pieces and he was only thirteen. His father had moved to the little town from San Francisco on account of his wife's health. Calistoga was drier than San Francisco, yet it was only a few miles to the north.

One day a wonderful thing happened. Russell read in a San Francisco newspaper that the Imperial Theater in San Francisco needed violinists. He got permission from his father to apply. Nicholas, the father, had been a musician in his native Naples. Not only that, he had had his own orchestra when he was twenty. How could he refuse the boy! He still played the guitar divinely. Therefore he'd go along to 'Frisco.

Russell got a job. It was vacation time and he appeared in a fantastic production called "The Land of Make Believe." He even played in the prologue as violin soloist. Later he was playing at the Granada Theater, where Paul Ash was first introduced, when a dreadful thing happened to him. He fell in love!

He was only fourteen, but the girl, a lithe-limbed blonde dancer at the Granada dazzled him. And whenever his dark eyes fell upon her as she whirled before the footlights in the climax of her act he experienced a strange commotion within his chest. Yet, during that whole summer he never dared tell anyone. So, it was no wonder that on the day his father took him back to school at Calistoga his head was so full

(Continued on page 91)

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLEE

Sweet and Lovely

MOST of the popular songs today seem to run in the same vein. There was a time when "nutty" songs and topical songs occupied at least 35 per cent of song production each month. Possibly the fault, if one could call it that, for the trend toward the romantic lyric and the sweet melody, can be laid at my own door. Most song-writers, when trying to impress me today with the fact that they have written a new song which I should broadcast, try to impress upon me that it is a "Vallee type" of song, a song they feel was written especially for me.

Frankly, I am looking for songs which are great songs, whether they fit me or not, songs such as *When Yuba Does the Rumba on the Tuba*, and *Sing Something Simple*. A hundred percentage of sameness is bound to become monotonous, and we must have songs which are not romantic and sweet in thought and melody. Frankly, that is what I am looking for these days—songs with an original idea, with a thought that is radically new and different.

Monte Segal, who wrote *When the Pussy Willow Whispers to the Catnips*, is perhaps the only dyed-in-the-wool song-writer who is constantly pestering me with crazy ideas for songs. He has songs about firemen, about bull frogs, about prohibition, and everything that might be made into a humorous or "nut" song.

Byron Gay, with whom I am collaborating on several songs, is also an originator of funny ideas for songs, and I hope to have a couple of really clever ones to present the publishers in the near future.

In the meantime, this issue of "Tuneful Topics" will deal mainly with songs that are really "sweet and lovely."

Out on the Pacific Coast one of the Tobias brothers is doing well. Charlie, you remember, is most famous for *When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver*. All three brothers collaborated on *Miss You*, when I first began my Paramount engagement two years ago. Harry has been out on the coast ever since we were out there making our picture. Together with Jules LeMare, and that great orchestra leader, Gus Arnheim, he has written one of the oddest songs of the day, a song which, though not lyrically outstanding is melodically so; one of the most difficult songs to sing, due to the quaintness of its tonality, the sudden changing of the key, and the general construction of the piece. It makes a lovely broadcasting tune, one whose melody steals hauntingly over the radio, especially at night.

It has been my pleasure to be driving from Newark to the Pennsylvania Roof in a car equipped with a radio, and no



melody has sounded any sweeter than *Sweet and Lovely*, even when played by some of the most mediocre of bands.

We take about a minute and ten seconds for the chorus, and it is published by Robbins Music, Inc.

Blues In My Heart

IRVING MILLS who, with his brother Jack Mills, constitute the firm of Mills Music, Inc., has to his credit the booking of more successful orchestras than any other music publisher today. Irving was responsible for my first Victor recording test, of which nothing came. The fact that my first test did not convince the Victor people that I was good recording material was no fault of Irving's; politics was involved, and it remained for us at a later date to begin our Victor contract, but I have never forgotten the very fine and dignified way Irving Mills, together with Jimmy McHugh, arranged for Cliff Burwell and me to take a Victor test on *Sweet Lorraine*, and *Georgie Porgy*.

Irving has been a collaborator on several popular hits, *Minnie the Moocher* one of the most recent, but none of them are more lovely than this one, *Blues in My Heart*. I imagine that Duke Ellington, who is Mills' greatest protege, can more than do justice to this type of number, as it resembles, in a great many aspects, Duke's lovely composition *Mood Indigo*.

We play it at about one minute to the chorus, and it is published by Mills Music.

If I Didn't Have You

DIMINUTIVE, cultured, quiet, unobtrusive, but very clever, Milton Ager comes forth with a lovely melody to which E. Y. Harburg has coupled a lovely lyric. I have never met Harburg, though he and Ager are doing fine things together. From their pens have come *It Looks Like Rain* and some very clever songs, none more delightful to listen to than this one, which had a feature place on our Thursday program last week.

We take about one minute and five seconds for a chorus, and it is published by Ager, Yellen and Bornstein.

I Apologize

IN KEEPING with the original type of title to catch the eye, is a new one, authored by Al Hoffman, Al Goodheart, and Ed Nelson. It was my good fortune the other night to meet young Goodheart, who seems to be one of our newest and most promising song writers.

We are doing the song this Thursday for the first time, and although the song is in the rhythm and vein of many others of its type, it is a mighty good song, and one of the best things of which the firm of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson can boast at the present moment.

We play it at about one minute and ten seconds to the chorus.

Goodnight Sweetheart

I REALLY should have started "Tuneful Topics" with *Goodnight Sweetheart*, not because of my own contribution to it, but because I sin-

cerely feel it is going to be one of our outstanding popular songs of the fall season.

Fresh from London, where it was the most popular song at Buckingham Palace during the days of spring court spectacles, requested by both the King and Queen at command performances, and at great functions, the craze of the entire city of London, the song bids fair to duplicate that success here, though whether the White House will request it is another matter.

It has fallen to my happy lot to write the American version of the song and present it. Even though our English cousins write in the same spirit as does Tin Pan Alley, there are slight differences, especially in lyric writing, and melodic structure, too, which generally result in an American version. Ever since this task was allotted to me I have felt that this would be the ideal song for my final signature at the Pennsylvania Grill for the coming winter season. We are going into the Grill on October 1st, and although I had hoped to begin an initial broadcast with that song on that evening, there have been so many requests by American orchestra leaders who have heard the song in one way or another, or who have been requested to play it by Americans returning from abroad, that the firm of Robbins, Inc., who are the lucky disbursers of the song, have requested me to present it for the first time on any radio program, earlier than I had first intended. It will be a pleasure for me to do so, as few songs have intrigued me to the extent that *Goodnight Sweetheart* has done.

We will play it at about one minute to the chorus. By the time this article appears the song should be well on its way to hitdom.

Kiss Me Goodnight But Not Goodbye

GOOD waltzes are scarcer than hens' teeth, and believe me I am serious when I say this. I feel that a radio program, especially of an hour's duration, should have as a lovely contrast from the strict tempo of 4/4 or 2/4, the lovely swing of 3/4; that is why our radio programs always have at least one waltz.

Sam Fox personally wrote me asking me to introduce this song for the first time on the evening the picture in which the song is featured was to see its premier in Chicago. A new Gaynor-Farrell picture, *Merely Mary Ann*, has as its theme song this lovely waltz written by Jules Furthman and James F. Hanley. Hanley will be remembered as the composer of *Little White House In the Lane, Just a Cottage Small, I'm In the Market for You*, and too many other hits to mention.

On the Thursday we broadcast the song, just as the celebrities were filing into the theatre in Chicago for the premier of the picture, we were playing *Kiss Me Goodnight But Not Goodbye*.

It is published by Sam Fox.

What Are You Thinking About, Baby?

SHAPIRO-BERNSTEIN sent me a song a few weeks ago which appealed to me instantly. It is rather unusual for a song to be instantly obviously catchy, as most of them require constant repetition before their attractiveness becomes apparent. "Pardon Me Pretty Baby" was another type of song whose possibilities became quite apparent to me as I glanced at the opening two phrases of the chorus.

The trio who composed *I Apologize* are also the writers of this song. Shortly after our introduction of it on the Fleischmann Hour, I was pleased to find our guest artist, Aileen Stanley, using it as one of her feature songs.

She has been a picker of hit songs for many years, and that is an encouraging sign.

The song is cute, and must absolutely be played slowly. We take about one minute and five seconds for the chorus.

ARE you saving these reviews by Rudy Vallee? They may be found only in Radio Digest from month to month. Mr. Vallee is without doubt the best authority and most able writer on his chosen theme in the United States. Whether or not you are a fan it will be well worth your while to meet and know the real human beings and the stories back of the songs that become nationally known over night. The editors of Radio Digest are proud to present to you Mr. Vallee as your guide. An excellent picture of Rudy and Mrs. Vallee appears in the roto section this month.—Editor.

"Third Little Show" Tunes

FROM the "Third Little Show," the same show that sponsors *When Yuba Does the Rumba on the Tuba*, come three or four songs, all of the same musical comedy type of vein, but extremely catchy and agreeable to listen to. While the composers of the songs are many and varied, the outstanding ones were written by Earle Crooker and Henry Sullivan, who wrote *Falling in Love;* Harold Adamson and Burton Lane, who wrote *Say the Word;* and Edward Eliscu and Ned Lehak, who wrote *You Forgot Your Gloves*. Noel Coward contributed Beatrice Lillie's comedy song, *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*.

The crowd goes out of the theatre humming or whistling *Falling in Love, You Forgot Your Gloves*, or *Say the Word*. These are all to be played brightly, though not too fast. One of the finest recordings I have ever listened to in my life is the Brunswick record of *Gloves* and *Falling In Love* by Vic Young's orchestra; the arrangements are extremely beautiful, and Frank Munn does a beautiful vocal job with Helen Rowland. The songs are published by Robbins, Inc.

Love Letters In the Sand

THE radio critic of the N. Y. Daily Mirror, Nick Kenny, has for some time aspired to a place with recognition in Tin Pan Alley. This should be comparatively easy for him as his poetry, at least in my humble opinion, is the best thing in his column!

Nick is a rough and ready sort of fellow, being an old sailor of the two-fisted, rough and tumble type. Still, from such a rough exterior comes some of the finest poetry of its kind that I have ever read; so it is quite natural that he should eventually turn to song writing, though it is quite humorous at times to see the way he plugs his own songs in his column.

His first successful song was *Laughing at Life*, but his latest, and perhaps his best, is one which he claims was inspired by my trip to Maine last summer, and my subsequent bathing in the ocean at Old Orchard Beach. Some wag reporter is credited with a story that some young lady and I sat on the beach writing love letters in the sand, where the waves washed them away. Whether or not this was true, Kenny seized upon the idea for his song, and did a very creditable job.

One hears the song a great deal on the air, due no doubt, to a desire on the part of aspiring radio artists to secure recognition from Mr. Kenny in his column of the next day, which recognition is usually forthcoming after the song has been rendered.

I can truthfully say my own rendition of the song on several occasions has been because of an appreciation of good song-writing, which opinion I would maintain even though Mr. Kenny should berate me in his column for any reason whatsoever.

The song is published by Irving Berlin, Inc.

Dream Girl of Mine

AN OLD friend of mine, Arthur Daly by name, writer of *When Its Cotton Picking Time In Georgia* and *Gunner Jim*, who was one of my early Heigh Ho supporters, made me

(Continued on page 59)

GABALOGUE

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST



Sid Grauman (left) presents Nellie Revell with a life pass to the Grauman Theatres in California. Harold B. Franklin (right).

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network.

"HOWDY, friends. Radio Digest tells us that television is no longer right around the corner . . . but is here. I hope it's brought its makeup box along because it's certainly going to be tough on some of us whose chins have found us out . . . and who have lived all our lives on the theory of eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we diet . . . and that these new dresses will never fit on a waist line that has past . . . (or one that has a past, either). I could think of a good theme song for television. I'd like to call it . . . 'When Television Starts to Tell.'

These big fat heart-breakers who can croon like a twenty-year-old juvenile or these gymnastic directors who tell us over the air when and how to bend, while they themselves are stretched out reading the sports news, will have to go to work now that television is here. It's all right for Dorothy Knapp, Bernardine Flynn, Ellen Jane Frohman and those raving beauties whose pictures are to be found in the television number of Radio Digest published for September. But there are those among us who still like the old-fashioned radio which helped us keep our secrets. Oh . . . and there's also a nice new picture of Amos 'n' Andy in September Radio Digest. Ain't dat somethin'?

My goodness . . . didn't it get hot last week? And I know why, too. It's because Sophie Tucker arrived back in this country after a year abroad where she's been playing in London and teaching the nobility to sing "Red Hot Mama." And I know why the sun was shining so brightly, too. It's because Ada May Weeks, our own American Pavlova, came back home after playing in London for two years. "You remember Ada May . . . star of *Lollypop, Rio Rita,* and ever so many other musical shows. And I'm sure that with the return of so many prodigals, America should feel like killing the fatted calf. Sophie just reminded me to lay off of that word . . . fatted calf. All right . . . but with Eddie Cantor, Sophie and Ada back in town, it looks like a great season. Well, I guess I had better get started telling about these announcers.

My listeners, no doubt, have observed how many of NBC's announcers are singers. Another soloist is Neel Enslen with a background of operatic and musical comedy experience. Mr. Enslen was born in Delphos, Ohio — sure, that's the name of a place and not a Greek God. And he was graduated from Ohio State University. From Ohio State he went to the University of Rochester and the Eastman School of Music. Degrees in both piano and voice were conferred on Mr. Enslen by the Bush Conservatory in Chicago.

Mr. Enslen was one of the first twelve singers selected by George Eastman for his American Opera Company. He was also schooled in dramatics by Ruben Mamoulian, now of the New York Theatre Guild. While at the University of Rochester, Mr. Enslen met Miss Beatrice Kneale. Later, Miss Kneale became famous in *My Maryland* and in December, 1929, became

s. Enslen. They live at Hempstead, g Island, in the cutest little cottage t ever saw.

HARRY RESER, direc- of the Cliquot Club Eskimos' or- stra, heard weekly on NBC, is a at stringer. No . . . I don't mean at you think I mean. What I started say was . . . Harry Reser is a mas- of string instruments. He plays the tar . . . the banjo . . . the mandolin . the violin . . . the zither . . . and harp and all with equal skill. Yes, l he can toot a Sax, too. Harry's ne town is Piqua, Ohio, and he be- his musical career at the age of 16 violinist in a movie orchestra at yton, Ohio.

guess I've told you before of the uties we have in the NBC New rk studios who serve as hostesses. I haven't . . . any visitor to the th avenue offices will. And we have e very charming women executives, . Among the prettiest is Madge cker, who has charge of the Sunday rning Children's Hour, which, by way, she originated. Miss Tucker o originated the idea for Jolly Bill l Jane, and brought Jolly Bill inke into radio. Although Madge cker is best identified with kid pro- ms, she also produced and directed first radio mystery ever broadcast. at was "The Step on the Stairs," sented five years ago.

Madge Tucker was christened Mar- et Tucker. But when she was 10 nths old, her parents decided Madge ed her better than Margaret, and dge she has been ever since. She s born in Centralia, Illinois, where father ran the biggest store in town. ss Tucker was educated at schools St. Louis, Chicago, Washington and w York. She was an actress on the itimate stage before radio snared . Her aerial debut was made in the ashington NBC studios when she d children's stories. The children ply adore Miss Tucker. One rea- , perhaps, is because she takes the n stand that children shouldn't eat nach unless they like it. And what ild does?

And now, gentle listeners. I have a l Horatio Alger story for you. One those stories about a kid who agged himself up . . . with the aid of lf a dozen orphan asylums. I'm talk- g about Jesse Crawford, marvelous ganist. He is, I believe, the best- own organist in the world. Every e who has ever been to New York s at some time or another been to the ramount Theatre. And, if so, has ard Jesse Crawford at the organ. ou know that great big organ that kes you feel so churchy as it peals forth. You feel so subdued and digni- fied when you get in the Paramount if the organ is on and you sink down in a seat expecting every minute to hear a choir break out singing . . . "Oh Promise Me" or something like that . . . and see a bride come down the aisle. And all of a sudden, Crawford starts in to play "Button Up Your Overcoat," or "Boop-boop-a-doop" or "The Pagan Love Song," knocking all the religion out of you. And then throws colored slides on the curtain and asks you to join in singing. I did . . . and now you know why I can't sing. I'm trying to follow Jesse Crawford's organ.

JESSE CRAWFORD is what is known as a coast defender . . . having been born on the Pacific coast . . . Spokane, to be exact, in 1894. His father died when Jesse was very young . . . leaving the mother impoverished. But she made a brave effort to keep the home together . . . but found Jesse quite a problem. He wouldn't stay home . . . and he wouldn't go to school. The despairing mother conspired with the nearest police captain to give young Jesse the scare of his life. She marched him over to the station. The police captain, a 270 pounder, looked as ferocious as he possibly could at this little mite of seven. He thundered at him like Ed Thorgensen announcing a fight. "Young feller," he roared, "do you want me to send you to a reform school?" Jesse looked at him more interested than frightened and said . . . "Have they got a piano there?"

The officer, an understanding man, and himself a father, realized that he had unconsciously put his finger on the cause of Jesse's insubordination. He dropped his hard-boiled veneer . . . quit woofing the child . . . and got his confidence. And learned that when Jesse was playing hookey he was always at the home of some youngster who had a piano and who would let him thump it. His mother was induced to put him in an orphanage for boys . . . where he would have the supervision of the Order of Catholic Brothers.

Jesse didn't win any scholarships there, either. One day, he went on an exploring expedition in the attic of a rumbling old edifice. It was one of those crumbling buildings with hidden stairs and an attic which no youngster had ever invaded. He found a room filled with dust-covered brass musical instruments of every sort and make . . . and Jesse was sure he was in heaven. He picked one up and tried to blow it. It worked! And he says that to this day no achievement has ever afforded the exquisite thrill that came at finding he could blow it. And at every opportunity, Jesse would steal away to the attic to practice. One day while he was blowing his little head off playing the only tune he knew . . . and that was "The Holy City," . . . he saw standing before him, one of the strictest of the Brothers.

Poor Jesse was so frightened he dropped the cornet and fully expected a good strapping for invading forbidden territory. The Brother, it seems, was a musician, or had been one. "Do you like this instrument so much, my son," he asked the almost petrified boy. "Oh, I just love it," said Jesse, as soon as he could speak. "All right, then, I'll teach you how to play it," replied the Brother.

Well, that was the beginning of Jesse's musical career . . . and he was allowed to practice daily on the cornet. A priest who was visiting from Seattle heard him and had him transferred to his school, because he would just fit in with a band which he was organizing. While there, another Brother undertook to give him lessons on a very dilapidated piano.

BUT Jesse played it . . . and loves to tell of how he used to go and peek into the big parlor of the institution . . . the parlor where they were only allowed to enter when somebody came in to visit them. He saw a baby grand piano there and how he yearned to just touch it. One time he was called in to be shown off to a visiting committee or something . . . (He doesn't know the nature of the visit) . . . and he backed away from them up to the piano and reached his hand behind him just so he could pat the leg of the piano.

One of the priests saw him. "That's no place to pat a piano," he said, and lifted him up to the keyboard. "There's where you pat a piano," he said, pointing to the keys. And Jesse patted it and he must have patted it pretty well, because there was a whispered conference among the priests . . . as Jesse kept on playing the only piece which he knew very well.

The next day, Jesse was taken away again . . . but this time to another school which was not quite an orphanage . . . but which was under the supervision of the Church . . . a Brothers' Prep School . . . where his music was given very respectful consideration.

When he was 14, he left the orphanage and went out on his own . . . and got a job delivering tea and coffee. And roomed in a house where he could have the use of a piano. Some man who roomed there realized the boy could not get much work around unless he belonged to the musicians' union. And as a Christmas present . . . he put

(Continued on page 87)

Broadcasting from

The Editor's Chair

Spending Money Most Wisely

RECENTLY a release of the National Broadcasting Company revealed the fact that the booking branch of this organization was responsible in the past year for spending some $10,000,000 for talent. Think of it. No movie or play has ever been produced involving talent cost at anything like this figure, despite the fabulous salaries and famous names of the screen and stage. In the case of "talent of the air," moreover, the resultant programs are FREE, whereas the public is expected to pay veritable fortunes as the price of admission to these other arenas of talent. The fact remains, however, that much of the money spent for broadcasting programs is spent without reasonable advance assurance that the offerings will be well received by the public. Audience getting formulas have been reduced to a more or less exact science in these other fields, because the answer is written in the total of paid admissions.

In the case of programs of the air, however, it is difficult for the most conscientious and lavish creators of programs, be they sponsored or sustaining, to gauge with great rapidity or great accuracy the success of this or that specific program —particularly a new program. Of course, the use of premiums, souvenirs, answers to inquiries, etc., gives an index through the fan mail received, but this process is open to wide errors, as is also the various methods of checking up public interest in specific programs by personal and telephone canvassing. The elapse of time and the introduction of new programs can change so many things so rapidly that it is extremely difficult to keep up with the changing moods and reactions of the public and the immediate popularity of a given program.

With a view to expediting and improving the determining of program popularity, the editors of Radio Digest will welcome letters from our readers relating to (1) types of programs you would like more of (2) new types of programs you would like to see introduced, (3) your suggestions as to the most effective methods by which broadcasters can check program popularity and (4) your ideas on how specific programs now on the air can be improved by certain additions or eliminations.

We will publish as many such letters as space permits. In writing us on one or more of the subjects mentioned, please bear in mind that you will not be helping Radio Digest or the broadcasters (both of whom will be duly grateful) as much as you will be helping yourself. The unique thing about Radio is that *everyone* using time on the air wants to please the public as often and in as large numbers as possible. It is, therefore, imperative that listeners express their opinions about and judgments of programs as freely and as extensively as possible. By so doing the public will assure itself of getting a maximum of what it wants and of cutting down to a minimum what it don't want—and, of course, this means that the fortunes spent on talent will be spent as nearly 100% as possible on the kind of talent that *is* most popular with the people.

Broadcasting the News

WITH the reappearance of the March of Time program Radio Digest again points out that this type of broadcasting with various modifications is going to take hold in tremendous fashion. It may sweep into a scope of far greater trend than its creator ever dreamed.

The idea may become the pivot around which will swing hostile elements of the press and the broadcasters. This is intimated in the report published on page 20 sent to us by Mr. Charles H. Gabriel, Jr., of Radio Station KNX, Hollywood, California.

We are informed that owing to an especially keen local interest in a murder trial there the station attempted to broadcast the hearing directly from the court room. Its efforts were thwarted by the judge who acted, it is claimed, under pressure and influence exerted by the press. Undismayed the broadcasters took their microphone to another room and brought in skilled actors to represent the characters in the court room. From here the action was swept instantly to the KNX 5,000 watt transmitter and out to the whole country side where thousands were anxiously waiting to hear every detail of all that transpired. Nimble fingered court reporters quickly converted the spoken words to written transcription.

Runners carried in the transcripts as fast as they were recorded and the actors spoke the actual lines of witnesses and attorneys. People who never had seen the inside of a court room were getting the thrill of real human drama. But another drama was going on behind the scenes—the drama of getting the news and purveying it. The microphone was finally ordered out of the building. But it was set up again in a nearby restaurant . . . and the report of the trial continued.

The traditional spirit of the newspaper man was there. That may have been because ex-newspaper men were at the controls of this new medium. And now KNX has announced that it will produce regularly a Newspaper of the Air with world happenings when they happen; dramatized in brief crisp action. . . "And Time marches on". . . Meanwhile also we have William Hard to cover the League of Nations meeting at Geneva for the "readers of the air."

Station Parade

Pageant of Personalities and Programs as they Appear Across the Continent for the Biggest Show on Earth

rma Glen Plays n Deserted Studios

[T IS the story of one little girl, who has an entire floor of lavish studio space to herself. She is the sole occupant of the elaborate studio uite built for WENR on the 42nd loor atop the Civic Opera Build- ng in Chicago.

Here from the south window ay be seen the 20 mile stretch f Chicago's famous boulevard ystem along the Lake. Looking est you peer down upon the Daily News Plaza across the riv- r, and from the northeast win- ows you feel the rythm of the many bridges crossing the Chi- ago River, which are elevated ith stately majesty one after the ther to admit steamers from the ake or to give them passage out. When the NBC purchased VENR, everyone and everything with the exception of Irma Glen nd the Mighty Wurlitzer Organ ere moved across the river to heir Merchandise Mart Studio. rma was asked to remain and roadcast all programs wherein he used the organ, until a new rgan was purchased for NBC or he faithful old Wurlitzer could e moved; so there she is, and we onder what haunting emotions ittle Irma Glen feels as she works lone surrounded by the lofty walls and rches, which still vibrate with the ounds of all the music they once knew.

[S SHE ever haunted with ghosts of the past, as she brushes the sleeve f memories and feels again the peek- ng touch of things that are gone? In ter reminiscing does she experience gain the thrills of debuts, children's oices, and all those living things that italize those lengthy halls? When in- errogated about these things, she sur- rises us with the reply that "she adores o be alone." She has the canaries which ou hear every day, to keep her com- pany, besides the comforting music she herself produces. She quotes that well- known phrase "it is an acknowledgment of self-deficiency to be afraid of ones own company." So much more can be accomplished when there are no inter- ruptions.

To manipulate the king of instru- ments requires not only keen judgment,



Very small appears little Miss Irma as she sits at her organ console and muses on a glory that has taken wings.

but nimble fingers, feet and brains, for the organ uses all these faculties simul- taneously. In order to keep fit, Irma Glen attributes her good health to the fact that she arises each morning at 6:30 and walks to the studio. Most of her walking is done on the grass through Lincoln Park and along the Lake front, measuring four and one- half miles by her pedometer.

Irma is at the Studio each morning at 9:30 o'clock, to rehearse and arrange her daily programs. We were surprised to learn of the great amount of re- search work necessary to produce fea- tures, such as Miss Glen's "Among the Poets," "Beautiful Thoughts," "Irma Glen's Flower Garden," "Musical Mo- ments," and last, but not least, "Air Juniors." The Air Juniors Club, which is sponsored by the Commonwealth Edison Company, consists of a mem- bership of over one hundred ten thou- sand happy girls and boys. Quite a happy family we would say.

OF COURSE, Irma misses all her comrades,—the members of the original Smith Family, the vast number of musicians and en- tertainers whom she contacted, but there may be a far-off heaven where radio artists will all meet some day.

So, when you listen to the or- gan recital sent to all corners of the globe, each morning as Irma Glen plays on the NBC network, you may picture a "lone little girl thoroughly enjoying her so-called solitude."

Oh Min, Oh Andy-- They're on WGN!

SIDNEY SMITH'S famous Gump entourage is now on the air over WGN. In spite of many obstacles that seemed to ob- struct their arrival they have at last come to life and may be heard from this powerful station of the Chicago Tribune.

First it was to have been Correll and Gosden who were to do the Gump fam- ily. But at that time neither was mar ried and, in single blessedness, they pleaded they would not know what to do if they were faced with Andy's daily domestic problems. So they turned to the blackface Sam and Henry, which preceded their present Amos 'n' Andy.

Over a hundred actors and imper- sonators were tried out during the sum- mer, while a committee composed of WGN representatives, the advertising men who will sponsor the feature and

Sidney Smith, creator of the Gumps patiently listened to the voices, waiting for the right characters to appear before the microphone. It was most difficult to cast the role of Andy Gump, because most opinions were at variance as to what the talkative gentlemen's voice should be like. One afternoon, however, Andy Gump himself appeared in the radio horn, and there was a unanimity of choice immediately expressed. Like most radio auditions, the selections of the actors and actresses for the parts were made in blindfold tests, and even to this date the committee has never seen the acts. Auditions are conducted through the microphone, with the listeners gathered before a radio horn in another studio, to make the sound illusion complete.

The Gumps, Sidney Smith's comic, is the best selling newspaper strip in the world. It appears in approximately 400 newspapers, one-fourth of them in foreign languages. Among other countries, they appear in France, Spain, Denmark, China, Canada, Mexico, Hawaii and Bermuda, in some places in the native tongue. The daily reader circulation is estimated between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000.

Like WGN's three other newspaper strips now on the air, "The Gumps" will not follow the exact trend of the story in the Tribune. The radio adaptations of the family's doings are being done by Thomas J. Foy, former newspaper reporter and cartoonist, with suggestions from Mr. Smith.

It is predicted that the Gumps on the air will become the radio audience's nightly habit, crowded as it will be with humor, sentiment and adventure. It will be the dinner hour laugh.

* * *

Eight Continuity Writers

THERE is no better example of the growth of the new profession, continuity writing for radio, than at WGN, The Tribune station on the Drake Hotel, which employes more of these experts than any other single broadcaster in America.

Most listeners are unaware of the painstaking effort and research behind the thousands of words spoken every day in announcements, narrative or dialogue.

These are contributed by the WGN continuity department, with its eight regular writers, and two who turn from their other work to produce special manuscripts, who are directly responsible for practically every word spoken from WGN. All in the day's work are complete dramatic works, comic strips, commercial and appropriate remarks for the introduction of musical piece or singer. The volume of words turned out daily is close to 15,000, with this figure increasing with special broadcasts or dramatic shows.

From this continuity department come daily all of the announcements made on WGN, as well as the manuscripts for the station's four comic strips, *Harold Teen, Little Orphan Annie, Gasoline Alley,* and *The Gumps.*

Continuity, incidentally, is a slightly misleading word borrowed by some broadcaster years ago from the movies. It means the script, or schedule which the program follows, and includes the utterances for the announcer. The continuity department also prepares the bulk of the commercial program announcements.

Two or three dramatic shows are presented by the station each week, and these are the work of the continuity department.

Since writing for the radio is recognized as a highly individualized field of work, every member of the continuity staff has received his training at WGN, though they have come from widely separated fields. Three of them turned to radio after newspaper and publicity work, another came to WGN after writing for both stage and screen, and three are only two years removed from the campus. And because radio appeals to both men and women, the department is finely balanced with four men and four women writers.

Oldest of the continuity department in years of service is Frank Dahm, who joined the staff in August, 1925. In that time he estimates that he has written a million words of continuity, narrative, dramatic skits, and special productions.

Dahm first attracted attention with his fifteen thousand word script with working directions for WGN's broadcast of *The Miracle.* In December, 1930, he began the writing and production of the radio version of Harold Gary's comic strip, *Little Orphan Annie,* which is enjoying phenomen success.

After a long period of service as writer for stage and screen, Jean Co over came to WGN from New Yo two and a half years ago. A talente dramatist, she has been responsib since that time for nearly all of t plays and dramatic episodes present from the station. Miss Conover al dramatized the popular series of stori from grand opera which the stati presented last winter and sprin WGN's continuity department boas two members who wear the coveted k of Phi Beta Kappa, honorary schola tic fraternity. They are Kay Chase a Blair Walliser, both of whom came WGN late in 1929, shortly after gra nation from Northwestern universit Miss Chase, while in school, was t editor of the campus literary magazir *The Scrawl.* A few months ago s began writing the script for one WGN's comic strips, *Uncle Walt a Skeezix.*

Blair Walliser's career parallels th of Miss Chase. He joined the staff the summer of 1929, shortly after l graduation from Northwestern, whe he was identified with the campus h morous magazine, the *Purple Parr* and *The Scrawl.* He demonstrated much success with a series of Sund afternoon concerts for children, f which he prepared special continui that he was selected to dramatize t first of the station's attempts at ada ing a newspaper comic strip to the r dio, *Harold Teen,* a year ago. Thc sands of listeners follow Blair's rac adventure of Carl Ed's character night

Mary Afflick, who turns out most f the advertising and commercial a nouncements, came to the station 1930 with a wide background of adv tising experience. She attended Wa ington University, St. Louis, special ing in journalism and advertising. T series of programs entitled *This Th Called Music,* was her work, and she at present occupied with a new set f programs, *Chicago's Yesterday.* Oth who write daily for WGN are Ha Hopkins, best known as the author the new children's program, *The Pun and Judy Symphony* probably the o juvenile program on the air employ twenty musicians.

Erna Phillips, creator of the da serial program, *Painted Dreams,* a the philosophical feature, *Ma Brown,* both of which she enacts roles hers and Thomas J. Foy, former newspa reporter and cartoonist, who is n adapting Sidney Smith's famous *Gu* for radio presentation.

Two other members of the W staff, Quin Ryan and Edward Ba write their own productions. Ba joined the staff in 1926, as a pianist a

THERE is no one who knows better what is going on around the studios than the people who are right there. The editors of Radio Digest welcome news from the station writers or authorized representatives. We like snappy personality paragraphs and the prize jelly roll for such contributions goes this month to Mr. Monroe Upton of KFRC, San Francisco. We would especially like to hear from more stations in the Central and Southern sections.

is now in the program department. It was he who dramatized the series of Chicago's history, with the stories set to original music by Alfred G. Wathall.

"Seckatary Hawkins" Gives Children Drama

THIS idea of coddling the kiddies over the air is "all wet" says they. Dramatize your stuff and they'll come back with new ones day after day.

And that is the theory upon which Robert Franc Schulkers, known as "Seckatary Hawkins" to the youngsters, has built up his juvenile audience at WLW for the past eight years.

A deep long-drawn blast of a steamboat whistle and the soft strains of *Away Down Upon the Swanee River*—each Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock—call literally thousands of children throughout the United States and Canada to the radio and to WLW for another thrilling adventure of "Seckatary Hawkins" and his chums down on the old river bank.

For more than eight years this chubby youngster—who is as lovable as he is chubby—has been a favorite among American children and grown-ups who have followed the adventures of "Seckatary Hawkins" over WLW since 1923 and through the comics and magazine sections of the newspapers since 1918.

Robert Franc Schulkers, creator of this ever-popular juvenile character, is one of the pioneers in radio broadcasting for children and with "Seck" holds the distinction of keeping the interest of his audience over a longer period of years than any other similar radio feature.

Schulkers began writing stories for youngsters while still a youngster himself. He sold his first manuscript when but 14 years of age and has been writing for Young America ever since. His "Seckatary Hawkins" series was originated in 1918 and is based on some of his own experiences along the banks of the old Ohio, near which he spent his boyhood.

In addition to writing his "storylogues" Schulkers dramatizes them himself over WLW, impersonating each of the many characters interwoven in these inimitable tales. "In this way," says the author, "the never entirely forgotten boyhood ambition of mine to become an actor finds an outlet."

Dick Pavey, WLW announcer, has wrecked three automobiles in learning to drive—and hasn't learned yet.

WKBW Wells was There

WHEN kings are dethroned John D. Wells tells the radio audience about it over WKBW, and he tells them about the time he chatted with the king. Thirty years as a newspaperman, most of them as managing editor at one time or another of the three Buffalo papers, have given him an insight into the news of the day which takes his listeners behind the scenes.



The rich romantic quality of this singer's voice has insinuated itself into the hearts of Detroit radio audiences, men and women alike. Regina Ruth breathes melodies into the mike in such a manner that you just feel that she is curled up beside you and is crooning into your own exclusive ear. Try at the very first Tuesday that comes around on the Red Apple Club program . . . WJR . . . or over WMBC every morning.

It was Wells who met William Jennings Bryan at the station and apologized for the car he was driving. Bryan smiled and informed him that a man who had ridden the Democratic donkey had no fear of automobiles.

The great and the near great—John D. Wells knows them all. There is hardly a news story of national or international importance which he is unable to humanize with some intimate recollection.

Wells was one of the reporters who informed the world that McKinley had died. He was one of the first to greet Roosevelt, and he was a personal friend of The Colonel.

One evening he tells his listeners over WKBW of the time he helped a German prince search for a collar button under the dresser. The next night a news story of the day reminds him of his association with Mark Twain when they worked together on the city desk of the Express.

"The meanest man in the world gave his deaf mute wife a pair of mittens for Christmas." Wells breaks into his comment on the news to illustrate the point with a witticism.

Occasionally he brings news to the radio audience before the newspapers have it. The love of a "scoop" which comes with thirty years of newspaper training makes him dig out many of his own local stories and "break" them before the news agencies do.

A famous old Buffa'o hotel was closed after half a century, and Well's recollection of its palmy days brought him hundreds of letters from every part of the country. They were letters written by men who had remembered the hotel in the "old days."

Not long ago a local politician attempted to give the WKBW news commentator a "job" which would mean very little work and much remuneration. The following evening no mention was made of the interview of the previous night, but the campaign for the correction of political abuses continued.

One of the most popular suggestions was for the establishment of the Oh Hell Club which Wells formed one evening after a particularly glaring bit of political publicity had found its way into the press. The Oh Hell club now numbers among its members most of Buffalo's prominent citizens, and John D. Wells is the official and capable "debunker."

When Chic Sale wrote "The Specialist" he called on John D. Wells to write the foreword because it was in Well's home that he had first recited the piece. Celebrities in every part of the world are catalogued in his remarkably retentive memory, because Wells is something of a celebrity himself in the world of news gathering.

WFAA Musicians Tune Up Golf Clubs

DO YOU know remarkable things happen when musicians get together?

At Dallas, Texas, there is under way a golf tournament on El Tivoli Links for musicians only, and only for musicians in good stance.

The orchestra from WFAA and

others from the station staff who have to contact these persons, entered in a body. Others, from various, separated and diverse sources, entered in solo.

George Chase, General Manager of WFAA, deeply versed in music of Cornell, is one of the stars. Alexander Keese, Musical Director and Production Manager of the station, promised to shine but quickly went into total eclipse in the hazards. Like fate befell Edward Dunn of the Announcing Staff, and James Jefferies, a fellow-spieler, who are musicians by absorption and harmonics. They are "divot-ees" of the clubs.

Mr. Chase caused a brand-new ruling, when a master stroke carried the ball some 250 yards where it struck a stump in such manner as to go deeply into a hole made by rat or rabbit. There it stuck. The stump had to be dynamited to remove the ball.

Lynn B. Henson, Mechanical Supervisor of Station WFAA, has just taken up the game, but with the thoroughness with which he does everything and plenty of experiment. At one point in the game, teeing off, he smote mightily after the manner of seekers for a hole-in-one. But the ball went at almost exactly right angle from the intended line and passing between the feet of a golfer in the midst of a swing from tee, it knocked the ball from that player's tee just in time to escape his club. Both balls bounded merrily away. As it was impossible to tell which was Mr. Henson's sphere, he had it all to do over. Mr. Henson qualifies as a musician, for golf purposes, because he whistles instead of swearing, at times.

The matches are at intervals of several days and will last well into the fall.

Studio Gossip at KFRC

By Monroe Upton

MURRAY and Harris, KFRC's new harmony team, are both from Minneapolis, Minnesota and neither one is of Swedish descent. That's their first claim to fame. They attended military school together and years later met at a radio station in Los Angeles when they formed the Murray-Harris team. Since they have played in musical shows and in RKO vaudeville. They have written a great many songs.

EUGENE HAWES, who lives the character of "Pedro" for the benefit of KFRC audiences, says that he has no desire to play Hamlet, like most comedians. He believes in sticking strictly to his "knitting"—if it isn't funny he can't use it. He's always looking for a laugh.

He writes all of his own acts and someday he expects to devote all of his time and energy to writing. As regards his prejudice against work he says that he didn't invent laziness but he improved upon it.

NORMA SCHILLER, heard on the KFRC Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree lately is a Los Angeles girl. This is her first radio engagement. She has been doing a singing and dancing act in vaudeville for some time, and has also made a number of shorts in Hollywood. Paul Ash featured her in his revues in Chicago.

Walter Bunker, Jr., KFRC's chief announcer, is spending his vacation with the Bohemian Club's annual encampment at Bohemian Grove. Edna Fischer, also away, is at Packer Lake in the High Sierras. Monroe Upton is at Lake Tahoe. (This for the last part of July.)

Add to the list of things girls leave home for the KFRC Happy Go Lucky Hour. Margaret Cantrell and Minnie Robertson, with only a working capital of $2.60 between them, walked all the way from Tulsa, Oklahoma to San Francisco, according to a San Francisco paper. (The Examiner.) They stated they wanted to see the Happy Go Lucky gang at KFRC.

William H. Wright, KFRC's Question and Answer man, recently checked up his weight on one of those scales that tell your fortune on the same card that registers your weight.

Imagine the feelings of the Question and Answer man when his card read: "You have the faculty of making people come to you for advice. You have a great store of knowledge."

Nora Schiller, KFRC staff singer, played the Pantages circuit when she was eight years old. She entered a high school in San Diego when she was eleven—the youngest student ever to enter the institution.

Consternation reigned on KFRC's Feminine Fancies one day recently when a mystery play was scheduled to go on the air and Dick Rickard, who was cast for one of the parts, suddenly disappeared. The show went on as scheduled, however. Dick was discovered in an orchestra chair holding a trumpet—and grinning broadly. He said the idea of disguising himself as a trumpet player was just to get into the spirit of the play.

"You're getting a bit gray about the temples," said Edna O'Keefe, KFRC star, to her fellow artist, Pedro Gonzales recently.

"Leesten," (it was reported to the publicity department Pedro replied), "I don't care eef I am getting purple, what I don' wanna get ees barefooted on the skull."

WHILE on his vacation this year Cal Pearce of KFRC, San Francisco, promoted a golf tournament at Feather River Park. For size and interest it set a record in that part of the country. People came from Reno to participate. Jack Harris was low gross, Jack Sullivan low net. Cal was runner up. Al is an old time fisherman but Cal did his first fishing this year on Grass Lake. He'd heard so much about it he decided to give it a try. And in spite of the fact that he fell in the lake he caught his first fish and got a big thrill out of it.

KFRC's new Estey Minuet is being played by the organist who opened Roxy's famous theatre in New York City, Chauncey Haines. He is a University of Southern California boy, having played football there in 1920 and 1921. He studied music under Rudolph Friml, when that famous man was a teacher in the Los Angeles Public Schools.

Many people wonder how Meredith Willson's continual round of duties at the KFRC studios allow him any time for rest and relaxation. The versatile young musical director even returns to the studios on his day off in order to hear the weekly auditions. On a recent Friday, however, with his wife Peggy, he flew to Los Angeles to visit old friends in Hollywood he knew when he was making pictures. They flew back in time for the Sunday night Cadillac-LaSalle Concert.

Marjorie Lane Truesdale, KFRC Happy Go Lucky favorite, is 12 years old, 4 feet 2½ inches tall and weighs 68 pounds. She is in the 8th grade at Presidio Junior High School. English is her favorite subject, with typing second. Marjorie first performed at her dancing school at the age of 2½. When she was four she was doing a dancing act on West Coast Time. Her dancing is always a feature of the Happy Go Lucky appearances. She fully intends to be a movie star when she grows up.

If his father hadn't fired him, Tommy Harris, KFRC vocalist, would probably still be working in the family wholesale fruit and vegetable business. Papa Harris, however, concluded that Tommy would learn more of life by working for somebody else and so he gave him the blue envelope. Tommy

came up to KFRC for a tryout and was accepted. His first success was on the Happy Go Lucky Hour.

HARDY GIBSON, of the KFRC team of Doakes and Doakes, once had a vaudeville partner named Jimmy Wells who was very proud of his high tenor. One night Gibson slipped a new orchestration into the musicians books with a high note two tones higher than high C. Wells had to screech to make it. But he walked off the stage remarking: "Everybody in that orchestra is playing bass."

News Notes From KFOX

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused lately by the dance music played by Charles Gaylord and his orchestra over KFOX and the memory of many recalls Gaylord during the time he was featured with Paul Whiteman and his band and before he came to Long Beach, Calif.

A mandolin teacher came to a little town in West Virginia, offering a mandolin as a prize to the one pupil of his class who could play the best after thirty-six lessons. Charles Gaylord, then a lad of seven entered the contest and won the mandolin, which was possibly the greatest stimulation for his colorful musical career to follow.

The mandolin soon gave place to a new interest in the form of a violin. After six years study, Charles became leader of a Sunday School orchestra, an ambition realized.

At the age of seventeen Charles' parents sent him to West Virginia University to become a doctor of medicine. All thoughts of a musical career had been put aside.

During his third year in college an incident occurred that again started Charles on an unchosen musical career. A train wreck caused the delay of an orchestra engaged to play for the College Junior Prom. The guests were assembled for the much heralded evening, but no music! Charles was asked to hastily form an orchestra from some of his fraternity brothers. In less than an hour this inexperienced group of musical students were furnishing amusement not only for the dancers, but for themselves as well.

Having had so much fun on their impromptu engagement, the boys decided to stay together and play fraternity dances for the balance of the school term. The Mason-Dixon Seven, as the aggregation was named gained in popularity so quickly under the leadership of Charles Gaylord that within a year they were playing the college dances in all large colleges in the East and South, including Cornell, Yale, Harvard,



In television the radio love-scene must necessarily look like the real thing. Kisses have to be planted where they belong, instead of on the back of the hand held before the microphone—so Ann Chase and Carleton Young of the NBC National Players in San Francisco, are doing a bit of rehearsing. Ann was among the leaders in the third annual search for the most beautiful radio artist in America, being conducted by the Radio-Electrical World's Fair in New York. She and Betty Kelly, also an aspirant for the microphone's crown of beauty represent Station KGO San Francisco and Oakland, key-station of the National Broadcasting Company's Pacific network.

Princeton, Syracuse, Carnegie Tech and others.

Gaylord's orchestra soon became a sensation and its members attained individual fame. Skin Young, now a feature with Abe Lyman's Orchestra, Dillon Ober, featured with Ben Bernie, Fuzzy Knight, who later became a sensation in vaudeville, Jack Fulton, now a soloist with Paul Whiteman, all were members of the Gaylord organization. A trio, composed of Charles Gaylord, Skin Young and Jack Fulton, gained fame and were featured on Paul Whiteman's records and concert tour.

During an engagement, playing the Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City, Gaylord's Orchestra had as a member, Ted Weems and his brother Art, the former who is now a leader in his own right. Later Gaylord and Skin Young formed a night club, Laiglon Cafe in Philadelphia and working for them at the time was Red Nichols.

While appearing with his own orchestra at the Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City, Paul Whiteman heard Gaylord play and sing and immediately gave him a contract for six years. Gaylord remained with Whiteman until his organization had finished the picture, King of Jazz, at which time he joined several who left the Whiteman Band. Charles organized his own orchestra.

W. B. Anderson; Bob Balch, Guy Dick, Mel Mack, Gus Willy, Wes Hatter, Marvin Butler, Harold Lucas, Mil Ringdahl, Sid Greegield, Art Tynan, and Charles Gaylord all double into several unique combinations.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 51)

his guest on several occasions during my stay in Atlantic City.

Arthur had been carrying for some time, in his head, an idea for a song about a dream girl. There not having been any songs of the dream girl type on the market for some time, I thought it would be a good idea if we worked on it during the hours we were able to spend together. We completed it before I returned to New York, and the following Thursday I was happy to be able to broadcast the song.

Few songs have brought as unusual a response as the first appearance "on any radio program" of *Dream Girl of Mine*. Although the melody is perilously close to many old stand-bys, though none in particular, it is a ballad which I believe fascinates the listener, especially after several renditions.

While it is not especially adapted to "dansapation" still I am hoping that the dance bands will play it. Davis, Coots & Engle appeared very enthusiastic and called up asking me if they might have the song. It reposes in their files, and I have their promise that they are going to do big things with it. For Arthur Daly's sake much more than my own, I am sincerely hoping the song does achieve some prominence, because there is nothing more delightful, after having written a hit, than to come back with another, even after several years intervene between the two writings.

Daly is one of the finest fellows that I have met in the Alley.

Just what tempo it should be played at we ourselves have not discovered, as we have not yet played it for dancing, but as a ballad, especially for three violins, "*devisi*," you will like it.

Radio City

(Continued from page 27)

eration and Engineering of the National Broadcasting Company, interviewed by a representative of Radio Digest, said that every predictable provision is being made in Radio City for probable developments in the radio field. Facilities for both sight and sound broadcasting are being so planned as to allow for forward technical steps which are almost certain to be made before the acres bounded on the North and South by 48th and 51st Streets and on the East and West by 5th Avenue and 6th Avenue have been covered by finished buildings.

"All NBC's plans for its home in Radio City are still tentative in nature," Mr. Hanson said, "but a few matters have been definitely decided upon about which I can tell you.

"To begin with, we will have the world's largest studio there. Its seating capacity will be at least 500 and perhaps considerably more than that. In general aspect this studio will resemble the present NBC Times Square studio; but will be much more elaborately equipped and lavishly decorated. The comfort of visitors to the studio will be considered as carefully as the technical problems affecting broadcasts from it.

"Another unique feature of the NBC accommodations in Radio City will be a studio, or perhaps more than one studio, to be devoted entirely to children's broadcasts. By that I mean programs in which youthful radio stars will be the participants.

"In this studio the playroom atmosphere will be created by decorations, equipment and even by the approaches to it, the idea being to make the child performers feel as much at ease as possible so they will be perfectly natural and unaffected when broadcasting. One of the special features of this studio will be an unusually varied collection of sound devices used in making sounds for which the script of a children's broadcast may call.

"Adjoining the children's studio will be a lounge in which the mothers of the juvenile stars can wait in comfort while their youngsters are on the air. There will also be playrooms for the children themselves where they can find diversion while waiting for rehearsals or for their turns before the microphone.

"Nearly every studio," he said, "will have as an adjunct a glass-enclosed sound-proof observation booth through the walls of which it will be possible for visitors to watch broadcasts in the making and at the same time hear them.

"These booths will be separated both from the studio itself and from the control room so that persons seated in them will be able to talk all they want without fear of disturbing either the performers or the engineer regulating the quality of the broadcast. None of the present NBC studios are thus equipped and it has been found, as a consequence, that monitor engineers are greatly disturbed when visitors are admitted to the control booths."

Television

(Continued from page 17)

Whether this development will do away eventually with the radio broadcaster, or at least limit his usefulness, is a matter that will be watched with great interest by all those interested in the future of the radio industry.

"The situation in London has undergone a big change within the last few days," Mr. Moseley said. "We have begun to transmit from the British Broadcasting Corporation's studios with a portable transmitter, not much bigger than a moving picture projection machine. Yesterday I received a cable from London stating that the first transmission was very successful.

"We propose to bring this new transmitter over here for demonstrations within the next few weeks. We hope to 'televise' a baseball game with this machine. The television spectators will see the players full length, and as much detail of the game as the British saw during the historic transmission this year of the English Derby at Epsom."

The Baird company, Mr. Moseley added, is prepared to share these discoveries with American interests. During the past few days he has been in touch with big banking and broadcasting interests to make the necessary arrangements. Several offers have been made for the American licensing rights, and decision will be made within the next few days as to which of these will be accepted.

Scanning

(Continued from page 18)

The Columbia Broadcasting System receives a comparatively large amount of television fan mail.

Letters come from distant cities and contain more than the average interesting material.

Most unique of all letters, was a proposal to Natalie Towers, Columbia's Miss Television. As far as known, this is the first television romance reported.

Written by an electrical engineer in Baltimore, Md., the letter pleads that the writer's name be held secret and that it be withheld from the press.

"It has been such a pleasure to not only listen to your charming voice each night, but the added delight of actually watching you put over your part of the program, has won my heart," writes the romantic youth. "I do want to know you better. If you will sing 'Lover Come Back to Me' next Sunday at 8:30 P. M., I'll wire you when I can get up to New York.

My television set has been well worth its investment just to know you. Here's hoping I shall see you in real life soon.

I don't care to be laughed at or have this publicized so will withhold all information about myself until we meet personally.

Anxiously awaiting Sunday's program, I am

Signed ————————"

Miss Towers received seven other fan letters. Most of them, however, commented on how well she came over the televisor while another said that her dancing experiment on Tuesday night was received as far away as Boston, Mass.

Radiograms from passengers aboard the S. S. Leviathan reported television reception as good when far out to sea.

O. J. Mills of Hudson Falls, New York writes that despite bad weather conditions television reception of W2XAB and W2XE was good there throughout the week.

"Your clock with the full sweep second hand has aided me greatly in keeping the time up here. We have only a small watch that often stops," he wrote.

Hollis S. Baird, of the Shortwave and television station in Boston wires "Columbia being received regularly at Cohasset with excellent detail stop some fading is usually present especially at sundown."

Other letters comment on the fact that many of the artists acquire a mustache and a beard when they faced the televisor. This, it should be explained, is caused by reflections and shadows and may be entirely eliminated by use of make-up.

Sixty per cent of the fan mail comments on the clarity of images and refers to the reception conditions, also each writer, either describes the equipment or asks questions about other television receptors.

There are others which write that they hear the sound channel but own no television set and others again with televisors and no sound receivers.

The Columbia Broadcasting System is anxious to receive reports on its experimental television programs. Its visual broadcasting is over W2XAB on 2700-2800 kilocycles (107 meters) and its sound is over W2XE on 6120 kilocycles (49.02 meters).

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of America's Great Key Stations



Polly Waters and Clyde Dengler

TWO voices that blend remarkably well . . . two pairs of eyes that meet unusually often . . . two sets of hands that touch so frequently. Tell-tale signs that Cupid is on the job, even in the bewildering maze of "microphonia."

Songbirds Polly Waters and Clyde Dengler are real life sweethearts as well as radio romancers. When you hear these talented youngsters sing on the Bristoleer program on the Columbia Broadcasting System, you are held spellbound by the sincerity and enthusiasm that permeates every word.

But then, their love is infinitely more romantic than any story book tale you know, and that does help to imbue their play-acting with genuine glamour.

It all started a few years ago in Fleetwood, a tiny suburb of Reading, Pennsylvania. Pretty Polly was a high school student. As she hurried to classes one day, her head was full of the new teacher who was coming that very morning. Reaching her room, she carefully smoothed her hair and brushed an imaginary speck of dust from her dress. No one noticed particularly, for each one of the girls was likewise occupied, anxiously awaiting the new hero.

And here he was. Barrie said this about charm, "If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; if you haven't it, it doesn't much matter what else you have." And Clyde Dengler has magnetic charm!

Slowly Polly Waters raised her big brown eyes to his, and from that time on, this little lady has been a believer in love at first sight. Best of all Clyde wasn't much older than she, and what was more important, he singled her out of all the class for attentions.

The excited Polly didn't sleep very much that night, but her eyes were just as bright as ever to greet him in the morning and school took on a new importance.

Then young Clyde discovered that Polly had a voice. He himself, had always been somewhat of a prodigy, and to find the perfect foil for his tenor was an achievement.

Imagine how proud Polly was to receive special lessons in music, and to be selected for the leading roles in scholastic musicals. Mr. Dengler was a much interested teacher and they even had a few "dates." Naturally, in small towns, school-girls are not supposed to "go with" their teachers, and these two had many adventures keeping out of the way of friends and neighbors. That was half the fun, of course!

THEN Clyde Dengler came to Philadelphia to attend the University of Pennsylvania, — and Polly Waters soon followed. Again we find them singing in the Glee Club and the college quartets—always together. In fact, this enterprising young pair worked their way through college by singing on the radio.

Fate seemed determined to play them continually as singing lovers, and their first radio part was *Hon and Dearie.* That was followed in rapid succession by many other roles, in each of which Clyde and Polly were cast as sweethearts or as husband and wife. They were two of the pioneer artists that started at WCAU in the "boiler room" of the Hotel Pennsylvania.

A church choir found the two together every Sunday. More and more they were drawn together and inspired in their singing.

It was inevitable that they were given the leading parts in the college musical operas each year, and again Clyde made ardent love to Polly in *H.M.S. Pinafore* and the *The Mikado.* The next year an operetta called "Hades Inc." was written especially for them and their fame as lovers grew.

Finally, Clyde received his M. A. degree in 1926, but he stayed on at the university as a student director of singing until Polly got her B.S. degree the next year.

By this time,—but you have guessed it—they decided to marry in reality. They made all the arrangements weeks in advance and even had "their song," the one that recurred most often in their lives, *If I Had Known You Dear* by Cadman, sung after the wedding ceremony.

A HONEYMOON was planned, but Clyde and Polly had a singing engagement to fill. Flying to the studio from their home town was thrilling to the adventuresome pair, and after the radio announcer had told the public the news, the two were literally snowed under with congratulations from admirers, which almost made up for missing the wedding trip.

Now, they are a star singing team attracting nation-wide attention. Clyde Dengler is not the usual conception of a radio headliner. He's as boyish as a kid playing marbles, and not much older. He is interested in the scientific side of radio as well as the artistic. Thoroughly acquainted with tonal production, overtones, television, spot recordings, he has a well-grounded backing for his radio singing.

Polly, in her turn, is very lovely and exceptionally sweet. She admits proudly that they sing much better together than apart, and that, of course, isn't hard to believe. Their voices are unusually full of music and have that quality that makes you want to hear them on the air. It probably could be summed



Wallace Butterworth

up as radio personality—for it isn't hard to love a pair of lovers like these.

Nowadays, the happy pair are on several big broadcasts. Their newest one is the Bristoleer program on the Columbia Broadcasting System, sponsored by Brandle and Smith Company.

This charming and real couple, so very much in love, promise much in the way of radio entertainment. To them the world is a garden of songs and life a never ending holiday whose problems can be sung and kissed away. Love's Young Dream Come True!

WALLACE BUTTERWORTH

By Betty McGee

EVERY Radio announcer has a multiple personality.

He's more than his very self—with the phases of an individual personality. He is a hundred different persons—yes, and a thousand—and more. He exists as a different man in the mind of each one, in that vast radio audience, to whom he has become a daily companion. To one he's heavy-set and dark; to another, tall, slim and blond; to another, fat and jolly; and so on ad infinitum, through all the possible combinations — retaining, of course, in every case, the characteristics which are unmistakably his, and his only.

Then, too, the very nature of the work of a versatile announcer requires that he actually *be* a number of persons—that he can adjust himself to different kinds of programs under varying circumstances; that he can switch from broadcasting an exciting sports event to announcing the numbers of a symphony.

So light and shadow in the personality of a radio announcer are more than interesting. They are essential. And here we are reminded that the real purpose of this little story was to disclose something of the man behind the voice of Wallace Butterworth—which voice has made a legion of friends, and belongs to one of the most versatile and popular of the Chicago NBC corps of announcers.

Putting aside the countless Wallace Butterworths that exist in the minds of devoted listeners there are still a number of Wallace Butterworths.

There's the jaunty, good-natured, good looking youth who circulates around the NBC studios like a fresh breeze. There's the artist—who as a little boy saved his money for concerts and opera, and ran for blocks to catch a glimpse of his idol, Caruso. And then there's the business man who never steps before the microphone but with the idea of presenting most effectively the credits of the sponsor of the program.

THE son of a widely known concert pianist, young Butterworth had music appreciation instilled in him from infancy. He was only a little fellow in knee breeches attending grammar school in his home town, Wallingford, Pa., when he obtained a job in a department store selling shoes. In this way the youngster secured funds to train the fine voice that was later to bring him distinction as a singer. With his weekly salary he bought two phonograph records and a seat for the Metropolitan opera, which came to Philadelphia each week. The salary also provided fare to the Quaker City, only twelve miles away from young Butterworth's home town.

After graduating from grammar school Butterworth attended Swarthmore High School. Here he was president of the graduating class in 1920. Following his graduation he studied recording at the Victor Laboratories in Camden, N. J., fitting himself for the managership of the phonograph department of a Chester, Pa., store. During his last two years there he journeyed the twelve miles to Philadelphia each day to study voice.

Then came one of his greatest thrills . . . his appearance on the concert stage. Two successful concert tours through Canada and the eastern section of the United States were followed by a short concert-managerial career in Chester. The youthful manager persuaded Martinelli to sing in Chester for $1,600. When the concert was finished and all accounts rendered Butterworth found himself richer by $20.

There was a more propitious result of this episode, however. Martinelli did a little persuading on his own part and succeeded in getting the young manager again to study voice, and a year in New York under Pasquale Amata resulted.

Butterworth became a radio announcer quite by chance. A business trip to New York led to a visit to the NBC studios where he jocularly asked for an audition. Whereupon he was employed, and has been with that organization since that time. He transferred to Chicago after becoming identified with the Roxy's Gang program, Phil Cook and the Radio Household Institute broadcast. Incidentally, he is now heard regularly on the Pickard Family, the Rin Tin Tin Thrillers, the National Farm and Home Hour and the Chicago Serenade programs.

Mr. Butterworth says that his work as an announcer has not completely taken the place of his musical career, and that he plans at some future date to do musical work on the air. However he insists that nothing in his previous experience has been as interesting as radio. And why shouldn't it be a life full of interest, one asks, when the range of his announcing is recalled. It has fallen to his lot to announce the National Air Races, the British-American International Track and Field Meet, the National corn husking contest, football games and boxing matches, in addition to his regular work on network programs. He also handles Brownbilt Footliters and Yeast Foamers, as well as the Chicago Civic Opera in season.

No matter if the microphone remains a real hazard to many—to Wallace Butterworth it is a source of inspiration. Each approach to it brings a new thrill.

"Before the microphone one never loses the inspiration to be pleasant and happy," said Mr. Butterwork. "One feels a fresh concentration of thought —and in moments of great excitement this concentration is more completely coordinated with the voice."

THE ability to sell a man's merchandise by the manner in which his commercial credits are read is, according to Butterworth, the outstanding qualification of the "ideal" radio announcer. A good, clear voice is, of course, essential, but Mr. Butterworth's advice to the aspiring announcer is to be natural and happy—and above all *smile*. "It's the smile in the voice that people like to hear," he said.

Asked as to the kind of program he likes best to announce, Butterworth expressed a preference for out of doors features or symphonic concerts—with a great artist.

The youth of the breezy ways name

his hobbies—song, women, golf, baseball, poker . . . And although he insists that he likes nothing better than to spend all his spare time in getting sleep, and more sleep, we discovered that he devours books of history and manages to take in the best in drama, his choice in the way of theatre. . . .

Artist—playboy—business man . . . the truly versatile radio announcer.

OLIVE PALMER

By Mark A. Stevens

TELEVISION has no fears for Olive Palmer. She is a treat for the eye as well as the ear as you can see by her photo in the rotogravure section. Petite, dainty and altogether alluring, she has that fresh "school girl complexion" we hear so much about. If her countless admirers could only see her as she stands before the mike, they would be even more charmed.

She even dresses the part. Miss Palmer has always given meticulous care to every detail of her work and she considers dress an important part. Many radio artists wear any old thing and make themselves comfortable before the mike since it has no ears as yet. But not Olive Palmer.

"I select my dresses with as much care as my songs," she said. "It makes no difference that only those in the studio see me. The effect is psychological. If I did not dress my best I feel sure I would not be able to sing my best. There are even certain gowns that match the mood of certain songs."

Miss Palmer dresses with simplicity and taste. She prefers whites and delicate pastel shades, sometimes crisp and again soft flowing and silken, depending upon her mood and the mood of her songs. Certainly dress is a part of personality and the most successful radio stars are those who can get their personalities across.

"IT IS so important," continued Miss Palmer, "to express what you feel in the voice alone. If a song is sad the listener must feel the pathos of it. Longing, a smile, a tear, rollicking good humor, tenderness, a caress; all shades of feeling must carry over to the audience. If the singer is visible, these are easier to convey through facial expression and gestures. But on the radio, the tone takes the whole burden.

"When I sing, I do not think of the vast audience listening in. It would scare me if I did. I forget everything but the song I am singing. And sometimes I try and visualize a friend or two who told me they would listen in, and occasionally someone who has written to me requesting a certain song—and sing to them. Speaking of requests, an old couple from the far West wrote me recently saying their fiftieth anniversary fell upon Wednesday and they were celebrating it during the time of our broadcast, wouldn't I please sing their favorite song—*Silver Threads Among the Gold*, to cap the climax? Such letters as this give me a great thrill and I try to comply with the request whenever possible. That evening I imagined a kindly old couple, sitting hand in hand and surrounded by their friends listening to my song which stirs fond memories in their hearts. It's really wonderful when you realize what radio will do.

"You can't see your audience, but you can use your imagination. Likewise, your audience can't see you, but if they don't send for your picture, they visualize you nevertheless. It is sometimes quite amazing how some of your unseen admirers are able to size you up. I do not know whether it is due to just chance, intuition, or that some quality of your singing actually does indicate the heart and mind of the singer. At any rate, not long ago I got a letter from a woman in Ohio which said; 'I listen to you every week and just know by the way you sing that you must be good. I can't imagine you smoking or drinking or doing any of the things the young people of today think so necessary. My daughter just laughs at this and says; "Moms, you are so old fashioned. She probably goes to night clubs regularly." But I really can't feel you are that sort. Are you?'

"WHILE I certainly do have my faults, I was happy to assure this woman that her appraisal of me was not so far wrong. It is true that I do not smoke, drink or attend night clubs. In fact, I lead quite a simple life. The movies are my major obsession. I like them good or bad. But the daughter of the mother who wrote would probably find me quite dull."

Another letter which Miss Palmer received recently stated. "I wish I had your job, singing once a week and getting the money you get." There is a somewhat general belief that a radio singer leads an easy life. This is far from true. Miss Palmer sang ever since she was five years old and has been studying and preparing herself ever since. She still studies, taking two lessons a week of Douglas Stanley who has given her a range of over three octaves. She must please an audience of millions every week and that's some responsibility, for the public really decided thumbs up or down for the radio singer.

Miss Palmer has sung on the Palm Olive Hour now for over four years and has never missed a performance, nor taken a vacation during that time. She must guard her health constantly for just a common cold might ruin a broadcast. Dissipation, late hours, social life are absolutely taboo. It's the simple life for the singer.

THE story of how Olive Palmer got her first engagement has been much garbled in the press. This is the true account. She was living in Des Moines, Iowa, with her parents, having completed the conservatory course at Drake University and acting as soloist at the University Church of Christ in that city. One day she read in the newspaper that William Wade Henshaw was planning to revive twenty operas in New York. Acting on impulse she put through a telephone call for far off New York and finally got Henshaw on the wire. When Henshaw was able to make out from her excited talk what it was all about, he said.

"Sorry, but the cast is all made up. There is no use of your coming to New York."

Miss Palmer did some quick thinking and then replied, "well just listen to me over the phone."

Soon to the astonished ears of Henshaw came the silvery notes of the famous Shadow Song. He pressed the receiver closer to his ear, for here was unmistakable quality.

She waited breathlessly after she had finished singing but not for long. Soon came back Henshaw's decisive voice.

"Get the first train you can for New York."

Thus began the career of Olive Palmer. She sang in opera and concert and acquired quite a following through phonograph records.

When the Brunswick Phonograph Company was conducting its star guessing contest, she first became interested in radio. Someone in the recording studio asked her, "Why don't you take up radio, you have all the necessary qualifications?"

Why not indeed?

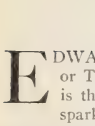
She did take up radio, was one of its pioneers, and is now one of the highest paid singers and most outstanding personalities of the air.

Miss Palmer is what psychologists might call "air-minded." On a recent week end visit to Lake George, she and a party of friends had wandered to a high promontory overlooking a vast stretch of country three miles from the hotel. Someone suggested seeing how far voices would carry and several of the party, including Miss Palmer, sang. Upon returning to the hotel they found that Miss Palmer's song had been quite audible for a distance of three miles. No doubt one reason why Olive Palmer's voice is so perfect "on the air."

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

EDWARD PEYTON HARRIS, or Ted Harris to you, my dears, is the most vivacious, energetic, sparkling and keen-witted young men around the studios. At an early age he must have been inoculated against nervous prostration—for the episodes of which he is a part every day would cause most people to spend their vacations in sanitarias. As Director of the Continuity Department of the National Radio Home-Makers Club, Mr. Harris spends most of his time writing and acting in sketches and conducting a column of his own on the air. He is a very promising young playwright, and his trunk is bulging out with plays which, according to those who know, will be the *best of the season* on Broadway. Mr. Harris' opinion is that every radio person should have an emergency talk on hand—just in case. . . "I wrote such a talk on the art of criticism, as general a topic as I could think of," said Mr. Harris. "For months I had no occasion to use it, but one morning in a frenzy, Mrs. Allen explained that a speaker was late—and something had to be done. I snatched my talk and placed myself before the mike. Mrs. Allen introduced me, but whispered that if the speaker entered, I was to fade away gracefully. I read with one eye on the manuscript, one eye on the operator, one eye on Mrs. Allen, one eye on the door, and one eye on the stopwatch." It looked as if the eyes had it, but after Mr. Harris delivered his oration for a minute, the speaker entered, and Mrs. Allen signalled "no," and Ted did a fadeout. Ted has very big, round, black flashing eyes which laugh most of the time. His main interest is plays, his work is writing plays, and his hobby is —plays. His most devoted fan is Townsend, the famous photographer.



Ed. P. Harris

* * *

AND now for George Hicks' admirers who are legion. This young announcer's career is a model of what a radio announcer usually goes through before he is acclaimed by the "vast, unseen audience." After he finished high school in Tacoma, Wash., where he was born some 25 years ago—or perhaps after high school finished him he began work in sawmills and in logging and construction camps. Then followed two years at the College of Puget Sound. He tried job after job until a sailor became he, skimming the waters as far north as Kotzebue in the Arctic Circle. In the Washington headquarters of NBC, George Hicks was selected from among 200 aspirants for the position of announcer—just three years ago. If during one of his programs you heard the unfamiliar title of the number —*Jump the Waltz,* and by the way, some people don't have to be instructed to jump or hop during any dance—the following will throw a little light on the subject for you. The end of the program was at hand. There were still two more numbers to be played—a waltz and a march—and the orchestra leader whispered excitedly to George, "Jump the Waltz, we'll take the march," and George obediently announced. "Ladies and gentlemen, we'll next hear *Jump the Waltz,* a march.



George Hicks

* * *

TODDLES, Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, and your own Marcella donned our Empress Eugenie chapeaux, alighted into our Victorias drawn by sixty miles per hour horse power, and attended the gala performance of the Majestic Hour over CBS, Sunday night. It was simply magnificent! After we listened to Redferne Hollinshead sing *Danny Boy,* Toddles pushed aside the trailing feather which swept from her hat down one ear and up the other and confided, "Holly is the only tenor I can listen to without having to clutch my chair, as if I were coasting down a scenic railway. I generally have to hold my breath when the rest of the family of tenors try to climb those top notes." I could not help but marvel at Toddles' observations—because that's exactly the way I feel about Holly. Of course, confidentally, Toddles might have heard me say the same thing at some previous concert of Hollinshead—there have been other occasions when I felt that there must be some parrot strains in her ancestry—but with all her faults—I love Toddles just the same. On the same program were Irvin Cobb, more philosophical than humorous, DeWolf Hopper in the drawn-out but clever *Casey at the Bat,* Gus Van, Ruth Etting, Ben Selvin and his band in their clever orchestrations of popular tunes—and of course, Toddles and myself—at the other end. You know there are two ends to everything, but it certainly makes all the difference in the world at which end you're (at)—that last word is what grammaticians, rhetoricians, electricians and others call a redundancy, but we'll just leave it there—it looks so cute! By the way, Toddles is particularly anxious to have *them there* Majestic programs continued—for tucked away in her stockings are fifty shares—bordered handsomely with guilt—of Majestic stock.



Hunter Sawyer

* * *

WHILE those rare public servants columnists and reporters, are vainly trying to escape from the shrapnels aimed at them by CBS and NBC in the might cause of the Bigger and Better Bari tone, with Bing Crosby (Columbia) and Russ Columbo (National) in al most a tie, WOR is modestly standin aside and giving to its listeners th voice of a tenor who would be th proud possession of either network each paused to listen. Hunter Sawyer broadcasts regularly at 5:15 on Sunday and his program, *Favorites—New an Old,* is the delight of the jazzy-wear radio fans. His voice has a deep, ric and almost spiritual quality, and his u usual gift was discovered by the ma ager of the first Amer cana Revue in which h made this theatric debut.



Mary Olds

* * *

MRS. Herbert Dreher of Flint, Mich one of Mary Olds' e



Milt Cross

thusiasts, writes a glowing two page letter about the creator of the original Jean Lambert Dale Hour, *Over the Coffee Cups*, but deplores her absence on the ether. Mrs. Olds does broadcast, but via electrical anscriptions. Some of her programs re *Pequot Personalities, Lehn and ink* and there is some good news in ie wind that's blowing in the direction f Mrs. Olds' office where she operates ramatized Radio Merchandising. Not nly that but Leonard Cox who did the lain Street Sketches when they were n WOR, is now under her manageent. And leave it to Mary to place im on a striking feature program. She 43, has had a few short stories pubshed and many more not published—et—has four children, and one grandild. Was Business Manager and rogram Director of KFRC, San Franisco, where she displayed her true gift f showmanship, and now in her Dramtized Radio Merchandising, this same kill is leading her on to great success.

* * *

AT LAST! There is actually another in radio to claim New York as ie city of his birth. Toddles and I ugged this distinction so close to our osoms that we felt ourselves the unrowned rulers of this high-hatted etropolis. So, hail to our ranks, Milon J. Cross—and what a trio we make! filt is 33, looks down from a height f six feet, has a charming disposition —but alas, my dears—sorry to disapoint you—there's a Mrs. Cross in the ross homestead and a Miss Cross—ust five—who gets her blue eyes from daddy. A treasured possession in filt's home is a clock carved into the hape of a microphone from a block of nthracite coal. There is nothing like aving a reminder of one's job at home. Mr. Cross is an alumnus of DeWitt linton High School, and studied music the Damrosch Institute of Musical rt.

* * *

THE Dixon Family has expanded its ast of characters with the addition of eter Dixon, Jr., who is at present exrcising its vocal cords and giving the eighbors plenty of auditions.

Edwin Drillings is a devout exponent f radio romances as an economy durng these dull times. He is at present ourting a young lady in a small town n Ohio via radio—and—well, he saves he cost of meal and theatre tickets. But Edwin is a very jovial person and ot at all prosaic even though he is a adio engineer—up at the Ida Bailey llen studios. Is a member of the Tribe f Israel.

SOPHIE STERN, WMCA's fairest and most attractive soprano, was giving an audition at the station. She walked up to a handsome Indian floor lamp and addressed it in sweet and melodious tones. A. L. Alexander, Chieftain of WMCA's program heralds, rolled up in laughter and for fully five minutes was unable to tell Miss Stern intelligibly through his chuckles that she was not singing through a microphone. She has been guest soloist on Radio Digest's program over WMCA and one would never believe that there was such a skeleton in her closet.

* * *

DEAR Betty Allen of Rosebud, S. D.: Won't you forgive your poor Marcella for having delayed so long with your request? Well, I knew you would, and I thank you. Let's begin with John Sloan. The reason you have not heard him over WNAX is that he is now continuing his musical studies in the Yankton Conservatory of Music. You see he wants to get his Bachelor of Music Degree.



Eddie Dean

But here, I must not forget to introduce you to the Dean Brothers. Here's Eddie and down below is Jimmie. John dePagter, Advertising Manager of WNAX tells me that the boys were born at Sulphur Springs, Texas on a cotton farm which their father is still operating. Eddie is the same Uncle Eddie of the Children's Hour. He has a contagious smile in his voice that attracts his listeners. Life on the cotton farm became dull so Eddie thithered to Dallas where he got himself a job in a machine shop. From that he drifted into a professional quartet and barnstormed around the state, and then into Chicago where he sang in night clubs and vaudeville. He has been with WNAX for three years and his popularity is ever increasing.



Jimmie Dean

Jimmie is the younger of the two boys. He is a fine athlete and has walked away from many contests bearing blue ribbons. When he went through high school he started to work on some Texas oil fields, managed a grocery store in between and helped on his dad's cotton farm in-in-between. More than a year ago Jimmie visited his brother at the station and then and there it was decided that the boys team up—And a mighty fine pair they make.

* * *

WHEN you heard Albert Coates conduct the Lewisohn Stadium Concerts which were broadcast over CBS the last three weeks of August, did you even suspect that he was a descendant of an honest to-goodness pirate chief? Oh, yes, there is a Stevenson-flavored tale of stolen chests of silver of a pirate ancestor who, banished from his country, returned many years later with some thirty ships bearing all kinds of treasures and who gave his king hush money for a safe return to his native land. Little did this hoary-chested pirate ancestor realize that five or six hundred years later a direct descendant would control in part the musical destinies of a nation and that this grand-grand-grand—and more-grand nephew would play so great a role at the Royal Court of Russia. Little did he realize the heartaches he would cause his relatives who were to spend their lives trying to reclaim their rightful inheritance.



Albert Coates

When Mr. Coates was a young boy living in Russia, nothing was said to him about the vast sum of money held in chancery in England. He does remember mysterious trips which his father used to take to England, but it was not until he himself visited an uncle who lived in that country that he heard of this fantastic tale of a pirate ancestor. The youth's imagination was stirred by this vivid account, but fortunately, he had no desire to put in his claim to the fabulous wealth.

Mr. Coates spends about five months of every year conducting the orchestra and opera at Moscow. It was admirable of the present Russian government to have invited Mr. Coates to take up the directorship of the Bolshoi Opera, or Grand Opera, in view of having held the same position under the Czar. Toddles here, of course, has no use for Russia—but then again she was not fortunate enough to have come along with me when I had luncheon with this remarkable man, for to know Mr. Coates is to know the better side of Russia.

* * *

EDYTHE JEANNE MESERAND of NBC had an appointment with Toddles and myself to visit the 15-year old girl prodigy, Sylvia Altman, several weeks ago. As we emerged from NBC's cottage door and got into a cab, Edythe asked us if we had noticed the red rug stretched from the door-step to the curb. "Sure," quoth Toddles and I in unison. "We appreciate NBC's courtesy in welcoming us so royally." Edythe immediately apologized—"We'll have it out for you the next time—but this day it's for the King and Queen of Siam." But after all, who wants the darn thing after royal footsteps have been tatooed on it.

HERE's an unusual story of how a hobby developed into a thriving flourishing business and became the main source of revenue for the man who played with it as a pastime. If you can imagine the oil fields suddenly running dry—in conformity with our country's strong tendencies, hm-hm—or a new invention putting a stop to the automobile turnover and making it necessary for Henry Ford to stand behind a counter and hand out bits of Americana to fanatic collectors—then you can understand the position of Whitman Bennett. When Mr. Bennett had achieved outstanding success during the motion picture industry's childhood, instead of squandering his shekels on race horses, stocks, collections of various-hued cravats or Rolls-Royces, he invested his pin money in a hand bindery for books which he kept in back of his office. Today that bindery and some few sister presses occupy an entire floor on West 23rd Street, N. Y. Here the wealthy and élite of the country bring precious little first editions hundreds of years old to be dressed up in beautiful leather bindings and casings. One little book that has been washed, combed and dressed up in a beautiful leather jacket is Hoyle's whist and it has a price on its head of $6,000. Mr. Bennett is on CBS every Thursday at 11:00 a. m.



Frank Gill, Jr.

* * *

BILL of Kenmore, N. Y. sings paeans of praise to The Phantom Announcer alias The Man About Town alias the Fireman's Child alias Frank Gill, Jr. alias—oh, thank heavens, there *ain't* no more aliases. Mrs. Peterman of Barberton, Ohio, also adds her plaudits to Frank's performances. Well, here he is. And you can tell by that big broad smile of his that he couldn't resist putting humor in the most serious of programs. He is just fresh from college and has a deep interest in stagecraft, coming as he does, from a theatrical family. His station? WJR known as the Goodwill Station.

* * *

I WANT to take this occasion to thank Mrs. Winifred Coplin of Brodhead, Wis., Julia Prince of Lombard, Ill. and others for sending in newspaper clippings bearing pictures of Al Carney. Unfortunately, it is impossible to reproduce photographs from newspapers, otherwise we should be happy to include the picture of the late Mr. Carney in these columns. Mrs. Coplin's clipping is taken from the March, 1928 issue of Radio Digest.

For the benefit of Nina de Martin of Chicago and Norella White of Shelbyville, Lawrence Salerno of WGN was born October 15th (year lost in the mails), is married, had one child who passed on a year ago, enjoys tennis, golf, bowling and baseball. He did not attend the University of Wisconsin, Nina and Lawrence Salerno is his real name, believe it or not.

And this is a good opportunity to announce to readers of Radio Digest that the religious faith of radio announcers, artists and station managers is a delicate subject. The religion of most people on the air is their radio work.

Wallace Butterworth moved over to Radiographs this month, I think, because there was more room for him.—F. McC., Betty G. Langdon, and A. B. N.

* * *

SUPPOSE, for instance, that you were in the midst of winning a very important case involving thousands of dollars—and that as your attorney was



Upper: Chas. Dameron, Ed McConnell
Lower: Frank Vallon, Sydney Ten Eyek

delivering his appealing peroration, he looked at his watch, and said, "Sorry, but I must sing on a radio program." Wouldn't that be just too ducky for words? Well that's exactly what would have eventually happened with Charlie Dameron if he had remained in the practice of law. Every Saturday night before he said good-bye to the noble calling of law, he would motor from Huntington, W. Va. to WLW to sing over that station. It's a far cry from counsel to crooner, but Charlie made it in one leap. And *jedgin'* from his *photygraph* he ain't had no regrets.

Smilin' Ed McConnell—another of WLW'S favorite sons earns something like $100,000 yearly as an entertainer. Whether this income keeps him smiling or his smile earns his income is something for you to decide. But I am convinced it's the latter. Ed was born in Atlanta some 31 years ago. He is the son of a minister, is married and has a frightfully young daughter—somewhere between—well I don't think quite a ye old. He is six feet one and weighs tenth of a ton plus 75 pounds. His o weakness is his inability to resist bu ing cars. He has almost half a doze Natalie Giddings Haburton, former of WLW says that he hates to have h hair cut, wears a hat and tie until th are worn out or his wife sneaks the away, and that he does not know th *worry* is in the dictionary.

* * *

FRANK VALLON is Productio Manager of KGFJ, Los Angeles. H education at the University of Michig was interrupted when he enlisted in t French Foreign Legion. The close the war found him Captain in t French Air Corps with 3,200 flyi hours over the front to his credit. Aft completing his course in journalis when he returned from the other si he became a reporter in Detroit. H traveled to Cuba, acting as free lan correspondent for the Detroit Fr Press, N. Y. World (now World-Tel gram), Brooklyn Daily Times and t Chicago Tribune. Then to WSUN, St Petersburg where he made his rad debut as announcer. NBC soon disco ered him and from announcer took ov the supervision of daytime progra and brother announcers. CBS th won him over as their production exe utive. But now he's with KGFJ a I'm glad I have my finger on him, i his moving around has kept Marcellia quite curious as to his whereabouts.

* * *

SYDNEY TEN EYCK, Mr. Myc is 26 years old, married and is terri embarrassed when young ladies se him love letters. He shows them all his wife like the faithful husband he Doesn't that make a difference?

Brooks and Ross have been out Ohio State University for about years. Ross is not married, but Broo has taken the step. Yes, Mrs. Caldwe they did an impersonation of Sena McCabe, one of them in the distingui ing role of Senator Fillup McKe The latter name of course is a take on a request for more milk.

Ronet, the singing slave in the Nig Dream Shop (no longer on WL was Melville Ray who sings on several commercial programs.

And now, dear friends, it will t me an hour to extricate myself fr the hundreds of requests that still main unanswered. May I ask you to expect personal replies. It would quire the complete time of Toddles the rest of Pigeondom to send answ

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells Write her a letter, ask her any of burning questions that are bother your mind.

Are You Princess Charming--- *Incognito?*

Then bring out your baggage of latent charms and travel in full state, or else the Prince may miss you on the trip of romance

By Frances Ingram

Consultant on Care of the Skin heard on NBC every Tuesday morning.

SEVERAL years ago, I spent my summer vacation in Nova Scotia. Among the passengers on the boat going up was a mouse-like oung woman who was distinctive only ecause she was the wallflower of the rip. The second day out, I managed o be introduced to her, and during our onversation, she gave me her reasons or taking this vacation.

"I don't know why I ever came," she aid. "I've planned and saved and ounted on this vacation for three years. t was silly of me to think things would e different, but somehow I hoped that when I got away from my home town, I'd stop being a wallflower. But I guess it's chronic. It isn't any use. I know now that there never will be any romance in my life. But I had such high hopes when I started out. I guess I saw myself as a Princess Charming, incognito. I know I'm not attractive, but I've daydreamed about this vacation for so long that I made myself believe that some sea-going Prince Charming might see me as I see myself—not as a chronic wallflower. Well, I'm cured. You see what it's like. The men don't even know I'm on this boat!"



This is a real Princess—Princess Chlodwig Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst—and there is nothing incognito about her!

She stopped and then added in a quieter tone.

"I suppose it's terrible for me to admit that I'd like some man to see me as I wish I were and not as I am. Anyway, I'm all over that foolishness now. You know, I was raised on that quotation of Charles Kingsley's—'Be good sweet maid, and let who will be clever.' I've been good and I've 'let who will be clever,' but it's the clever girls who get what they want out of this life."

The quotation was apt. It's an alibi frequently used by wallflowers who remember only the first line of Mr. Kingsley's advice and who forget the second—"Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long." The wallflowers, like this particular specimen on the Nova Scotia trip, dream of Prince Charming and do nothing to prepare for his coming. They expect the mythical prince to see the "heart of gold" which they keep hidden beneath an unattractive exterior. Unfortunately, the Princes Charming almost invariably see the girl whose virtues are more apparent. And it is the clever girl who has learned to make the most of her appearance who plays the leading role in the fairy tale romance.

There are few natural beauties, you know, few girls who are born with real beauty. The girl whom we acclaim as beautiful is the girl who has imagination enough and initiative enough to make the most of herself.

TODAY there is little excuse for an unattractive girl. By using suggestions found in the national magazines and on radio programs, even the most chronic wallflower can come to achieve an attraction of her own.

In this respect, the golden nugget and the uncut diamond come to mind. Both must be refined, polished and finished off before their beauty is apparent.

All this and more I said to the wallflower who was traveling to Nova Scotia several years ago. She had planned a two months' vacation and so had I, and we arranged to come back on the same boat. For two months I did not see her, and when I got to the boat to come back to New York, I did not see her either. I finally decided that she had changed her plans until suddenly I caught sight of her coming toward me. But this girl was not a wallflower—she was not Princess Charming traveling incognito—she was Princess Charming herself!

The story of her transformation was interesting. More than that, it was proof that unattractive girls do have beauty dormant within them. So it's rather foolish, isn't it, to go through life incognito? After all, there are relatively few people who have a bona fide reason for hiding their identities. People prominent in public life some-

(Continued on page 011)



Here the author is seen at play with one of her three children.

The *ONLY* Child Is a *LONELY* Child

And Creates Greater Problems to Doting Parents Than a Large Brood

By Miriam Finn Scott

IF I were asked to make a decision, I would definitely say that rather than to have only one child, to have none. This may be a very bold statement but I have seen so many tragedies suffered by the only child both in childhood and at maturity—I have so frequently found the only child the victim of the most unjust, almost cruel conditions, that I do not hesitate to urge parents who have but one child to adopt another for the sake of giving the child a fair childhood and a well-balanced maturity.

However wise and well-informed parents are on the subject of child training they cannot avoid certain conditions which the only child creates which are detrimental to the child's finer development. In the first place the only child in a home necessarily becomes and holds the center of the stage; he is invariably the recipient of all adoration and attention. He is usually surrounded with an unwholesome anxiety; he is not allowed to experiment, to adventure, to test his own physical strength and endurance for fear that he might overexert himself—that something might happen to him. Because so much attention is given him he grows to depend upon others and is thus deprived of developing his own mental resources. Because the only child is never compelled to subordinate needs and desires, he becomes self-centered, thoughtless and inconsiderate and endlessly demanding. Because of his constant contact with adults he is apt to become unpleasantly precocious. But the most pathetic side of the only child is that he is in his heart very lonely. With all the attention and affection he receives from his elders, with all the toys and sweets that are showered upon him, he misses the one thing which means most to a child's heart and that is, companionship of his own age, a child who talks his language.

NOT long ago a mother brought to The Children's Garden her only child, Betty, a little girl of ten. "We are all worn out by Betty," her mother frankly admitted. "It is almost impossible to live with her; she has no regard or respect for anyone else's time or needs or comforts. If she wants something, she expects that thing to appear the moment she expresses the wish. If not, there is an outburst of the most nerve-racking temper until her wish is satisfied. How can I help her to be like other children?" the mother asked, and added, "She will n play with children—she wants onl grown-up things and to act grown-up.

I found Betty above the average i telligence for her age. She had read great deal, and she had seen more m tion pictures than I ever hope to se she was thoroughly familiar with a the feature programs on the radio. H conversation was most fluent and pai fully sophisticated. "My Mother," s said, "thinks me abnormal because prefer the association of adults.

From her mother I learned that home Betty took the lead in all conve sation, especially at meal time; s could not be induced to go to sleep b fore ten or eleven o'clock at night; th Betty had very definite opinions clothes for herself. Ordinary simp clothes that suited a ten-year old chi for school and play purposes did n interest her in the least. She preferr dainty hand made dresses of very del cate colors, with silk socks to match a patent leather slippers, and insisted silk underwear! Then, the child's ea ing drove the family frantic. It w practically impossible to get her to e suitable food and enough of it. She a candy by the box and washed it dow with ice cream sodas.

In studying the history of this sm

hild I discovered that from the time of her birth she was the idol not only of her father and mother but of all the elatives; that the family in their anxety to do the best for the child, to exress their love for her, to make her *ompletely* happy, were simply overeeding her with things and thoughts nd affection. She was kept in a state of constant excitement and confusion vhich twisted for her all values espeially that of the child's world. In a vord—she was suffering from the most icious attack of indigestion, physically, nentally, and emotionally.

My treatment of this little girl may e suggestive to parents who have simlar problems to meet. I realized that n this particular case the most importnt first step was to separate Betty, at east for a while, from her own home nvironment since every association with t was connected with her present disorganized condition, and place her in surroundings where there were other hildren and where she would autonatically have to conform to the routine of a child's life. I found an ideal lace out of town, a delightful home vhere there were three healthy, interesting children brought up to do things or themselves; to cooperate with the ousehold and at the same time were given the freedom and the opportunity o lead their own lives fully and joyously. After getting thoroughly acquainted with Betty and gaining her confidence, with the fullest cooperation rom the family, I succeeded in getting he child to visit this delightful home. The first few days Betty resented being eparated from her environment. She was constantly on the defensive; she expected to be treated harshly, to be leprived of all freedom, to be criticized, unished. But to Betty's surprise she found Mrs. X, the mother in the home, very kind, sympathetic, tolerant, full of un and play. Gradually, almost unconsciously, Betty began to take part in the life of the household. During the several weeks that she was there, she learned to eat more normally, she went o bed at a reasonable hour, and learned o play with other children. While this visit in no sense completely changed Betty, it gave her a concrete taste of hild life—and a very definite idea of ow natural children behave. When she returned home she was ready for he next step.

MY FIRST business was to enter Betty in a school where children are required to carry a certain amount of the responsibility in the organization and care of the classroom. The teacher was acquainted with Betty's difficulties at home and was particularly asked to cooperate in socializing Betty. She was asked to pay no attention to her except when it was absolutely necessary—to entirely ignore her precociousness. That school also made it a special point to insist that the children must be dressed sensibly—the simplest clothes, in which they could play comfortably and freely—that helped solve Betty's clothes problem.

At home a regime was established with the help of one of my assistants, Miss Smith, a young woman with sympathy and understanding followed my directions in detail. Betty rose at 7:30; her breakfast was ready for her an the table at 8—cereal, milk, toast, and cooked fruit. After attending to her physical needs, she was taken to school where she remained until three o'clock. After school Betty was expected to play out of doors until 5; at 5:30 she bathed; at 6 o'clock she and Miss Smith had supper served on trays in Betty's own room. After supper, Betty had from thirty to forty minutes in which she could read or play quiet games; at 7:30 she was in bed with the doors closed and the lights out.

THE author of this article, is a widely known child diagnostician and her training in this field has enabled her to discipline the most incorrigible youngsters. Mrs. Scott will be happy to give you of her advice if you will address a letter to her in care of Radio Digest, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Mrs. Scott is the author of How to Know Your Child and other books dealing with the problem of the child and her broadcasts over NBC were of inestimable service to perplexed mothers.

For the first few weeks Betty resisted this new regime with all the strength of her being. All these resistances were met with quiet, kind, but firm handling. If she refused to eat there was no discussion — she went without her meal. When she realized that it affected no one except herself she stopped fussing and ate her food with enjoyment. If she was unwilling to participate in out of door play, Miss Smith would start a game with the children about her in the park. Betty watching the others play would forget her resentment and find herself playing an exciting game of hide-and-seek. Soon she began to look forward to these afternoons of play. Her bath which was always an experience of long drawn out torture to the household she learned to take within a reasonable length of time, or she lost her play period after supper which she treasured.

During spare hours and on rainy days, Betty was provided with interesting materials—raffia, reed, colored wools, clay. Out of these she made napkin rings, picture frames, purses, mats, trays, etc. These things she saved to be given away as gifts at Christmas or on birthday occasions instead of buying useless trinkets or decorations. Betty was so happy at seeing the results of her efforts that she looked forward to a rainy day when she could make more presents!

ON HALLOWEEN while Betty was taking her bath, Miss Smith decorated their supper table with orange crepe paper; out of a small pumpkin she made a Jack o'Lantern which she placed in the middle of the table, and at Betty's place, put a little paper basket filled with small candies. The shades were drawn and the only lighting was provided by the candles in the Jack o'Lantern. Miss Smith was quietly awaiting Betty's appearance. When Betty entered and found herself in this bit of enchantment into which the room had been transformed for her, her face was a study in surprise and joy. For an instant she was perfectly quiet, then she threw her arms about Miss Smith, kissed her and exclaimed, "How nice of you to give me such a surprise!" her joy seemed endless and to show how deeply that thought had touched her she afterwards said: "Wouldn't it be wonderful to have such a surprise for father and mother when they come home to dinner?" After her supper she made two little orange baskets into which she put candies from her own basket, for covers she drew pictures of pumpkins. On tiptoes she entered the dining room to put a basket beside the place of each parent. She went to bed thrilling with happiness with that joy which comes when you give from your very heart.

All that Betty needed was to get back to a world where she belonged, a child's world where her desires were not stimulated beyond her needs, where she was joyously at peace—where she could function like a child and not like a distracted abnormal adult.

It is natural for parents to give their all to an only child and expect nothing in return. The motive which prompts the generous giving is beautiful—it is that boundless love which every normal parent feels for his child, but to have that love serve the child it must fit the child's needs. What every child needs is a chance to be himself, to experience the riches and joys the child's world holds for him. Parents must not by overdoing and over-giving deprive their only child of his richest heritage.

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

WAS IT THE GIRL?

SCOOP! Scoop! Indi personally witnessed and heard the most astounding Slip of the year. And 'twas only last night (as we write) at the splendiferous opening of the Collier's Hour. We had zig-zagged helter skelter through the crowded lanes of homing motorists all the way from North Tarrytown to get there at 8 o'clock. Breathless and tingling, not to say perspiring, we trickled through the doors of the Amerstdam Roof Garden and were quietly ushered by two formally attired gentlemen to our reserved seats.

The radio-perfect voice of John E. Kennedy was then introducing Representative Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York as spokesman for the wet side of a prohibition debate. The mike was a trifle high for the keg-sized Mr. LaGuardia and the strain of stretching his neck up to it may have drawn the vocal chords a little thin so that the rhetorical thundering challenge to Senator Brookhart for the Drys in the District of Columbia was a trifle weak. However, in spite of a growing desire to release a rhetorically induced hic we waited in eager suspense for Brookhart's answer to the challenge. Could he possibly deny that prohibition was the cause of all our woe? Or what was the trouble?

Light Wines or Beer?

There was a general wriggling in seats as the orchestra twittered through a steaming hot number. Then the suave and polished Mr. Kennedy gravely announced that in a moment we would hear the voice of Senator Brookhart descending from the national capital.

Give, Oh give us the answer . . . why all the crime wave . . . why racketeers . . . why depression . . . with bate breath we waited. Then came the an swer clear and bell-like, yea lyrical . .

"It's the girl, it's the girl!"

Ford Bond, the head-set over his ea dropped his chin into the wings of h collar, his eyebrows turned upsi down; white and then red swept ov his face. Still the melody and lyr lingered on:

"It's the girl." In fact there we even further details, totally unlike an thing we ever had expected to he from the lips of Senator Brookhart a stalwart defender of the drys. W wondered if there was anything to t stories they tell about the wicked g ings-on down in Washington, and cou it be possible that the good Senator . Ah, banish the thought!

Then we remembered that this w the Collier's Hour with the droll an inevitable Professor Lucifer G. But Perhaps he was back of all this. fact there were other voices now.

Catch That Slip!

THERE'S many a slip twixt the lip and the milk Next time you hear a good one jot it down a send it to Indi-Gest, care of Radio Digest. We p contributors from $1 to $5 for material accepted f this department. Indi likes short verses on the sam terms. Suggestions welcomed.



The Dodge Sisters—Boom! Boom!

Beth: "Tell me, who is that tall good looking man beside the girl in the green make-up?"
Betty: "That's Bill Schudt, big gun on CBS television programs."
Beth: "You mean, dear, that's Bill Schudt the big shot?"



Brad Browne: "Just another little Nit Wit friends. She's all bubbling over with . . . no, I can't tell her. Her best friends won't tell. But we'll let you know by our special kind of experimental broadcast . . . Give us the O-do-ray, Watkins . . . Now tell me . . . What? You get it? . . . Right, onions . . . She's been eating an onion sandwich! This program has come to you by the Smellivision Broadcasting company . . ."

Solving the Mystery

"Ah-haa, Meester Editor, you are surprised, Ah-ha-a-a-a?" We get a great kick out of anticipating the lines on a given stage situation and noting how far off we are when the real lines are spoken. So of course Lucifer Butts would soon be explaining how by a great radio invention he was able to convert the stentorian boom of a roaring Senator to the soft lullaby of a croon mamma.

The morning after the New York Times has a lengthy report of the discussion—for Senator Brookhart eventually came through. But we note only those top headlines: "Brookhart Sees a Wet Conspiracy." That explains everything. Lucifer Butts had nothing to do with it. The Wets did it. So! We had been almost too far back to see whether there might have been a sly twinkle in the dark eyes of Mr. Kennedy when he came out on the stage afterward and said: "It must have been at least three of the Four Marx Brothers; you know we are always trying to give you little surprises, and sometimes we have our surprises too."

Later we heard what purported to be the real low-down on this grand and glorious Slip. It wasn't the Wets, it wasn't the Drys, it wasn't even The Girl . . . it was Eddie Cantor JZing from a soap box over in the NBC studios, stealing a plug in the big Collier Hour as one of the opening guns of his radio campaign for President.

Robert G. Wyatt, Bakerfield, Tenn., heard this one from some unidentified station:

Hank: "Gee I ain't got money enough for the big show. Is this the side show?"

Circus Sam: "Side show nothin', young feller, this is a leg show."

Dear Indi: Here's how a program was announced over WOR recently: "Our next group of songs will be; Roamin' thro' the Gloamin I Lost My Heart in the Third Little Show by special permission of the copyright owners, As Long as You're There."—Annette B. Bitterman, 321 Varick St., Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Sir'm: Here's a slip from WJSV. Announcer: "And now we hear Let Me Call You Sweetheart on the Steel Guitar, and then we'll hear from Tom and Bob, When the Work's All Done Next Fall." Say it out loud and say it fast, as he did.—Jack Murchison, Rocky Mount, N. Carolina.

Sit-by-the-Set

Margaret Thelma Carl

I'm going home. The day's been fair
But I'm tired of faces everywhere.
I'm tired of noise and endless chatter
Hark! The rain has begun to patter

I'm going home. It's heaven there
With my radio and an easy chair.
To hear the voice of the falling rain
As it softly beats on the window pane.

I turn the dials and it isn't long
Until I've traveled far on wings of song.
There's static enough, but I could not say
It's as bad as I've listened to all day.

Dear Indi: The most startling thing I ever heard over the Radio was made at the conclusion of the dedication of the Harding Memorial at Marion, Ohio, when I heard the announcer over KFI say: "President and Mrs. Hoover are now leaving the stand and receiving a great ovation. . . . And now Mr. and Mrs. Harding—I mean Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge are leaving—" Well! Villa Knox, 250 N. Union Ave., Los Angeles.

Jim Elderkin announcing over WEBC near the end of a dance program: "Next we'll hear, Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone, Star Dust, and I Surrender Dear, if we have time." And he said the last line without a pause.—Mrs. L. M. Pankhurst, 4612 McCulloch st., Duluth, Minn.



Lady Slipper

Announcer . . . "What, a crimson stained dagger! The print of a bloody thumb . . . and now, where is the body? Another great detective thriller. ladies and gentlemen . . . enthralling mystery . . . you will next hear the voice of Sherlock Holmes . . .

Soprano (cut-in) "Ah sweet mystery of life at last . . ."

Voice of the

58,642! WHO ARE THEY, ESTHER?

CONSIDER the microphone's Adam's apple. Muriel Wilson's voice is endorsed by 58,642 listeners. Let's have pictures and write-ups!—Esther Bergman.

MORE POST SCRIPT

YOUR magazine is wonderful. I wouldn't be without it. Every month it prints pictures and interesting bits about just the ones I like best. Who is my favorite author? None other than the author of "Tuneful Topics"—Rudy Vallee. I wish he'd write other articles every month. His article on "Night Clubs" certainly gives one a bird's eye view of those interesting places.

Emily Post's articles are always good. Just one fault—they're too short. Isn't there room for any longer ones?

"Marcella" always has many interesting bits to add, too.

I think it is a mark of ill-breeding for people to write in such cutting remarks about a magazine on the different stars. Three cheers for "Radio Digest!" Long may it live.—(Miss) Barbara Litchfield, Lyndanville, Vermont.

SCANDAL-LESS

AFTER reading your recent issue, the Summer Number, especially the Coming and Going column, I should say that most emphatically not should you go in for the general run of scandals and divorces as have most of the movie magazines. I admire the reading in the Radio Digest and consider it as one of the highest type of magazines published, but should you go in for the articles mentioned above, it would cheapen it considerably in the public's eyes. There is enough scandal represented in the general run of newspapers and why play follow the leader or copy cat? I know personally I would lose all of my interest in your magazine if you would take a step like that as would most of my friends, and while you might gain hundreds of other patrons, frankly what type of class would you expect to gain? So please don't make any changes in the publishing of your magazine. It is so very interesting as it is.—Therese Meyer.

* * *

ON PAGE 4 of the Summer Edition I note this query "Should we go into scandals, divorces, etc." Here is an emphatic NO and a wish and hope that every reader of your enjoyable magazine will say the same.

So glad that so far no one's personal escapades have been thrust upon us. Yours for the good of all.—H. A. P., Brattleboro, Vermont.

VOTE WANTED

Tastyeast vs. Phil Cook

PLEASE print this letter in your column of Voice of the Listener.

In all the radio magazines and papers on radio news, all talk how wonderful Phil Cook is because he can imitate so many people, but they don't give the Tastyeast Jesters any credit, and they can play and imitate any instrument better than anybody else on the radio, but Phil is not the only one that can imitate anyone. I think Phil Cook is rotten and bet if we take a vote, I bet more people listen to the Tastyeast Jesters than Phil Cook. Come on everyone vote for either and see which is liked the best.

I would like to hear the following Dramatic Sketches come back on the radio: Miss Langworthy with stories about Tiddlewinks; Johnson & Johnson Melodrama, East of Cairo, and Old Curiosity Shop with David Ross, and all the sketches that were on last year.—A Radio Fan.

PRESTO! ONE FOR PHIL

MR. EDITOR permit me please to have a few lines in V. O. L. I would appreciate the answer from all readers to the following question: "Can you name four individuals living today that can present a more varied program, if working together, than Amos 'N' Andy, Phil Cook, and Tony Cabooch?" I hardly think that anyone can imagine another quartette that could do better. Imagine, if you can, what 4 men with about 40 different voices could do if they so desired. They would present all kinds of foolishness.—Harold Mikesell, Box 122, Hollansburg, Ohio.

SEE SEPT. ROTO

I AGREE with J. B. of Belmont, Massachusetts. Let us by all means have pictures of Georgia Backus and Frank Knight. The Radiographs in the May issue were appreciated, but we crave a large photo of Miss Backus in the rotogravure section. Or better still, a picture of the entire "Arabesque" cast, together with one of their scripts re-printed. Since Georgia Backus writes, directs, and acts in this program, is it a wonder it is good?

And let's see a picture of, or read something about Minnie Blauman, who does most of the arranging and a great deal of the accompanying and directing for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Here's to Backus, Blauman and Knight! How about a write-up on "Gorgeous Georgia" or one of the others?—Julie Gerard.

ABOUT 99% ARE CHAIN

I HAVE been buying Radio Digest now for several months and I think it is a very good magazine. There is only one thing that I find wrong with it. You write too much on artists at stations not everyone can hear. In your June issue you carried a big write-up about Tom Noonan at WMCA. This does the people in the middlewest no good because WMCA cannot be heard out here. I would enjoy reading your magazine much more if you would give more information and pictures of chain artists. You could also improve your program finding service. I would like to make one more request and then I'm through. Will you please put in a photo of some popular chain dance orchestra each month accompanied by a short descriptive article. I will appreciate it very much.—H. H. V.

WHO WANTS WHO'S WHO

I WISH you would start the "Who's Who In Broadcasting" again and print it little at a time in each month's Digest and thus having a list of all popular radio works and entertainers. Hoping to see this and I will continue reading the Radio Digest.—James H. Harrison, P. O. Box No. 112, Otto, Texas.

DOCTOR'S REMEDY FOR WAVE GRAB EPIDEMIC

I AGREE with Mr. Bill in his editorial in July-August issue but what is most needed is some cooperation from the broadcasters.

Just "give a look" at the hash they made of the fine music of the Goldman Band and the Philharmonic, cutting in the middle of fine tonal phrases for some trashy advertising. Why not inquire into what set owners are saying and then estimate what they will do when government control is under consideration?

Think too of the choppy 15 minutes here and 15 there—no continuity—no harmony—and the enormous overplus of blah.

If the broadcasters will not help themselves, why should you ask your very much interested readers to do it?

You will get your support all right if you can persuade the broadcasters to help you.—P. M. Foshay, M. D., 168 Park St, Montclair, N. J.

* * *

REGARDING the "Wave Grab"—Give me the present order of things. I know what I want to hear and can get along without assistance in selecting my entertainment. I like to indulge my moods. Enjoy the magazine immensely.—Mrs. Pearl S. Pettit, Box 364, Neodesha, Kan.

* * *

HAVE been a constant reader of your column in Radio Digest magazine since January and think it a success. I am a "listener of the air" who appreciates all the programs I hear over radio including advertising, cooking recipes, etc. To the "fans" who disapprove of advertising by radio: Heard an announcement from KTAT, Fort Worth, Texas, that the companies whom the radio stations advertise on their programs make it possible for the entertainment we get over the radio every day and night. In England the radio stations do not advertise on the programs, but the people pay for the entertainment they hear over their sets. How many of our Radio Listeners would be willing to pay for entertainment we hear if they would stop advertising?—Mrs. Katie Johnson, Itasca, Texas.

* * *

THREE TIMES AND IN

I READ your invitation to write V. O. L. and although I've written three letters and they've never been published, I'm writing again in hopes this one will be. Why is there never more than one article about Rudy Vallee in your magazine each month? I think Rudy has the most pleasing and most soothing voice on the air, also the best orchestra, plays the saxophone much better than anyone else, and I musn't forget to add, is better looking than any other radio personality I've ever heard! I'm sure there are plenty more who agree with me too. Let's have more pictures, and more stories about Rudy! I know many of us would rather have a story about him than the story about Morton Downey that began in the June issue! It riles me to think of a

Listener

the perfectly good space wasted in Radio Digest on a story about a rather plump young man with a little kid's voice! I'm referring to Morton Downey!—Emma Lloyd Galley, 501 E. Moulton St., Hickman, Ky.

* * *

RUDY'S CORNER

SINCE you asked for our ideas about keeping Radio Digest interesting, we would suggest that you have a picture of Rudy Vallee on the cover of your magazine. We will always welcome more articles and pictures of him in the magazine. This will repay you a hundred fold by an increase in circulation, I am sure.—Mary Krane and Lucile Grahm, Glen Head, N. Y.

I AM a monthly reader of the Radio Digest. My favorite author in this magazine is "Rudy Vallee." To be honest with you, it's the only reason I have for purchasing the Digest. I do wish you would print some nice photos of the following: R. Vallee, J. Crawford, Landt Trio & White and Julia Sanderson & Frank Crumit. In the big photo section (brown sheet) put R. Vallee and Julia Sanderson, not together though.—Miss E. E. Krekell, Plainville, N. J.

I AM writing this note to your column because I am sure it is the only way to reach the greatest number of Vallee fans. I wonder how many Vallee fans would be interested in joining the "Vallee Enthusiasts"—a club formed in honor of Rudy a year ago. The club is still open to real enthusiastic admirers of Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. Anyone interested in joining or interested in fuller particulars will receive prompt attention by writing to me.—Evelyn Miller, c/o Caplan, 36 Ludlow Street, N. Y. C.

ONE FOR LOMBARDO

I AM a steady reader of the Radio Digest and I like to be a member of the V. O. L. I am only in this country 4 years, and have heard and seen many orchestras in this country and all over Europe, but I never found a better orchestra than "Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians," with the sweetest music this side of heaven!

Can you find a better orchestra that plays all types of music from the Blues to the Fox-Trots and Waltzes? Everyone of their phonograph records is a masterpiece, and can't be beaten.

Give us more about Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians "Radio Digest"?—Eugene Steimle, 3858 North 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

RADIO DIGEST ROOTERS

OH! What a thrill when one finds a new number of the Radio Digest in the mail box. It is like receiving a letter from the home folks; so dear are the radio people to us. Their voices coming daily into our homes, makes us feel they are really members of our household. The Digest is the most enjoyable magazine that comes into the home, especially do we enjoy the personal Chit Chat and pictures. Our favorite station is WENR. Who can resist the good will and cheer of Everett Mitchell's "Hello Everybody" and his sign off song, "At the End of the Day," a composition by the popular orchestra leader, Frank Westphal. It is a benediction for all of us.—Mrs. S. Laura Matthews, 312 N. Parkside Ave., Chicago, Ill. . . . Enclosed please find check for the amount of Three Dollars ($3.00) for one year's subscription to the Radio Digest, also the information asked for to cast my horoscope. I take quite a few magazines but can truthfully say this, Radio Digest is the most enjoyable and entertaining of them all, because it is such good reading about really live people. Please may my year's subscription begin with the May issue? I would like so much to read Mrs. Graham McNamee's article.—Mabelle Lewis, Foster, Ohio. . . . I have just finished reading the June issue of your magazine and think it is wonderful. I wish you would publish pictures of Milton Cross, Ted Jewett, Wallace Butterworth, announcers, and Lew White, organist, and some more information about them. I also would like to see a picture of the N. B. C.'s New York studios. The full page photographs are especially pleasing and add more interest to your magazine. One of the best articles was "How They Started," by Evans Plummer.—Mary Staley, Frederick, Md.

* * *

JESSICA DRAGONETTE PULLS A POEM

At eventide there comes to me
Thru twilights' magic air,
A voice that might an angel's be,
So sweet with loving care.

Her golden voice comes drifting by
Far-flung thru distant space;
And in the star-lit evening sky,
I have visions of her face.

Dorothy Lee Glass, 113 Alger Ave., Detroit.

* * *

WILL'S BARNSTORMING, WILL RETURN TO CBS

FOR some time I've been wanting to write my opinion of your magazine. It is the best magazine I take. My only regret is that it isn't big enough. For that reason I reread it often from cover to cover just waiting for the next issue. Mrs. Turner in May Radio Digest strikes a clear gong in "Get Wise, Radio Hogs." I'm sure she found many sympathetic souls in other readers. Please answer these questions: Where is Will Osborne? When will he be on the air again?—Betty Jamieson.

* * *

OUR DX DEPARTMENT

PLEASE enter my subscription for Radio Digest for one year, starting with the May number. Enclosed find four dollars to cover cost and postage, together with the coupon taken from one of your issues. It may interest you to know that I hear the N. B. C. program almost every night through the Short Wave station at Schenectady, New York (31.48 metres). Will you kindly tell me, through the "V.O.L." if there are any short wave stations which radiate Columbia System programs? Where can I obtain schedules for stations W2XAF and W2XAD? May I say that the Radio Digest is just the book I have been trying to find. The Chain Calendar has already given me some very useful information.—Arthur Peace, 5 Queen Street, Frodingham, Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, England.

AS YOU say, in a recent issue of "Radio Digest" the V.O.L. is the readers' page and I hope you may be able to extend this department considerably. It is, in my opinion, the only part of your magazine of much interest to the DX fan. Perhaps you will remember that some time ago you published a letter for me requesting help on certain states which I was desirous of hearing. The generous response from your readers, mainly those in New Jersey, the radio state, has enabled me to increase my log from 180 stations at the time I wrote you to its present mark of 415. Therefore, I feel it is only fitting that I write to thank you for the tremendous help originating through the publication of my letter in V.O.L. Without V.O.L., your magazine would no longer be a "Radio Digest." I am a member of the Newark News Radio Club and would suggest that all DX fans join some radio club if they wish to get a greatly increased pleasure from DX-ing. With the great number of excellent reports on DX-ing, I am greatly surprised that so many writers neglect to give the type of set they operate or the height and length of aerial. Do you consider it anything particularly outstanding for an eastern fan to pick up the coast on a large set with 300 feet of aerial? Here is a summary of my log of 415 stations. About 325 of these are verified, with 35 verifications from stations over 2000 miles away, at least one verification in every one of the 48 states and D. C. except Nevada, all nine Canadian Provinces, Cuba (8) Mexico (10) Costa Rica, Porto Rico, Alaska, Dominica, Argentina, and Japan (2). My best stations are: KGFJ, KXL, KPQ, CKMO, CKWX, TIC, KGBU, LR4, HIX, KDFN, CMBR, JOAK and JOBK. My aerial is 100' long, north and south, about 30-35' high, the set is home-made four tube although all stations are received on loud speaker with four tubes or phones with three tubes. Before I forget, might I suggest that the date of all letters be published?—William Dyson, 72 Cambridge Ave., Hamilton, Ont., Canada

* * *

I HAVE been swamped with letters from my DX friends concerning radio and distance. Try this: Buy 1 square yard of copper window screen. Sodder two edges together. Then sodder a copper bottom on this. Then fill with charcoal. Sodder ground wire to center of copper bottom. Sink four feet into ground. Keep very wet. Pour a pail of water on ground post every day. I hope this answers your desire for distance. I would like to add that I am in favor of having a DX column in Radio Digest. Would like to hear from some DX fans who have reached out more than 2600 miles. I have a 7-tube Majestic radio. I received 125 letters from Radio Digest and am going to write to all of you. Just give me lots of time. Would like to hear from 125 more if they have any dope.—O. L. Case, 403 Clairmont, Port Huron, Mich.

Come on Vol-ians—don't let your ideas get stale. Air them in these columns.—Editor.

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 79

Throughout Week

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 a. m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds. (Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WEEI	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WRVA	WPTF	CKGW	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	CFCF
WBEN			

CHEERIO—(daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WCSH	WRC
WCSH	WWJ	WHO	WOC
WJAF	WAPI	KFRC	WFI
WSM	WJAX	WPTF	
WTAG	WOAI	WBEN	WRVA
CKGW	WIOD	WHAS	WFLA
WSUN	WTAM	WJDX	WJAR
WGY	WOW	WCAE	WGN
WKY			

THE COMMUTERS—Emery Deutsch. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a. m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WD2XE	WFBL	WDRC
WPG	WIP	WEAN	WHP
WMAL	WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD
WIOD	WHBM	WMT	KMOX
KOIL	KFH	CFRB	WOKO

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 a. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WBRC	WSPD	KMOX
WBXN	WSPD	WREC	
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	CFRB		

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 a. m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLAL	WCAO	WDAR
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WOWO	WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
CFRB			

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radio Home Makers. (Mon., Wed. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WISN	WBBM	WXYZ
WTAQ	KMOX	KFH	

RAY PERKINS—Libby, McNeil and Libby Program. (Thurs. and Friday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WHO	WLW	KDKA	WSB
WREN	KWK	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
WJR	WGAR		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(Daily except Friday and Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WFI
WTAM	KSD	WTMJ	KSTP
WEBC	WEEI	WGY	WMC
WBEN	WSAI	KYW	WOC
WHO	CFCF	CKGW	

DON BIGELOW'S ORCHESTRA—(daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WCAU	WFIL	WJAS
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	WHAM
KFJF	WGR		

ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S CUBAN BILTMORE ORCHESTRA.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p. m.	12:00	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WKBW	WWNC	WQAM	WJBO
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
KMBC	KOIL	KFJF	WACO
KFPY	KFRC	KDYL	KLZ
WGR	WDRC	WHP	WJAS
WABC	WHK	WXYZ	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WMT	KMOX
KOH	KVOR	KVI	WLAP

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30 a.m.	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WRBC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF		

PABST-ETT VARIETIES—(Tues. & Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WJAS
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WISN	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	WRR	KDYL
KVI	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFRC	KLZ	WHK

THE THREE DOCTORS—(Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WJAS	WADC	WHK
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KFH	KVI
KOL	KFRC	CFRB	WOKO

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—(daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WHP	WJAS	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WFBN	WGL	WBBM
KSCJ	WMT	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KLZ	KVI	KOL	KFPY

THE THREE DOCTORS — Pratt, Sherman and Rudolph—Daily except Sunday).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WDRC	WAAB	WPG	WCAU
WMAL	WJAS	WDBJ	WADC
WWNC	WBT	WQAM	WDBO
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WISN	WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	WNAX	KOIL
KTRH	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	CKAC
WEAN	W3XAU	WHP	WHK
WKBN	WXYZ	WBCM	WLAC
WBRC	KSCJ	WMT	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KVI	KFPY
KFRC			

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER—(Wed. and Fri.).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WDRC	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WBT	WGST	WXYZ	WSPD
WNOX	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
KMBC	KOIL	WIBW	KFH
KTSA	KOL	KVI	KFPY
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	CKAC
WKBW	WLBZ	WMAL	WCAO
WKRC	WCAH	WREC	WLAC
WOWO	KSCJ	WMT	KFH
KRLD	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ

BIRD AND VASH—Comedy Sketch. (Daily except Sunday).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WOKO	WFBL	WKBW	WDRC
WLBW	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WBCM	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WDSU	WTAQ	WOWO	WBBM
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KVOR	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB
WAAB	WJAS	WQAM	WDBO
WLAC	WBRC	KSCJ	WMT
KTRH	KTSA	KOH	

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p. m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WBAL	KDKA	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WLW	WFLA
WSUN			

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WJAR	KDKA	WBZ
WBZA	WRC	CKGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN	WLW	WJR
WGAR	CFCF		

11:00 p.m. on following stations

WMAQ	KWK	WREN	WDAF
WTMJ	KECA	KSL	WHAS
WSM	WSB	WKY	WENR
WSTP	WSMB	WJDX	KTBS
KPRC	WEBC	KGO	KHQ
KOMO	KGW	WFSD	WOAI
WMC	KAO	KFAB	WBAP

TASTYEAST JESTERS — (Monday, Thurs., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p. m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WKY	WHAM	WBZ
WBZA	WREN	KDKA	WRC
WGAR	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD			

PHIL COOK — The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p. m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WOAI
KPRC	WJDX	KTHS	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WHAM	KDKA	WREN
KWK	WTMJ	WEBC	KOA
KSL	WRC	WGAR	CFCF

MILLER AND LYLES—Comic Negro Dialogues. (Mon. and Wed.).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WIP-WFAN	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WWNC
WQAM	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAC	WNOX	WBRC	WDSU
WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ	KMOX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KLZ	CFRB	WGR	WORC
WCAO	WDBJ	WBT	WTOC
WDOD	WREC	WISN	WTAQ
KMBC	WNAX	KTRH	KOH
KVOR			

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS — (Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	WD2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WNAC	WORC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	

THE GOLDBERGS—(Daily except Sunday.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WEAF	WTIC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	WENR

THE CAMEL QUARTER HOUR—(Mon. to Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p. m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLAL	WCAO	WADC
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WCAH	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WOKO	WSJS	WSPD	WMAQ

11:30 p. m. on following

KOIL	WGST	KRLD	WDOD
KTRH	WFBM	KLRA	WCCO
WISN	WREC	WNOX	WLAC
WDSU	KFJF	KSCJ	KTSA
WIBW	KHJ	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KLZ
KDYL			

JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT — Blackstone Plantation. (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
KSD	WOC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WHO	WDAF	WGW	WEBC
KSTP	Thurs. network:		WJZ
WBZA	WBZ	WBAL	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY		

ARTHUR PRYOR'S CREMO MILITARY BAND—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WEAN	WDRC	WPG
WWNC	WLBZ	WBT	WTAR
WDBJ	WORC	WQAM	WDBO
WTOC	WDAE		

11:00 p.m. on following stations:

WKBW	WJAS	WLBW	
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WKBN	WGST	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WNAX	KOIL
KFH	WIBW	KFJF	WRR
KTRH	KTSA	WACO	KLZ
KDYL	KOH	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KFBK-WOKO		

RUDY VALLEE—Fleischmann Hour. (Thursday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAX
WJDX	WJAR	WCSH	WFI
WRC	WGY	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WWJ	WHAS	WTAR
WMC	WSAI	WSB	WSMB
WEBC	KOA	WRVA	KSL
KOMO	WOAI	WSM	WOC
WAPI	KGO	KHQ	KECA
KSD	CKGW	WTAM	KGW
KTBS	KPRC	CFCF	WFLA
WSUN	WCAE	(WTMJ	KTHS
WIOD	WBAP	WKY, Off 8:30)	

Sunday 7:00 p.m. on following stations:

WJZ	WREN	WSB	WSM
KFAB	WJR	KWK	

SINGIN' SAM— (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p. m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WISN	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

STERLING PRODUCTS PROGRAM— (Thurs. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WKBW	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WKRC	WSPD	WOWO	WMAQ
KOIL	WDRC	WNAC	WCAO
WADC	KMOX	KMBC	

KATE SMITH LA PALINA PROGRAM (Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WCAU
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

TASTYEAST GLOOM CHASERS — (Mon., Wed. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WCAZ
WADC	WAIU	WGST	WXYM
WSPD	WDSU	WOWO	WFBC
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET— Eddie and Ralph. (Tues., Thurs. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WBAL	WRAR	WJR	WLS
KFAB	KSTP	KPRC	WEBC
KVOO	WHAM	WLW	WIBA
WTMJ	KWK	WREN	KFYR
WOAI			

ANGELO PATRI—Your Child. (Sun. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p. m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WCAU
WADC	WNAC	WEAN	WDRC
WBZ	WBZA	WHAM	WJAR
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WOWO			

ENO CRIME CLUB—(Mon. and Wed.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WFBL	WEAN	WDRC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WHK	WKRC	WXYZ	WSPD
WADC	WNAC	KOIL	CFRB
WDRC	WNAC	WCAO	WADC
WOWO	WMAQ		

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA — (Tues., Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WCAE
WWJ	WSAI	WSD	WOC
WHO	WTMG	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WJDX	WOAI	KOA
KGO	WKY	KECA	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	WTAR	KSD
WIBO	WDAF	WTAM	WAPI
WBEN	WOW		

Thurs. same as Tues. except following are off:

WAPI	KECA	WIBO	

Thurs. add WGY

Saturday stations as follows:

WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WCAE	WFI	WRC	WGY
WRVA	WWJ	WSAI	KSTP
WHO	WTAM	WBEN	WOC
KGO	KFKX	WIOD	KFI
KGW	KOMO	WSM	WEBC

CLARA, LU AND EM (daily except Sun. and Mon.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBAL	WHAM	KDKA
WJR	WLW	KWK	WREN
WGAR	WBZ	WBZA	WGN

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

BING CROSBY With Vic Young's Orchestra. (Daily except Sun.)
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WORC WPG WCAU
WJXAU WHP WCAO WTAR
WWNC WBT WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WISN WFBM
KFH KMOX WMAX WIBW
WMT KFJF KRLD KTRH
KDYL

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WDRC WNAC WHP WJAS
WDBJ WKBN WWNC WBT
WDBO WXYZ WBCM WSPD
WLAC WDSU WISN WTAQ
KMBC WNAX KOIL KFH
KDYL WHEC WEAN WJAS
WMAL WFOC WQAM WDOD
WREC WFBM WMT KFJF
KRLD

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WJAR WRC WWS
WOC WHC WFAA KSTP
WEBC WMC WAPI WTIC
WBAP WTAM WTMJ WKY

EDNA THOMAS—The Lady from Louisiana
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WOKO WFBL WHEC WDRC
WHP WJAS WMAL WJBJ
WQAM WDBO WBCM WSPD
WLAC WDSU WISN WTAQ
KMOX WNAX KOIL KFJF
KDYL KLZ WORC WPG
WBT WTOC WDOD WREC
KSCJ WMT KTRH KVOR

NOON SPARKLETS—NBC Service.
12:00 noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WEAF WTIC WCAE WTAM
WOC WHO WJAR WCKY
WCSH WENR WRC

TROIKA BELLS—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WJZ WBAL KWK WGAR
KDKA WLW KFAB KFYR
KOMO KFSD WHAM WTMJ
KSTP WFTL WFLA WSUN
WSM WAPI WKY KOA
KECA KTAR KPO WHAS
WSMB KGO

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WDRC WORC WPG
WHP WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WWNC
WBT WBCM WDOD WTOC
WISN WOWO WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMBC KLRA WDAY
KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY

POP CONCERT—
1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 10:00
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WFI WRC WGY KECA
hGO KOA WHAS WDAY
WCAE WTAM WWJ WMC
WIO WDAF WTMJ KSL
KPO KFYR WSMB WENR
WCSH WBEN KGW KOMO
WIBO

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
W3XAU WHP WJAS WMAL
WADC WKBN WWNC WBT
WDBO WXYZ WBCM WSPD
WREC WLAC WDSU WISN
KSCJ WMT KMBC KOIL
KOH KFJ KEPY KDYL
WHEC WKBW WPG WCAU
WCAO WDBJ WTOC WQAM
WLAP WDOD WTAQ WCCO
KFJF KTRH KTSA KLZ
CFRB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

YEAST FOAMERS—
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30 a.m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WGAR WJR WLW KDKA
KYW KWK WREN KFAU
WTMJ KSTP WEBC WRVA
WFTL WHO WFLA WSUN
WSM WSB WJDX WHAS
WAPI WJDX WSMB KTHS
KVOO KOMO WTAA WKY
WOAI KOA KSL KPO
KECA KGW KHQ KTAR
KFSD

FRIENDLY HOUR—Rev. Frederick K. Stamm.
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WJZ WBAL KDKA KWK
WREN KFAB WHAS WJAX
WIOD WSUN KVOO WEBC
WFLA KOA KSTP WJDX
KGO KHQ KFRC WKY
WGAR WSM WSB WBZ
KFYR WDAF KTHS WMC
WFAA WBZA WOAI WIBA

NATIONAL SUNDAY FORUM—Dr. Frederick H. Knubel.
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WTAG KOA WOW WKY
WOAI WHAS WJAX WMAS
WJDX WWJ KPRC WEBC
WDAF WHO WFLA WSUN
KOMO WSB WOC WRC
KGW WIOD WDAF WGY
WSM KFYR WFAA WBEN
WRVA KSD KPO WTIC
WDAY WSMB WLIT

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN GEMS—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WTIC WCAE WTAG
WEEI WJAR
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WCSH WRC WGY WTAM
WWJ WSAI WOC
WHO WDAF WFI WBEN

PASTORALE—Andre Kostelanetz, Conductor.
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WJAS WCAO
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WCAO WDBJ WWVA WADC
WHK WKBN WPTF WTOC
WQAM WDBO WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WMBD WDSU WMT
WFBM WBBM KSCJ WMT
KMBC KOIL WIBW KFJF
KRLD KVOO KFPY KDYL
KLZ CFRB KVOR

FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—Franco-Italian Piano Team.
6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WHP WJAS WMAL WJBJ
WWNC WBT WTOC WQAM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WLAC
WTAQ WJAX WFBM WCCO
KMOX KMBC KOIL KFH
WACO KOH KVOR KVI
WHEC WJR WREN WFAN
WDBJ WADC WXYZ WBCM
WBRC WDSU KSCJ WMT
KFJF KTRH KFPY KDYL
KLZ

IODENT CLUB OF THE AIR—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WTIC WTIC WTAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WBEN WCAE WWJ
WSAI WLS KSD

THE BOSWELL SISTERS.
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WFAN WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WWVA WADC WHK WKBN
WBT WTOC WQAM WDBO
WBCM WSPD WIOD WREC
WLAC WMBD WDSU WMT
WOWO WFBM WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC KOIL
WIBW KFH KFJF KRLD
KTSA WACO KOH KOL
KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ
KDYL KLZ CFRB KVOR

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBAL WBZA WHAM
KWK KYW WTMJ WJR
WREN WSM KOA WOAI
WHAS WMC WSMB KSTP
KDKA KGW KSL KOMO
WIOD WFLA WSUN KHQ
KFI KTAR KPRC WFTL
WLW WHAL WGAR KFAB
WRVA WAPI WBIA KPO
KFSD WFAA CRCW WEBC
KVOO KPRC KTHS KFYR
CFCF WKY WDAY WSB

CHASE AND SANBORN—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WTIC WTAG WCSH
WGY WCAE WWJ WSAI
KSD WOW WIOD WHAS
KSTP WHO WOC WSMB
WEBC WMC WSB WOAI
WKY KTHS KPRC WFAA
WTMJ WTAM WJDX WPTF
WSUN WDAF WTIC WFAA
WREN WLIT WHC WRVA
CRCW CFCF WLS KVOO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WLW
KYW KWK WREN KOA
RSL KGO KFI KGW
KOMO KHQ

THE DUTCH MASTERS—Old Time Popular Songs and Script Act
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WEAN WDRC
WNAC WCAU WJAS WMAL
WADC WHK WKBN WRC
WCAH WNYZ WSPD WOWO
WFBM WBBM WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL

OUR GOVERNMENT—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJAR WWG WCSH WGY
KSD WSAI WSB WMC
WOW WJDX WILA WSUN
WOC WHO WRC KVOO
WCAL WDAY WJAR WENR
WBEN WEI WSMB WKY
WIOD WPTF WAPI KTHS

HEEL HUGGER HARMONIES—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WJR WLW
KWK WREN WHAS KFAB
KSTP KOA KSL KPO
KFI KGW KOMO KHQ
KFSD KTAR WGAR

BAYUK STAG PARTY—
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WJZ WBAL WLW KWK
WREN WJR KYW WHAM
KDKA WBZ WBZA WGAR

THROUGH THE OPERA GLASS
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WJZ WBAL WJR WFI
WGY WTAG WJAR WWJ
WSAI WOW WOC WHO
WREN WCAE WGAR KWK
WTAM WDAF CFCF WIOD
KOA WENR WSB WJDX
WSM KPRC KGO KHQ
KFSD

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC WOKO WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC
WHAS WCAU WJAS WMAL
WJAS WLBW WCAO WDBJ
WADC WHK WKBN WWNC
WBT WTOC WQAM WDBO
WNYZ WBCM WSPD WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WTAQ
WDOD WLAC WBRC WDSU
WOWO WFBM WCCO KSCJ
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
WNAX KOIL KFJF KRLD
KTHH KFH KOH KVOR
KVI KFPY KFRC KDYL
KLZ CFRB

KELLOGG SLUMBER MUSIC—
9:45 p.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WJR KWK
WREN WLW WGAR KYW

BEST SELLERS—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WJZ WBAL WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WEI WRC
WGY WREN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI WLW WOC
WHO WOW WDAF WTMJ
KSTP WEBC WHAS WSM
WMC WSB WSMB WFAA
WJDX WOAI WKY KOA
WDAY KFYR KGO KOW
KONO KHQ KTAR KFSD
KFI

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJAR WEAF WLLI WCHS
WRI WAPI WGY WOW
WDAF CKOW WWJ KSTP
WCAE WTAM WEBC WDAY
KYW WHO WSM WJAX
WIOD WHAS WSB WJDX
KPRC WKY KTAR KGO
KGW WSB WFI KFSD
WRVA WBEN KECA KOW
WFLA WSUN KSD WTMJ
WMC

Monday

THE COMMUTERS, Emery Deutsch, Conductor—Monday.
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WDRC WAAB
WORC WPG WIP-WFAN WJAS
WJAS WMAL WDBJ WHK
WKBW WCAO WJAX WWNC
WQAM WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WLAC WBRC WDSU
WMT KMOX KMBC WNAX
KOIL KFH KFJF KTRH
CFRB KFH KEJF KTRH

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—
9:30 a.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WDRC WAAB
WORC WPG WCAU WJAXAU
WJAS WMAL WADC WHK
WKBW WWNC WBT WDOD
WQAM WDBO WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WLAC
WBRC WDSU WTAQ KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC WNAX
KOIL KFH KEJF KTRH
KFSA WACO KDYL KLZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

OLD DUTCH GIRL—
9:45 a.m.
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WNAC WCAU WJAXAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WDBJ
WADC WHK WKBN WBT
WGST WNYZ WSPD WBIG
WBCM WDOD WISN WTAQ
WOWO WBBM WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFH KFJF
KRLD KTSA KDYL KLZ
CFRB CKAC

THE MADISON SINGERS—Musical Program by Mixed Quartet.
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WDRC WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WPG WCAU WJAXAU WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WKBN WWNC WBT
WBRC WDSU WMT WCCO KSCJ
KMBC KLRA KOIL KFJF
KTSA

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 9:30
WJZ WBAL WHAS WJBC
WJAR WOW WMC WSB
WGAR WOC WHO WKY
WHO WDAF WJDX WHAL
WSMB KWK KOA WBZ
WBZA WHK WFLA WSUN
KFAB KPRC KDKA WLW
WPTF WSM WDAY KFYR
KYW WEBC KSTP WOC
WJAX WFAA WTMJ WIBA
WIOD WOAI KWK

ANNE LAZAR, "Front Page Personalities."
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WEAN WDRC
WNAC WCAU WJAS WMAL
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WCAO WDBJ WADC WWNC
WBT WTOC WQAM WDBO
WNYZ WBCM WSPD WLAC
WTAQ WISN WJBO WBBM
WCCO KSCJ KMBC WNAX
KOIL KFH KFJF KTRH
KVOR CFRB KTSA

DON BIGELOW AND HIS YOENG'S RESTAURANT ORCHESTRA—
12:00 noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WCAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WDBJ
WWNC WBT WTOC WQAM
WDBO WXYZ WSPD WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WTAQ
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFH KRLD KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR KLZ
CFRB

COLUMBIA REVUE, Emery Deutsch, Conductor.
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WDRC WAAB
WNAC WORC WPG WIP-WFAN
WJAS WMAL WCAO WADC
WTOC WQAM WDBO WNYZ
WSPD WLAP WDOD WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WTAQ
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFH KRLD KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR KLZ
KDYL CFRB

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BAR-CLAY ORCHESTRA
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WDRC WAAB
WORC WPG WIP-WFAN WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WADC
WWNC WQAM WNYZ WSPD
WLAP WDOD WLAC WBRC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WOWO
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KOIL KFJF KRLD KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR KVI
KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ
CFRB

BEN AND HELEN—
3:45 p.m. 2:45 1:45 12:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WDRC WAAB
WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP
WMAL WCAO WDBJ WADC
WBT WWNC WSPD WLAP
WTOC WQAM WDBO WNYZ
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WJBO WBBM WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC KOIL
KRLD KTHH KFH KOH
KVOR KVI KTSA KOH
KFPY KFRC KLZ CFRB

VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS—Conducted by Nelson Hesse.
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WDRC
WNAC WORC WIP-WFAN WJAS
WHP WLBW WCAO CFRB
WJBU WKBN WWNC WBT
WBIG WDBO WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WTOC WQAM
WDBO WNYZ WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WTAQ WISN WMT
KOIL KFH KLZE KRLD
KTHH KTSA KOH KVOR
KDYL KLZ

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN.
6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
WJZ WBAL WSM KOA
KOMO KFAB KGW CKOW
KSTP KTAR KPO KFSD
WSMB WHAM WIBO KFYR
KGO KWK WREN WDAY
WJDX KECA WRC KOW
KSL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

REIS AND DUNN—
6:30 p. m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
WABC WXYZ WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRC WORC
WCAU WJAS WJAX WLBW
WMAL WCAO WFBR WHT
WTOC WDBO WDOD WLAC
WDSU KTRH

SWIFT PROGRAM—
6:45 p. m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WCAE WTIC WTAG
WEEI WJAR WCSH WFI
WRC WGY WBEN WDAF

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenborn.
7:00 p. m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC WXYZ WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRC WAAB
WORC WCAU WJAS WJAX
WLBW WMAL WCAO WDBJ
WWNC WFIW WTOC WQAM
WDBO WBCM WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WDSU WTAQ
WCCO KSCJ WMT KOIL
KFH KFJF KRLD KTRH
KTSA KOH KVOR KDYL
KLZ CFRB

ROXY SYMPHONY CONCERT—From Roxy Theatre.
8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WGAR WBAL WLS
WLWR CKGW WFLA WSUN
WSM WRC KOA WREN
WHO KSTP WJAX KGO
KECA KGW WSB WHAM
KFAB WSMB

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—
8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WJAR WTAG WGY
WBEN WTIC WCSH WEEI

A. & P. GYPSIES—
8:30 p. m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAR
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WJ WSAI
WGN KSD WOC WDAF
WTAM WOW WHO WBEN

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK WREN
KSTP WEBC KFRC WKY
WOAI KOA KSL KGO
KECA KGW KSQ KOMO
KVOO WLW WFAA KPRC
WGAR KFYR WSM WMC
WBAL KYW WDAY WTMJ

GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—
9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WCSH WJAR WCSH
WTAG WLIT WRC WGY
WCAE WTAM WWJ WGN
KSD WOC WOW KSL
WDAF WHAS WSM KOMO
WSB KPRC WJAX WBEN
WOAI WKY KOA WMC
KGO KGW KFI WSAI
KHQ WTIC WHO KFYR
WTMJ KSTP WOAI WFAA

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—
9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WLW KWK KYW
WREN CKGW WJR WGAR
WBAL

TRUE STORY—Cecil Secrest and Nora Sterling.
10:00 p. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WCSH WBEN WSAI
WJAR WLIT WCAE WFNR
WLIT WRC WTAM WOC
WTAG WGY WWJ KSD
WHO WOW WDAF

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—
10:00 p. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
WJAX WOD WFLA WSUN
WGAR WJR WLW WREN
WKY KYW KWK WRVA
KOA KSL KTAR KFI
SAI KGW KOMO KFSD
FIR WBAL WHAM KSTP
KHQ WDAY WSM WMC
WEBC WDJX KVOO WFIA
WSB KGO

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—Robert Burns Panatela Program.
10:00 p. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC WXYZ WFBL WKBW
WLAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJXAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WAAC WHK WKRC WNYZ
WSPD WOWO WPRM WMAQ
WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTRH KTSA
KLZ KDYL KOL KFPY
KOIN KHJ KFRC

MR. BONES AND COMPANY—
10:30 p. m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WJR WLA WFAA
WBZA WGAR WSUN KPRC
WBAL WREN WJDX KOA
WHAM WJIC WJAX KSL
KDKA KFYR KWK WSB
WBZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ARABESQUE. Desert Play.
10:30 p. m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WDBJ WADC WBT

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WTOC WQAM WDBO WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WOWO WFBM WMT WNAX
KOIL WIBW KFH KFJF
KRLD KTRH KTSA KOH
KOL KVI KFPY KFRC
KDYL CFRB KVOR

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
THE SIMONIZ GUARDSMEN—
10:45 p. m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WCSH WLIT WWJ WRC
WGY WBEN WSAI WCAF
KSD WTAM WENR WOC
WHO WOW WDAF CFCF
WTAG

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds. Comedy songs and cheerful chatter. (Daily ex. Sun.)

9:30 a.m.—WABC—Tony's Scrapbook, provides inexhaustible fund of material for radio programs. (Daily ex. Sun.)

9:45 a.m.—WABC—The Old Dutch Girl still incognito, gives jingles in rhyme and song. (Cudahy Packing Co.) (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

10:00 a.m.—WABC—Ida Bailey Allen, charming hostess of the Radio Home Makers Club in household hints. (Mon., Wed. & Thurs.)

10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Perkins, genial trail-blazer of comedy doffs silk topper only to goddess of satire. (Libby, McNeil & Libby.) (Thurs. & Fri.)

3:30 p.m.—WABC—The Three Doctors offer panacea for world's ills. Russell, Pratt & Sherman, "M. D.'s" of radio, put you in hysterics and then operate. (Tues., Wed. & Thurs.)

5:45 p.m.—WABC—Edna Wallace Hopper reveals secrets of eternal youth. She approaches Seventy with spirit of seventeen. (Wed. & Fri.)

6:45 p.m.—WABC—Bird and Vash—Another pair of Hoosier gossipers. (Daily ex. Sun.)

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas, Voice of Literary Digest, echoes reports of events in the happening. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy, still mutilatin' the King's English. (Pepsodent.) (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook, the Quaker Man whose gifted larynx conjures up for you nearly a dozen characters in fifteen minutes. (Quaker Oats Co.) (Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Miller and Lyles, another vaudeville comedy team gone radio. (Mon. & Wed.)

7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs give you peek into Jewish family life. (The Pepsodent Co.) (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Camel Quarter Hour goes quickly with Mort Downey and Tony Wons at the mike. (Mon. & Sat.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, in humorous dialogue and song. (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ.)

8:00 p.m.—WABC—Arthur Pryor's Cremo Military Band playing those stirring marches in true military style. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Vallee—Radio's busiest crooner—George White's Scandals—Fleischmann, and literary efforts. (7:00 p.m. Sunday, WJZ.)

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith, the voice with a million dollar croon—now protege of Congress Cigar Co. (Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat.)

8:45 p.m.—WJZ—Eddie East and Ralph Dumke, Sisters of the Skillet and Spinning Wheel. What is your problem. Send it in to these burly, corpulent sisters and let them solve it for you—beyond recognition. (Tues., Thurs. & Fri.) (Procter & Gamble.)

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—B. A. Rolfe and Lucky Strike Orchestra attaining the supreme heights of jazz. (Tues. & Thurs.)

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Clara, Lu and Em. Three Modern Minervas *settin'* in *jedgment* on universal problems. (Super Suds) (Daily ex. Sun. and Mon.)

11:00 p.m.—WABC—Bing Crosby. The last word in baritones. (Daily ex. Sun.)

11:30 p.m.—WJZ—Russ Columbo. NBC's precious find between the high's and low's on the music scale. Hales from Hollywood. (Daily.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast always brings over something unique from opposite side of Atlantic.

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—Gilbert and Sullivan Gems grow brighter with the passing years—especially as interpreted by Mary McCoy and Ivy Scott, sopranos; Mary Hopple, contralto; Charles Harrison and Harold Branch, tenors; Walter Preston and John Barclay, baritones; and Charles Pearson, bass.

7:15 p.m.—WABC—Fray and Braggiotti. Such a peppery piano pair. Well, one's from France, the other's from Italy.

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour. Welcome home!

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase & Sanborn support Eddie Cantor's mock campaign for President.

10:15 p.m.—WEAF—Best Sellers with Ted Weems' Orchestra and Ilo May Bailey, vocalist.

10:45 p.m.—WEAF—Sunday at Seth Parker's.

Monday

3:45 p.m.—WABC—Ben and Helen—Mr. Alley and Miss Nugent, of course, in their inimitable song duets.

Features

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Roxy Symphony Orchestra—straight from one of New York's grandest theatres.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—A. & P. Gypsies with Harry Horlick's Orchestra and Veronica Wiggins, contralto—Frank Parker, tenor.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors—Martha Attwood, soprano; male quartet; Frank Black's orchestra.

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—True Story in which Cecil Secrest and Nora Sterling prove that truth is stranger than fiction.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Chesebrough Real Folks. Popular rural sketch with George Frame Brown, G. Underhill Macy, Virginia Farmer, Tommy Brown, Elsie May Gordon, et al.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Arabesque. Fascinating desert play with alluring lines and strains.

Tuesday

6:45 p.m.—WEAF—Swift Program. A comedy sketch with the Stebbins Boys, Parker Fennelley and Arthur Allen.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Mid-Week Federation Hymn Sing, the mixed quartet being: Muriel Savage, Helen Janke, Richard Maxwell, Arthur Billings Hunt, and George Vause at the piano.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Henry-George, in the parody mart. (Continental Cigar Co.)

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Ben Bernie the old Maestro and his Blue Ribbon Orchestra. (Blue Ribbon Malt.)

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—National Dairy Virtuoso. Alfred Wallenstein's Orchestra and Jubilee Singers.

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Armstrong Quakers—with Lois Bennett and Mary Hopple supplying the feminine voices.

Wednesday

6:00 p.m.—WABC—Bill Schudt's Going to Press wherein publishers and editors use the spoken word anent the parlance of print.

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—Boscul Moments—with Mme. Frances Alda, prima donna from the Met. and Frank LaForge, well-kown pianist. (Wm. Scull Co.)

8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Snoop and Peep, two cub reporters in the persons of Charles Finan and Paul Winkopp.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mobiloil Concert. Program par excellence with Gladys Rice as the *piece de resistance.*

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Halsey Stuart Program offers semi-classical food for music lovers.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour featuring Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver in their charming delivery of well-loved songs.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell, the Voice of Radio Digest gives an earful of what a radio fan should know.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Dramatic Musicale offering the delightful male group of singers known as the Rondoliers Quartet.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble with Don Voorhees' orchestra and always a brilliant guest artist.

Friday

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Major Bowes' Family orchestral portion of which is directed by Yasha Bunchuk.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service featuring the lovable Jessica Dragonette and the Cavaliers.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—March of Time pushes aside all impediments and forges irresistibly ahead with its news dramatizations.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Pillsbury Pageant with Toscha Seidel, the Houdini of the Violin.

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men. A colorful program with Mildred Bailey, blues singer. (Allied Quality Groups.)

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air lifts air wave curtain on dazzling performances—just a blinding galaxy of stars always.

Saturday

5:00 p.m.—WABC—Saturday Syncopators presided over by Nat Brusiloff, Clowning Conductor.

9:00 p.m. — WEAF — General Electric Hour and Floyd Gibbons takes you for a little ride in the land of Science.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Hank Simmons' Show Boat brings you dramatizations of the old-fashioned melodramas where virtue and honesty always win out in the battle of vice and crime. Harry C. Browne and his able cast.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Tuesday

DR COPELAND'S HEALTH HOUR
9:45 p.m. 9:45 7:45 8:45
WABC WEXI WOKO WFBL
WKBW WDRC WSAR WJAS
WCAU WJAR WORC WGR
WMAL WDRC WLBZ WBZA
WKBN WWSC WBZ WBZA
WJW WSPD WLAC WDOD
WREC WTAQ WSOS KOIL
WTAQ WOWO KSCJ KMOX
KMBC KLH KFJF KGO
KTRH KTSA KDYL KFI
CFRB

COLUMBIA MIXED QUARTET
10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC WEXI WOKO WFBL
WKBW WJAS WORC WCAU
WCAO WDRC WLBW WMAL
WJW WSPD WLAC WDOD
WREC WTAQ WSOS KOIL
KSCJ KMBC KOIL KFJF
KFJF KVOR CFRB WACO

FASHION FACTS OF 1931 Radio Home-Makers
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC WEXI WOKO WFBL
WKBW WJAS WORC WGR
WCAO WDRC WLBW WMAL
WJW WSPD WLAC WDOD
WCSC WSPD WSAV WNOX
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WLAC WJAS WTAQ WOWO
KSCJ KMBC KOIL KFJF
KFJF KVOR CFRB WACO

JACK MILLER—Songs.
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC WEXI WOKO WFBL
WKBW WJAR WORC WJAS
WCAU WJAR WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WDRC
WADC WHK WWNC WBT
WTOC WQAM WNYC WSPD
WLAP WDOD WRLC WLAC
WPRC WDSU WISN KSCJ
WMT KMBC KLH KFJF
KTRH KTSA WACO KOIL
KVOR KFPY KFRC KFJF
CFRB

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES
6:00 p. m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC WEXI WHEC WDRC
WHP WLBW WTAR WDBJ
WWNC WBT WBCM WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WGI
WRBM KSCJ WMT KLRA
WDAY KFJF KTSA KFJF
KDYL KVI KOL KFPY

RAISING JUNIOR—
6:00 p. m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WJZ WCAR WHAM KYW
WBAL

SWIFT PROGRAM—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WEI WRC
WBEN WDAF WGY WCAE

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—
7:00 p. m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEI
KSD WJDX KOA WGO
KPSA KGW WEEI WBEN
WCAE WSAI WHIO WPTF
WIOD WFLA WSUN WSB
WAPI WKY WSM

CORNER DRUG STORE—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WTAG WRC WCSH WHEN
WGY WEI WCAE WSAI
WOC WHO WOW WDAF
KYW

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
WJR KWK WTAM WREN
WBAL WLW WLS KFAB

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WTAG WCSH WEI WRC
KSD WGR WGY WRVA
WCAE WTAM WSAI WMAL
WHO WDAF WOW WEBC
KSTP KYW

RED GOOSE ADVENTURES—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC WGR WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WHK WRC WCAU
WKBN WWNC WBT WLS
WCSH WFBL WQAM WDBO
WDAF WSYR WMAQ WSPD
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WNOX WHIO WDSU WISN
WTAQ WOWO WMAQ WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KLRA WNAX KOIL WIBW
KTSA WACO KOIL KGB
KOL KVI KLPY KOIN
KVOR KHJ KDYL KOZ
WMBG

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
11:45 p. m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WLBZ WDRC
WAAB WORC WCAU WJNAU
WHP WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WWVA WADC

WKBN WBT WTOC WDBO
WSYR WBCM WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WGL WFBM WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMBC WNAX WIBW
KFLD KTRH KTSA WACO
KOH KOL KDYL KLZ
KVOR

PAUL WHITEMAN—
12 mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WEAF WRC WTMJ KFYR
WSB WOW NCY WHAS
WSM WIBA WMC WAPI
WWJ WDAY

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

NATIONAL DAIRY VIRTUOSO—
8:30 p. m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WTAG WFI WRC
WGY WWJ WSAI WSMB
KSD WDAF WSUN WOA
WJAX WHEN WSB WHAS
WSM WSB WJAR WTIC
WCSH WHO WLAC WTAM
WEEI WJDX KPRC KVW
WOC

WALTER WINCHELL—
8:45 p. m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC WFBL WGR WEAN
WDRC WNAC WCAU WBZA
WJAS WMAL WCAO WADC
WXYZ WOWO KMOX KOIL

HOUSEHOLD FINANCE PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WGN KWK
WREN WJR

HENRY GEORGE—
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WNAC WORC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WMAL
WCAO WADC WHK WKRC
WWNC WSPD WBT KSTP
WFBM WBBM WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFH

FULLER MAN—
9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGA
WHEN WGO WHAP KSTP
WTMJ KOA WWJ WSAI
WOC KGW WOW WDAF
WKY SD KSL KOA
KECA KYW KOMO KHQ
WTIC WOKI WEBC WSB

BEN BERNIE AND HIS BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA—
10:00 p. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL
WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ
WLAC WBRC WDSU WOWO
KMBC KOIL KFH KFJF
KOIL KVI KFPY KOIN
WDRC WNAC WCAO WADC
WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO
KRLD KTSA KNJ KFRC
KHJ KDYL KLZ

B. A. ROLFE—
10:00 p. m.
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WTAG WCSH WFI WRC
WCAE WWJ WSAI KSD
WOC WHO WTMJ WEBC
WRVA WJAX WIOD WFLA
WSAI WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WSMB WJDX WOAI
KOA KGO WKY KGW
KHQ KOMO WTAM KFSD
WDAF KVOO WTAM WBEN
WOW WDAY KFI KSL
KFYR WENR KPRC WSMB
WPTF WGY WBAP WIBA

Wednesday

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSE-HOLD PERIODS—
10:00 a. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBAL KDKA KWK
WRUN WJDX WCMB KFAB
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WBZA WLW WGAR WHAM
WAPI KSTP WJR WEBC
WLS

LEARNING TO SWIM—Radio Home Makers.
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WOKO WHEC WKBW WEAN
WDRC WNAC WPG WJAS
WLBW WCAO WFBL WADC
WWNC WBT WTOC WQAM
WDBO WXYZ WBCM WSPD
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WDSU WBSN WTAQ WOWO
KMBC KSCJ WMT KMBC
KOIL KFJF KVOR

THREE MEN IN A TUB—Musical Program by Male Trio.
11:15 a. m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WBT WTOC
WXYZ WBCM WDOD WREC
WJSV WBRC KSCJ WMT
KFH KFJF KTRH KDYL
WHEC WKBW WORC WPG
WDBJ WCAU WFIL WLAP
WLAC WBRC KMOX KMBC
KOIL CFRB

BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—
6:00 p. m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC WJZ WDRC WEAN
WHP WLBW WMAL WTAR
WDBJ WADC WWNC WBT
WBCM WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WGL WCCO KSCJ
KLRA WDAY KFJF KRLD
KTSA KLZ KDYL KVI
KOIL KFPY

BOSCUL MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA—Frank LaForge, pianist.
7:15 p. m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WEAF WLIT WCAE WHAI
WRC WTAM WGY WEEI
WJAR WCSH WBEN WTIC

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JANE FROMAN AND HER ORCHESTRA—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WGAR WJR WLW KYW
WREN KWK KFAB CKGW
CFCF WTMJ WIBA KSTP
KOMO

SNOOP AND PEEP—
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WEAF WCSH WLIT WDAF
KGO WMC KGW KHQ
WSAI WJDX WHO WTAG
WIOD WFAA KOA WJAR
WCAE WWJ WLS

MOBILOIL CONCERT—
8:30 p. m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
KYW WTAG WLIT WHC
WSAI WIBA KSD WOW
WTAM KOA KVOO WFAA
WOAI WJDX WTIC KPRC
KSL WGY WEBC WDAF
WCAE WHO WOC WWJ
KMBC KSTP WTMJ WDAT
KFYR

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WFBM WMAQ
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFH

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WCAE CKGW WRVA KGO
KOA KSL KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WSAI KSD
WOC WHO WOW WJ
WSMB KVOO KPRC WOAI
KSTP WTMJ KYW WHAS
WSM WMC WSB KFI
WBEN WTAM KFI

DUTCH MASTERS PROGRAM—
9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WCAE
WJR WENR KWK WREN

PALMOLIVE HOUR—
9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WGN
KSD WJDX WHO WSMB
WTMJ CKGW KSTP WHAS
WSM WMC WDAF WHO
WSB WOAI KOA KLZ
KGO KGW KOMO KHQ
KPRC WWJ WTAM WBEN
KFI KVOO WIBA

COLUMBIA CONCERTS CORPORATION PROGRAM—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC WFBL WFBL WDRC
WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WWVA WADC WWNC
WBT WGST WTOC WQAM
WDBO WXYZ WWVA WSPD
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WISN WFBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT WTAQ KMBC
KLRA WNAX KOIL WIBW
KRLD KTSA WACO KOH
KVOR KGB KOL KDYL
KLZ

VITALITY PERSONALITIES—Freddie Rich's Orchestra. Announcer, Harry von Zell.
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC WOKO WFBL WCBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WKRC WCAH WHT
WGST WXYZ WSPD WLAP
WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU
WISN WOWO WFBM WBBM
WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFH KFJF KRLD KTRH
KTSA KOL KFPY KFRC
KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL
KLZ WHK

HERNANDEZ BROTHERS—Spanish Instrumental Soloists.
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC WOKO WFBL WKBW
WADC WKRC WDRC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WDBJ
WWNC WBT WQAM WGST
WDBO WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WJSV WBNS WOWO WFBM
WCCO KSCJ KMBC WNAX
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD
KTRH KTSA KOL WOR
KVI KFPY KFRC KDYL
KLZ CFRB

COCA COLA PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
CFCF WEAF WEEI WTIC
KTAR WTAG WJAR WSH
WRC WSAI WOC WEBC
WKY KYW KSD WHAS
KSTP WJAX WIOD WSM
WSMB WSUN WOAI KOA
KSL KGO KGW KHQ
KOMO WJDX WDAF WHAS
WTAM WHO WOW WMC
WSB WWJ WAPI WBEN
KFI WGY WTMJ WFLA
WCAE KFSD WHAS KPRC
WFAA WPFF WJAR KTAR
KVOO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"—Nellie Revell.
11:00 p. m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WOC WHO WRC
WIBO WJAR WCSH WIOD
KSD WOW WTAM

Thursday

COPELAND—CERESOTA FLOUR PROGRAM—Talk from Washington by Dr. Royal S. Copeland.
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WKBW
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WMAL
WCAO WKRC WXYZ WBBM
WCCO

HELPS FOR FEEDERS FROM THE PRATT EXPERIMENTAL FARM—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WDRC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WMAL WORC WWVA
WDBJ WADC WHK WKRC
WWNC WBT WXYZ WSPD
WISN WOWO WFBM WBBM

"MEET THE ARTIST"—Bob Taplinger, tenor.
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WAAB WDRC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WDBJ WWNC
WBT WSJS WGST WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WISN
KSCJ WMT KMOX KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTRH KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR KFPY
KFRC KDYL CFRB WDSU

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WJAX WJDX WJAR WCSH
WFI WRC WGY WHO
WSAI WJAR WSB WSMB
WEBC KOA WRVA KTHS
KSL OMO WOAI WSM
WOC WAPI KGO KHQ
WTAM KECA KSD CKGW
WGN KOCO KPRC WREN
WCAE KTAR WTMJ WIOD
WPTF WFLA WSUN WCAE
CFCF KSTP WKY WBAP
KVOO WDAF

PICKARD FAMILY—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WHAM WLS KWK
WGAR

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
KDKA WCKY WHAM

ARCO DRAMATIC MUSICALE—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI CKGW WRC
WGY WTIC WSM WIOD
WJAX WOAI KSL WOC
KSD WBAP WRVA WSAI
WEBC WDAF KYW WCAE
WOC WOW WHO WJDX
KECA WMC KTBS KGO
WAPI KOMO WBEN KGW
KFSD WTAM WKY KTAR
WWJ

THE COTY MELODY GIRL—Welcome Lewis.
9:15 p. m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WNAC WEAN WDRC WAAB
WKRC WXYZ WSPD WOWO
WEAN WJDRC WADC WHK
WBBM KMOX KMBC KOIL

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—
9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WKY WTMJ WEBC WHAS
WSM WJAX KPRC KOA
WSB KSD WFAA KGW
KOMO KHQ WAPI WMC
WHAM KDKA KSL KGO
WJDX KTHS WFLA KTAR
KFSD WRC KSTP WOAI
WRVA

B. A. ROLFE—and his Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra.
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
KSD WEAF WTIC WEEI
WJAR WTAG WCSH WFI
WRC WGY WCAE WSAI
WBEN WBAP KTHS WOW
WKY WOAI KOA KSL
WTMJ WIOD WHAS WRC
WSMB WJDX WDAF WJAX
KPRC WTAM WEBC WRVA
WFLA WSUN WOC WCAE
WENR WDAY KFYR KTAR
WAPI KGO KGW WOC
WHO KFI KOMO KHQ
KFSD WIBA KSTP WHAS
KPRC WSM

PETERS PARADE—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WKBW WPG WHP WJAS
WLBW WCAO KTAR WDBJ
WADC WHK WKRC WKBN
WWNC WBT WGST WTOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WISN
WTAQ WOWO WBBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KLRA WNAX KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF WREN KTHH
KTSA KLZ KDYL KOH
KVI KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC WNOX

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RADIO ROUNDUP—
11:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WAAB WORC
WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP
WLBW WMAL WCAO WDBJ
WADC WWNC WBT WTOC
WQAM WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WISN WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMBC WNAX KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTRH KTSA
KOH KVOR KFPY KDYL

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—
12:00 m. 11:00 p. m. 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WEAN WNAC WPG WCAU
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WADC WHK WKBN WBT
WXYZ WBCM WSPD WDOD
WBRC WDSU WISN WFBM
KMOX KMBC WNAX KOIL
KRLD KTRH KTSA KOH
WKBW WLBZ W3XAU WHP
WJAS WMAL WWVA WTOC
WREC WLAC WCCO WMT
WIBW KFH KFJF KFPY
KDYL KLZ

HECKER SURPRISE PARTY—
1:00 a.m. 12:00 11:00 10:00
WFBL WGR WDRC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WHK WKRC WWNC WBT
WWVA WSPD WISN WOWO

Friday

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—
10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WCAU W3XAU WMAL
WCAO WTAR WADC WHK
WAIU WXYZ WSPD WDSU
WFBM KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFH KFJF

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—
3:45 p. m. 2:45 1:45 12:45
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WMAL
WCAO WTAR WHK WKBN
WSPD WBRC WISN WTAQ
WFBM WBBM WMT KMBC
KOIL KFJF KTRH
KTSA KLZ CFRB

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—
4:00 p. m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WDRC WAAB WPG WCAU
WORC WCAO WDBJ WWVA
WKBN WBT WTOC WQAM
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WJSV WBNS WBBM KSCJ
WIBW KFJF KRLD KTRH
KOH KOL KVI KFPY
WGR WNAC WXAU WHP
WADC WHK WDBO WXYZ
WLAC WBRC KMBC KOIL
KFRC KVOO KDYL KLZ

JEWISH ART PROGRAM—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WDRC WAAB WORC
WPG WCAU WHP WKBW
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WDBJ WADC KRLD WWNC
WBT WQAM WDBO WWVA
WXYZ WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
KFRC KOIL KFJF KTRH KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR KVI
KFPY KFRC KDYL KLZ
CFRB

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—
7:00 p. m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WTIC WJAR WSAI
WWJ WCAE WTAC WENR
WGY WHO WRC KOA
KSD WBAP WCSH WWJ
WSNB KFYR WBEN WIBA
WJDX WFAA WSM CFCF
WFLA

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Jessica Dragonette
8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WTIC WJAR WCSH
WCAE WJAR WCSH WHAS
WOW KYW KSD WDAF
KSTP WTMJ WGY WOC
WFAA WOAI KOMO
KGO KHQ WTAG KSL
CKGW KECA WHO WSAI
WTAM WBEN WWJ KGY
KTHS KGW KVOO

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—
8:00 p. m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WLW WREN KFAB
WBAL WLS KDKA WGAR
WJR

MARCH OF TIME—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC WFBL WEAN WDRC
WNAC WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WMAL WCAO WADC WHK
WKRC WBT WXYZ WSPD
WLAC WDSU WOWO WCCO
KMBC KOIL KOL KVI
KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ
KDYL KLZ KMOX WGR

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

LIBERTY MAGAZINE HOUR—
9:60 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC WFBL WKBW WEAN
WDRC WNAC WCAU WJAS
WMAL WCAO WADC WHK
WKRC WXYZ WSPD WOWO WMAQ KMOX KMBC KOIL

INTERWOVEN PAIR—
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WHAM WMAQ KDKA
WJAX WKY WREN KPRC
KWK WBZ WBZA KGW
WSMB WIOD WEAA WJR
KSTP WHAS KYW WEBC
WCKY WOAI WRVA WSB
WAPI KGW KOA KSL
KGO KTAR KOMO KHQ
KFSD WSUN WGAR KFI
WBAL KSTP

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WOW WCAE WSAI WIBO
KSD WJAR WDAF WOC
WHO WGY WBEN

ARMOUR PROGRAM—
9:30 p. m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WJR
KYW WREN KSTP WEBC
WRVA WMC WSB WOAI
KOA KSL KGO KFI
WHAS KGW KHQ KOMO
WGAR KDKA WTMC WSM
WBAL WJAX WAPI WLW
WPTF WJDX WHAM WSMB
KPRC WIOD KWK KFI
WTMJ WFAA WAPI

FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES—
"Casey" Jones, Aviation News
Flashes.
9:45 p.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WABC WFBL WKBW WEAN
WDRC WNAC WCAU WJAS
WMAL WCAO WHK WKRC
WBT WXYZ WLAP WREC
WLAC WNOX WDSU WFBM
WMAQ WCCO KMOX KMBC
KOIL KRLD KLZ

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJR WGAR
KYW KWK KPRC KSTP
WEBC WDAY KFYR WRVA
WPTF WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WSMB WJDX WFAA WOAI
KOA WKY KSL KGO
KFI KGW KOMO KHQ
WLW KFSD WJAX KTAR
WAPI WTMJ WREN

PILLSBURY PAGEANT—Featuring Toscha Seidel, Violinist.
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC WOKO WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WCAU WJAS WJAS WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBO WNYC
WHK WKRC WGST WXYZ
WSPD WREC WOWO WMAQ
WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFJF KRLD KOL KVI
KFPY KOIN KFRC KHJ
KDYL KLZ

EASTMAN PROGRAM—
10:00 p. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WJAR WCSH WCAE
WWJ KSD WSAI WRC
WBEN WLIT WTAG WGY
WTAM WOW WENR WEEI
WOC WHO

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—
10:30 p. m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WLIT WGY WCAE WWJ
WSAI WIBO KSD WDAF
WRVA WJAX WIOD WMC
WSB WOC WDAY WSM
KGO KTHS WOAI WKY
WRC WCSH KOA KGW
KFI KSO WMAQ WEAR
KFSD WHO WOW WTAM
WTIC WPTF WTMJ WDAY
KFYR WAPI WENR WHAS
WIBA

THE BON-BONS—Negro Quartette.
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC WOKO WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU WJAS
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WDBJ WADC WNYC
WBT WTOC WQAM WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WLAC WBRC WDSU WOWO
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
WNAX KOIL KFH KFJF
KTRH KTSA KOH KVOR
KFPY KRLD KDYL KLZ
CFRB KMOX WDBO

HOWARD BARLOW—With Augmented Symphony Orchestra.
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC WOKO WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU WJAXU
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WDBJ WADC WNYC
WBT WTOC WQAM WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WLAC WBRC WDSU WOWO
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC WNAX KOIL KFH
KFJF KTRH KOA KGW
KVOR KFPY KFRC KDYL
KLZ CFRB WDBO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Saturday

NEW WORLD SALON ORCHESTRA
Vincent Sorey, Conductor.
10:30 a. m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC WZXE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WEAN WDRC
WNAC WIP-WEAN WLBW
WMAL WCAO WDBJ WADC
WHK WWNC WBT WTOC
WSPD WXYZ WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WDSU
WTAQ WBBM KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFJF KRLD KTRH
KDYL CFRB WJAS

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY—Children's Program.
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC WZXE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WDBJ
WADC WHK WAIU WWNC
WBT WTOC WDRO WNXZ
WLAP WDOD WLAC WDSU
WTAQ WBBM KMBC KOIL
KFJF KVOR KDYL CFRB

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—
4:00 p. m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN
WDRC WPG WCAU WJXAU
WMAL WCAO WJAR WHK
WWNC WXYZ WSPD WDOD
WISN WTAQ WEMB KOIL
KRLD KVI CFRB WOKO

SATURDAY SYNCOPATORS — Nat Brusiloff, Conductor.
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC WZXE WFBL WHEC
WGR WDRC WAAB WORC
WPG WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS
WADC WLBW WMAL WDBJ
WTOC WHK WWNC WBT
WLAP WDBO WXYZ WSPD
WDSU WDOD WREC WLAC
KFJF WISN KMBC KOIL
WACO KRLD KTRH KTSA
KFJZ KVOR KVI CFRB
WOKO KDYL KLZ
WCAO KFPY

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

REIS AND DUNN, with Nat Brusiloff's Orchestra—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WOKO WFBL WHEC WGR
WJAS WDRC WNAC WORC
WCAU WEAN WHP WJAS
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WWVA WADC WWNC WBT
WGST WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WNYC WJAXU WPG
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WSPD WISN WTAQ WMBD
WMAQ WCCO WJJD KSCJ
KMBC KLRA WNAX KOIL
KFH KRLD KTRH KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR KGB
KHJ KDYL KLZ

D'ORSAY PROGRAM—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WLS KDKA KWK KSFI
WSM WSB WKY KSL
KGO KFI KGW WHAM
WGAR WLW WREN KFAB
CKGW CFCF

THE SILVER FLUTE—
8:30 p. m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WCSH WGY WSAI
KSD WDAF WJAR

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CFCF	1030	WENR	870
CKGW	960	WFAA	800
KDKA	980	WFI	560
KECA	1340	WFLA	620
KFAB	770	WGAR	1450
KFI	640	WGN	720
KFKX	1020	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KFYR	550	WHAS	820
KGB	1330	WHO	1000
KGO	790	WIBO	560
KGW	620	WIOD	1300
KHQ	590	WJAR	890
KOA	830	WJAX	900
KOMO	920	WJDX	1270
KPO	680	WJR	750
KPRC	920	WJZ	760
KSD	550	WKY	900
KSL	1130	WLIT	560
KSTP	1460	WLS	870
KTAR	620	WLW	700
KTHS	1040	WMC	780
KVOO	1140	WOAI	1190
KWK	1350	WOC	1000
KYW	1020	WOW	590
WAPI	1140	WPTF	680
WBAL	1060	WRC	950
WBAP	800	WREN	1220
WBEN	900	WRVA	1110
WBZ	990	WSAI	1330
WBZA	990	WSB	740
WCAE	1220	WSM	650
WCFL	970	WSMB	1320
WCKY	1490	WSUN	620
WCSH	940	WTAG	580
WDAF	610	WTAM	1070
WDAY	940	WTIC	1060
WEAF	660	WTMJ	620
WEBC	1290	WWJ	920
WEEI	590		

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WFBL	1360
CKAC	730	WFBM	1230
KDYL	1290	WGL	1370
KFH	1300	WGR	550
KFJF	1480	WGST	890
KFPY	1340	WHEC	1440
KFRC	610	WHK	1390
KHJ	900	WHP	1430
KLRA	1390	WIBW	580
KLZ	560	WIP	610
KMBC	950	WIS	1010
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOH	1380	WJAS	1290
KOIL	1260	WJJD	1130
KOIN	940	WKBN	570
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLAP	1200
KTSA	1290	WLBW	1260
KVI	760	WMBZ	620
WAAB	1410	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WACO	1240	WMAQ	670
WADC	1320	WMT	600
WAIU	640	WNAC	1230
WBBM	770	WNOX	560
WBCM	1410	WOKO	1440
WBRC	930	WORC	1200
WBT	1080	WOWO	1160
WCAH	1430	WPG	1100
WCAO	600	WQAM	560
WCAU	1170	WREC	600
WCCO	810	WRR	1280
WDAE	1220	WSPD	1340
WDBJ	930	WTAQ	1430
WDBO	1120	WTAR	780
WDOD	1280	WTOC	1260
WDRC	1330	WWNC	570
WDSU	1250	WWVA	1160
WEAN	780	WXYZ	1240
WFAN	610	WZXE	6120

W3XAU 6060—9590

ATLANTIC CITY MUSICALE—
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC WZXE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WGR WDRC WAAB
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WBT WDBO
WXYZ WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WDSU WISN
WTAQ WOWO WFBM WCCO
WMT KMBC KOIL KFH
KFJF WACO KOIL KFRC
KVI KFPY KFRC KDYL
KLZ CFRB

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—
4:00 p. m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN
WDRC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WMAL WCAO WJAR WHK
WWNC WXYZ WSPD WDOD
WISN WTAQ WEMB KOIL
KRLD KVI CFRB WOKO

SATURDAY SYNCOPATORS — Nat Brusiloff, Conductor.
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC WZXE WFBL WHEC
WGR WDRC WAAB WORC
WPG WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS
WADC WLBW WMAL WDBJ
WTOC WHK WWNC WBT
WLAP WDBO WXYZ WSPD
WDSU WDOD WREC WLAC
KFJF WISN KMBC KOIL
WACO KRLD KTRH KTSA
KFJZ KVOR KVI CFRB
WOKO KDYL KLZ CFRB
WCAO KFPY

CHICAGO VARIETY PROGRAM—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC WOKO WFBL WHEC
WGR WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WCAU WNAC WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WWNC
WBT WGST WTOC WQAM
WDBO WDAE WNYC WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WTAQ
WFBM WCCO KSCJ WMT
KMBC WNAX KOIL WIBW
KFH KRLD KTRH KTSA
KOH KVOR KGB KOL
KHJ KDYL KLZ

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—Floyd Gibbone.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WCAE WRC WGY
WBEN WOC WTAM WWJ
WSAI WDAF KSD WTIC
WOW WAIU WJAX KSFH
WEBC KOA WAPI WHAS
WSB KGO WSMB KPRC
KSL KHQ KFI KTAR
KOMO WIOD KFSD WFLA
WHO WSUN WDAY WIBA
KFYR WOAI WFIC WMC
WRAP WSDX WTMJ KGW
WLS WRY WPTF WSAR
WSM

HERNANDEZ BROTHERS—Instrumental Trio.
9:00 p. m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC WZXE WOKO WFBL
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WCAU WJAS WJAS WLBW
WJAR WDBJ WHK WKBN
WQAM WDBO WNYC WBCM
WSPD WBBM WXYZ WBCM
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KOIL WIBW KFH KFJF
KVI KFPY KFRC KHJ
WEHC WKBW WPG WEAU
WMAL WCAO WBT WTOC
WSPD WDOD WBBM WMAQ
KMBC WNAX KTRH KTSA
KOH KDYL CFRB

STEELCOTE COLOR HARMONIZERS.
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WABC WFBL WKBW WEAN
WNAC WCAU WJAS WMAL
WCAO WNYC WOWO WJAR
WIBW KMOX KMBC KOIL

THE BOSWELL SISTERS—
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WABC WOKO WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WWNC
WWNC WGST WTOC WQAM
WDBO WDAE WNYC WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WFBM WMAQ WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMBC WNAX KOIL
WIBW KFH KRLD KTRH
KTSA KOH KVOR KGB
KHJ KDYL

NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—From Washington, D. C.
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC WFBL WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WJAS WMAL
WCAO WDBJ WADC WWNC
WBT WTOC WDBO WNYZ
WLAP WDOD WREC WSPD
WDSU WISN WTAQ WOWO
WFBM WMAQ WMT KMOX
KMBC WNAX KOIL KFJF
KTRH KTSA KOH KVOR
KVI KLPY KFRC KHJ
KDYL KLZ

VALSPAR SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WTIC WJAR WTAG
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WSAI WSAI KSD WOC
WHO WOW WDAF WEBC
WRVA WJAX WIOD WFLA
WSUN WMC WSB WSMB
WDJX KPRC KOA WKY
WESH WEEI WWJ WWJ
WLC WTMJ KSTP WHAS
WPTF WAPI KOMO WOAI
KHQ KSL WGN KGO
KFSD KFI WDAY KGW
WIBA KFYR WBAP WTIC
WOW WWJ WTAG WFI
WIOD

THE FIRST NIGHTER—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
KSL KGO WTMJ KFI
KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD
KFYR WRVA WJAX WJAR
WLW WJBC WDAY KFYR
WIBA KOA WGAR KYW
KSTP WBZA WBZ

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—
10:00 p. m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WEBC WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WEAN WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WWNC
WKBN WWNC WBT WBCM
WSPD WDOD WLAC WBRC
WISN WFBM WGL WMAQ
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KLRA WDAY WNAX
KOIL KTBW WIBW KFJF
KRLD KTRH KTSA KLZ
KDYL KOL KFPY KHJ

B. A. ROLFE—And his Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra.
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WTAG WSAI WRC WGY
WGY WREN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI WJS KSD
WOC WHO WDAF WOW
WTMJ KSTP WTBC WRVA
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WMC WSB WSMB
WDAY WPTF WAPI WOAI
WKY KOA KSL KGO
KFI KGW KOMO KHQ
KPRC WKFS WDAY KFYR
WIBA KPRC WBAP

HUSTON RAY AND HIS BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—
11:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WDRC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WADC WHK WWNC
WXYZ WSPD WDOD WISN
WTAQ WFBM WMAQ WCCO
KOIL KFH KRLD KVI
KFRC CFRB

CUCKOO—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WGAR WIBO KWK WREN
CFCF CKGW WJR WCKY

LLOYD HUNTLEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WEAF WTIC WRC KSD
WJZ WBZ WGY WMC
WSB KPRC WEEI WTI
WTAM WGY WWJ WDAF
WCAE CFCF WOOD

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		100	KGIZ	Grant City, Mo.
		100	KGKB	Tyler, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		50	KPQ	Wenatchee, Wash.
		100	KREG	Santa Ana, Calif.
		100	KUT	Austin, Texas
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind.
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		100	WMIL	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WRDW	Augusta, Ga.
		100	WSYB	Rutland, Vt.
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
		100	WWSW	Philadelphia, Pa.
200	1,500	15	CMBL	Havana
		30	CMBH	Havana
		15	CMBR	Havana
		15	CMBM	Havana
201.2	1,490	5,000	WCHI	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	WKBW	Buffalo, N. Y.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Alexandria, Va.
		500	WAAB	Boston, Mass.
206.8	1,450	1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WGAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		250	WHOM	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		500	WTFI	Athens, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WBIG	Greensboro, N. C.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC-WABO	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WOKO	Albany, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KGNF	No. Platte, Nebr.
		1,000	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa. (day)
		500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa. (night)
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WFEA	Manchester, N. H.
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa. (day)
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa. (night)
		500	WNBR-WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
211.1	1,420	100	KABC	San Antonio, Tex.
		100	KBPS	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Nampa, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Shawnee, Okla.
		100	KGVO	Missoula, Mont.
		100	KGGC	San Francisco, Calif.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		100	KXYZ	Houston, Texas
		50	WDEV	Waterbury, Vt.
		100	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		50	WELL	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WFDW	Talladega, Ala.
		100	WHDL	Tupper Lake, N. Y.
		100	WHFC	Cicero, Ill.
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		100	WJMS	Ironwood, Mich.
		100	WKBI	Cicero, Ill.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kans.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		100	WAGM	Presque Isle, Me.
		100	WPAD	Paducah, Ky.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S.C. (night)
		250	WTBO	Cumberland, Md. (day)
		100	WTBO	Cumberland, Md. (night)
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WAAB	Boston, Mass.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
		1,000	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		250	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		500	WODX	Mobile, Ala.
		250	WRBX	Roanoke, Va.
		500	WSFA	Montgomery, Ala.
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
213	1,405	30	CMBX	Havana, Cuba
		30	CMBN	Los Pinos
		100	CMBY	Havana
		50	CMBG	Marianao
		15	CMBK	Marianao
214.2	1,400	500	KLO	Ogden, Utah
		500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		1,000	WBAA	W. Lafayette, Ind. (day)
		500	WBAA	W. Lafayette, Ind. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
214.2	1,400	500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WFOX	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KOH	Reno, Nevada
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	La Crosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.7	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
		50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KMAC	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KUJ	Walla Walla, Wash.
218.7	1,370	100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWK	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		50	WBGF	Glen Falls, N. Y.
		100	WBTM	Dansville, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		250	WELK	Phila., Pa. (day)
		100	WELK	Phila., Pa. (night)
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Mt. Orab, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		250	WHDF	Calumet, Mich. (day)
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich. (night)
		100	IBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Highland Park, Mich.
		100	WJTL	Tifton, Ga.
		250	WLEY	Lexington, Mass. (day)
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass. (night)
		100	WLVA	Lynchburg, Va.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		100	WQDM	St. Albans, Vt.
		100	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.
		100	WRAM	Wilmington, N. C.
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
218.7	1,370	100	WRDO	Augusta, Maine
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220	1,363	30	CMKF	Holguin

Official Wave Lengths

Log your dial reading according to wave and frequency indicated here and you will know any DX station by quick reference

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
220.4	1,360	500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		1,000	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSN	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WCSC	Charlotte, S. C.
		2,500	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y. (day)
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y. (night)
		1,000	WGES	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		500	WGES	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		1,000	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		500	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WAWZ	Zarephath, N. J.
		250	WBNX	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Fort Smith, Ark.
		1,000	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
225.4	1,330	2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
		1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		500	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		500	WDRC	Hartford, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		250	KGMB	Honolulu, Hawaii
		500	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)
		250	KTFI	Twin Falls, Idaho
		1,000	WADC	Tallmadge, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
227	1,322	250	CMKH	Santiago de Cuba.
228	1,315	30	CMGC	Matanzao, Cuba.
228.9	1,310	100	KCRJ	Jerome, Ariz.
		100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGO	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		100	KFXJ	Grand Junction, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		100	KFKF	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		100	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTLC	Houston, Texas
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSM	El Paso, Tex.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		100	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		100	WBEO	Marquette, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		50	WEXL	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		100	WFDV	Rome, Ga.
		100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
228.9	1,310	50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		100	WRAW	Reading, Pa.
		100	WRBI	Tifton, Ga. ½ time
		100	WROL	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
		100	WSJS	Winston-Salem, N. C.
		100	WTEL	Phila, Pa.
		250	WTJS	Jackson, Tenn. (day)
		100	WTJS	Jackson, Tenn. (night)
231.6	1,300	1,000	KFAC	Los Angeles, Cal.
		1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
		500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstadt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIOD-WMBF	Miami, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		2,500	WEBC	Superior, Wisc. (day)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wisc. (night)
		2,500	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa. (day)
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa. (night)
		50	WNBC	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
233	1,286	15	CMBM	Havana, Cuba
		30	CMCG	Guanabocoa, Cuba
		15	CMBH	Havana, Cuba
		20	CMCR	Havana, Cuba
234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (day)
		1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night)
		500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		1,000	WIBA	Madison, Wisc. (day)
		500	WIBA	Madison, Wisc. (night)
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas

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LOOK! Here [illegible] and airplane!

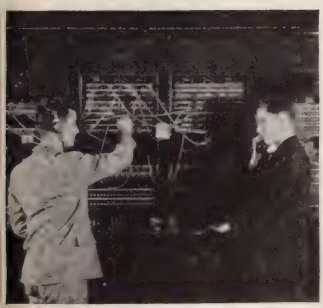


A SHORT WAVE operation . . . maybe they're sending a program across the ocean to Europe or Asia!

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- ☐ Disc and Film Recording
- ☐ Talking Pictures
- ☐ Servicing Home Entertainment Equipment
- ☐ Television

Name

Address

Occupation Age

RCA INSTITUTES, Inc.

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
235	1,276	20	CMJB	Ciego
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KVOR	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		500	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlingen, Texas
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Tex.
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WLB–WGMS	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.
240	1,250	250	CMKE	Santiago de Cuba
		2,500	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		60	WMCH	Matanzas, Cuba
241.8	1,240	250	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		1,000	KTAT	Ft. Worth, Texas
		1,000	WACO	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WXYZ	Detroit, Mich.
243.8	1,230	100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska
		1,000	KTA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N.M. (day)
		250	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M. (night)
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS–WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	500	KFKU	Lawrence, Kans.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		2,000	KWSC	Pullman, Wash. (day)
		1,000	KWSC	Pullman, Wash. (night)
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kans.
247.9	1,210	50	CFCO	Chatham, Ontario
		50	CFNB	Fredericktown, N. B.
		5	CHWK	Chilliwick, B. C.
		15	CKMC	Cobalt, Ont.
		50	CKPC	Preston, Ont.
		50	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WQDX	Thomasville, Ga.
247.8	1,210	100	KDFN	Casper, Wyo.
		100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.
		100	KGCR	Watertown, S. D.
		100	KGMP	Elk City, Okla.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KGNF	Dodge City, Kans.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	WALR	Zanesville, Ohio
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Yonkers, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF–WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Pa.
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wisc.
		100	WJBI	Red Bank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		100	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
247.8	1,210	50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		100	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		25	WOCL	Jamaven, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WQDX	Thomasville, Ga.
		250	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss. (day)
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss. (night)
		100	WSOC	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSEN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
248	1,210	500	XEX	Mexico City, Mexico
		100	KGCR	Watertown, S. D.
249.9	1,200	100	KBTM	Paragould, Ark.
		250	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa (day)
		100	KFBJ	Marshalltown, Iowa (night)
		250	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		250	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn. (day)
		100	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn. (night)
		100	KGDY	Huron, S. D.
		100	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash.
		100	KMLB	Monroe, La.
		100	KSMR	Santa Maria, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		50,000	WBHS	Huntsville, Ala.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Janesville, Wis.
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.
		100	WFAM	South Bend, Ind.
		250	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio (day)
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio (night)
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		200	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		100	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		250	WLAP	Louisville, Ky. (day)
		100	WLAP	Louisville, Ky. (night)
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		100	WNBO	Silver Haven, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
252	1,190	50,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Texas
254.1	1,180	20,000	KOB	State College, N. M.
		5,000	KEX	Portland, Oregon
		500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y.
		500	WMAZ,	Macon, Ga.
255	1,176	30	CMKG	Santiago de Cuba
		50	CMBA	Havana, Cuba
256	1171.6	2,000	CJRX	Winnipeg, Man.
256.3	1,170	10,000	WCAU	Phila., Pa.
		5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Iowa
258.5	1,160	10,000	WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
260	1,153	200	CMHA	Cienfuegos, Cuba
260.7	1,150	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
261	1,150	250	CMQ	Havana, Cuba
		600	CMCQ	Havana, Cuba
263	1,140	5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
		5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
245	1,136	150	CMCA	Havana, Cuba
265	964.6	100	XEH	Monterrey, Mexico
265.3	1,130	1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
267.7	1,120	15	CFJC	Camloops, B. C.
		500	CFRC	Kingston, Ont.
		100	CHGS	Summerside, P. E. I.
		50	CJOC	Lethbridge, Alta.
		50	CKPR	Midland, Ont.
		100	KFIO	Spokane, Washington
		500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMCS	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KTRH	Houston, Texas
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla. (day)
		500	WDBO	Orlando, Fla. (night)
		500	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wisc.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wisc.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Texas
270.1	1,110	5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
		2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.
272.6	1,100	250	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J
273	1,100	20	QMKD	Santiago de Cuba
274	1,094	30	CMGJ	Matanzas, Cuba
275	1,090	10	XEL	Saltillo, Coah., Mex.
275.1	1,090	50,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
277.6	1,080	5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
280	1,071	180	XER	Mexico, D. F
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
282	1,063	30		
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFBI	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	1,000	WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
		10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Tex.
		1,000	WMAK	Buffalo, N. Y.
290	1,034	150	CMKC	Santiago de Cuba
290	1,034.5	100	XEV	Puebla, Pue.
291.3	1,038	500	CNRV	Vancouver, B. C.
291.1	1,030	500	CFCF	Montreal, P. Q.
293.9	1,020	250	WRAX	Philadelphia, Pa.
		10,000	KYW–KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
296.8	1,010	500	KGGF	South Coffeyville, Okla
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y
297	1,010	50	CFLC	Prescott, Ont.
		50	CFCR	Watertoo, Ont.
		50	CKSH	Montreal, P. Q.
		250	CMCX	Marianao, Cuba
299.8	1,000	250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
		5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
300	1,000	100	XEA	Guadalajura, Jal.
		50	XEG	Toluca
		10	XEE	Linares, N. L., Mexico
		100	XEH	Mexico City
		100	XEI	Morelia, Nuevo., Mexico
		100	XEJ	Ciudad, Juarez
		100	XEK	Mexico, D. F.
		100	XEU	Vera Cruz, Ver.
		100	XEY	Merida, Yucatan
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305	983.6	100	XEO	Mexico, D. F.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
307	977	50	CMGT	Matanzas, Cuba.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
312.5	960	4,000	CFRB–CJBC	King, York Co., Ont.
		30	CHCK	Charlottestown, P.E.I.
		500	CHWC–CFRC	Pilot, Butte, Sask.
314	955	150	CMBC	Havana, Cuba
315	952	50	CMBQ	Havana, Cuba
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		1,000	WCSH	Portland, Maine
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	KROW	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KROW	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		25	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
323	930	50	CKIC	Wolfville, N. S.
325	923	500	XEX	Mexico, D. F.
325.9	920	500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		500	WBSO	Needham, Mass.
		1,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
325	915	250	XFF	Chihuahua, Chih., Mex.
326	920	250	CMHD	Caibarien, Cuba
327	914.3	500	CMX	Havana, Cuba
329.6	910	500	CFOO–CNBS	Saskatoon, Sask.
		500	CHNS	Halifax, N. S.
		5,000	CJCA–CNRL	London, Ont.
		250	CHJS	Saskatoon, Sask.
330	910	5,000	CJGW	Bowmanville, Ont.
333	900	500	CMX	Havana, Cuba
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Alaska
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WBEN	Buffalo, N. Y.
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Okla. City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
450	895	1,000	XEB	Mexico, D. F.
336.9	890.4	1,500	XET	Monterrey, N. L., Mexico
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D.
		500	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (day)
		250	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (night)
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		250	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W.Va. (night)
337	890	50	CFBO	St. John, N. B., Canada
		100	CKCO	Ottawa, Ont.
		500	XES	Tampico, Tamps., Mexico
338	887	100	CMBC	Cuba
341	880	50	CHML	Hamilton, Ont.
		100	CHRC	Quebec, P. Q.
		50	CJCB	Sydney, N. S.
		22½	CKCI	Quebec, P. Q.
		50	CKCV–CNRQ	Quebec, P. Q.
		30	CKOC	Hamilton, Ont.
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Iowa

THE RADIO STATIONS WITH A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION

The first time presidential election returns were put on the air a Westinghouse station did it. The first church service by radio, the first radio program from a theater stage, first radio addresses by cabinet members, first boxing contest blow-by-blow, the first baseball game play-by-play, the Armistice Day address of Marshall Foch in 1921 . . . all these historic thrills were enjoyed by listeners to the first of the Westinghouse Radio Stations.

Westinghouse Radio Stations broadcasts have flashed halfway around the world to Australia. They have broken the frozen stillness of the South Pole and invaded the icy wastes of the Arctic.

Wherever you go in America you'll find KDKA, WBZ-WBZA, KYW-KFKX, and W-8-XK—either one or all—familiar names to the folks who follow what's new and important in radio. Almost everybody, at one time or another, listens to one or another of the Westinghouse Radio Stations. And 980, 990, or 1020 kilocycles are good numbers to keep in mind when you're in search of interesting programs.

WESTINGHOUSE • RADIO • STATIONS

WBZ-WBZA
990 kilocycles

Boston, Mass., Hotel Bradford
Springfield, Mass., Hotel Kimball

KDKA
980 kilocycles

COMMERCIAL OFFICES

Pittsburgh, Pa., Hotel William Penn

KYW-KFKX
1020 kilocycles

Chicago, Ill., 1012 Wrigley Building
New York, N. Y., 50 East 42nd Street

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		50,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash.
		5,000	WABC WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo.
349	860	500	XFZ	Mexico City
350	857.1	100	XEJC.	Juarez, Chili
350	856	5	CMJE	Camaguey, Cuba
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
357	840	500	CFCA CKOW CNRT	Toronto, Ont.
		1,000	CKLC-CHCT	Red Deer, Alt.
357	840	500	CMC	Havana, Cuba
		2,000	XETY	Mexico City
355	840	500	CMC	Havana, Cuba
360	832.8	100	CMGA	Colon, Cuba
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WEEU	Reading, Pa.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
362	828.7	2,000	XEG	Mexico, D. F.
365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
370.2	810	5,000	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	50,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
380	790	500	CMHC	Tuinucu, Cuba
507	791.7	1,000	XFI	Mexico, D. F.
385	780	5,000	CKY CNRW	Winnipeg, Man.
		5,000	XEW	Mexico, D. F.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Cal.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Cal. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Cal. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WISJ	S. Madison, Wis. (day)
		250	WISJ	S. Madison, Wis. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Michigan
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		5,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
410	731.3	3,000	CMK	Havana, Cuba
		1,000	XEN	Mexico, D. F.
411	730	5,000	CHYC	Montreal, P. Q.
		50	CKMC	Vancouver, B. C.
		5,000	CKAC	Montreal, P. Q.
		50	CKCD-CHLS	Vancouver, B. C.
		50	CFKC	Vancouver, B. C.
		3,000	CMK	Havana, Cuba
		500	XEM	Tampico, Tamps, Mexico
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KMPC	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
435	690	500	CFAC-CNRC	Calgary, Alt., Can.
		500	CKCN-CNRC	Calgary, Alt., Can.
		500	CJCJ-CHCA	Calgary, Alt., Can.
		5,000	CKGW	Bowmanville, Ont.
		500	WGST	Atlanta, Ga. (day)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga. (night)
441	680.2	150	CMBS	Havana, Cuba
440.9	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	New York, N. Y.
455	660	225	CMCO	Marianao
461	650	100	XER	Mexico City, Mexico
461.3	650	100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
466	643.7	250	CMCF	Havana, Cuba
468.5	640	50,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
470	638.3	2,000	XFG	Mexico, D. F.
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbus, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Wasnington, D. C. (day)
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo.
476	630	1,500	XET	Monterrey, N. L., Mexico
		500	CFCT	Victoria, B. C.
		500	CJGX	Yorktown, Sask.
		500	CNRA	Moncton, N. B.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
482	622.4	50	CMBD	Havana, Cuba
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz. (day)
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz. (night)
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Maine
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wisc. (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wisc. (night)
490	611.9	100	CMBY	Havana, Cuba
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Cal.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (day)
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)
		500	WICC	Bridgeport, Conn. (day)
		250	WICC	Bridgeport, Conn. (night)
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
500	599.6	250	CFCH	Iroquois Falls, Ont.
		500	CJRM	Moose Jaw, Sask.
		500	CJRW	Fleming, Sask.
		500	CNRO	Ottawa, Can.
		1,000	CMW	Havana, Cuba
508.2	590	2,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash. (day)
		1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash. (night)
		250	WCAJ	Lincoln, Nebr.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WKZO	Kalamazoo, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Nebraska
548	588.2	500	XEZ	Mexico, D. F.
510	588	700	CMW	Havana, Cuba
516.9	580	500	CFCY	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
		200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kans. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kans. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kans.
516.9	580	500	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va. (day)
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va. (night)
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
517.2	580.4	500	CKUA	Edmonton, Alta.
		500	CKNC-CJBC	Toronto, Ontario
		250	CHMA	Edmonton, Alta.
		500	CJCA-CNRE	Edmonton, Alta.
		500	CKCL	Toronto, Ont.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Syracuse, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		1,000	KLZ	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
545	550	250	CMCJ	Havana, Cuba
		8	RA St. John's,	Newfoundland
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		2,500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D. (day)
		1,000	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D. (night)
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio
546.8	548.6	100	XEY	Surerida, Yuc.
555.6	540	500	CKX	Brandon, Manitoba, Can.

Television Stations
Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.

Lines per Picture	Power (Watts)	Call Signal	Location
		2000-2100 kc band	
48	5,000	*W2XCR	New York, N. Y. Jenkins Television Corp.
48	5,000	*W3XK	Wheaton, Md. Jenkins Laboratories
48	5,000	*W2XCD	Passaic, N. J. DeForest Radio Corp.
48	100	W2XBU	Beacon, N. Y. Harold E. Smith
45	500	*W9XAO	Chicago, Ill. Western Television Corp.
48	250	W2XAP	Portable Jenkins Television Corp.
		2100-2200 kc band	
60	500	W3XAD	Camden, N. J. RCA Victor Co.
60	5,000	W2XBS	New York, N. Y. National Broadcasting Co.
—	20,000	W2XCW	Schenectady, N. Y. General Electric Co.
60	20,000	W8XAV	Pittsburgh, Pa. Westinghouse Electric & Mfg Co.
48	500	W2XR	Long Island City, N. Y. Radio Pictures, Inc.
45	1,000	*W9XAP	Chicago, Ill. Chicago Daily News
60	5,000	W3XK	Riverside Brook, N. J. National Broadcasting Co.
		2750-2850 kc band	
48	1,000	W9XAA	Chicago, Ill. Chicago Federation of Labor
60	500	W2XAB	New York, N. Y. Columbia Broadcasting System
—	1,500	W9XG	West Lafayette, Ind. Purdue University
—	500	W2XBO	Long Island City, N. Y. United Research Corp.
		2850-2950 kc band	
48	500	*W1XAV	Boston, Mass. Shortwave & Television Lab., Inc.
24	5,000	W9XR	Downer's Grove, Ill. Great Lakes Broadcasting Co.
48	500	W2XR	Long Island City, N. Y. Radio Pictures, Inc.
—	500	W6XK	Los Angeles, Cal. Don Lee, Inc.
		43,000-44,000 keys	
—	500	W9XD (CP-S).	Milwaukee, Wis. The Milwaukee Journal
		43,000-46,000; 48,500-50,300; 60,000-80,000 keys	
—	50	W3XAD	Camden, N. J. RCA Victor Co.
—	750	W2XB2	New York, N. Y. National Broadcasting Co.
	30	W1XAV (CP).	Boston, Mass. Shortwave & Television Lab.

Radio Digest Publishing Corp.,
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Street ..... City, State.....

Lucky Bing!

(Continued from page 32)

pose he had kept on studying law—probably would have starved to death before he finished college.

Now they were definitely in the show business. But it was by no means all sunshine and roses. They made good at the Boulevard theatre in Los Angeles in a skit called *Syncopation.* Had twenty weeks of it touring Fox houses. Then they joined Will Morrissey's co-operative show, *Music Hall Revue* which did well in Los Angeles then flopped in San Francisco. But they met Paul Whiteman here and signed a contract with him by which they joined him later at the Tivoli in Chicago.

They became known as the "Rhythm Boys" and just when they thought they had fully arrived they met disaster at the Paramount theatre in New York. It was a sickening flop for both of them. But later they were joined by Harry Barris and things looked brighter, although they had their ups and downs until finally they left Whiteman in California after they had made the picture, *The King of Jazz.*

Immediately after leaving Whiteman, Bing and his two companions were engaged to make talking and singing motion picture shorts. In all they made ten, working for Pathe, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount and RKO. Then another of Bing's big breaks.

For several years the Cocoanut Grove, in Hollywood, had been the most popular of coast night clubs. Everyone had gathered there. But last fall found it in a terrific slump. The management, anxious to make the place popular once again, started a search for a means to attain this end. Their search led them first to Bing, Barris and Rinker, who had just finished the last of their pictures. Then they found Gus Arnheim, an orchestra leader who was not working at the time. It was decided that "The Rhythm Boys" and Gus Arnheim and his band would work side-by-side in an effort to draw a crowd.

And they did draw a crowd, such a crowd that dozens were turned away nightly. Many elements contributed to the tremendous popularity of the Cocoanut Grove—the singing of "The Rhythm Boys," the playing of Arnheim and his music—but it was due chiefly to the baritone solos of Bing Crosby. Bing's singing soon became the talk of the West Coast. It was not long before he was on the tip of every tongue in the East. The Victor Talking Machine Company, hearing of Bing's popularity, signed him to sing "Just a Gigolo" and "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams." Then the Brunswick people came along with a fat long-term contract and Bing signed with them. He has made nine discs for them so far, all of which have been best-sellers. Up to September 1 his record of "Just One More Chance" had passed well over the 30,000-mark, which is something of a record.

While working at the Cocoanut Grove Bing found time to collaborate with Harry Barris on another song which later swept the country and which Bing helped to popularize. The song was "I Surrender Dear."

After nine months at the night club, Bing separated from Barris and Rinker for the first time in three years and left the Cocoanut Grove in May to make four motion picture featurettes. The first two, "I Surrender Dear" and "Just One More Chance," are to be released within a few weeks.

Now that you have been shown how Bing Crosby finally stepped into the spot he now occupies you may be interested in a close-up word sketch.

In his wearing apparel Bing favors browns and blues. Several years of residence in sunny California have resulted in his unconsciously dressing as though he were in a warmer climate. He usually appears in the studios with white, gray or light brown flannel trousers and sports coat. He wishes he could wear light-colored summer ties throughout the year.

During all of his rehearsals and all of his broadcasts Bing wears a hat, usually a lightweight felt one. He is never hatless in the studios. This is not a superstition. He always has sung and rehearsed that way when not appearing on the stage or in a night club.

If the weather is fair Bing can be found on the golf links, riding horseback through Central Park or swimming at a nearby beach. He likes all forms of exercise but prefers out-door sports. He retires every evening before midnight and arises at 9 A. M. He never leaves a call or needs an alarm clock to awaken him. He finds time for some form of exercise every day.

The Challenge

(Continued from page 20)

the station at fever heat. Wild dashes in automobiles were made at a moment's notice from the station to the remote control room in Paris Inn.

Perhaps there is no better means of illustrating public interest in the broadcast of this murder trial than the poll taken by KNX of its radio audience as

(Continued on page 87)

USE A

REESONATOR

for

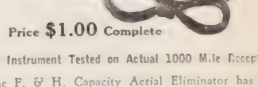
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NO —the Reesonator is not [illegible] on the market for [illegible] over three years and has [illegible] satisfied customers throughout the United States, Canada and in fact, the Reesonator is in use thruout the entire world. Its principle is used in some high priced modern sets of today. The Reesonator will increase the selectivity and power of your machine to the equivalent of two extra tubes. The Reesonator will enable you to play distant stations with dance volume, that were barely audible without it. It is connected across aerial and ground wires, and can be done by anyone without tools in a minute. The Reesonator is only recommended for sets having an untuned antenna or [illegible] tube such as Atwater Kent models 30, 32, 35, 37, 38, 48 and 49; Radiola models 16, 17, 18, 33, 81 and 82, Crosley Bandbox and Jewelbox and many models in Victor, Temple, Silver-Marshall, General Electric, Westinghouse, Apex radios and many others.

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Address .....

City ..... State .....

Inclosed find $[illegible] send [illegible] M. O. for $

☐ or send C. O. D. Items checked, under three-day money back guarantee.

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☐ F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator

☐ Literature ☐ Dealers' proposition

F. & H. RADIO LABORATORIES

FARGO, N. DAK., Dept. 18

The Tent Show

(Continued from page 29)

an' snapped his gallus. "I need Mose right here to hum."

"I'll hire him an' pay fur et," says Dan'l an' run his hand down his pants pocket and jingled some coins.

"H-mmm! Thet's different — how much?"

"What's it worth to ye?"

"Well, I ain't in the habit of rentin' him out, but considerin' he's got a right good bark I figger two dollars is cheap."

"Why, you ol' skinflint! I ain't buyin' him outright an' payin' a bonus besides. You oughta be glad to let me take him off yer hands an' feed him once. A quarter'd be too much."

"Mose'd consider that a rank insult, Dan'l Dickey."

"Fifty cents then, an' I'm gettin' robbed."

"Nope, but I'll compromise on a dollar an' you give 'im his evenin' meal."

"Ye don't cal'late he'll be insulted do ye, at thet price?"

"I'll bring him back in the mornin'."

"An' ef there ain't nothin' stole I'll pay ye then."

"No sir-eee! Ye pay now, or he don't go et all."

"Can't ye trust me, Hirum?"

"Jest the same as you do me, an' thet's as far as ye can throw an' ol' she bear by the tail."

"Well, to save argyment I'll pay yu now. But I want a receipt fur et. Ye can't be comin' back to ask for et agin in the mornin'."

Hirum chuckled as he received the four quarters Dan'l doled out to him. He pondered over the line Dan'l included in the receipt,—"for such uses as payee may put him to"—but figgered it was jest one of Dan'l's peculiar'ties. Mose looked back in surprise when Dan'l started leadin' him away.

What Hirum woulda thought an hour later to see Mose tryin' to be eddicated to act like a pack o' blood-hounds might be another kind of peculiarity. Hoaker an' Dan'l were tryin' every which way to make him do somethin' besides sit on his haunches in the middle of the stage an' look either tho' he was mighty abused or the world had all suddenly gone loony.

Rigs of all sort was comin' into town bringin' whole families. They had some gasoline torches flarin' out in front of the tent. But Mose jest set thar. Finally Dan'l had an' idee he'd wake up at the smell of a juicy piece of beef an' sent out for some.

In front folks was clappin' their hands an' raggin' the manager to start the show. Right in the middle of all this in walks the sheriff demandin' to see Dan'l. Finally they gits together off in a corner and the sheriff says, "Neville was up to see me an' swore out a warrant against this troupe of actors. Wants me to run 'em outa town. Now what in thunder am I goin' to do?"

"They ain't done nothin' yet to be 'rested for, hev they?"

"But Neville found some old law datin' back to 1784 which makes theatre shows illegal."

After they had gabbed along this way Dan'l got another sudden idee.

"You be somewheres else till about time for the hound to be chasin' 'Liza across the ice. Then ye kin bust in an' stop the show an' we'll see what happens. Think ye kin do that, Sheriff?"

"Don't see no reason why I can't."

The tent was plumb packed full an' everybody was raisin' cane for the curtain to go up. Dan'l got Mose back to one side of the scenery. Somebody rang a little bell, an up went the curtain. They had some real darky banjo players an' some white folks made up to look like darkies. Everybody was havin' a good time laughin' an cryin' accordin' to what was goin' on durin' the show. Mose began to growl an' act mean so Hoaker was afraid he really would bite somebody. When it came time for Liza to start playin' leap frog on the ice Hoaker insisted Dan'l would have to hang onto the dog as he ran across the stage. This was more than Dan'l bargained fer an' he said he wouldn't do it without extra pay. But right then up pops the sheriff an' stops the show with Dan'l in the middle of the stage a Kentucky colonel's hat pulled down over his face. The sheriff stood like one of the actors his hand stretching out toward the performers.

"I declare that you are all under arrest for violatin' the statute of the General Court of 1784," he said.

For a minute the audience gasped and didn't make a sound. Then they hissed an' howled. Dan'l looked pained but resigned.

"Guess you're jest doin' your duty, sheriff," he said. The law is the law—but you don't have to arrest 'em all do ye? Wouldn't just one of 'em be able to answer for the rest?"

"Mebbe one would be enough to fine."

"Then arrest Hirum Neville."

Well, that sure was a surprise. Neville had been hidin' himself around by the door. Now he comes snortin' down the aisle shakin' his fist and demandin' the sheriff to do his duty.

"You arrest Dan'l Dickey. Ain't he actin' right there in front of you? Arrest Dan'l with all the rest of 'em."

"Why Neville, that's no way to act when I jest come up here to save you from gettin' into trouble by breakin' the law."

"Me—ME breakin' the law!"

"I told ye a dozen times not to hire out yer dog for this performance. But here he is an' I caught him jest in time from chasin' that poor gal across the ice. But not too late to save him from actin' in the show."

"That's right Dan'l, you've done your best to protect him," said the sheriff. Mose began to bark an' pull at the chain.

"Why you wicked ol' reprobate—you—you—"

"See here now, 'tain't goin' to do no good for ye to be callin' names like a naughty boy. I hope you ain't denyin' ye hired out this dog fer tonight for such purposes—"

Hirum's jaw fell, and he looked sheepish toward the door.

Then Dan'l read the receipt which Neville had signed. By this time the scene was gettin' more excitin' than Uncle Tom. The sheriff called for a justice of the peace and a minute later court was convened right there on the stage with Dan'l presidin'.

"Et's all a lie"! shouted Neville above the hubub.

"Thet'll just cost you four dollars for contempt," said the Justice Dan'l. "How much did the accused get for haulin' the show?"

"Four dollars," said Mr. Hoaker.

"An' how much for pitchin' the tent on the lot?"

"Another four dollars," responded the show manager.

"Thet's eight dollars. The defendant will pay eight dollars to the sheriff now."

"How about the four dollars for contempt?" asked the sheriff.

"Thet'll go to me fer takin' care of the dog," said Dan'l, "an' now we'll proceed with the show."

Beautiful

HARRIET LEE

Radio Queen '31-'32

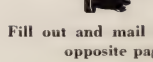
Art Pastel Portrait

November

RADIO DIGEST

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The Challenge

(Continued from page 85)

to the innocence or guilt of David H. Clark.

Persons voting for acquittal, numbered 6,122, and 498 for conviction, bearing out the parallel of public opinion to that of the jury, which brought in a vote of 11 for acquittal and 1 for conviction.

KNX has won the greatest battle of its career. But it is not stopping there.

Guy C. Earl, Jr., President of the Western Broadcasting Company, owners of KNX, and Naylor Rogers, Vice-President and General Manager, are looking into the future. The broadcast of the trial of David Clark is just a beginning of the most sensational and revolutionary radio service ever attempted . . . the KNX Newspaper of the Air!

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KNX is making radio history!

Gabalogue

(Continued from page 53)

Jesse into the union. And Jesse bought his first pair of long trousers for the occasion. He wasn't 16 years old yet . . . but he hung around the musicians' headquarters and picked up odd jobs playing for local dances. Then he went to Spokane and played the piano in a motion picture house. Then the pipe organ came in and while Jesse had never had a single organ lesson in his life up to that day . . . in fact he's never had one yet . . . he played that organ. And Sid Grauman, great impresario of the coast, engaged him to play the organ in his Million Dollar theatre in Los Angeles. Mr. Grauman, good showman that he is, saw the possibilities of a solo organist and began advertising Crawford, getting out special posters about him . . . and making Crawford's organ playing a feature of the show. Then Sam Katz of the Balaban and Katz interests . . . took him to Chicago where he was also a spectacular feature of their cinema palaces.

ACROSS the street from where Jesse Crawford was playing was a young lady playing the organ in a rival theatre And playing it very well, too. And like all good business men, when the opposition looms up too strong, Jesse proposed a merger. She accepted and the twin organs were installed in the Chicago theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Crawford presiding. And Mrs. Crawford plays so well, that when Mr. Crawford wants to go away, she can keep the home organ burning just as well as he can.

Then came the invitation to make records. He's made over 150 records, and believe-it-or-not, there are more of them sold throughout China and the Orient than in the United States. I don't know what the psychology of that is. After five years in Chicago . . . when Mr. Katz had helped Mr. Zukor and Mr. Lasky build the Paramount theatre in New York, Crawford was brought here to open it.

Crawford's rise to popularity since his Paramount debut is theatrical history. And now the most brilliant chapter of all has just been started . . . his connection with the National Broadcasting Company . . . making it possible for the world to hear Crawford play the organ as he has never played before."

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How can you be content to sit around at party after party and listen to others do all the playing—see them showered with admiration, invitations—when your life-long ambition to become a popular musician is now so easy to realize? Experience the personal satisfaction that comes from being able to play "when", "where," and "what" you like for your own amusement and the entertainment of others. Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way — and found it as easy as A-B-C. Read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. No matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day.

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Strike up the Band

(Continued from page 24)

through the palace. The night of the concert we were told to play the Russian National Air until the lights were turned up brightly, and then to follow it with our own "Star Spangled Banner." We must have played their national anthem for fifteen minutes before the lights were turned up. And then, as we started playing The Star Spangled Banner, a man in the first gallery started waving an American Flag. He had no more than started when a hand came trough the curtain behind him and tried to take the flag away.

Returning from St. Petersburg we stopped at Warsaw. While we were there Leoncavallo sent for me and complimented me highly for my playing of the serenade from "Pagliacci." I was told later that he was greatly surprised to find that it was a trombone that had played his serenade. He said the tone was so beautiful he could hardly believe it had issued from a trombone.

My first appearance in England was at Prince Albert Hall, London. We gave a wonderful concert that night and the London press literally heaped praise upon the band. But when they got to the trombone solo by Pryor they asked their readers to wait for the next issue, as they wished "to consult some of the English trombone players to ascertain whether the instrument Mr. Pryor played was a trombone."

In the next issue they said my instrument was the same sort of trombone that all English trombone players used, and, after much praise for my performance, asked the English players why they didn't play solos like Pryor's instead of "The Death of Nelson" all the time.

I had the distinct honor of playing solos before King Edward VII both at Sandringham and Windsor Castles. Mr. Sousa was decorated at the Sandringham concert. An interesting point in connection with this concert was that of all the music selected for it, the King was most pleased with an arrangement of religious songs of America. Also, the first request of the King was for a number of my own called "The Coon Band Contest." I learned later that the then Duchess of Marborough the former Consuelo Vanderbilt, had heard me play this in New York and told the King about it.

My publishers in the United States had failed to copyright this number in England and all the English publishers pirated it. Some months later one of the publishing houses in London mailed me a ten-pound note, saying they believed I was entitled to something and would I please accept the note. I returned it to them with a letter stating that I could hardly blame them for publishing my stupidity.

There was one thrilling moment during one of our London concerts I never shall forget. The theatre was packed. As the piccolo, trumpets, trombones and drums marched forward to the footlights in the finale to "Stars and Stripes Forever," the entire first row in the gallery arose and waved silk American flags back and forth in tempo with us.

On our return to this country we resumed our touring. My reputation as a trombonist almost brought on disaster during one of these trips. It was twenty-five years ago when Sousa's Band opened the great Kansas City Convention Hall. The auditorium was crowded, and in the great audience were eight or nine thousand Missourians. Missourians are a loyal and clannish lot, and while many of them wanted to hear the band, quite a few of them wanted to hear their fellow Missourian, Arthur Pryor.

The concert proceeded to its closing number. As usual I played my solo. But it appeared that the delegation from my home state still wanted more of me. During a pause some leather-lunged fellow-native yelled:

"Pryor!"

To hundreds of pairs of ears the word came through as "Fire" and was promptly repeated as such. Pandemonium broke loose in different parts of the hall, and people began rushing for the doors. For a few moments it looked like we were going to have a catastrophe of first-class proportions.

Then Sousa raised his baton and signalled the band to play. Only those nearest to him were able to catch the order above the din, but the brasses blared, the drums rolled and we were able, presently, from the rhythm of the baton, to get the idea that "Dixie" was the tune. As the full volume of the stirring strains swelled through the auditorium the audience regained its senses and returned to its seats.

On the rest of the tour the Sousa programs carried a footnote requesting that listeners refrain from calling for Pryor during a concert because of the danger that the word should be mistaken for "Fire."

I remained with Sousa's Band until 1903. I was thirty-three years old when, on the death of my father, I returned to St. Joseph to take over the leadership of the original Pryor Band, organized many years before by my father.

It seemed to me there was room in this great country for two national organizations of the type of Sousa's Band. With this thought in mind I began a busy period of expansion. New players were engaged and, of necessity, some were retired. Rehearsals were inaugurated. We worked many hours and many days before I was satisfied. And then we went East.

On the evening of November 15, 1903, Arthur Pryor's Band made its first New York appearance and played its first big national concert at the Majestic Theatre. Many of the men who played with me that night are still with me in my Cremo Military Band. We were acclaimed by both the public and press.

One important consequence of that concert was an engagement to play a series of concerts at Asbury Park, N. J., the following summer. My band has played there twenty-three summers since then. Winters found us at Miami. Willow Grove Park, near Philadelphia; Luna Park, at Coney Island; the New York State Fair, at Syracuse, and the Rochester Exposition heard us regularly. In addition there were swings from coast to coast and tours in foreign lands. In the five years between 1904 and 1909 we made six coast-to-coast tours of the United States. Foreign countries visited included Mexico, Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Germany, Belgium, Russia, Holland and Norway.

In between concerts I have found time to turn out more than 300 compositions, including the light operas "Jingaboo," "On the Eve of Her Wedding Day" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This total includes nearly a hundred marches in addition to overtures, character numbers, songs and other pieces.

Perhaps my most popular composition is "The Whistler and His Dog." This piece has an interesting and authentic history. When I was a boy I had a little dog to whom I was greatly attached. He was not very responsive to a spoken command, but he never failed to answer to a whistle, even forsaking the joys of a dog fight at my summons. It was in memory of this little animal that played such a part in my youth that I created this number some years later.

I mentioned earlier that the musical strain ran through our family. It has gone on one generation more. Arthur, Jr., my eldest boy, could, I believe, be the finest band conductor in this country today. Until four years ago he was my assistant conductor and an excellent cornetist. Since leaving my band he has been engaged in advertising and Radio production work. They tell me his staging of "The March of Time"

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has created something of a sensation.

Roger, my other boy, has been seen on the stage in many Broadway successes in the last few years. He, too, is an excellent musician, playing the piano, the saxophone and the trombone. He plays jazz when his father isn't home.

Two more Pryors are musicians. They are my brothers, Samuel, Jr., and Walter. Sam came on from Kansas City to drum in the Cremo Military Band, while Walter came from St. Joseph to play the cornet with us.

Right now I'm having the greatest time of my life and so is every member of the band. Many of us have played together for twenty-seven years; some less. But always we have tried to build up the love for band music and the reputation of our band. And now, in fifteen minutes, we can carry a greater message than we did in nearly three decades.

It's a great thing, this Radio!

Radio Awing

(Continued from page 12)

the air corps spent during the entire movement were in Washington on Memorial Day. Cloudless skies provided ideal flying weather, but there was a record to maintain. The big formation had piled up nearly 40,000 hours of flying time without a single serious accident. A bad crackup on the last day would wreck irretrievable damage. In Washington the formation was staging the final review, before not only the high command of military America, but of the world at large. There were representatives of every government maintaining a legation or embassy in the nation's capital in the throng that assembled to watch the first air division's last patrol.

Officers stood "on the line" at Bolling field that morning and clenched their fingers, praying silently that no mishaps would mar the exercises. Tense, they glued their eyes to the sky and watched anxiously for any slipup.

And they saw the air corps stage a perfect requiem for its 1931 maneuvers, and bring to a close, without a hitch, the greatest aerial demonstration the world has even seen.

Damrosch Resumes Classes

Walter Damrosch has returned from Hollywood in time to get the term of the NBC Music Appreciation Hour under way by October 9. More than 56,000 instructor manuals have been prepared for distribution to scholastic institutions all over the country. Many new features have been added to the fall manual. Preparations have been made to take care of an increased enrollment.

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WINDSOR, ONT.	The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.	The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

Smith Ballew

(Continued from page 9)

from orchestral circles. The success of Paul Whiteman, as a dance band conductor, was of little moment to talent in the Lone Star State. So he chose the life of a real estate salesman.

In June, 1925, after spending more than two years boosting Texas real estate, Ballew was lured back to the dance orchestra world. Into the Fort Worth Club, an exclusive millionaire's retreat, he moved with a band of five pieces, later enlarged to ten. Before those days Texas orchestras had no conductors, but touring bands from the East set the new fashion and Ballew took up the baton as a conductor.

His musical ambition soon led him away from Texas and the millionaire's club. For three years he played his banjo and guitar in many states, with many orchestras, at times being doubtful how he would obtain meals for his wife and himself. But always his courage held forth.

In New York he opened with George Olsen in *Good News,* the first pay checks proving to be good news, but once on the road with the company he refused to take a wage cut and subsequently left the company. Prior to that time he had played with Ben Pollock, at the Black Hawk Cafe, Chicago; with Ted Fiorito, at the Sinton Hotel, Cincinnati, and for several months he directed his own orchestra on a tour of Eastern and Middle-West states.

After his break with the *Good News* company, Ballew played with Freddie Rich and Meyer Davis, at the Astor Hotel, and with the Mayhew Brothers-Ballew orchestra at the California Ramblers Inn, in the Pelham Bay section. But sometime during early 1928, before these latter engagements, fate was unexpectedly kind. Ballew, the banjo player, the orchestral leader, found that he could make more money singing for records. He had a "sort of a tenor voice," untrained. Never before had he sung.

Within a year, by reason of his recordings, Ballew had gained a degree of financial independence, aside from proving his musicianship. It was then that Scheuing asked him to organize an orchestra for broadcasting. Ballew, however, was skeptical of his potentialities as a broadcaster, and he paused for many weeks before taking the final step. Then he was heard from Whyte's restaurant.

By this time, many years after Whiteman led the jazz world to orchestrated numbers, jazz music as played by orchestras had altered materially. Now Ballew's orchestra plays soft, sweet music in close harmony. Trumpets and drum no longer blare and roll above the strings, and, in New York restaurants and night clubs, where the orchestra appears, couples dance in a smooth, pleasant manner.

Ballew's orchestra has also played at Harry Richman's Club, Saltzmann's restaurant, and the Villa Vallee night club since he started broadcasting. In the summer of 1930 his orchestra played a six weeks' engagement at the Baker Hotel, Dallas, which marked the first time he visited Texas since his departure early in 1926. Also, on his return from Texas, the band played for a short while at the Willows, near Pittsburgh.

Early in March, 1931, Ballew left the Villa Vallee to fill a vaudeville engagement in Brooklyn and New York theaters, leading to the Palace Theater, the goal of all troupers. The night before his initial appearance, while playing in Saltzmann's restaurant, Ballew was a little worried. Never since his college days had he gone in for theatricals; he secretly wished that he knew a little more about vaudeville showmanship. But all the critics gave him a clear bill of health.

Back in 1919 when Ballew first organized an orchestra, Dee Orr, mentioned earlier, came to him for work. He wanted to play the drums.

"Come out to my home next Sunday," Ballew told him, "and we'll try you out."

Orr kept his promise, but, as Ballew tells the story today, he gave one of the most amateurish performances imaginable. Orr didn't even know how to hold the drumsticks, but he went through the ordeal without flinching. And Ballew and his fellow musicians decided he had potentialities; that he had an instinct for rhythm. So they decided to give him time to learn the drums.

That is how Orr joined the original Ballew band, three members of which, today are playing with Jimmy Joy's orchestra in Denver, Colo. But when all the other members went to the "U" of Texas, Orr declined. He didn't want a college education. Rather, he left his home state and went North in search of work.

When Ballew was starting the tour with his own band, after leaving the millionaire's club, he found Orr playing and singing "like a negro" with Gene Rodemick's orchestra, in St. Louis. He was a featured man, getting $200 a week, a salary which his former boss envied him.

"Give me a job," Orr asked of Ballew at their meeting.

"Don't be foolish," Ballew advised him. "I couldn't afford to pay you nearly as much as you're getting."

"I don't care what you'll pay," Orr said. "I want to go with you." And Orr joined Ballew's orchestra. Since then, he confessed, he wanted to demonstrate his loyalty and appreciation for Ballew's consideration years before in Sherman, Texas.

After they had completed the tour Ballew and Orr parted again. Orr played the drums at several places and Ballew came to New York. Then, when Ballew was organizing his or chestra for NBC, he received a tersc wire from Orr, then in Chicago.

"Would like to play in your new orchestra," the wire said.

How he had heard of Ballew's plans is still a mystery to the latter, but Ballew spoke to Scheuing and subsequently sent for Orr. He is a typical southerner, both his speaking and singing voice betraying his homeland, and he blushes deeply when singing.

Today Ballew has a twelve-piece orchestra, two members of which are sons of Fred Van Eps, the famous banjoist. George Van Eps, only seventeen, is banjoist, and Bob Van Eps, a few years older, the pianist. Both of the youths have had exceptional musical training.

And there is another of the orchestra, who was an original member of Jimmie Joy's band, namely, D. Wade, a cornetist. Wade played with Ballew at Fort Worth and later with Paul Tremaine's orchestra.

Ballew has written lyrics to "We Can Live On Love," "If You Didn't Care for Me," "Dreams," and "Alone In the World." The last two songs are yet unpublished, but are expected on the music counters within a short time. The music of the last number was written by Ray Smyth, a blind freshman student at the University of Pennsylvania. Ballew met a friend of the student-musician in Camden, N. J., and agreed to listen to "Dreams" whenever Smyth came to New York.

One time during Ballew's tour of the Eastern and Middle Western states, after he had left Texas, the company, under whose management he was booked, placed another musician, widely known in dance circles, as head of the orchestra. Ballew didn't mind that; he realized the box office value of the other name. But when the latter attempted to discredit Ballew, with his own orchestral members, including faithful Dee Orr, Ballew became irked.

Ballew's protest embodied the same meaning as Wister's phrase: "When you call me that, smile!"

More or less.

The Valentino of Song

(Continued from page 49)

of thoughts of the girl he even left his beloved violin behind him on the train.

THE months went quickly . . . the years also. Nicholas took his family to live in Los Angeles. Russell went to Belmont High School. There he joined the orchestra as first violinist. . . He also "made" the glee club, and it was the glee club director, a man by the name of Sargent, who discovered that Russell had a voice. He encouraged the boy to lessons. He was only sixteen but possessed a surprisingly mellow baritone.

Then came reverses. Russ was eighteen. His father lost everything and he had to quit school and go to work.

He organized his own little orchestra. One day a man by the name of Eckhardt heard him sing. He told Russ he would give him $75 a week to sing at the Mayfair Hotel in Los Angeles. It sounded too good to be true.

The boy had always played classical music until he was offered a job at the Roosevelt Hotel with "Prof." Moore. There he learned to play the "hot fiddle."

One day he received a call from Gus Arnheim of the famous Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel. Arnheim wanted to hear him sing. Russ sang a song called "Broken Hearted" and Arnheim didn't like his "style."

"I was certainly broken hearted," Columbo confesses. "I did so want to make good at the Grove. It meant everything to me then."

In despair he went to the Lasky Studios. A friend, Gino Corrado, told him he ought to find a job there playing "side line" music. Those were pretalkie days. He landed at $90 a week and felt himself rich.

He was overjoyed. Then Pola Negri needed a new violinist. Russ got the job. For two years he walked on air.

The boy got to know Rudolph Valentino, and to this day Valentino is his ideal. Then came a chance to work for Warner Brothers. He met Monte Blue . . . and Blue thought the earnest black-haired boy had the makings of an actor. . . In the meantime he had another call from Arnheim. . . Again they wanted him to sing at the Grove. But, Russ never got along with Arnheim. . . He accepted and sang nightly until Arnheim told him he would have to give up his studio connections. . . Instead, Russ quit the Grove and threw body and soul into screen opening with Paramount. . . He did so well that Paramount called his acting "too Latin." Instead of getting leading roles he doubled and sang his way through "Wolf Song," and other successes. Finally he became disheartened and left the studios.

He tried vaudeville and found that people liked his voice. In fact . . . he began stopping shows on the Pantages circuit.

In the midst of this new success, Arnheim came back from Paris and wanted Russ to return to the Grove. . . After much persuading Columbo left Pantages and went to the Ambassador, expecting to be starred. Arnheim did not feature him, and Russ, disheartened, left the Grove, this time for good, to start his own club—the Club Pyramid. The new venture was successful from the start . . . and made money.

One night a stranger introduced himself. . . "Kid, you've got a great future with that voice . . . radio's your game.

There was something in the stranger's manner that appealed tremendously. Before he had hardly realized the full import of it all . . . he was speeding East with Con Conrad, the song writer who took him to New York.

And now . . . this Valentino of Song from the West has sung his way into the hearts of millions of National Broadcasting Company listeners.

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Signals

(Continued from page 15)

phase of football in which Husing must be thoroughly versed is the new system of rules and regulations. Since last January Ted has been studying diligently the new rules under the guidance of Coach Dick Hanley, of Northwestern University, with whom he corresponded regularly. During the week he was in Chicago describing the National Amateur Golf Championship, from Monday, August 31, to Sunday, September 6, Ted spent several hours each day with football coaches who came from all parts of the country to attend classes held by Hanley at Northwestern University for the discussion, explanation and interpretation of the new football rules.

After returning to New York to cover the National Singles Tennis Championship, at Forest Hills, L. I., Ted went to West Point and spent a week training with the Army squad under their coach, Major Ralph Sasse. He took part in scrimmages, sat at the training table with the players and kept the same hours as they did. It is almost as essential for a good sports announcer to keep in good physical trim for a football season as it is for a player.

Husing's knowledge of sports is not based on study alone. He has had plenty of actual experience. While a student at Stuyvesant High School, in New York, Ted performed brilliantly in four sports—football, baseball, basketball, and soccer, but it was on the gridiron that he performed most brilliantly. He played a bang-up game at roving center and was all over the field making things as miserable for his opponents as possible. As a result, he was chosen all-scholastic center for two years.

The World War interfered with his pursuance of a college career, but when the conflict was over Ted joined the professional ranks playing with "The Prescotts" against such teams as Jim Thorpe's "Canton Bulldogs," "The Frankfort Yellow Jackets" and other leading pro elevens.

In broadcasting a football game Husing uses a microphone of his own invention. While other sport announcers use a stationary, standing "mike," Ted employs a hand microphone so that he may turn his head from side to side to follow the progress of the play. This microphone is shaped like a small hand-mirror, with a long, narrow handle extending from the small, round microphone into which he speaks.

When once he begins describing a football game Ted feels that he has been more than compensated for the many hours of preparations he has made. The actual broadcasting of a football game is to Ted the supreme thrill of all. Each game packs a myriad of punches and new kicks for him.

So far Ted has described more than seventy major football classics over the coast-to-coast Columbia network, and each has given him dozens of spine-tingling thrills. This, no doubt, accounts for Husing's knack of being able to inject every thrill of every play into his descriptions and sending them through the ether to every radio-listener.

"The greatest kick I've ever gotten in a football broadcast was during the Army-Navy game in 1927. Army had a substantial lead, and, although only a few minutes remained in the closing period, Navy was battling furiously to score," Husing said, in reminiscing recently about the seventy-odd games he has broadcast.

"It was late afternoon, and evening was slowly casting a mantle of darkness over the field. Navy's chances of scoring looked hopeless as they lined up at midfield. Suddenly Lloyd, Navy back, took a pass from center and ran back ten or fifteen yards. It seemed as though he stood there holding the ball for hours. In reality, it was only a few seconds he paused, gripping the ball.

NAVY men were running in all directions. Suddenly, just as the Army ends were closing in on him, Lloyd drew back his arm and hurled a pass that traveled as straight and fast as a bullet more than fifty yards, diagonally across the field.

"Castree, the Navy end, had gotten through the Army secondary defense and had streaked across the field, unobserved, for the goal line. It was to him that Lloyd had thrown the pass. As the ball shot towards the goal line Castree increased his speed. Then, just as he neared the goal line, with the ball nearing him, he lost his balance and fell flat on his back.

"Those in the Navy stands who had risen, cheering, to their feet, sank down, groaning. But only for the fraction of a second, for Castree, lying on his back a short distance from the last white line, stretched out his arms, caught the ball with his finger-tips and rolled over the goal line for a touchdown. It was one of the greatest plays I ever have seen and certainly one of the biggest thrills of my experience."

The essential qualification of a good sports announcer is his ability to keep from letting his excitement show in his voice. Once he lets his excitement run away with him he starts to yell into the microphone, and his words become unintelligible. Ted Husing long ago mastered the art of controlling his feelings.

Although more than qualified to do any sports broadcast alone, Husing virtually always employs the assistance of an expert to compile statistics and cover the technical angles of the various events.

For instance, Bryan Field, well-known turf writer, assists him in his descriptions of horse races; Herbert Reed, sports writer, advises and assists with polo and rowing events; Herbert Stone, editor of "Yachting," aids in the description of boat races; Walter L. Pate and Louis B. Daley, executives of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, give assistance in tennis broadcasts, and Herbert H. Ramsay, of the United States Golf Association, helps with golf broadcasts.

So it is with football. While Ted is giving graphic descriptions of the action, a football expert sits beside him compiling figures on yardage gained and lost, on the total number of first downs and the like. Thus, at the end of each period, Ted is able to give a complete summary of what has taken place.

Some idea of the number of words spoken by Husing during the description of a football game may be gotten from the fact that he speaks at the rate of about 400 words per minute, which means that he totals about 24,000 during a full game. Added to this are the words spoken before and after the games and between the periods, which swell the total to more than 40,000 words.

Husing writes out only one sentence of any of his descriptions of football games and other sports events. That is the opening sentence. This is done so that he may get the proper tempo, and then he is off.

It is a surety that Husing will break all existing records for sports announcing this season. During all of 1930 he traveled 31,650 miles and covered 65 sports events. Up to September 1 of this year, with four months remaining he had described 54 events and had traveled 24,400 miles. The football season, the World Series and a dozen or more other events will swell this total considerably.

In his spare time, if any, Husing is making a series of twenty-six "Sport slants" for Warner Brothers. So far he had completed eight, three of which have been shown in some 1,500 theatres throughout the country.

A busy man, Ted Husing, and a student of sports.

Mr. Robert A. Williamson, writing from the camp of the National Broadcasting company, reports on page 95.

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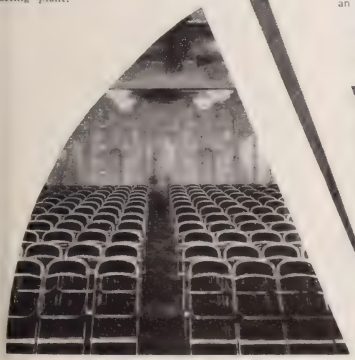
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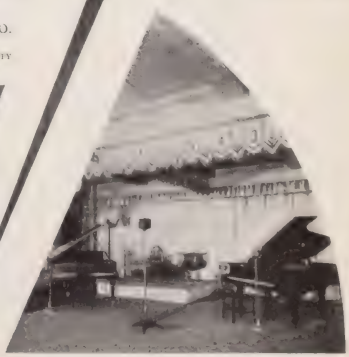
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Broadcasting in the New York Manner

The Airline to the New York Market

Clara, Lu and Em

(Continued from page 14)

"Clara" and "Em." Upon her graduation she went to Boston and for three years taught speech and dramatic courses at the Boston School of Physical Education. In the school year 1929-1930 she returned to Northwestern to teach in the School of Speech there. Isobel Carothers is a pretty, dainty young woman who is extremely fond of dancing, who enjoys being alone, and who is very fond of the tabloids. "Someday," says Isobel, "I'd like to marry a millionaire and enjoy myself modeling in clay and going to the movies."

Helen King (who by the way is not my child as many think) is the "Em" of "The Girls" act. Like the others she is a daughter of the Middle West, having been born in Peoria, Illinois. She was the youngest of five children and says that instead of giving her mother presents at her birth, her whole family tried — vainly, for the young lady had a carrying voice—to pretend that she hadn't arrived among them. As a child, Helen King showed a marked fondness for music, so when she went to college she studied piano and organ and became proficient in both. She played the organ for chapel all during her college days and was well known on the campus for her musical ability. Along with her music, Helen had a love of drama and had the honor of being elected to Theta Alpha Phi, the honorary dramatic society. After her graduation in 1926 from Northwestern Helen had a year of post-graduate work at the University of Colorado and then returned to Evanston, Illinois, to teach "rhythms," or creative dancing and dramatics in the public schools. At the present time she is giving the same course at Northwestern.

Helen still has a strong interest in music. Many evenings when I reach the studios she is in the middle of a chorus of a popular tune and even now she and I are working on some piano duets which you may hear someday if none of the studio engineers shoot us. She had always wanted to play for radio as she was an enthusiastic radio fan herself and hoped that her music would bring pleasure to others. But Chicago is a very hard town on non-union musicians and in those days, which were not so long ago, Helen did not have the money with which to join the local union. Now—well, that's another story, and a personal one at that.

"In the spring of 1930," said Helen, "all three of us were together in Chicago. One day I was speaking about my wish to play the pipe organ on the air and telling the girls that so far I had not been able to find a position. The suggestion was made that we revive our old act and bring Clara, Lu and Em to the air. We all knew that other acts of more or less similar nature were popular so the others enthusiastically agreed to my plan. We spent some time in becoming re-acquainted with our invisible old friends and finally took them out for auditions with the results that you already know."

The choice of the three names Clara, Lu and Em was purely at random. Never before had they seen these three names used together nor did they know any women bearing the names. But evidently the names are popular for one day as the girls were rehearsing their act at WGN before going on the air, a studio page boy announced to them that "Clara, Lu and Em had come to see them." It was a fact: three sisters whose names really were Clara, Lu and Em had come to get acquainted with the radio "Clara, Lu and Em."

Since that time the girls have received letters from two other sets of sisters bearing the same names and they find it quite a coincidence that purely imaginary names should find such concrete backgrounds.

The three girls all agree in saying that the personalities of Clara, Lu and Em have become so real to them that they find these characters intruding into their daily lives. Miss King says "Em is ruining my grammer. She makes me put a 'the' before nearly every noun I use and I am continually saying 'leave her do this or that.'" The girls have been Clara, Lu and Em for almost five years which is much longer than any actress is compelled to identify herself with a fictitious character, so it is not surprising that these make-believe personalities have a very strong influence on their lives.

In the days when Clara, Lu and Em were only used to amuse their friends the girls say they used to lapse into character much more often than they do now. Since Clara, Lu and Em have become a business with them they give more time and thought to what the characters will say and do, of course, and the girls admit that it isn't always easy to find something timely and also funny about which they may gossip.

I have found that like most stage people the girls are in character preceding their nightly broadcasts. They arrive early at our Chicago NBC studios for their rehearsal and it is not until the closing strains of the theme song, "Somewhere In the World" have died away that they become again the Misses Starkey, Carothers and King—three modern maids, and to me—"regular fellows." In the studio during the broadcast each has an eccentric characteristic. They "act" their roles in front of the mike—Clara always speaking with arms folded across her chest, her fingers nervously toying with a string of beads which is always a part of her costume; Lu continually ruffling her hair in a coy manner when talking of any one of her various amours (and also, unknowingly, rubbing her ankle); and Em constantly playing with and rattling her manuscript. We've rehearsed together, broadcast together, argued together, and plowed through three feet of snow to reach the studios during last winter's storm together and in the face of all these changing scenes, to me they are "just three great guys."

The three girls plan to make their homes in Evanston where they now live together. They all have their likes and dislikes and their ambitions. Em is an enthusiastic radio fan; Clara enjoys the radio usually; but Lu is too busy to listen very often. However they all agree on liking two radio features—"Uncle Abe and David" and "The Three Doctors."

In her spare time Em (Miss King) may usually be found creating or listening to music. She is a tall, slender girl, very fond of bright colors, who wears this season's smart clothes with grace and style. (First thing you know I'll be a ladies' fashion expert.)

Clara (Miss Starkey) is quiet and intelligent, spending her time with books and in the theatre. Her one great passion is a contest. Any guessing game or slogan-writing contest, whatever it may be, as long as it has the element of hard work coupled with the element of chance, intrigues her. And she plans to keep on entering all contests until she carries off first honors. (How many of you readers do the same?)

She says that one of her rules for the future is always to avoid women's clubs. She didn't say why and it wouldn't be proper for me to ask.

Lu (Miss Carothers) enjoys dancing very much, as well as books, and says that when she marries a millionaire she intends to be a patron of the arts. Miss Carothers presents a most attractive picture at all times being petite and dainty and always well groomed.

The girls further agree in liking the romantic type of man and say that Ronald Coleman and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are their favorite cinema stars. (What a great break for my old side-kick, Doug.) They say they demand men with romance—plus intelligence.

They also would like a vacation some time and would appreciate suggestions as to how to get one. My only suggestion was for them to get married.

McNamee Recalls Grid Thrills

(See football story "Signals" on page 15)

THE sharp, rhythmical voices of quarterbacks already are being heard above the pre-play stillness of football crowds. But the rich, resonant voice of Graham McNamee, National Broadcasting Company ace, has not yet been heard this fall by the arm-chair football fans.

He will probably get into action early in October, according to the latest word from NBC headquarters.

"It's one of the most difficult jobs in the world, reporting a football game accurately and entertainingly," McNamee says, "but the satisfaction of doing a good job is almost tantamount to the thrill an artist gets in doing some masterful creative work.

"And as for the thrills one receives in some games—why, there are games of the past which I'll never forget. Do you remember the Army-Navy tie at Soldiers Field, Chicago, in 1926 and the Al Marsters-Albie Booth battle at New Haven in 1929? Those were two of the greatest games in gridiron history. And while my whole being teemed with excitement, while the crowds were hysterical, I had to sit quietly by a microphone, keep my voice modulated, and tell the vast radio audience why the crowds were raising pandemonium. I just couldn't get up and shout.

"One hundred and thirty thousand partisan spectators all of them alternately overjoyed or morose at stages of the game, witnessed the Army-Navy struggle at Soldiers Field. Some of them were in skyscrapers overlooking the field, some were huddled in aisles, some were lined behind the goal posts, but they all saw two strong teams play one of the most sensational games in football history, ending 21 to 21.

"Caldwell, Schuber and Hamilton of the Navy, cut off big gains early in the game, resulting in two touchdowns, plus two points. It was 14 to 0 when Wilson and Red Cagle started to run wild, Cagle running forty-four yards for a touchdown. And some cadet got another one, tieing the score at the half. Then Army put over another touchdown. Things were looking dark for Navy, and twilight was creeping over the field. The score was 21 to 14 for Army.

"But Allen Shapley, who'd been called a 'running, passing fool', was rushed into the Navy backfield. Description of him could not be quite accurate; he ran and he passed, but he didn't do either foolishly. It wasn't long before he took a pass from Hamilton and crossing the Army line for another touchdown. A kick after touchdown tied the score again.

"One could hardly see the ball after that, it was so dark, but Navy kept on passing. Then an Army man pulled one down out of the air and started towards Navy's goal. At the heighth of the excitement the final pistol broke the stillness and something happened to the Army ball toter. I don't know what. The play was completed some way, and the game was over.

"In the Yale-Dartmouth game of 1929, Yale led 10 to 0 at the half, gaining one of their touchdowns indirectly through a fumble by the famous Al Marsters. But Marsters came back in the second half, after being outclassed by Albie Booth, and led an attack which resulted in two touchdowns in five minutes. The score was 12 to 10 for Dartmouth. Marsters, however, was injured, his playing career ended, and Yale sent in Longnecker in the fourth quarter as a final hope. Deep in his own territory, he prepared to pass and slipped on his knee, but successfully shot a spiral to Hoot Ellis, the fastest man on the field. Many Dartmouth men tried catching him but none succeeded. The final score, Yale, 16, and Dartmouth, 12.

"Those were the most thrilling games in my experiences."

This year, owing to the increasing interest in football broadcasts, officials of the National Broadcasting Company have conferred with executives of associated stations before choosing a tentative broadcasting schedule. And that schedule is subject to change, even as schedules of previous years were changed as upsets were recorded in the collegiate football world. NBC intends to broadcast the most important games on succeeding weeks, and it is probable that some of international interest will be shortwaved to Europe.

Princess Charming

(Continued from page 67)

times wish to avoid recognition—yes, but most of us want more recognition than we get. We cannot count upon Prince Charming to penetrate our disguise. He needs a clue to our attractive character by some outward manifestation. And Princess Charming invariably is discovered when she travels under her own name and does not hide herself as a princess, incognito.

* * *

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They've Laughed at the Rain Together

(Continued from page 25)

Their voices blended nicely. And there was a partition that shut them off from the view of the congregation. It was not long before Frank found it convenient to have his chair in the loft directly behind Zora's. His proclivities for action and mischief sometimes threatened to upset the decorum of the choir but a more sanctimonious quietude prevailed when Frank was given a chair beside the young lady instead of behind her. Eventually it seemed that one chair was considerably more than was required for one young lady and the two of them seemed quite contented with one and one quarter chairs.

Happy were those days of choir and choir rehearsal. Both were deeply influenced by the religious fervor of the church. It became an influence that has remained with them to this very hour. It kept them to their ideals. They were married before they were out of their teens. Nobody approved of the match. Everybody said they were entirely too young to embark such a turbulent sea as matrimony. Anticipating this opinion they kept their marriage secret for a while and Frank started out on his first professional engagement as a member of the Meister Singers Male Quartet. He toured the Middle West and drew $30 a week.

Young Love and Art—how many tragedies are written thy name! For Frank and Zora Love remained undismayed; but Art—well, one—yea two—must live. Frank buckled down to a job on an express wagon. But he did not forget his Art as he made enough money to provide a living and put a little by to give Art a chance later on. They were keeping house and looking to the future now.

For two years they both worked and planned. Then came the day when they withdrew their savings, bade farewell to Hutchinson and caught a train for New York. They took their religious faith with them all the way to Broadway and somehow Frank managed to get the right kind of a hearing so that he landed an engagement at the Capitol Theatre. He pleased New York audiences very well but even New York demands change and when he had finished his theatrical engagements he stepped directly from the stage to the pulpit. As a singing evangelist he journeyed back to the land of the Sunflower, the Tall Corn, the Wheat Belt and then on to California.

Zora remained in New York helping the family exchequer by working in sound films at Long Island. Every day tender messages passed between them.

When the evangelistic tour came to an end at the Pacific, the separation could no longer be endured and Zora packed herself off for California immediately. What a lovers' greeting followed when Frank met her at the station as she arrived there. They settled down like a newly-wed pair of honeymooners at Bakersfield where Frank took charge of a choir and recreation work at one of the local churches. All the world loves a lover so all of Bakersfield fell in love with the Luthers. A little later when the regular pastor went away Frank was persuaded to take his place in the pulpit, which he did with great satisfaction to all concerned. There he preached his first sermon and enjoyed the experience.

When the regular pastor returned it was decided that the Luthers should go together on an evangelistic tour. As they continued from town to town Zora performed valuable work by organizing clubs among the boys and girls in the churches where they visited.

Both appreciated they had not reached the high point toward which they were struggling. Together they studied how to advance and take up a bigger scope of work. They went to Schroon Lake, New York, where they studied with Oscar Seagle at his famous music colony. Among the various notables they met there was John Boles. Later in New York, at the conclusion of their courses, Mr. Boles opened the way for Frank to join the famous De Reszke Singers. Returning from a tour with this organization he was invited to join the Revellers. He went to Europe with them. When he returned he became identified with them in radio work.

Zora joined whole heartedly with him in this new field. He developed a new technique. His tenor voice and general versatility registered top notch through the microphone. He created new ideas. Soon he was in demand on such programs as Palmolive, Eastman Kodak, Esso, Peter's Parade, Three Bakers, Pine Tree, Chase & Sanborn and many, many others.

His activities have now become so numerous that he maintains offices in a suite of rooms in a New York City hotel. Zora is right at his side constantly to help him prepare and rehearse his programs. Perhaps if she can ever get a little time for her own talents she too may be heard soon on the air. At any rate they are more devoted than ever—and Art? Yes, indeed, Art and Young Love are together with the Luthers at last and these are the golden days of their splendid happiness.

Radio Digest

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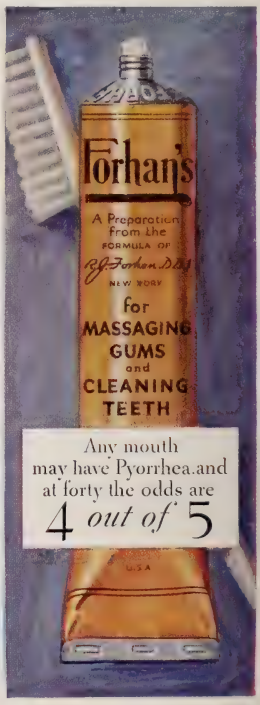
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November, 1931

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MARGARET DAVIS is the thrill girl in those dramatic sketches you get from KYW, Chicago. She can utter a piercing shriek in defiance of the villain or she can coo like a dove for the one she loves. Pretty and ready for photo electric cell.



BEA SINGER of WPCH, New York, and that's exactly what she is—not a bee, but a singer, but she hums and has something to do with honey. Her dimple and her smile come extra for those who hear her on Broadway.

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"For 16 Weeks

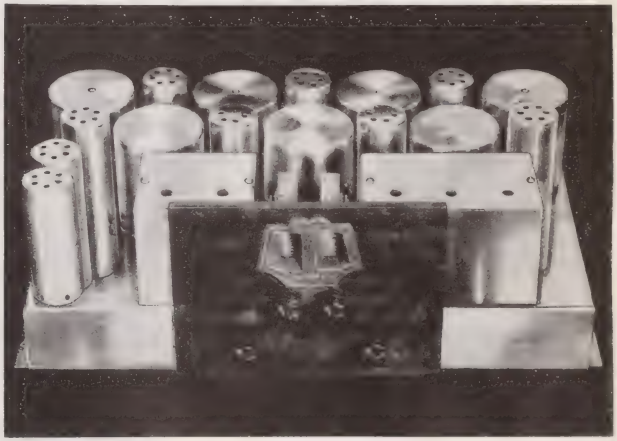


I enjoyed every broadcast from

VK3ME

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA"

This is not a "freak" record. Hundreds of other Scott All-Wave Receivers — all summer long — have brought their owners loud, clear, perfect music and song from the other side of the world.



EVERY now and then, the story of some phenomenal instance of extremely long distance radio reception breaks into the press. DX fans usually find little interest in such stories because they know the performance which they relate is invariably due to "freak" conditions.

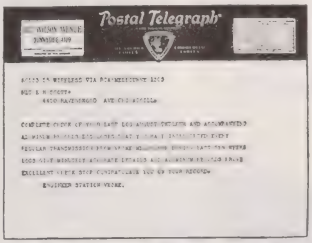
But DX fans KNOW, when *my* receiver brings in every broadcast from VK3ME for 16 consecutive weeks, that full credit must go to the receiver that did the work. And when they learn that hundreds of other receivers exactly like mine, and located in all parts of the world, are piling up equally sensational records, they are well satisfied that the Scott All-Wave is not only the most powerful, most sensitive receiver possible to obtain, but the one receiver that fulfills their lifelong hopes.

Undeniable Proof

Away last spring I made up my mind to eclipse all standards of radio reception—distance—power—selectivity and tone. I believed the Scott All-Wave would do it, so I set out to make a day-to-day log of VK3ME, Melbourne, 9560 miles away from my receiver. I tuned in *every* broadcast, on the loud speaker, and to prove to the entire world that I heard *every* VK3ME program with full volume, and with perfect tone and clarity, *I made a disc recording of every broadcast!* Half of these records I sent to VK3ME. The others are at my laboratory and will be played for anybody who asks to hear them.

Not a Special Set

The Scott All-Wave Receiver that you may buy, will *in no way*, differ from the one I used in my 16-week test. It will be identical to the hundreds of other Scott All-Wave Receivers that tune in voice from England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Indo-China, and South America every day in the week—summer and winter. The set that I will send to you will actually be tested on reception from G5SW, Chelmsford, England, or 12RO, Rome, Italy, before shipping!


Postal Telegraph

This cablegram verifies the first 10 weeks' reception. To date there has not been time for my log of the last 6 weeks to reach Melbourne.

Another Challenge

Again, I challenge the whole world of radio to any kind of competitive test, between 15 and 550 meters. I guarantee that the Scott All-Wave will bring in the most stations between 15 and 550 meters—that the Scott All-Wave will leave no doubt as to superior tone quality—and that it will give actual 10 kilocycle selectivity over the Broadcast Band.

Clip the coupon—mail it today for full particulars. You'll be amazed when you see how little it costs to own a Scott All-Wave Superheterodyne.

E. H. Scott

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, Inc. (*Formerly Scott Transformer Co.*)
4450 Ravenswood Avenue - *Dept. D11* - Chicago, Illinois

The SCOTT ALL-WAVE

15-550 METER SUPERHETERODYNE

CLIP

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, Inc.
(*Formerly Scott Transformer Co.*)
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D11, Chicago, Ill.

Send me full particulars of the Scott All-Wave Receiver.

Name .....

Street .....

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News, Views *and* Comment

By Robert L. Kent

THIS has been a busy week. Dinners, parties, radio programs and visitors! The Radio Fair dominated New York. First, there was the showing of new receiving sets . . . models for every room and purse . . . from beautiful midgets to fine consoles. And every last one of the cabinets represented an improvement in design.

The center of attraction at the show was broadcasting from the crystal studios and the television demonstrations. It was like a mob scene in the movies. Everybody wanted to see the radio stars who made personal appearances and equally as many wanted to familiarize themselves with television. There can be no question about the interest of the public in television. Thousands of radio homes soon will be television homes. . . it is up to the manufacturers to get busy and meet that potential demand. How many of you who read this would like to own a television set even knowing that the art is in the same stage of development as radio eight years ago? I'm serious about this. Drop me a card and tell me what you think. It's a straw vote. What do you say!

Big news! Radio Digest is offering Personally Autographed Photographs of Radio Stars. Get yours. Read the requirements on pages 6 and 7.

More news . . . we are planning our own beauty contest. An announcement will be made in a forthcoming issue. Watch for it. Readers of Radio Digest will be the voters. Radio Beauties from Maine to California, North and South will be entered by radio stations. Pictures of these girls will appear in your magazine throughout the period of the contest. It's going to be a whale of a contest and every one of you will have the privilege of helping to select the winner.

Both the National Broadcasting Co. and Columbia are busy places these days; many new programs going on the air. There is a list of them in this issue. Read it over and listen in on "opening night."

Here's a yarn to remember: It's the story about a thirteen piece band that is so good it can be three bands and a ladies' ensemble at one and the same time. It happened on a recent Real Folks program at NBC. Harry Salter's band was doing the honors. The sketch called for four different bands and these musicians portrayed each of the four vying for top honors in playing sour music. Harry says it is more difficult to play off key than to render a first rate program. That's an idea for aspiring young saxophone players to remember.

A "Radio Man's Watch" on which temperature changes have absolutely no effect, has been invented by Dr. Charles Edouard Guillaume. It's a long, technical story and we haven't the space to tell it here, but it is an important invention for radio because seconds are vital in opening and closing programs and this watch will be welcomed by announcers and others in the studios.

When Nellie Revell, the Voice of Radio Digest, on NBC, announced to the listeners during her program recently that "Johnny" Johnstone, the man behind the news at the National

(Continued on page 94)

Scoring an EXTRA POINT
in smoking pleasure



It's the *extra point* that wins football games—and it's the *extra smoking pleasure* that wins friends for Beech-Nut Gum. Try chewing a stick of Beech-Nut before you light up the next smoke. Cool, refreshing, flavorful, it quickens your taste sense, makes every smoke taste like the first one of the day—adds to your smoking pleasure. Remember, always, there is no other gum so good as Beech-Nut.

Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Co., also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints.

Peppermint, Wintergreen and Spearmint Flavors

Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

WGAR



COVERS THE CLEVELAND MARKET

The Friendly Station of Cleveland

WGAR, a new Station for Cleveland, less than a year old, has won the immediate favor of listeners throughout the greater Cleveland area. Mainly because it brought to them for the first time, regular reliable reception of Amos 'n Andy, and other popular blue network features.

Two of the three large department stores of Cleveland use WGAR regularly to reach Cleveland's buying public. Inside their 35 mile primary area are 1,028,250 radio listeners.

WGAR reaches this lucrative market at less cost per person than any other medium

STUDIO
STATLER HOTEL

TRANSMITTER
CUYAHOGA HTS.

WGAR BROADCASTING COMPANY

CLEVELAND

G. A. RICHARDS
President

JOHN F. PATT
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

PHOTOGRAPH OF YOUR FAVORITE

Radio Star

Personally Autographed



Rudy Vallee

HAVE you a Radio Favorite? Would you like to have an intimate photograph of this artist or announcer? Personally Autographed? This is your opportunity! Act without delay. Take advantage of this offer and select from the list on the opposite page the name of the Radio Star whose autographed photo you want. For the first time Radio Digest makes it possible for its readers to obtain a PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED Photo of an outstanding radio personality.



Kate Smith

You can obtain this PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH of your FAVORITE RADIO ARTIST OR ANNOUNCER by filling in the coupon at the bottom of the opposite page. Read the requirements carefully.

You Save Money

THIS offer is open to *all* readers of Radio Digest who join our growing army of subscribers. This is easy medicine to take BECAUSE YOU SAVE A DOLLAR BY SUBSCRIBING and in addition you get the AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH. The price of a single copy of Radio Digest is 25 cents, totaling $3.00 per year. THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS ONLY TWO DOLLARS.

Also Radio Digest is delivered directly to your home each month. No disappointments because your newsdealer is "sold out." No going out in bad weather to purchase a single copy from your newsdealer.

The Ideal Christmas Gift

A YEAR'S subscription to Radio Digest together with the AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH makes an IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT. If you want to take advantage of this Christmas offer fill in the coupon and we will send a special gift card to the person for whom the subscription is intended.

Mailing of this card will be so timed that it will reach the recipient of the gift subscription on Christmas Eve.

If you have a friend who enjoys the Radio your Christmas problem is solved, for you will increase his enjoyment of Radio Broadcasts by enrolling him as a subscriber to Radio Digest. Send in Christmas Gift Subscriptions EARLY so that we may make the necessary arrangements to send the announcement of your gift.



Graham McNamee

All Subscribers Can Get a Photo

YOU may obtain an AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH of your favorite ARTIST or ANNOUNCER simply by RENEWING your subscription NOW for another year, or—

Introduce Radio Digest to a friend. Send in a subscription and indicate on the coupon the name of the artist whose photo you want. The picture will be mailed either to you or your friend—whomever you designate.

WHICH

Radio Artist ? Radio Announcer

Do you prefer—Select from this list

Ben Alley
Amos 'n' Andy
Georgia Backus
Don Ball
Pat Barnes
Andre Baruch
Irene Beasley
Ben Bernie
George Beuchler
Billy Jones and Ernie Hare
Ford Bond
William Brenton
Brad Browne
Henry Burbig
Phillips Carlin
Chuck, Ray and Gene
Clara, Lu and Em
Colonel Stoopnagle & Bud
Russ Columbo
Phil Cook
Jesse Crawford
Bing Crosby
Louis Dean
Vaughn de Leath

Three Doctors
Morton Downey
Douglas Evans
Fray & Braggiotti
Gene and Glenn
Floyd Gibbons
Irma Glenn
Lois Havrilla
Bill Hay
George Hicks
Ted Husing
Theo Karle
Jean Paul King
Frank Knight
Landt Trio and White
Ann Leaf
Harriet Lee
Little Jack Little
Vincent Lopez
Mary and Bob (of True Story)
John Mayo
Graham McNamee
Bill Munday
Helen Nugent

Ray Perkins
Nellie Revell
Freddie Rich
Kenneth Roberts
B. A. Rolfe
David Ross
Lanny Ross
Singin' Sam
Sanderson and Crumit
Domenico Savino
Toscha Seidel
Sisters of the Skillet (East and Dumke)
Kate Smith
Vincent Sorey
Carlyle Stevens
Tastyeast Jesters
Lowell Thomas
Rudy Vallee
James Wallington
Ted Weems
Lew White
Paul Whiteman
Tony Wons
Harry Von Zell

Fill in this Coupon NOW ---- This is a Limited Offer

RADIO DIGEST . . . 420 Lexington Avenue . . . New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Herewith is remittance for $2.00 ($4.00 in Canada and foreign countries) to cover a year's subscription to Radio Digest. Please start with the (month) ..... issue.

Send PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO of (Artist or Announcer) .....

Name .....

Street .....

City, State .....

Gift Subscription for

Name .....

Street .....

City, State .....

NOTE: Subscription price for two years is $3.00 and entitles you to select two PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPHS of your favorite ARTISTS or ANNOUNCERS.

Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

A FEW nights ago you may have heard the first of a new series of programs under the artistic and scientific direction of Leopold Stokowski. It was a distinct radio triumph in transmitting the intricate harmonies of a great orchestra. Much credit for the success of the broadcast is due to the scientific genius of Stokowski himself. When the gods contemplated his career they were undecided whether to make him a great engineer or a great maestro.

His touch makes things go, musical or mechanical. Months before you heard that broadcast you might have seen him collaborating with the electrical experts in evolving a new system to pick up and give to you the last fibre of quivering sound that his great orchestra could produce. On the night of the first broadcast new equipment had been installed in each of the seventy-one stations of the Columbia System which carried this program. Even the classic hall of the Philadelphia Academy of Music had been altered to meet the acoustical requirements Stokowski desired. He experimented with and without crowds in the auditorium to study such sound variations as might occur.

The new electro-dynamic microphone made its premiere on this occasion. Smaller and yet far more efficient it registers every cycle from 20 to 10,000 per second, which covers the entire audible range so far as music is concerned. On his desk before him as he lifted his baton the director watched a galvanometer which told him precisely at every instant the volume produced by his orchestra and the volume winging off the antenna and away through the network of lines that traversed the country. A series of buttons at his finger tips each button controlling a colored light in the hidden booth of the operating engineer, each color with its own meaning, made it possible for Stokowski to direct the modulation. And thus the gods are served for Stokowski directs the millions of little one-legged notes that march across the page into swirls and masses of perfect harmony at the same time he threads them into thousands of miles of copper wires which throw them over the mountains and vales by measured waves of electrical impulses.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY it is worth noting that this costly program bringing the ultra of fine music to the humblest home without charge is made possible by the enterprise of the Philco company—an answer to those self-interested propagandists who are seeking to destroy the free competitive system of broadcasting. You will find the attacks against American broadcasting growing as the season advances and the time comes for Congressional agitation. The money that Philco is putting into the Stokowski program might be considered the price of black and white advertising space on the part of those who would prefer to have our broadcasting operated by the government.

* * *

STAGE celebrities who have come to radio often express their joy at being able to "tour the country" at each performance. They rejoice that at last they can move out of their travelling trunks and settle down in apartments or even homes in the suburbs and enjoy life as it exists beyond the zone of steel rails and hotel rooms. Isn't it just human that ol' Seth Parker and his Jonesport tribe who have acquired their fame solely through the ether lanes should suddenly decide to pack up and go gallivantin' across the continent over the trails the troupers have surrendered without regret? So, off they go with a prodigious schedule of stops along the way that will carry them through twenty-three states, zig-zagging to Vancouver and around back by Miami on "hum" to Jonesport, Maine, (711 Fifth Avenue, New York) in time for Christmas.

Radio Village

JIMMY MELTON'S ma came up from her home in Ocala, Fla., to hear the boy sing in the studio the other day. She brought along Jimmy's little sister Mary. That child simply was too proud for words while she sat by her handsome big brother and heard him sing into the mike before all those people. They met Mr. Aylesworth, and the Revelers and a whole lot of w. k. people while they were in Radio Village.

* * *

DID you ever hear about Lee Morse and her "Honey"? You know she just up and says "Honey" to everybody and don't mean anything special sentimental about it at all. It's just an old Southern custom. Well she came up to NBC and commenced saying "Honey" off hand to Bob Downey who comes from New England and was asked to play her accompaniments. Bob takes it serious and put quite a store by it. The only way he could get her being so impartial about the way she spread her "honey" around was to marry her and that's how she happens now to be his "Honey" Downey.

* * *

RUSS COLUMBO showed me a package he had under his arm the other day. It was a fan letter in poetry. The title read, *Voice of Love.* "A lovely thing beautifully done," said Russ, "so I had it framed." Oh Romance! Romance!

* * *

GUY LOMBARDO, the w. k. Kanuck orchestra leader, likes to take his exercise racing around in a speed boat but he hasn't been able to beat Floyd Gibbons who holds the speed record for circumnavigating Manhattan Island.

* * *

AND Floyd Gibbons, by the way, has another decoration. He is an honorary member of the Forest Ranger Force of Yellowstone Park. He earned the title by fighting a fire that he ran into while there. And he got a check for $7.20 at the rate of 30 cents an hour for fighting. Save your money, Floyd, and you'll be rich some day.

* * *

ALL the New York newspapers gave Rudy Vallee a great sendoff for his part in the George White Scandals. It was the first time he ever got into anything of this kind without his Connecticut Yankees to back him. He carries on like an old timer, say the critic scribes.

* * *

TOO bad about Coon Sanders coming to Radio Village and getting put away in a back street hotel in the cloak and suit factory district. They're on two short periods a week late at night over NBC.

H. P. B.

ELEVEN YEARS OF MAKING FRIENDS BY MICROPHONE

Eleven years ago a Westinghouse Radio Station inaugurated the world's first prearranged and scheduled radio programs by putting on the air the Harding-Cox presidential election returns.

The months that followed brought new thrills in rapid succession—the President's inaugural address from Washington, the first broadcast of a church service, the first boxing contest blow-by-blow, the first baseball game play-by-play, the Armistice Day address of Marshal Foch.

These, and similar Westinghouse Radio Station achievements, added new friends to the growing family of listeners until now one of these stations alone is a source of entertainment and information to some 800,000 persons a day. Responses often received from distant, unexpected points on the world's map give evidence that almost everyone, at some time or another, listens to a Westinghouse Radio Station.

Radio has changed a lot through these exciting years . . . but friends are still made through the microphone exactly as they were eleven years ago. The same high standards established by Westinghouse Stations in the pioneer days of broadcasting make 980, 990, and 1020 kilocycles favorite tuning points on many thousands of radio sets today.

WESTINGHOUSE • RADIO • STATIONS

WBZ-WBZA
990 kilocycles

Boston, Mass., Hotel Bradford
Springfield, Mass., Hotel Kimball

KDKA
980 kilocycles

COMMERCIAL OFFICES

Pittsburgh, Pa., Hotel William Penn

KYW-KFKX
1020 kilocycles

New York, N. Y., 50 East 42nd Street
Chicago, Ill., 1012 Wrigley Building



LEW CONRAD

Among His Souvenirs

PRESSED flowers and black butterflies from a dear old lady in Connecticut, hand-knit socks and a sweater vest from a motherly admirer in Vermont, salt water taffy from a sweet young thing in New Jersey, and Edelweiss from the distant Alps, "for good luck" are among the many odd souvenirs received by Lew Conrad. His voice has a vibrant touch that echoes responsively on the heart strings of his feminine admirers. They send him adoring letters and loving tokens which he fondly treasures although he may never expect to see the donor. Not the least among his souvenirs does he prize a curiously carved letter opener. It is composed of various bits of colored wood. The blade is thin, tough and sharp as steel. It was made for him by the father of a young admirer in Chicago. When he left the air late in the summer the National Broadcasting Company received thousands of letters of regret from feminine fans.

So They Call Lew Conrad

"Body and Soul"

Lovely Ladies Write Him Tender Billet-Doux... They Rave About His Voice and Send Him Presents Too... "I Weep to Think Others May be Writing You the Same Loving Lines," writes One

By Richard Chaplin

THE voice of Lew Conrad, orchestra leader and tenor heard frequently on National Broadcasting Company programs, was recently described so effectively and originally by a sentimentally affected young lady from Massachusetts that the young singer is now the possessor of a nickname which will probably stick to him permanently.

"You have the voice of soul, and my body simply vibrates when I hear you," wrote the New England damsel. And from that time on Conrad has been known as "Body and Soul Lew."

The musical career of Lew Conrad began when he was a small boy in Philadelphia. At a very early age he took up the study of the violin. His musical education was interrupted, however, when he was ten years old by the death of his father. Lew started to sell papers and worked as an errand boy in Philadelphia, and later in Boston, where his mother moved when he was twelve.

He worked his way through high school and Tufts College, at the same time putting as many hours as possible on his music. At Tufts he attended classes all day, had rehearsals and played in dance orchestras evenings, and got around to his studies usually after midnight.

"As a result," he says, "I formed the habit of sleeping only four or five hours a night, and that still is my limit."

Many of the young women who listen to Lew's crooning over the air apparently suffer more from lack of sleep than he does, to judge by their letters, which pour in by the thousands. Perhaps Conrad's strange influence on the female heart may be explained by science. His voice was psycho-analyzed as "unconsciously emotional, regardless of refinement and musical culture," and as possessing "a pronounced primitive appeal that opens up the soul of the multitudes."

Although he started his career as a violinist, Lew comes by his voice naturally. His father was a soloist at the Cathedral of Tours, France, and his mother sang in a church at Leeds, England. After leaving college he played in the Cleveland Symphony and other orchestras until two years ago, when he was given a National Broadcasting Company audition and began to broadcast regularly.

ROMANCE always beckons just beyond the horizon of the visible . . . but especially does it call to the lonely maiden or repressed housewife in the voice of a singer who seems to understand and sympathize. So this young tenor, Lew Conrad, has symbolized the mystic lover of the air for many who find in his voice the answer to their unsatisfied longings—the dream hero of fantasy.

The impassioned fan mail started almost immediately, and has continued ever since. For some reason many women apparently feel that they can unburden their emotions fully when writing to a radio artist, and Lew's fans are certainly emotional. But no matter what requests they make, and their demands are varied, they all get a letter of thanks in reply. It doesn't seem to have occurred to any of the writers that Lew might be married already.

But he is.

And so while the lovely maidens are searching their minds for sufficiently endearing terms in which to vent their emotions, Lew is practicing or planning for his favorite recreations, which are golfing, speed-boating and fishing. During the summer he leaves the NBC studios in New York after midnight and drives to Boston to see his mother over a week-end. There is little traffic, and he keeps the accelerator well down towards the floor board.

He has a motor boat on Marblehead Bay, and does some deep-sea fishing during the summer. But while speed on the ground and in the water thrill him, he doesn't think so much of airplanes. Once after singing at an army camp he was rewarded by a chance to go up in an observation balloon. Lew still remembers how dizzy it made him, and is content to stay out of the air hereafter. Air, he thinks, is a fine thing to breathe, and to send your voice through, and to put in tires, but that's about all.

And now perhaps some of Lew's feminine admirers should be allowed to express their opinions of him. Here they are:

"Of all your programs I like the morning ones best, because your voice is fresh and sweet early in the morning. I am in my twenties, good looking and cheerful, and devoted to your voice. Your picture graces my dresser. I am always careful to be alone when you sing. I love you devotedly, but can do nothing about it. . ."

"I am faithful to you Lew beloved.

(Continued on page 91)

What Would They

Famous Explorer Pictures What He Thinks Would Happen First Time Indians Heard Radio

By F. A. MITCHELL-HEDGES
THE EXPLORER
F.R.G.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.E.S., F.R.A.I., F.A.G.S.
Member of the Maya Committee of the British Museum

MANY times since I began my talks over the National Broadcasting Company's networks on the ruthless wilds and primitive life as it actually exists in the jungles of Central America, I have been asked the question—What would happen if suddenly a radio were tuned in from there to New York or some other great city?

It is funny, but during the whole of the seventeen years I have lived among primitive tribes in some of the most remote regions of Central America, I have never thought of it. I will try to draw a picture of what would unquestionably take place.



Summer styles which mean bare to the waist are in vogue all year round among these Indians

You have traveled by dug-out and trails through the jungle a hundred and fifty miles into the interior of a country where no white man has hitherto set foot. Here you come upon a tribe of Indians averaging five feet in height, copper in hue, and all naked to the waist. They are living fifty to sixty families in each large communal bush-house built with cohune palm thatch roofs, bamboo sides, and the bare earth as floor. They have never heard of the United States or the British Empire; they have never heard of a ship, a railroad, an automobile, a telephone or electric light, and money of course is unknown to them. They know no world outside their own rigidly proscribed circle. Here they live, till, plant their little corn-patches, breed and die, walled in by the dense jungle, which is so solid that in many places I know of you could not proceed, even with Indians hacking a trail for you, more than five to six hundred yards in a day. They are completely isolated. How they got there, whence they came—it is a riddle, unknown.

YET I have found, and lived among, several tribes of Indians in exactly this position. Now what would happen if it were possible to tune in to New York on the radio? Normally quite stoical, they would be rooted to the ground. Although they might make no sound or movement, their eyes would betray them—terror, sheer, stark terror is what they would experience; a definite conviction that it was the voice or music of the spirits. Nothing would induce them to touch the apparatus—it must be the mouth-piece

Do?

This picturesque description of life and habits of primitive tribes in Central America was written especially for Radio Digest by the famous explorer who narrates his experiences regularly over the network of the National Broadcasting Company from New York.



Happy family enjoying the balmy air in their open canoe

of either the demons or the gods. And so they would remain, petrified.

Possibly they might remain like this—mute, without ejaculating one single sound; on the other hand after a minute or so with a simultaneous maddened shriek they might flee precipitately and force their way into the bush. But one thing is certain; if they fled they would return. No terror can keep them away from the only home—the only world—they know. But whichever they did their reaction would inevitably be the same; that this terrorizing thing was nothing mortal, that no mortal voice or music could come from nowhere, and that it must therefore be of the Spirits.

As they found that they suffered no injury, after a time decision would be made in their minds as to whether the spirits were evil or good.

It must be remembered that with all primitive and degenerate tribes their lives are entirely ruled by their belief in spirits. There are many evil, but few good. And in the hypothetical case I am describing a meeting would be held among themselves to decide in which category, good or evil, the new visitation should be assigned. If perchance they wanted rain for their milpa (corn patches), and it so happened that rain fell within the next few days, there is no question they would believe it was through the sounds proceeding from this mysterious source. If at the psychological time the Chief's wife had a child, this also would be accounted to the benevolence of the spirit sounds. But if a drought continued, or an Indian was bitten by a snake, or a child died, or a hundred and one other unfortunate occurrences, then nothing in this world would ever convince them otherwise than that it was a voice of evil. There is not a single incident in their lives which is not ascribed to the action of spirits; even such a simple thing as an Indian stubbing his toe against a log of wood, or a woman falling and hurting herself; or even—to us a trifle, but to them an event of importance—a fire going out through carelessness and lack of attention, the Indians would never believe any of these things was his or her own fault. It must be the influence of an evil spirit.



Where dreams come true—if you ever imagined such creatures were only the figment of an alcoholic mind

I had a remarkable instance of how these people are affected. I was living among the Maya Kekchi Indians in the interior of the jungle on the borders of British Honduras and Guatemala at the time I had discovered the great Maya city now known to the world as Lubaantun. For some time I had been engaged with gangs of Indians in felling the jungle, clearing the ruins and excavating, when I fell ill with malaria fever. In despair I foolishly wrote a note to my secretary, Miss Jane Harvey Houlson, who has been with me for years, and who was then in a settlement a great distance away on the coast waiting for instructions from me. My note was laconic. "Jane, I am ill. There's a lot of work to be done and I need you."

The Indians took this note to the river, where it was carried for many miles by other Indians in dug-outs down to the coast, and thence by circuitous channels eventually reached Jane. Without wasting a moment she at once proceeded in an old schooner to the settlement on the coast which was the nearest one to, though still many miles from, where I was in the interior. Here fortunately the Indians were still awaiting her. (As a matter of fact they would have waited for ever.) And entirely alone except for her native guides she began the hazardous journey; day after day up the river, sleeping at night in the jungle. And one day as I lay ill in my bush-house I heard sounds approaching. It was Jane. She entered the bush-house with behind her an Indian nervously carrying her typewriter. And shortly after her arrival she began the work of tapping out my notes.

ONE or two Indians looked in. The news spread like fire. The whole tribe assembled and gazed in amazement through the crevices of the bamboo sides of the shack. Then one more daring than the rest crept within; it was the signal for all to follow; and soon the bush-house was jammed with Indians. Not a sound escaped them. There they remained until the tapping had ceased.

Every day they continued to come, and shortly they would jabber away in their language of which, of course, Jane could not understand a word. Then they began bringing their sick, and laying them on the earth floor beside her.

"Whatever are they doing?" she asked me plaintively one day when I came in to discover there were four or five adults and a number of children lying around in this manner.

"My dear girl," I answered, "They have come to the conclusion that you are tapping out messages to the spirit world, and communicating with good spirits who will aid and send blessings upon the Indians. And all this jabbering is that they are asking you to send messages for them. Now they are bringing their sick so that you may pray to the good spirits with whom you are in communication that they will make them well."

And this went on during all the months that Miss Houlson was up

there typing my articles and despatches.

I only wish it were possible to carry a radio down to these parts when I return there, as I shall do early next year, and pick up a station. It would be invaluable to me.

Now we must look at it from another angle. Civilized people are as ignorant of the habits, customs and psychology of primitive Indians as the latter are of theirs. It would be almost impossible to convey to those living in great capitals the difference between their lives and those of primitive Indians. Imagine if one had a microphone and could speak while there! A description on the spot of the life, scenery, rituals, ceremonies and customs of these strange people would come as a vivid surprise. It would literally be listening to another world. Not one of those dream novels in which the tropics are portrayed as a land of waving palms, coral-sand beaches and scented warm nights; it would be a world where the jaguar and the tapir crash through the underbrush; where the throaty gurgle of the alligators rises up from the river; where in the night the miasma rises together with the vilest sound of all—the droning of millions of mosquitoes. The jungle, that wakes to life as the sun goes down, with a combined orchestration of cicadas, tree-frogs and crickets; the whistling of night-birds and the strange voices of innumerable life blended together in one mysterious medley of sound.

PEOPLE in the cities would hear the Mating-Dance and feast in the Week of the Scorpion and Moon of the Ape, to the God of Fertility. They would hear the shrieks and howls and the pagan wrath arising in the night as a wooden effigy of the God of Barrenness is hurled into the midst of a roaring fire of which the flames are leaping fifty feet into the air, and illuminating the jungle. They would hear the rhythmic beat of the tom-toms, the crashing of seed rattles and the three curious notes played on reed pipes.

It would not surprise me, in view of the rapid strides with which science is advancing, if it became possible for some great broadcasting company to evolve a means of reproducing faithfully these things for the people of civilized countries. I could promise that there would be no paucity of listeners-in. As I said before, it would be a revelation to us modern. I can imagine nothing more fascinating, nothing more intriguing, than to take a radio down to the jungle and watch the reactions of the Indians when the spirit voices came through. Even more I should like to be an eye-witness, if it were possible, of the millions seated in their easy chairs when over the radio in their comfortable homes came the real, ruthless jungle with its blood and sweat, with its life and laughter going hand in hand with sudden death.

Yes, I should very much like to watch their faces.



F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, the Explorer, with the Sukia Woman (witch doctor) of the Laca Indians

Adventure Notables on N. B. C. Programs

HIGH adventure now rides the air waves.

With a staff of war correspondents, explorers and sea-dogs narrators the National Broadcasting Company is bringing the world to millions of listeners annually.

By twisting the dials, Mr. Average Citizen may scale the Mountains of the Moon in Central Africa with Carveth Wells, ride the bounding main with Count Felix von Luckner, or, live again with Floyd Gibbons a breathless moment at the battle of the Somme. Or, while fancy dictates, your listener may be whisked from his arm-chair to stand in awe with F. A. Mitchell-Hedges before the lost cities of a vanished Mayan race in Yucatan, and then be translated in the next breath to the polar ice cap with Sir Hubert Wilkins.

Such is the magic of radio. And, the demand for lecturers on travel is interesting. These interesting fellows are appearing on NBC networks more frequently and in increasing numbers than they did last year, indicating perhaps that the public prefers seven-league boots to prosaic brogans.

On the NBC roster of adventurers there are three war correspondents—Floyd Gibbons, Lowell Thomas and D. Thomas Curtin. Gibbons' "Hello Everybody!" is familiar to millions of the radio audience. His lectures dealing with his adventures in the War bring him thousands of letters from devoted listeners.

GIBBONS began his newspaper career on the Minneapolis Daily News and worked later for the Milwaukee Free Press and the Chicago Tribune. He represented the Tribune in the War. From the very beginning he found excitement on every front. He was a passenger on the S. S. Laconia when it was torpedoed and sunk in 1917 off the Irish coast. He was rescued after a night in a small boat and cabled his newspaper the first graphic account of the disaster. Gibbons lost an eye in action at Chateau Thierry and was awarded the French and Italian Croix de Guerre for gallantry.

Lowell Thomas, whose nightly digest of the day's news is closely followed by an army of listeners, was attached to the Allied armies at the request of President Wilson to write the history of the World War. He served on many fronts and is credited with discovering "Lawrence of Arabia." He has written a number of exciting travel books.

D. Thomas Curtin, whom Lord Northcliffe described as "the man who saw more of the war than any other correspondent," is the author of the series of "Thrillers" heard over NBC networks each week. By the aid of a dramatic cast Curtin relates exciting moments of his experience while working under Northcliffe with the Times.

The explorers bulk large on the adventurers' list. This chain also has two authorities on Africa, Dr. Arthur Torrence, student of tropical diseases and Carveth Wells, often called "that handsome liar."

David Newell, member of the Matto Grasso expedition to Brazil speaks frequently upon South America. These lecturers devote a portion of their time to children's lectures. Wells and Torrence tell interesting animal tales of the jungle and Newell relates the exploits of "jake," his big game hound in the wilds of Brazil.

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Make It SNAPPY!

True Story of a Taxi Driver Who Had Rhythm

By Abe Lyman

HELLO, everybody. This is Abe Lyman speaking.

Do you mind if I start right off by laying claim to a few titles? Here they are:

I probably have been fired from more jobs than any other musician in this country.

I probably am the only American orchestra leader to play in London who didn't give the Prince of Wales lessons on the drums and who didn't meet the Prince socially.

I was the driver of the first Yellow Cab to appear on the streets of Chicago.

I was called "Movieland's Favorite" because so many motion picture stars came to the Cocoanut Grove, at the Ambassador Hotel, in Los Angeles, during the five years I lead my "Californians" there. (I just learned there is at least one dissenter. She is Thelma Todd, the screen star. She sent my engagement ring back a few days ago.)

They tell me I was born with rhythm, that I showed early indications of being a drummer by sitting in the middle of the floor of our tiny Chicago apartment and beating out ungodly noises on a tin pan with a spoon. I can't quite seem to recall that, but I do know that I always wanted to be a drummer and to lead an orchestra.

I guess I must have been pretty determined about this drumming business, because I worked for a long time in Chicago movie houses without any pay just for the experience. I remember being fired from my first job, for which I received no salary, and telling my boss, "But you're not paying me anything." I remember even more vividly his reply, "I don't even want you around the place."

Later I got a job as drummer in the Fox-Lake Illinois at $5 a week and room and board. I used to sit in the orchestra pit and watch Buster Keaton and Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle work, and wish I could meet them. And I used to get a great kick out of Tom Mix's stunts, and wish that I might ride his famous horse, "Tony." Not so many years later I became a close friend of all three of the screen stars and rode "Tony" as often as I wanted.



Abe Lyman ready to go

It was after I lost this and countless other jobs that I became a bit discouraged about drumming as a means of earning a livelihood, and got a job as a taxi driver. I was pretty proud of the fact that I was given Chicago's first Yellow Cab to drive.

But the orchestra leader bug was still there, and, in 1913, I took a job at $6 a week as drummer in a Chicago cafe. For the next five years I played in and around Chicago until my brother, Mike, and Baron Long, owner of the Vernon Country Club, in Los Angeles, where Harry Richman, Cliff Friend, Buddy De Sylva and others got their start, sent for me to come to the Coast.

Quitting my job in Chicago, I packed my bags and took the train for Santa Monica, where my brother ran a night club known as The Sunset Inn, which was quite a gathering place for the motion picture stars. A few days after I arrived there I organized a 5-piece band and started playing there. I used to play the drums and lead the orchestra.

WE were getting along pretty well at the inn until my brother and I had an argument and he fired me. And believe me, his firing me was the greatest break of my life. The reason for our disagreement was that my brother said he never had heard of a drummer leading an orchestra. I told him if I couldn't play drums out in front I'd quit. He fired me before I had the chance.

That was one time it was a good break to be fired. A short time later I took my band into the Ship Cafe, in Venice, Calif., and there I met Norma and Constance Talmadge, Thomas Meighan, Blanche Sweet, Gloria Swanson, Charles Ray, Bebe Daniels, Clara Kimball Young and a lot of other actors and actresses who were just baby stars at that time. Apparently they liked my music and talked about it, for Abe Frank, owner of the Ambassador Hotel, in Los Angeles, came in to see me and asked me to add four more men to my band and play in the Cocoanut

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John Anthony in CBS Sea Stories

REALISM

Sea Stories with Alice Brady Gotham Chauffeur to pagos

By NELSON

ON the morning of May 17, 1923, a New York taxi driver was sitting in his cab at 125th Street. It was early. Fares were few. He picked up a morning newspaper. A glance at the front page and he almost jumped out of his car. A minute later he was tearing down the street.

He had read that William Beebe, the noted naturalist and leader of a research expedition to the Galapagos Islands, had returned from there the day before with his ship and scientific treasures.

The connection between a group of islands six hundred miles off the western coast of South America, a scientific expedition to them and a taxi driver may seem remote to you. It appeared strange to Dr. Beebe, too, when, after patient waiting in his machine at the wharf where the Beebe ship was docked, Martin Christiansen, taxi driver, accosted him.

What Mr. Christiansen told Dr. Beebe, however, thrilled the latter to such an extent that he devoted an entire chapter of his book, "Galapagos—World's End," to Mr. Christiansen's story. Where the scientific expedition had spent two and one half months of comparative ease on these volcano-born islands, able seaman Martin Christiansen and eight other members of his crew had met adventure, suffering and two of them, death, when they were marooned there for nearly half a year by the trick currents and doldrums of the Pacific Ocean.

What "Red" Christiansen told Dr. Beebe he told millions of radio listeners when, almost twenty-five years to the day after he and his companions had been marooned on the small Pacific island, he appeared before a microphone of the Columbia Broadcasting System in the leading role of a radio dramatization of the harrowing experience that he and the eight other members of the crew underwent during their months on Galapagos.

This broadcast, one of a series of programs known as Romances of the Sea, was, perhaps, the highest degree of realism yet attained in radio drama. As though it had happened only yesterday, "Red" Christiansen stood before the microphone and related a vivid-word picture of months without fresh water when he and his companions drank nothing but turtle blood and brackish water; of months when they ate nothing but raw turtle meat, and of months when they were without clothing or coverage for the cut and bruised feet.

While the brick-topped Dane carried the theme of his horribly real story, a brilliant cast of actors and actresses reenacted the events that befell Martin Christiansen and the others on Galapagos twenty-five years ago. During the entire broadcast a 25-piece symphony orchestra furnished music that served as a background for the drama, brought out the characters, stressed the emotions and carried out the intent and meaning of the spoken word to the fullest extent. Nearly-perfect sound effects completed the realistic picture.

Galapagos was but one of a number of realistic dramatizations of the best-known sea stories of all time that have been included in this series of broadcasts, heard over the Columbia network from 9:30 to 10 P. M., EST., every Sunday and Tuesday. The opening program of this new and unusual series featured such well-known stage stars as Alice Brady and John Anthony in a dramatization of the ancient, picturesque legend of *The Flying Dutchman,* upon which Richard Wagner based his opera of the same title.

Other well-known sea stories selected by the sponsors for inclusion in this series are Robert Louis Stevenson's ever-popular *Treasure Island, The Strange Story of Aaron Smith, The Golden Peacock* and *Out of New Bedford.*

A GREAT number of these stories which have been dramatized for *Romances of the Sea* are based on actual happenings. For instance, *The Golden Peacock* is based on the story of a trading vessel, whose cargo included some golden peacocks belonging to the Mogul of India, which was wrecked off the East African Coast. Several attempts to salvage the golden peacocks have been made in past years.

Every effort has been made by N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc., who are in charge of the production of these dramas, to make them as realistic as possible. Consequently, when it was decided to include Galapagos in the series of dramatizations, someone suggested that Christiansen be found to play his own part. "Red" had been on the air before, and they knew he would be more than willing to take part in the broadcast if only he could be found.

This was easier said than done. A visit to the headquarters of the taxi company for which "Red" had worked was unsuccessful. "Red" had given up taxi driving two years earlier. Investigators were despatched forthwith to find "Red" Christiansen, "and find him quick." Several of the newspaper radio columns asked "Does anybody know where 'Red' can be found?"

After searching for nearly a month, one of the investigators found "Red." Since turning in his taxi he has been serving as janitor of an apartment house in Washington Heights. "Red" was more than willing to take a few

adds ZEST

and John Anthony Bring Mike as Hero of Gala-Tale

S. HESSE

hours off from tending to the wants of his tenants to live over again the months of hardships on Galapagos.

It really wasn't necessary for "Red" Christiansen to rehearse his part in the radio drama. He remembered every incident clearly. But it helped to create the realistic picture to have "Red" coach the other actors to read their lines just as they had been spoken twenty-five years ago. When, after hours of rehearsal, the dramatization was put on over the air, it was hailed as one of the most thrilling broadcasts since the beginnings of radio. Let's let "Red" tell you the story which was re-enacted:

"WELL, I suppose the story begins when I signed up with the bark 'Alexander' down on the other side of the world. That was at Newcastle, New South Wales, Australia. It was in November, 1906, and I was just 19 years old. The 'Alexander' was loaded with a cargo of coal, bound eastward across the Pacific for Panama. She carried a captain, mate and second mate, cook and sixteen of us men.

"I had been living at a sailor's boarding house run by Nellie Simonds. The day we shipped, November 6 it was, I remember Nellie rowed out in the bay where we lay. She brought some refreshment along as a parting gift. We hoisted it up the side. I don't mind telling ye that her brand of refreshment made a bigger hit with us than the stuff we had to drink before we got through.

"After some singing and some farewells, we slipped out of the harbor toward the open sea with every sail filled. The captain had made the same trip before in seventy days. And so, everything pointed to our being in Panama in a little over two months. Louis, the cook, had 140 days' rations stowed away. Mebbe you don't know that marine laws require a sailing ship to carry rations for twice as long a period

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Alice Brady, famous actress, to enact roles in Sea Story series

Chaos!

Former Commissioner Contemplates Hostile Elements May Deliberately Wreck Present System by Wave Grabbing

By H. A. Bellows

AGAIN the stage is being set to sell American listeners the idea of discarding the American Plan of Broadcasting for the European system, if "system" it might be called. Enemies of our broadcasting who are envious of the sums spent in advertising on the air are maneuvering to take the free competitive program plan out of the hands of private owners and deliver your radio entertainment into the control of a politically appointed government bureau. The first move to attack the American Plan is to break up the range of channels over which our broadcasters now function.

To start this crumbling process a certain amount of public dissatisfaction must be stimulated. Then some kind of a plausible front must shield the real motives. A certain high powered press agent has suddenly become endowed with the rank of "an educator" and sent to Europe. He sends back cabled interviews with himself as "an educator" telling of the superior excellence of the Russian system of broadcasting. These interviews are published in newspapers throughout the country. When he returns he will doubtless begin operating on a revival of the Fess Bill to set aside 15 per cent of the wave lengths allotted to America for the exclusive use of—well, now you guess who; but you will be told it is for "educational purposes."—Editor.



Vice President, Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., Former Member Federal Radio Commission

NEARLY five years ago, after months of discussion, Congress passed the Radio Act of 1927.

In this act Congress specifically assigned to the Federal Radio Commission the duty of allocating licenses to transmit radio communication. Since the passage of that law, the Federal Radio Commission has exercised the power of allocation conferred on it by Congress.

Whether the Commission has used this power altogether wisely or not is beside the point. It has done its work in an orderly and systematic manner, on the basis of the best engineering advice it could get, and with relatively little subjection to political influence.

There are a great many people who, for one reason or another have failed to meet the standards of public convenience, necessity or interest set up by the law and interpreted in the general orders of the Federal Radio Commission. These people want to broadcast, but they cannot secure licenses as long as the law is administered in an orderly fashion. Naturally, they would like to see the allocation of broadcasting licenses turned into a political free-for-all.

There are others who, though authorized to broadcast, have been unable to secure from the Commission all the advantages they would like to have. The commission knows that the total amount of facilities available for broadcasting is sharply limited by engineering requirements.

These people believe that they would stand a better chance of getting what they want if allocations were to be made by Congress itself, because they know that Congress has had little opportunity or desire to study the engineering problem of radio communication.

They, too, want to see the allocation of broadcasting facilities turned into a political free-for-all.

When Congress enacted the Radio Law of 1927, its members were wise enough to realize that the problem of allocating radio frequencies, both within and outside of the broadcast band, was a highly technical one. They were content to lay down general principles for the guidance of the Radio Commission, knowing that Congress has more important things to do than to decide whether a license shall be given to John Smith or to James Brown.

Enormous pressure is now being brought to bear on Congress to undo its own wise and sane work. People who see in any orderly system of allocations little chance for securing what they want for themselves, hope that if chaos is again precipitated, they may be able to grab something worth while. Their only hope is in a return to the intolerable condition which existed in

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Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler Heads New

EDUCATIONAL SERIES

IN ANSWER to those who berate the American Plan of Broadcasting comes this announcement of still greater strides in promoting education by radio. No more significant list of American educators could be assembled than those who will be heard in this series. Our national legislators should make note of what is being done for education by radio before yielding to the importunities of those who have selfish interests.

A GREAT deal of wind has been taken out of the sails of those who are trying to use the cause of Education as a cloak under which to wedge off a certain section of the broadcast spectrum. Leading educators of recognized achievement are cooperating with the leading broadcasters in promoting cultural programs in the most effective manner. This movement is fostered by the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education of which Levering Tyson is the director.

Both chain systems conducted comprehensive education features last year. The Columbia Broadcasting System's School of the Air was eminently successful. As Radio Digest goes to press with this November issue the National Broadcasting Company in cooperation with Mr. Tyson's organization has announced a program of lectures that could not be surpassed by any single educational institution in the country. The announcement states:

A GROUP of thirty weekly radio lectures on present-day economics and psychology will be inaugurated on Oct. 17 by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University; Dr. James Rowland Angell, president of Yale University and Dr. Ernest L. Bogart, president of the American Economic Association.

The two branches of discussion will share the weekly educational period, a prominent economist and a leading psychologist speaking for fifteen minutes every Saturday night at 8:30 o'clock. The entire series of addresses on economics and psychology will be broadcast by the National Broadcasting Company. Other subjects in the series will be offered for transmission over the facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting Company and subsequent lectures will be offered to both networks, Mr. Tyson said. In each case the time is donated gratis by the broadcasting organization.

There will be thirty lectures in each series. The first ten addresses in the economics series will deal with the causes of economic depression and possible solutions. Unemployment insurance, national economic planning, the merger movement and other problems of modern economics will be discussed in future lectures.

Thus will the idea, born when a small group of educators met in the Winter of 1929-30 to consider the possibilities of radio in promoting adult education, become a reality. The series will continue indefinitely and has adequate financial support. Nor will it be confined exclusively to the proposition of adult education. Radio as an instrument of education in the classroom is being worked out and one day must come, Mr. Tyson asserted.

But at present the council is emphasizing the idea of radio in adult education, and a distinguished group of educators from all parts of the country have enlisted in the cause. In addition to Dr. Butler, Dr. Angell and Dr. Bogart, others who will participate in the series of lectures on economics and psychology, which will run concurrently, are Jane Addams of Hull House; Edwin F. Gay, Professor of Economic History, Harvard; Walter R. Miles, president of the American Psychological Association; Edward S. Robinson, Professor of Psychology, Yale, and Robert S. Woodworth, president of the Social Science Research.

"Not only have we had the wholehearted support and cooperation of educators throughout the country," said Mr. Tyson, "but it has been amazing to discover that the educators and broadcasters alike have been quick to realize that a different technique is required for the classroom and the microphone."

The subjects that might be covered in a college course in economics and psychology will not be treated in this radio lecture series. Only such topics as capture the popular imagination and offer a solution of problems close to every listener's heart will be on the schedule. Economics and psychology were selected as the subjects of the first series, it was explained, because of their current interest in the public mind.

Complementary to the psychology lectures, a syllabus prepared in connection with the addresses will be mailed upon application to the listener as a preliminary guide following the initial lecture. Copies of Dr. Butler's opening address, with information pertaining to subsequent lectures, will be mailed free of charge upon application. There will be a nominal charge for the syllabus and for printed copies of subsequent addresses in the psychology lectures. Literature with a list of readings and references in the economics series is also being prepared. The purpose of these booklets and pamphlets is to serve the listener as supplementary literature.

MR. TYSON recently returned from the International Conference on Education in Geneva where he said that educators from every country were awake to the possibilities of radio in carrying cultural thinking and knowledge to the masses of the people. He compared the problems of utilizing radio for educational purposes in Europe and the United States. National boundaries there are not so far apart. Programs can be carried through more uniformly without interference by difference in time. He said:

"The problem abroad is considerably simplified because of geography and centralization of government. There they are not confronted with the network idea with all its ramifications, geographical and financial, along with the all-important element of varying time in different zones. For instance, the signal of 2LO at Chelmsford, England, may easily be picked up in any part of the British Isles, while the powerful Warsaw transmitter may be tuned in on almost any part of the Continent. Such a system eliminates the necessity of a network. Moreover, the Central Government, which controls and operates the broadcasting stations, helps to simplify the problem.

"But on this side of the water," Mr. Tyson continued, "we meet the conflicting forces of private ownership of radio stations under government regulation, the time-zone bugaboo and the difficulties to be encountered in broadcasting over a network, aside from the tremendous expense involved."

Hear AMERICA

"Parade of States" and Salutation

By DUKE

THE treasure-house of Americana has opened its rich stores to radio.

And "The Parade of the States," radio's newest and much discussed radio program, is the result.

In the Cathedral Studio at National Broadcasting Company several weeks ago there assembled an unusual company of artists. There was a native of Budapest, Hungary. And a native of England. A symphony orchestra made up of men who represented in nationality a concert of European nations.



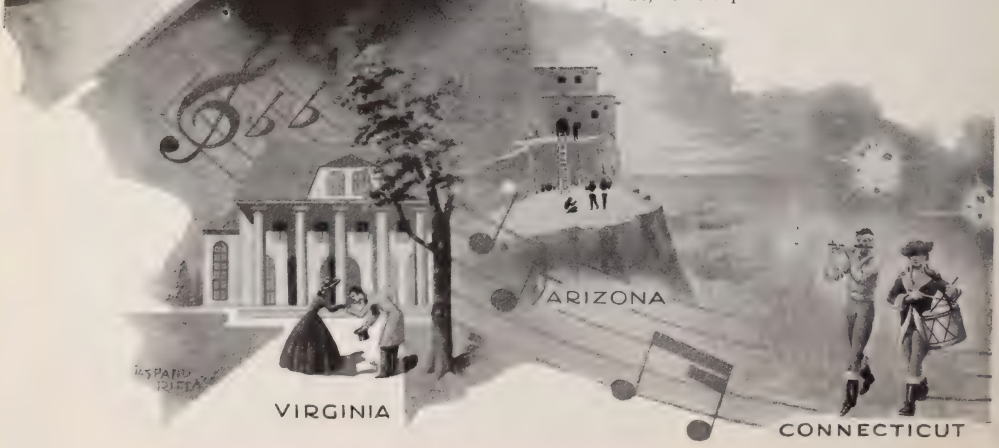
Erno Rapee, Conductor

An American author. And finally, a noted pianist and composer who claimed as his birthplace, Virginia. They were assembled for the premiere performance on a nationwide network of "The Parade of the States," the answer of the General Motors Corporation, its sponsors, to the assertion that there can be nothing new in radio.

"I am only a young American," Erno Rapee, famed conductor of thousands of symphony concerts, had told me a few days before as we chatted in his offices high above Fifth Avenue. "I am only twenty years in this country. And now I am studying state by state the musical lore and native composers of America. It is giving me a long waited for opportunity to learn more about the original musical traits of this our own country. "The Parade of the States' requires countless hours of research. And I have found, in preparing the music for our programs, a great wealth of characteristic American material, an amount which will, I believe, surprise even most Americans, themselves."

Erno Rapee is musical director of the new radio program, a Monday night Red Network feature which he calls something "distinctively new in radio." More than a score of years ago Rapee, a native of Budapest, was assistant conductor of the Dresden Orchestra. His triumph as leader of the Roxy Symphony and in other important radio and concert roles is musical and radio history.

So, for the premiere of "The Parade of the



First!

a Musical Pageant to All Sections

PARRY

Erno Rapee Delves Into Uncle Sam's Song Chest and Finds Priceless Treasure

States," there were, in the studio, Rapee and his symphony orchestra. Charles Webster, an Englishman and one of radio's best known actors was in the cast. It is Webster's role, strangely enough to read, each week, a tribute to the particular state of the week and his opening tribute, written by Bruce Barton, author, was to Virginia. It must have caused some interest to find that Webster, an Englishman by birth and famed for his impersonations on the air as Abraham Lincoln, was reading the evening's tribute to Virginia, the cradle of the Confederacy.

And, heading a large cast of singers and musicians was to be found John Powell, a native Virginian and called by Rapee, the "most romantic of American pianists". The assets, resources and romance of the various states will form the basis for the music of each program. The Virginia tribute, typical of others that were to follow, opened with a "symphonic poem," entitled *Virginia* and written by Rapee himself. It included a paraphrase of *Carry Me Back to Old Virginia* and some Virginia Reels. Next listeners were transported by music to an Indian wedding festival, followed by a musical representation of the Legend of Pocahontas. A gay Virginia hunting scene next was pictured in music, with lords and ladies of the manor house gathered together on New Year's day for the hunt. *A-Hunting We Will Go* and *Brown October Ale* were included in this bracket. Finally, the *Negro Rhapsody* composed by John Powell and rendered by the orchestra with Powell at the piano, concluded the program.

Choice of the state to be honored each week will depend on the national attention directed at the various commonwealths. Virginia was given the place of honor due to the celebration of the Yorktown Sesquicentennial and as a final number on the opening program there was A Yorktown Sesquicentennial number including the Virginia University airs and a medley of patriotic airs associated with the state.

The procession of states to be honored through to December 21, will follow this order:

October 19—Virginia	November 23—Massachusetts
October 26—Arizona	November 30—Idaho
November 2—Connecticut	December 7—Ohio
November 9—Alabama	December 14—Georgia
November 16—Oklahoma	December 21—Missouri

(Continued on page 89)



Illustrated by Gaspard Ricca



Vaughn de Leath, whose popularity as a radio star has neither dimmed nor flickered in ten years. She now comes to light as a woman of great inspiration, as an inventor and as a good housewife

The *of* GEER-

Vaughn and Livingston did not even ago but now tney are one of the

By Anne

LIVINGSTON GEER is a great artist—and so is his wife, Vaughn de Leath. Which is a very diplomatic and gentle way of imparting the glad tidings—to those who write burning questions to Marcella—that Vaughn de Leath is married.

That Little Bird, appointed to see all, hear all and know all, called me aside the other day and whispered, "Do you know that Vaughn de Leath's husband is a famous portrait painter?"

"Do tell?" was my original ejaculation, not daring to appear as if I shared in this odd bird's omniscience.

"So while Toddles and I go through our day's mail," continued Marcella as she slowly made her way through a mountainous stack of letters," suppose you act as our ambassador and call upon the Geer-de Leath Household with our compliments."

Half way up the street, ready to carry out my orders, and I heard the shrill, familiar voice of Marcella, "Don't forget the toothbrush!"

"Yes, don't forget the toothbrush!" echoed Toddles through her mouthful of cracker crumbs.

"Don't forget the toothbrush," I repeated mechanically over and over again—"toothbrush, toothbrush—brush."

Upstairs in the National Broadcasting Company's reception room, my mind full of toothbrush, I met Husband Artist and Wife Radio Star.

There is a rich warmth about Mr. Geer's personality which betrays a great depth of sympathy and understanding and he is gifted with a rare perception that brushes aside faulty human traits and reaches only for that which is fine and pure and lovely.

Never working at cross purposes but instead, always cooperating with each other whenever possible, Mr. and Mrs. Geer stand out conspicuously as two successful people whose careers marriage has heightened and not dimmed.

DURING the program, for instance, as Vaughn de Leath was singing some of the old favorite songs, Mr. Geer acted as her critic and advisor. Then as we sat together discussing Miss de Leath's inventions, Mr. Geer quickly but painstakingly sketched them on paper.

And here is where the story of the toothbrush comes in. Now, there's nothing about a toothbrush that would throw anyone into a fit of ecstacy—I mean, of course, by *anyone*, those of us who have, through much discipline, become faithful subjects of this Bristled Buddha.

I guess the only kind of a toothbrush that would gain nation-wide attention would be one designed to fall automatically into children's hands directly after every meal. But Vaughn's invention is not of that kind. Still it is deserving of radio listeners' attention in that it reveals the ingenuity of one of their old favorite artists as an inventor of bright

Firm de LEATH

want to meet each other some seven years happiest couples in radio circles

B. Lazar



A sketch of Livingston Geer drawn by Mr. Geer himself for Radio Digest

promise. From the picture which Friend Husband sketched for me, it is small, graceful and convenient to handle, an article which would be the pride of any veteran of the toothbrush brigade.

Miss de Leath's inventive mind did not stop with the toothbrush—one might indeed say that her mind never stops—for her various activities support the theory of perpetual motion.

For instance Vaughn de Leath has found the panacea for that starched shirt-bosom bulge. It's christened a Shirt Bosom Sta-put and consists of four lengths of stitched tape. One end of each length is fastened to the armored breastplate, and the other to the leather portion of the suspender. With this restraint the bosom front hasn't a ghost of a chance to bulge.

Then there is a road runner—whose noble purpose in the world is to enable victims of flat tires to run their machines to the nearest garage.



Vaughn de Leath in her country garden

IT SEEMS odd that these practical inventions should have come from a mind that is so ethereal as Vaughn de Leath's, for even when you look at her, although she is by no means slight of figure, you get visions of flowers and perfumes and all of the lovely things that are associated with the truly feminine nature.

For seven happy years these two young people have been making parallel strides to progress—never conflicting—never co-elbowing. In the studio where some of the wealthiest and most famous men and women have come to have their portraits painted, Mr. Geer quietly and unobtrusively works with brush and canvas. He is well-built, has blond hair and searching blue eyes that never miss a person's inner nature. That is perhaps why people of means do not hesitate to pay him many, many hundreds of dollars for his masterful work.

HAD it not been for the persistence of a Mutual Friend, Vaughn de Leath and Livingston Geer would still be operating in separate spheres of endeavor, missing each other's beautiful companionship. Something like seven years ago this Mutual Friend discerned the possibilities of a blissful union if only he could get these two young people to consent to meet each other. But Vaughn, always a popular girl, couldn't stand artists and *couldn't be bothered,* while Livingston didn't want to meet any girls. But *Came the Day,* and every matinee and evening performance there after found Livingston Geer in the audience of *Laugh, Clown, Laugh,* the stupendous Broadway production of that season in which Vaughn de Leath was the prima donna, and as Vaughn says, he knew every line of her part and became her unofficial understudy.

Seven years of happily wedded life tell the rest of the story. Every weekend they drive up to their simple country home in Westport, Conn.—The Hitching Post—and there gather fresh inspiration for their week's work in the humming city.

Mr. Geer has made a very profound study of colors, and is always experimenting with them. Thousands of years ago, our ancestors saw only the shades of black. Red was the next color that came within the low range of their vision, declared Mr. Geer, and as he said this, I glanced rather dubiously at my glaring red jersey suit. And violet is the newest color that has come to man's perception.

Mr. Geer spent several months in Oklahoma painting the portraits of some old Indian chiefs there for a wealthy Oklahoma oil man, and as this particular tribe is rapidly becoming extinct. Mr. Geer's paintings will be the only record of their existence and will undoubtedly find their way into a national museum for posterity.

Loves to Go Places but Yearns for Home

KATE *Smith*

By HILDA COLE

ALL her life Kate Smith had felt the urge of the nomad. She longed for the wings of a dove or something like that. The wings not being obtainable she used roller skates. And once she looked longingly at the big and mysterious tank of a gasoline truck. Where did it come from? Where would it go? What was it like on the inside?

It was big, new and empty. She clambered into the dark interior—lucky for her the fumes had been cleared out, but not so lucky was the fact that she found herself unable to crawl out as she had crawled in. She yelped but no one heard her as the truck roared away. She rode all the way to the next town before she was discovered—*was she scared!* They telephoned her family and then sent her right back home to Washington on another truck. So, after all, the adventure had been fairly successful.

Kate told me this little adventure as we were waiting back stage at the Palace on Broadway where she had just completed her record run of eleven weeks.

"I guess that started it," she said. "I'm really a little ashamed at the impish mischief I got into. I wonder where those boys are now that wouldn't let me ride their bikes? I was awful about it. If they didn't let me ride I would kick the spokes out of the wheels. Of course I didn't realize then how really terrible it was. I wonder if those boys still hold a grudge against me?"

From singing at school affairs, she soon broadened her scope of entertainment. Now after school hours, provided of course that she did not stay up too late, Kate was allowed to sing at various affairs in Washington. She was in demand at the Elks Clubs, Masonic Temples, and indeed every kind of organization conceivable that indulged in entertainments and benefits. But before her even yet—like a villain in a fairy story, pranced the knowledge that, when she was old enough, she was to study nursing.

CAME the war. She sang for the original A. E. F. before they sailed for France, and for the Red Devils when they were in Washington. Kate could put over the sentimental songs that were popular at the time. Do you remember? *Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight — There's a Long, Long Trail a-Winding*—and those perfectly huge men just loved it.

As our Kate grew up she became somewhat less of a rakish tomboy, and began to take more of an interest in household affairs, cooking and sewing. She even had a little spell of playing with dolls, which was quite a come down from her monarchy in gangdom.

After graduation from high school, without honors but with an adequate percentage of marks—Kate obediently went away to study nursing at Georgetown. The family insisted upon it, but her heart was not in her work, and she longed to begin her theatrical career.

"The very biggest kick I got out of nursing," says Kate simply, "was in giving transfusions, and I did give a great many of those. One time I gave over a quart of blood to a girl who was in a coma and wasn't expected to pull through. But she did. It was a direct transfusion and the doctors advised me to lie quietly after it was all over. They said I'd faint if I tried to get up and walk around. But I did get up and I didn't faint. I'm cursed or blessed with an unbelievably robust health."

Kate being big and capable, must have been a most reassuring person to have about as a nurse.

"As much as I hated medicine," she added, "I do love to take care of people when they're sick and need some real, good care. Now that I'm in radio and have everything I always longed for, I do enjoy nursing. When I was actually in training, I constantly looked forward to the thing I couldn't do."

After the war was over, Kate sang for General Pershing at a special dinner given at the White House. Later on she sang for President Harding and President Coolidge. She was frequently greeted by some celebrity anxious to pay special compliment. President Harding predicted that one day she would become a great singer.

The Anchors-Aweigh clan down at Annapolis will not forget Kate. She sang regularly for them at graduation





Ka-ka-Katy, Morton and Bing—
A Queen, a Jack and a King,
Yet Aces they're all
At Columbia's call
And Lordy, how they can sing!

from 1921 to 1926 and regretted very much when circumstances made it impossible for her to go on.

After one year of study at Georgetown, Kate announced quite vehemently that as a nurse she was a good singer, —and the family gave in. They had decided by this time to let her follow her own inclinations, and agreed to let her venture into the theatrical profession.

Her first experience on the legitimate stage, which came directly as a result of her amateur appearances in Washington, was in *Honeymoon Lane*. Eddie Dowling heard her sing and approached her after a benefit performance in the Keith theatre in D. C. It did not take them long to come to terms. Kate packed her trunk for New York and went straight into an excellent production. It was a great success, and ran two years from September, 1926, to May, 1928, in which time she never missed a performance.

HOWEVER, during that period she was terribly homesick. After each performance she would shed her "footlight face," go back to her apartment, and despondently dream of Washington, and the good, informal old days. She never went out on parties with theatrical folk, but kept very much to herself. Every Saturday would find Kate on the train heading for Washington, and each Monday would find her back in New York again, frolicking, gay and care-free, through her performance.

"I missed my gang," Kate says, "And you know, New York isn't a very friendly place to complete strangers. I figured that people just didn't have time to bother with me, so I kept pretty much to myself."

She affirms that she has always shied away from people who were willing to push her up the rungs of the ladder through introduction to theatrical magnates. She didn't like the idea.

She had several amusing experiences while playing in *Honeymoon Lane*. It was against the rule for the actresses to wear real flowers on the stage during a performance. One day a young lady of the ensemble violated the rule, wore real flowers, and one of their treacherous petals fell on the stage. Kate slipped on it, skidded dizzily and finally flopped down with much reverberation on the floor.

"I did have the presence of mind," recalls Kate, "to go into a silly pose, and there I lay sprawling prone on the floor with my hand beneath my chin cherub-wise and a pious smile on my face. The comedian, who was a little fellow, came over and struggled to lift me up—but it was too much for him, and in the end I carried him across the stage and lifted him in a chair to recuperate.

"Another time," she went on, "I kicked my shoe off in the beginning of one of my dance numbers, and had to finish it like Diddle Diddle Dumpling with one shoe off and one shoe on. The shoe I kicked off went sailing beyond the orchestra leader, past the saxophones, past the violins and finally, I believe, landed in the lap of an indignant matron."

She hesitated, and pushed back some of her blonde hair from her forehead.

"When I was playing in *Honeymoon Lane*," she went on reflectively, "I really got one of the biggest thrills I've ever had anywhere. There was a bridal party filling up two rows of the theatre. After my number was over they all took off their corsages, — tea roses, gardenias and showered me with them. Oh, they were beautiful!"

"When the moon comes over the mountain . . ." but let Hilda Cole tell you the rest of this interesting Kate Smith story of which this is the second and concluding part.

Toward the latter part of the life of that production, Kate had trouble with her tonsils that led to quinzy throat. She was miserable a great part of the time, but was so anxious not to miss a performance that she often went on, she says, in "perfect agony," and had to consult a doctor the moment she came off. The show closed in Chicago in May of 1928. She had been so utterly miserable and worn out that she packed her bags, went back home to Washington again, and was happy to be reunited with her family and friends. There she recuperated, and coaxed herself into good spirits with canoe rides down the Potomac, swims in the Chesapeake, and picnics in Virginia.

But, as might very well have been expected, Kate soon became restless again. Within a year, even the pleasant homeiness of life seemed incomplete. She wanted more footlights.

Kate, with a typically swift decision, and without quibbling, wired New York for bookings, packed her bags, and came to the Metropolis again to work for Keith.

SHE worked fifteen weeks for them, making a tour of most of the big cities in the country. Everywhere she went, she got a very "big hand." Kate sang all the popular music, interpolating her melodies with jazzy syllables—and short dance steps.

"One time," Kate says, "In a Midwestern theatre, I was wearing a long string of pearls. In the midst of my song they broke and went rattling over the stage and into the orchestra pit.

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Ardent admirer of Mahatma Gandhi and eager to help his cause Miss Spring obtained this autographed snapshot of him through a mutual acquaintance.

INDIA *on*

America Became Suddenly Conscious of India as Never Before when the Voice of Mahatma Gandhi Swept Majestically Across the Country from His Modest Quarters in London--When this Great Leader Speaks All Else that is His Country Listens for Mahatma Gandhi is India

AS the measured and inspired words of Mahatma Gandhi came sweeping across the Atlantic and over all America a few weeks ago no one in this country could have listened with keener interest and attention than Miss Helen Spring in her apartment on Long Island. Miss Spring, famous American actress, spent a year traveling about India in 1930. She found that the people of India, high caste and low, revered this great leader almost as a deity. She has continued to keep in touch with leaders there from her home in New York. She receives the Indian newspapers that are published openly and surreptitiously. She tells of atrocities she beheld there with her own eyes.

—Editor.

"LIVERIED men stand and salute when Caesars pass. Their legs are weary with standing, their hearts weary with disgust. The Caesar holds them in pay. They have neither love nor reverence.

"Far different are the men and women who snatch an hour from a busy day and waste fifty-nine minutes of it that the sixtieth might bring them a fleeting glimpse of a Ruler of Hearts. The crowds that gathered on that monsoonish Saturday morn came not with the bought salute of the hand but with the unbought homage of the heart.

The one question on all lips was,
Has he come? Is he there?
The psychologist could have answered
'Look into your hearts for there he truly is.'"

(Comment in a Bombay newspaper on the day Gandhi sailed for England.)

"Do I have to speak into this little thing?" These were the first words which an expectant American radio audience heard of the voice of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, as he faced his first microphone. I was listening with perhaps more than ordinary anticipation because I had but recently returned from a year's travel in India where I had witnessed the amazing effects of Gandhi's leadership of the Indian people in their fight for political and economic freedom. I'll confess I was no little excited and anxious, for this was to be Gandhi's first broadcast, and those of us who had participated in various radio programs can scarcely forget the trembling and trepidation, if not actual stagefright which we experienced on the occasion of our first appearance before the "mike."



You may remember Miss Spring as the leading lady in the most recent presentation of the stage play of The American Tragedy. She prays for Gandhi's cause.

ACQUIRING leadership in India is one thing, and holding a critical American audience is another. I couldn't help but wonder, would he "get over?" The delicious chuckle which followed his words put his listeners entirely at their ease—for it made them realize that here was a plain and simple human being who was mildly amused at the type of mechanical contrivance before him. Perhaps his success in retaining his hold upon the hearts and imaginations of the masses of Indian people, lies in his ability always to proclaim himself first as the man, and then as the leader.

Seated cross-legged on a chair, and gripping the "mike" firmly at its base, he did not begin at once, and even through the miles of separation the silence could be sensed as the silence of his prayer.

"In my opinion the Indian struggle bears in itself consequence not merely affecting India, but the whole world," he began, and for twenty minutes his slow clear baritone was distinctly transmitted. People everywhere were thrilled by the richness of tone, and his fascinating diction. From the depths of his voice one might easily visualize a tall, broad-chested man who takes his voice culture seriously, and it is hard to believe that such quality of tone could come from the very frail body of a sixty-seven year old man, who deprives himself of virtually all worldly comforts, and whose only sustenance is goat's milk and a few pieces of fruit each day.

Many of our best and most interesting announcers could look to this novice of the air for pointers on how to hold

the AIR

By Helen Spring

an audience. People who are not particularly interested in India's freedom, people to whom kaddar, untouchables, lathis, ahimsa, and the Congress movement mean nothing, found themselves listening to his every word. His voice



Snapshot Miss Spring made of three Indian girls of well-to-do family wearing the homespun of the Ghandi followers. The instrument is the citar.

was calm and serene, and he appealed to the intelligence. The inflexions of his voice were not varied, but were intensely sincere, and his word carried conviction.

It was not my good fortune to meet the Mahatma while in India, for he was the guest of the British Government behind the bars of a jail near Pooma, but while I didn't meet him personally, I felt I knew him well, for the pulse of India beats through Gandhi. Everywhere there seemed to be a sense of him. His doctrine of love and his weapon of non-violence was being reflected through the masses for whose freedom he is making a desperate fight.

I did, however, meet a number of his leaders, many of them men and women of wealth and excellent education, who, like Gandhi, have given up their entire fortunes, donned the homespun garments and were living a life subjected to hardships and even imprisonment.

He is the leader of the Indian people who is making a desperate fight for their freedom. His doctrine is love. His weapon, non-violence, and that is why—unlike the average political speaker—he never condemned the country against which he is struggling; nor does he ever use malicious words against any individual anywhere. On the other hand, he admitted India's people are not perfect or without blame, and he patiently teaches them to—"First put your own house in order before expecting consideration of your foreign ruler."

To be a politician in India customarily means to give up all wealth, to don crude homespun, and to live a life subjected to hardships and even imprisonment.

Gandhi's diction made one recall his background of intelligence, modest wealth, and a university of London education. Except for a slight "de" instead of "the," his address was in the King's best English. His wealth has been given to India's cause and his European attire has been discarded for a loin cloth, because until the half-starved millions of his beloved country can afford to wear more, he will not allow himself the luxury of more regal robes.

Mahatma is a name which the people of India have given to Gandhi. It means "the great soul."



Farm workers are being taught by the Gandhi followers to weave their own textiles in order to carry on the strike against the purchase of British goods.



Miss Spring in a gorgeous green sari which she wore while in India. It was a gift made of chiffon with real gold inlay and consisted of a single strip seven yards long used as a drape.

In my opinion the three outstanding points of his speech were: First his admission that India is not perfect, that it has many shortcomings. This required courage. Most modern politicians are extremely reluctant to make any admission of weakness. Second, his public acknowledgment of the participation of the women of India in this struggle for freedom, and the psychological as well as the practical effect of their splendid assistance. As you know, it is Gandhi who has encouraged women to emerge from their state of purdah to a position where they are socially conscious and

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TELEVISION

By MARSHAL TAYLOR

NO QUESTION about it everybody is waiting for the next chapter in the television story. Just like the dramatic thriller all the little tricks to create suspense have been presented naturally if not artfully. The eager fan is waiting tensely for the conquering hero to emerge unrestrained from the baffling toils of the laboratory.

Last month we stated that television is here. We stand by that statement. It is here even though it be somewhat cloyed by obstacles making it less than perfect. A survey at the Radio-Electric World's Fair in New York showed that the interest of the 50,000 who attended was predominantly concerned with television.



Hollis Baird of Boston (left) and U. A. Sanabria of Chicago, boy television inventors who meet at fair in New York. They will try to make pictures like this move and talk to you through your radio receiver

At almost any day or hour we may hear the announcement of the R. C. A. television receiver—the "pre-commercial" model, as it is called. It is understood they have definitely eliminated the rotary scanning disk in favor of the cathode ray tube. It will be more costly but much simpler to operate owing to the fact that the amateur will not have to bother himself about moving mechanical parts.

The cathode tube is a curious looking affair resembling somewhat a bell-shaped bottle, the bottom utilized for a screen, similar to the ground glass plate on which an image is thrown in the back of a camera. The screen may vary in size from three to eight inches square. Resources of many of the world's greatest experimental laboratories have been joined to produce this remarkable tube. German scientists came to confer with the experts from General Electric and Westinghouse at the Camden laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America.

Just the cathode ray tube alone will cost approximately $125, which will be no little set-back for the amaateur who makes his own receiver.

"Suppose it rolls off the table when you take it out to clean the socket?" remarked one young enthusiast who had just purchased his first kit. "I'm going to play with the disk system until they get one of those tubes down to what an ordinary chap can buy for at least no more than a day's pay."

Philo Farnsworth on the Pacific Coast is still a mystery man although he is said to have afforded some startling demonstrations with enlarged images. He too has been working with the cathode ray as an electric scanner.

In the meantime the National Broadcasting Company is progressing with the installation of its new 5,000 watt television transmitter on top of the Empire State building in New York — in fact right in the heart of the city surrounded by a veritable giant's gridiron of steel framed structures. The NBC being a member of the R.C.A. family doubtless is proceeding to keep step with the R. C.A. television receiver which has been announced for release to the public within the year. A fund of $125,000 has been appropriated for the building of the studios and transmitter; this notwithstanding the fact that all NBC studios in the great Rockefeller Radio City, now under construction, will all be equipped for television.

Ultra-short waves will be used for the NBC television broadcasts—43,000-46,000, 48,500-50,300 and 60,000-80,000 kilocycles. Other short wave groups will probably be used for the synchronization of sound. These very short waves have a very limited range and that is why the NBC obtained the highest point in New York to carry out this project. The Empire State is the tallest building in the world. The studios will be on the eighty-fourth floor which is about 1,000 feet above the street level. The antenna will be strung from the mooring mast which towers 250 feet above the building. Since these waves are said to travel only as far as the horizon from the point where they emanate it will be seen that the lofty mooring mast will be very useful between times while waiting for dirigibles.

While the world waits for the dawn of the cathode ray system no time is being lost with the scanning disk devices of which Jenkins, Sanabria and Hollis Baird are the chief exponents in this country. Sanabria's widely heralded "ten-foot image" did not come up to expectations. It lacked sufficient illumination to be seen well from the full length of Madison Square Garden, and

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"THE big problem in television has always been, is now and probably always will be to obtain high definition and yet retain sufficient brilliancy for satisfactory reproduction of the picture at the receiving end," said Sanabria.

"What did you learn from the demonstration at the radio show?" Sanabria was asked.

"We learned that there is no myth about the public's keen interest in television," replied Sanabria. "We know now that every contact in the circuit must be welded and not bolted. Every piece of apparatus must be built in duplicate so that in case of emergency the show will not be stopped.

"We have learned that greater brilliancy is essential. And this means that we must turn to water-cooled glow lamps. We are at work on tubes of this character, and when I get back to New York I hope to demonstrate the improvement they offer to television. Incidentally, we are using helium instead of neon in the glow lamp now because it gives a whiter picture. The neon tube gave a pink tinge to the image."

Vis-a-Vis

with

BILL SCHUDT, Jr.

Director Television Programs, CBS

FIRST to project a fight by television, the Columbia Broadcasting System can now boast that it was the first to broadcast a football game over the visual air . . . even though the football game was followed on a chart while wistful Ted Husing synchronized on sound from the sight of the event.

We had hoped to perfect a miniature baseball field to be utilized for television purposes in following the World Series, but efforts failed because of lack of time and lack of proper devices to make the contraption worth while. However, W2XAB did project box scores of the games each day of the series.

Experiments with a football board were carried on for a month before proper sizes and proper color contrasts could be developed. In the final analysis a football play board was painted black with all lines and notations in heavy white.

An oversized football cut out of sheet tin was painted white with the black letters of the teams on either side and an arrow showing toward which goal the team was working.

Thin wires were utilized to move the football across the field as either team made a gain or loss. Movements were in complete synchronization with the description by Husing on the regular CBS network.

I may be presumptuous but it seems to me that this experiment should go down in history as marking the first football game to be broadcast anywhere by television. At least, it was as near to the real thing that present day apparatus makes possible.

An odd incident was reported during the month. One of our South American singers playing in Vincent Sorey's Gauchos program on the television waves received a letter from his home country, Argentina. He became so excited that night he couldn't play at all. It was a revelation to him.

BUT, careful analysis proved that after all it was not extraordinary. He had not been seen by television; he had, on the contrary, been heard over the sound channel which is W2XE, and which operates on 49.02 meters. W2XE, by way of mention, has been heard regularly in Australia, New Zealand and other parts of the world.

Half a dozen fan letters from Radio Digest readers ask me to define "television." Well, I talked it over with Edwin K. Cohan, CBS technical director who for many years has defined everything in radio. What Mr. Cohan told me went something like this:

The present method requires four essential devices for transmission and reception, in addition to the ordinary electrical amplifying equipment such as is used for regular broadcasting. These four devices are—a powerful source of concentrated light to illuminate the object, a scanning disk to control and direct the illumination, a group of photo-electric cells to pick up the reflected illumination from the object and translate it into electrical energy, and last, a neon tube connected in the output of the television receiver to reconvert the electrical energy back into light.

In non-technical language these devices may be briefly described as follows:

Scanning disk — This is conventionally a metallic disk upon the surface of which are 60 very small perforations near the outer edge. In the transmitter this disk is located between the source of light and the lens, and is driven by a synchronous motor revolving (at the present time) at a speed of 1,200 revolutions per minute. It requires one complete revolution of the scanning disk to completely "scan the object" and therefore, at the speed mentioned, we are able to obtain 20 revolutions or 20 complete images per second.

THE perforations in the scanning disk are so located as to permit the control of a beam of light passing through them. This directs the said beam of light across the object being televised in straight lines from

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This television ghost is most startling as it flits out of the dark shadows of the night across your screen. It comes over W2XAB Thursdays at 9:30. Some say he walks too seldom.



RECENT guest artists on Radio Digest's television program were Margery Swem, left, and Charles Umbach, right, in a program entitled "Song Stories"—a skit written especially for television. Both of these artists have theatrical backgrounds and represent the type television will be eagerly seeking before long. Below is Harry Glick, welterweight wrestling champion of the world, who, as a Radio Digest guest artist, staged the first evening television program of calisthenics.



White Paint Creates A GHOST in TELEVISION

IS television already by one of those mythical corners? Are the programs interesting? Would it be worthwhile to invest in one of the modern shortwave and television sets now on the market?

The answer is yes to all three questions. Television promises to blow the lid that is keeping broadcasting in the dark higher than a kite. Radio Digest has been conducting its own school of experimental television broadcasting. W2XAB, that's the television station operated by the Columbia Broadcasting System, has been the scene of our activities. And we have become convinced that a new art of entertainment is well under way and that many of the problems that seemed insurmountable a few months ago are now at least partially solved.

NOT the least of the difficulty revolves around make-up. Television does queer things to the human face. A man without trace of a beard may look like one of the Smith Brothers at the receiver end. And then again the chap who is clean shaven but whose beard is noticeable comes through perfectly and requires absolutely no paint. Some persons find black lip stick necessary and others use brown to obtain a natural effect when that tricky scanner is turned on. Noticed a beautiful, flaxen haired damsel in the studio who had been experimenting for some weeks with different types of make-up. That



Harry Glick

night her lips were blackened and her face was powdered a brick red. She had tried everything and she came through in a natural manner with that particular make-up on.

One of our guest artists was a black haired dark skinned type. We experimented and found that unless we rubbed just a trace of white grease paint under the eyes the entire face was distorted.

One of the most effective make-ups is that of the Television Ghost, a weekly feature at W2XAB. He plasters his entire face with white grease paint and then paints a black circle where his eyes are, another for his nose and another for the mouth. Then he drapes a white sheet over his head like a hood. When that man shrieks into the mike and gestures with his bony hands he's a ghost all right. His face looks like a grinning skull and his stories are shuddery things that should prove a great help to purveyors of antidotes for insomnia.

Another chap who had no more trace of a whisker on his face than a young girl gave us a jolt when we looked into the receiver. The sides of his face appeared as though covered with heavy fur-like muskrat skin. A thin spread of white grease paint fixed that.

These few incidents picked at random give an idea of only one phase of television experimentation. Experiments are going forward in many other directions and even now the television sets available to those interested represent a tremendous advance in the art. Television broadcasting has plunged forward, equipment is being improved constantly and the receiving sets themselves show the progress that is being made in the manufacturers' laboratories.

THE technique of program building also is being studied and successful experiments have been made with every conceivable kind of act. There have been boxing bouts, comedies, parts from theatrical productions, magicians, pantomime, marionnettes, et cetera. Radio Digest staged the first evening television program of calisthenics. Harry Glick, welterweight wrestling champion of the world, who has been broadcasting a program of ex-

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Good Music and a Pleasant Chat Enhance the

Voice of Firestone

NEW Fall Program Presents the Commercial Phase in Way to Appeal without Offending the Listener. . . Readers Asked to Criticize

ONE of the finest of the new fall programs that we have heard this season is the Voice of Firestone. Good music and a good talk that entertains and informs you without boring. The Voice, incidentally, is literally the Voice of Firestone, for Mr. Harvey S. Firestone, Jr. is the speaker. You can't go wrong with James Melton for tenor, and Gladys Rice, soprano—and Melton, of course, identifies pretty well the Firestone Quartet which takes a name according to the hour of the day or night it is on the air.

Then there was William Merrigan Daly and his 30-piece symphonic orchestra which afforded a most delightful relief from the deluge of jigg-jazz that seems to be coming to the ether surface again for another kick or two before expiring.

It was a pleasing program all the way through and no one could take offence at Mr. Firestone's comparison between the old days of the horse and buggy and the modern motor car with its resilient pneumatic tires. He did not stress his own brand of tires, he just talked about the significance of rubber as it makes life more comfortable and convenient for us today.

There may have been something in this talk by Mr. Firestone of value to other sponsors who are putting sizable appropriations into their broadcasting. He takes a broad and human view without making the slightest allusions as to comparative merits of his particular merchandise.

We asked for a copy of the talk and would be interested to hear from our readers as to their opinions or criticism concerning it as a type of advertising on the air—but, if you didn't happen to hear the broadcast do not forget that the talk was handsomely garnished with music that was happily arranged sufficiently apart from the stratas of frothy syncopation on one side and the dry pedantic of the ultra-ultra on the other.

Mr. Firestone's comment follows:

"Friends and neighbors, the privilege has been given to me to speak to you briefly on behalf of the Firestone Organization and its multitude of dealers. I greet you as friends, because that is the spirit in which I come before you. I salute you as neighbors, because the magic of radio makes it possible for me to come as a guest into your home for this little while, and because this same magic instrument draws the whole nation together as one community, and we are becoming more and more neighbors in fact.

"Insofar as it is possible, I would like to take you with me in these weekly talks as we seek out the romance and the fascination of the great rubber tire industry. There is indeed much more in a well-ordered business than inanimate merchandise and cold economics. There is a sweeter and nobler side, and a wealth of fine sentiment that I wish to present to you in a series of word pictures.

"May we now turn back the pages of memory and view for a moment the conditions of yesterday. You folks who are now past middle age, let me summon the recollections of your childhood. Do you not remember what an event it was when father hitched up his best-looking horse in his best buggy and took the family to the nearest town, five or ten miles away? Do you not recall what an extraordinary experience it was if you traveled to distant places, fifty or a hundred miles away, by train or otherwise? All such events were looked forward to with eagerness and planned for with enthusiasm and exultation, because travel was so tremendously circumscribed by time and distance and inadequate facilities.

"Now let us spring lightly across the intervening period of thirty or forty years and live once more in our today. If we want to travel five or ten miles, or even twenty-five or fifty miles, we do it in a matter-of-fact sort of way and without preliminary thought or preparation. An hour's ride in the modern automobile or a short evening trip are sufficient for our purpose. If we want to travel a thousand miles in any direction or to any location, we merely set aside four or five days of convenient driving and we have arrived at our destination comfortably, whether it be in a great city or far away in the wilder country.

"These things are true because pneumatic tire, made of rubber, have been perfected in construction and manufactured in almost endless quantities at amazingly low cost, and have been made available to people everywhere without regard to wealth or social position. I would not detract in the slightest degree from the tremendous credit that is due the automobile, and the foresight and genius that have made it possible. But the automobile could not be the great and wonderful thing that it is without pneumatic tires upon which its occupants safely ride in comfort.

"Good springs and shock absorbers perform their essential service, but have you not noticed how hard the going is when one or more of your tires are flat? Can you imagine riding for pleasure on solid tires of any kind? No, friends, it is the air cushion within the rubber tires that makes travel comfortable, and adds to it the zest of pleasure and enjoyment.

"Perhaps the other evening you drove to a neighboring town to visit with relatives or friends. Or it may be that something was urgently needed in the home and you went quickly in the motor car to secure it. Probably father drove to work today or mother went shopping. Perhaps within the week you took the children out for a picnic supper some place where the trees grow tall and the flowers bloom, where the birds sing sweetly and the lazy brook wends its peaceful way. Maybe you went out just for a pleasure ride to enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine by day, or to revel in the moonlight or the brilliance of the starry heavens by night. All of these things you do with assurance and satisfaction because the perfected pneumatic tires take you

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The Duchess de Richelieu

THE BEAUTIFUL Duchess de Richelieu was a recent guest artist on Radio Digest's Television program at W2XAB, operated by CBS. Short wave carried her voice to all parts of the world. The Duchess is intensely interested in charity and she has given a number of concerts to aid unfortunates. Through her singing, the Duchess was instrumental in raising more than $100,000 to fight the White Plague in France and that government honored her by bestowing upon her the gold medal of the Reconnaissance Francaise.

Lavender . . . . and Stardust . . . .

Kathryn Parsons, Columbia's "Girl O' Yesterday" Makes Memories Live Again

By Thomas J. Randall,

Author of "Virtue O. K'd!" and other novels

EVENING had come quietly and, one by one, the lights of the village in the hollow below had blinked on, each a tiny star; and, now, a great, mellow moon was shouldering over the tree-tops.

Crickets chirped in the wet grass by the side of the porch, and, up on the hill-side, a whip-poor-will called. Through the night came the odor of clipped clover and roses from the little garden somewhere beyond in the shadows. . . It was a glorious night, a night for silence, waking dreams, and the aroma of a good cigar.

My hostess, a lovely, little old lady, an aunt, came out to us there and we talked quietly. Then, after awhile she stole away, and soon out from the darkened house came music. In a moment she returned, walking softly, and whispered—

"Ssh, the Girl O' Yesterday. . ."

Listening intently my ear caught the sound of a voice, sweet and clear, singing "My Old New Hampshire Home". . . An interval, then "The Little Lost Child," "Break the News to Mother," "Comrades" and "The Banks of the Wabash."

Softly the voice came, and softly rocked the dear little old lady while her husband, help-meet of many years, sat quietly by, the glow of pipe shining in the darkness. . . Then it was over, and someone within snapped off the radio.

"My mother loved those songs," said the little old lady, musingly; and, then—

"You're a writer," she continued, "you know many and can meet people. . . When you get back to New York why don't you look for this girl, and when you find her I wish you'd tell her for me how much I love her programs. . . She—she makes me young again. . ."

I promised, little thinking that I would meet The Girl of Yesterday so soon; but, meet her I did, at the Columbia system's annual artists' dinner at the Hotel New Yorker, and it struck me then that there was a story in her song collection. Where, thought I, did one so young, so beautiful gather together such a library of old, sweet songs. She laughed when I asked her, and then became serious.



Kathryn Parsons, the "Girl O' Yesterday," is as quaint as her character. She sincerely loves to spread happiness!

"I LOOK for them until I find them," she said, simply, "and sometimes it's not easy. . .

"One dear little old lady wrote to me and asked for 'The Volunteer Organist.' I tried and tried to find it, searching through library files and through the little, musty music shops I know down near Washington Square. . . Many knew the song—some the words, and a few the thread of the melody, but none knew it all, and none knew enough of it so I could put their combined recollections together. I had about despaired, and, then, an old, old man, who lives in a little shack down on Chesapeake Bay sent it to me without even my asking.

"I wrote to the little old lady, to tell her I was going to sing it for her. . . I received a black-edged letter from her daughter in reply. . . She died the morning of the day I was to sing for her."

She was silent for a moment, this black-eyed, black-haired girl. Then—

"It is amazing how many of my listeners love the bright old songs, the Harrigan and Hart masterpieces, the old bar-room ballads, the lovely, old wooing-songs. I receive countless letters from the Irish neighbor-

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"Hitting It on the

Just a Few Words about the Production Man Who Stages Programs and Brings Them Through on the Dot

"WHO is that fellow over there with the watch in his hand?"

That is the question most frequently asked by visitors making their first inspection of the Columbia Broadcasting System studios.

The reply: "Oh, him? Why, he's just the production man." Usually this discourages any further questions, and sends the visitor on his way with only a vague idea, or perhaps no idea at all, of exactly what is a production man.

John S. Carlile, who is Production Chief at Columbia, could say truthfully although modesty forbids it, that the production man is the most important individual during the rehearsing or broadcasting of a radio program; that inside the studio the production man is the absolute monarch of all he surveys: that only by a wave of his hand does a program start and end; that artists, announcers, engineers, and audience take their cues from him, and him alone.

The production man is a comparatively recent development in radio broadcasting, who grew up quietly and unobtrusively while radio was undergoing the change from a mere mechanical toy to an important medium of entertainment.

In the ancient days of broadcasting, say ten years ago, there was no such thing as a production man. An announcer, an engineer and one or more artists would get together anywhere from ten minutes to a half hour before broadcast, decide what sort of program they would put on, and then shoot it. Time wasn't so important then, because there were no sponsored programs. It didn't matter much if they ran short or ran over.

IN THOSE days, talent consisted of second and third-rate entertainers who had seen their day, more frequently, youngsters who had not yet had their big opportunities. Program directors, who were station managers then, couldn't afford to pay much for talent, and held out the rather feeble inducement of free publicity to reconcile the low wage scale. Ten dollars was a lot of money for a half-hour program.

Then came the sponsored programs. The possibilities of radio as an advertising medium did not undergo any lengthy and tedious experimental progress. Advertising people are quick to lay hold of a new thing, and the sponsors came with a rush. The cry went out for more and better entertainment, and high priced talent stormed the doors of broadcasting stations. There was gold in "them thar studios." The loud speaker was replacing the earphones in the American home, and radio ceased to be a novelty.

All this was lovely for the future of radio, but rather tragic for the reputation-less fellow who had been doing his stuff for a pittance and publicity. The



Arthur Pryor, Jr., (seated) responsible for the elaborate production of The March of Time, directing rehearsal. Even the March of Time must hit it on the nose and finish "on time"

NOSE"

By J. G. Gude

once indigent but now prosperous station manager no longer called him at the last moment, to beg him to do a half hour spot, to "just help me out of a jam, old man; Joe was supposed to go on for me, but he phoned and said he had a heavy date." Those boys found themselves, just when radio began to be worth something, very much out in the cold.

But then a curious situation arose—a situation not anticipated and for some time puzzling to program directors. For some reason or other the big-name artists who were flocking into radio were not doing so well. In many instances it was just a case of temperament. Although radio was paying out big money, it was nevertheless looked upon with condescension, if not utter disdain, by much of this high priced talent. It was difficult to get many of them to rehearse, because they didn't think rehearsals were necessary.

But even those who weren't temperamental had trouble. Accustomed to an audience, whose response they could intuitively feel, many of them almost died of fright when faced by nothing but a microphone. This was equally true of monologists and other funny men of the stage, and singers. What radio needed was showmen, but where were they?

ANNOUNCERS might be equipped with lovely baritone voices, ingratiating manners and red-hot personalities, but when a perfectly good contralto sounded like an alley cat just because she didn't know how to use her voice in front of the microphone, they might not be aware of it. Control room engineers knew which dial to turn and how far, in order to get the sounds from the studios as clear and clean as possible, but when a French horn sounded like a moo-cow, they weren't expected to know the difference.

Then the second and third-rate performers, who had been left out in the cold when radio got rich, began to drift back. Used, in the old days, to putting on half or even full-hour shows, single handed, they knew how to project their personalities into a lifeless metal gadget and through the ether. They had learned, through long practice, how to modulate, inflect, and otherwise control their voices or their musical instruments in order to obtain true reproduction of sound. They knew, in short, what is now referred to as microphone technique.

At first, they were simply seated alongside the engineer in the control room during rehearsals, to time programs and to pass judgment on the quality of performances. The timing of programs, of course, took on a new importance. Time became radio's stock in trade, and it couldn't be wasted. That meant more rehearsing of programs, and the haphazard, slap-dash methods of broadcasting became a thing of the past.

The production man was a natural development of radio's metamorphosis from an electrical toy to an art, or industry (take your choice). His title is self-explanatory; he is the producer of radio shows. As the development of radio along technical lines kept step with its commercial growth, the program builders—idea men and continuity writers—were becoming more ambitious, more imaginative. The modern production man's job is to put the ideas conceived by these program builders into programs as they were conceived.

The most difficult, if not the most important end of production is the studio set-up of orchestras. In general, the arrangement of orchestras for broadcast work is based on the regular standards of instrumentation. Engineers claim that there are set rules for the placing of microphones in order to get the best reception, and the up-to-date production man will always first try to set up his orchestra around the mikes. Juggling mikes is sometimes necessary in the case of orchestras of unconventional character and make-up, but it is usually avoided if possible.



John S. Carlile, production chief of CBS

ALL of the large studios at Columbia are spaced by numbers along two parallel baseboards, and lettered along the other two. When an orchestra is finally set up the position of each member of it is charted. These charts are kept on file, and are referred to the next time an orchestra of the same make-up is rehearsed.

These records save the production man a good deal of time, for he does not have to go through the same juggling process again. They do not mean, however, that two orchestras, made up of the same number of strings, brasses, woodwinds and traps, and playing the same piece of music, will sound the same if set up the same way, even assuming that the individual members of the two orchestras are equally skilled musicians. A difference in the way their selections are scored may require an entirely different set-up. Some orchestras, for instance, go in strong for solos by one player, or one section; others may have their pieces arranged for full orchestra most of the time. Then, there is almost invariably a difference in the instruments themselves. The first violinist, an important musician in the average orchestra, might have a fiddle that is brittle and bril-

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Oh, Yes?

Pity the poor Production Man
Who does the best he ever can
Putting the bassos on the spot,
Telling tenors what is what,
Asking sopranos "what to heck?"
Taking maestros by the neck
Grilling 'em all across the pan—
Pity the poor Production Man.



Catherine Field

A real girl of the Golden West Miss Field has sung herself into a nice contract with the NBC, New York. She is lyric soprano. Born in Lawrence, Kans. Lived in Oklahoma and Texas. She studied voice four years in New York.



Harriet Lee
(Chosen Radio Queen of 1931-32)

VIVA Queen of Etherland! Behold Queen Harriet with her hat off! Gaze on the lovely mass of honey colored hair! Long may she wave! She has her throne room at WABC, New York,—and her court? That's another story!



Peter and Aline

BETTER known to radio listeners as Ken and Joan Lee in the NBC program, Raising Junior. You know, of course that Aline has been away for a time while another little Dixon was arriving in this world. This is the first picture of ma and pa since. Imagine these two kids being parents!



Mary Williams

A Titian blonde with lily white skin and a silvery voice that simply makes you surrender, dear. She clicked with the Ziegfeld Follies, Strike up the Band, Yours Truly and many others. Now she's head over heels in love —with radio. Made her debut on WMCA. Who's got a match, please?



Tashamira

(LEFT)

FANTASTIC sensation of all Europe Tashamira was recently brought to America where she is becoming equally renowned. You can see her dance on air over W2XAB of the CBS television waves, New York.

Winnie Shaw

(RIGHT)

EYES and hair coal black and a voice that has just had its first try at radio over the CBS Roundup. She followed Ruth Etting in the Follies for the New York show. But there's a strong possibility she will become a regular on the Columbia staff.



Broadcasting from

New Era Demands Frequent Shifts In Programs

ARE we approaching the dawn of a new era in radio programs, an era in which the creators of programs will draw even more heavily upon the long time experience of other media designed to maintain public interest? On Broadway, for instance, the most successful producers of legitimate plays have long since learned that an *Abie's Irish Rose* comes only once in a generation so far as the length of run is concerned. They have learned that plays which last even half as long are great exceptions. They have learned that a normal success will not last more than a season. They have proved some supposed failures to be successes, but it didn't take an unlimited amount of time for the change to occur. They have learned to provide a continuous flow of new vehicles (meaning new plays) for even their greatest stars. They have tested out the possibilities of revivals and have demonstrated that intervals must elapse between successive revivals of even the greatest masterpieces played by the most popular stars.



In the moving picture field, much has also been learned about the maintenance of audience popularity. In the largest cities the big features are run for a period of weeks, but with competitive territory well protected as regards releases. And from this peak, we drop down to the same show for a full week and to the two-shows-a-week house the latter policy being that of the great majority of photoplay theatres. The stars don't come back with revivals; they always appear in new vehicles and in many cases the time which elapses between two releases by the same star is deliberately made long. Even so great an artist as Chaplin intentionally stalls on the frequency of his screen appearance. He knows the difference between satiating the appetite of the minority of his audience and making nearly 100% of his potential audience eagerly await his next appearance.

The very essence of successful newspaper publishing is to keep newsy. No one will read forever about even the most intriguing murder case—no one will read about Lindbergh every day with equal relish—no one wants a presidential speech every day. The showmanship of newspaper publishing lies in the constantly changing panorama of interesting events and people which is spread before the reading public—even the features must go through periodic revamping of policy or base their success on hooking up with something of a newsy character.

But what, you may ask, have all these obvious things to do with the future of radio programs? Only this. That it may behoove more of our creators of programs, sponsored as well as sustaining, to think more deeply into the question of how long even the greatest programs can be expected to retain maximum popularity—of how long the programs of lesser merit should be run—and of whether it is better to seek a turnover audience (as in the theatre and movie business) for a limited time before shifting the program (as happens in theatres and movies) or work for a repeat audience of growing size during the first part of the cycle and diminishing size as the cycle ends. In both instances there is also the question of how long a cycle lasts—where one is dealing with a turnover audience and with a repeat audience.

Let us get even more specific. The great plays on Broadway can run long only because they draw their attendance from all over the country. New Yorkers don't keep going back to the same show, but the audience keeps up because the out-of-towners can't all move in pronto and *en masse*. With the movies, where speaking nationally, the attendance is largely drawn from local inhabitants, three or four days for one show have proved about the desirable maximum for a given show. Moreover what works in the theatrical and movie business is not guesswork, because the daily and nightly attendance *for each and every night* is exact box office knowledge.

What then does this all suggest as regards radio programs? Suppose we start with Amos 'n' Andy, on the basis that they are the Abie's Irish Rose of the air or the Charlie Chaplin of the air. Possibly the experience of theatres and movies, when dealing with comparable successes, indicates that peri-

the Editor's Chair

odically Amos 'n' Andy should be withdrawn from the air entirely, in order that their reappearance could be worked up with all the fever of reawakened interest—instead of trying to keep up continuous interest on too long a basis. Possibly it means when they come back after a vacation that they would change the setting of their amusing dialog. There is no doubting that darky humor and negro dialect are permanently entertaining, but Amos 'n' Andy don't have to work on a taxicab and restaurant forever and a day. Understand, none of this has anything to do with the greatness of their present act or the popularity of these two favorites—it has only to do with the ultimate length of their popularity and the size of every night's audience which their sponsors have a right to expect after a run of colossal success.

THE same sort of reasoning goes for a whole lot of other radio acts, but with far greater force of reason. Radio hits can't last forever and sooner or later a new technique must be developed—a technique which preserves the popularity of given programs by changing the play with adequate frequency—a technique which preserves the popularity of radio stars by changing the vehicles in which they appear with proper frequency—a technique which produces well-timed gaps in certain types of programs and the continuous appearance of certain artists in order to whet the public appetite and make for greater audiences over shorter periods of this time.

The editors of Radio Digest believe this new era of program conception has arrived, although as yet it can hardly be said to be under way. It is going to be hard for a lot of broadcasting stations to accept this important principle of showmanship, particularly when it means periodic gaps in time schedules and makes it necessary to create new programs of a masterpiece variety with greatly increased frequency. Similarly it is not going to be taken easily by some of the radio stars whose current popularity convinces them that all America wants to hear them once or twice every day—for years and years to come. It won't be an easy idea for the script writers and program conceivers and directors. But in the end, the new era will be the greatest thing that ever happened for radio and all who play a part in broadcasting. For the new era will cause people, in greatly increased numbers to make dates with their radio even as they do now on a vast scale with the theatre and the movies. The public will become increasingly conscious of not being able to put off until tomorrow what it really wants to hear, because it will become increasingly posted on the fact that great radio programs, even as is true with plays, movies and newspapers, are coming and going with a rapidity that demands the making of personal plans to keep from missing a high precentage of the best.

Under this relatively new conception, the editors of Radio Digest predict that millions and millions of new radio sets will be sold and that each and every set will be in more constant use. In other words, the creator of a good program, which is not too long lived in character, will know that he can win over a comparatively short period of time an audience that is from two to four times as large as any reasonably good program can expect to hold, day in and day out, over a more extended period.

You know sometimes, the broadcasters fail to realize why the newspapers do not have to give radio such a great break in the editorial columns. They do not stop to appreciate that the newspapers must give news service along every line that represents wide-scale human interest, but that the number of new programs that make good news are scarce rather than plentiful. Newspapers give lots of space to stock prices, to baseball, to horse-racing and a lot of other activities that mean little by way of direct financial gain to the publisher, but in every instance continuous widespread news interest is the answer. The newspapers always have and always will render news service to the public but even the most ambitious broadcaster must recognize that there is a fundamental difference between news on the one hand and on the other publicity based on a program story or an artist story hoary with age.

The new era is here. We predict it is here to stay. And in large part its realization will involve an application of showmanship principles to the air which have already been developed to considerable of a science by Broadway producers, movie feature producers and newspaper publishers.

—RAY BILL



HITS ❖ QUIPS ❖ SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

NOT so good. Not so good. Feeling very low. This New York University professor has had it published all over the world that anyone who whistles is a moron. Suppose somebody'd find it out about me? Where would I be? Sh-h-h, don't breathe it to a living soul . . . promise me that . . . listen . . . I whistle. . . . Don't ask to hear me now. I wouldn't for the world. . . Oh, me oh my. . .

* * *

Don't tell me! What? Really? . . . And you, too? . . . And you? . . . And all of you too. . . Honest? . . . Do you, really? . . . Well, I guess I'm not the only one then. Let's all be miserable together. . . Wonder about people who snore? Isn't that some sort of a whistle?



* * *

Come to think of it aren't there a lot of people who come right out in the open and whistle over the radio? How about Bob McGimsey? Guess I'll call up Don Higgins and see what he can find out about the mental rating of this triple-toned whistler? How terrible he must feel!

* * *

Hello Don. Get me the low-down on this whistling racket over at the NBC, will you, please? Yeah! Ask those two X-Rays, Perkins and Knight. I don't want to slander anybody but I think I've heard them doing something that sounded mighty like whistling. . . Yes. . . What? . . . Holy cat. . . You don't mean it? . . . What a shameful confession for an otherwise bright young man like you to make. . . Oh dear. . . No, no, no, please don't. . . Stop it. . . He was really starting to whistle in my ear. . . but maybe it was just a wire whistle or something.

I'll find out about those low browed whistlers at Columbia too.

* * *

While the boys are investigating let's take a look through the mail and see what the Indi-scribes are sending us. Oh Rufus, let's have the Indi files. . . My what a big bag, didn't think you'd need a truck to bring it in though. . . "Yes Miss-tuh Indi, an' tha's anuthuh one out in de stock room. . ."

* * *

Gosh, sure gotta have more space now. . . Well, let's start opening them. I'll open 'em and you read 'em.

* * *

Here's one from Charley Stookey at KFOR, Lincoln, Nebr.:

Dear Indi:—

While broadcasting the Nebraska State Fair at Lincoln September 4 to 11, the Gooch Milling Company (sponsors of the remotes) presented on the air the three ladies whose bread, made with Gooch's Best Flour, had won first, second and third places in the Culinary Arts Exhibit.

The general manager of the company was asked if he wouldn't like to introduce the ladies on the air. Finally he consented, but it is doubtful if he'll ever face a mike again. He had written part of his presentation talk and everything went okey until he ran out of written matter and started to ad lib—then about every thirty words he'd pause and say "paragraph."

He caught himself the first time—mumbled an oath under his breath and went on something like this:—

"We are mighty glad to be able to present to you today the three ladies whose bread took first place at the 1931 Nebraska State Fair—paragraph—(dammit)—Ah—er—You know that for 21 consecutive years Gooch's Best Flour has won this honor, and naturally we are proud of it—paragraph—(oh, hell)—Thank you."

Those of us in the studio nearly died laughing and scores of folks on the air got quite a kick out of it too, judging from the calls which came in for the few minutes following his broadcast.

His explanation of it was that he had talked to a dictaphone so long, he couldn't do other than say "paragraph" when addressing a microphone.—We wonder if he says "paragraph" to the missus when he calls up around 5:15 explaining that he won't be home for dinner.

* * *

Ben Bernie on the Blue Ribbon Malt Program: "Our next number will be *You Call It Madness and I Call It Love.* Ladies and gentlemen, you call it madness, I call it love, and my dad calls it boloney." From Eleanor Merriam, 6025 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Here's one from Olive M. Cook, Twin Falls, Idaho. "Wouldn't you call this a horse on the announcer at KTFI who referred to the song Calvary, 'you have just heard the song Cavalry?'"

* * *

Dear Indi: The other day during the Crosley Hour over WLW at Cincinnatti I heard, "Our next number will be I'm Keeping Company with a vocal refrain by Ralph Simpson." Mrs. E. R. Kell, Box 113 Wilmore, Ky.

* * *

Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma on a recent visit to Texas talked over the Columbia chain from KRLD, Dallas. At the same time Rufus and Rastus were broadcasting from WRR, which divides time with KRLD. Something must have gone awry on the switchboard because as soon as Governor Murray said "Good evening, Radio Audience," we heard the two black face comedians cut in with "throw him out! Throw him out on his haid!" From Dorothy Hudel, 7118 Cherokee Trail, Dallas.

While listening to a western play over KEX I heard the hero ask the heroine if she could cook. She replied: "Can I cook? Why, I'm bowlegged from riding the range." From Mrs. G. T., Box 406, Woodland, Wash.

* * *

Heard on the Variety Program over WENR: Announcer—"And here's Edwin Delbridge—Deep in the Arms of Love with Sallie Menkies." From Margaret Gutwald, 3143 North 12 St., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

The most humorous incident I have heard was during Tony's Scrap Book reading. Tony said he saw a sign over an ice cream counter that read: "TAKE HOME A BRICK, YOU MAY HAVE COMPANY." Sergeant William C. Stilley, Company F, 16th Infantry, Governor's Island, N. Y.

* * *

Marjorie Mapel, 4523 East 18th Ave., Denver, Colo., one of our high school contribs takes up the question of Wave

Catch That Slip!

THERE'S many a slip twixt the lip and the mike. Next time you hear a good one jot it down and send it to Indi-Gest, care of Radio Digest. We pay contributors from $1 to $5 for material accepted for this department. Indi likes short verses on the same terms. Suggestions welcomed.

Grabbing, and should the teachers and deans get a strangle hold on broadcasting. Heading her thesis *The Student's Lament* she says:

Someone's always taking the joy out of life. Now must we have the joy taken out of RADIO, just when we were beginning to think that the increasing number of young teachers were understanding modern youth—they walk out on us and support the Fess Bill. Well it goes to show!

We grind all day, from morning till late afternoon, then we come home to a little relaxation, The Radio, and what do we hear? Super classics, Professor So and So's talk on Medieval History, plus a few interesting governmental reports? How wonderful! But no, thanks, we would rather listen to Rudy Vallee, Smith Ballew, the wise-cracking Sisters of The Skillet—. And if we can't—what then? Do we step out for our fun? Just when we were beginning to have it at home!

Permit me to tell you this, you supporters of the Fess Bill, you can educate us intensively all day in the class room, but when you try it on the air—Well, we'll give you the air!

* * *

This rather good poem from Frank O'Brien, Los Altos, California.

RADIOLAND

The throbbing city, the sleeping vale,
The crowded highway, the mountain trail.
The silent desert, the surging sea,
Neighborhood—nation—infinity.

A palace, a hovel, a ranger's shack,
A homestead far off the beaten track.
A mansion, a flop-joint, a great hotel,
A fireside, a prison — heaven and hell.

A king and an outcast, a preacher, a drunk,
A buyer of Rembrandts, a dealer in junk.
A lady of grandeur, a skirt of the slums,
A college professor, a couple of bums.

A sage and a halfwit, a cop and a thief,
A face wreathed in smiles, and a head bowed in grief.



The guilty and just, the chained and the free.
Jim, Jack and Mary, and you and me.

* * *

RAY PERKINS OF NBC UP AND SAYS—

I know a Scotchman who would give $1,000.00 to be a millionaire.



"New lamps for old!" announced the first air salesman as he kicked a kink out of his Bagdad balloon carpet and brandished a polished oil burner. "Darby Dardanella now sings our theme song WICK UP! WICK UP! EVENING SHADOWS FLEE."

Good old England is back on her fleet.

* * *

Aimee Semple McPherson not only will make a good wife, but she will make her man a good husband.

The present galaxy of debs who attend finishing school are always ready to start something.

* * *

"TO THE PLAID EYES OF—" JESSICA DRAGONETTE

THEY WRITE OF EYES — OF BROWN AND GRAY
AND THOSE OF DEEPEST BLUE;
BUT YET, THE EYES THAT LIGHT MY DAY
ARE "PLAID" EYES — WISTFUL, TRUE.

ONE EVENING, 'ERE THE SETTING SUN
SANK SLOWLY IN THE WEST,
GOD TOOK EACH COLOR—ONE BY ONE,
AND MADE THESE PLAID EYES BLEST.

A BIT OF GOLD, A BIT OF GRAY
A HINT OF HEAVEN'S BLUE;
AND WHEN THE DARKNESS TURNED TO DAY,
HE GAVE THOSE EYES TO *YOU*.

ACROSS THE WORLD — ON LAND OR SEA
AND IN THE AZURE SKIES,
THERE'S HAPPINESS AWAITING ME
WHEN I BEHOLD YOUR EYES.

AND IN YOUR DEPTHS, PLAID EYES I LOVE,
IS SOMETHING — TENDER, TRUE;
FOR, FROM THE HEAVENS FAR ABOVE,
THE ANGELS GAVE US—YOU."

—Dorothy Lee Glass, 113 Alger Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Indi-Gest:

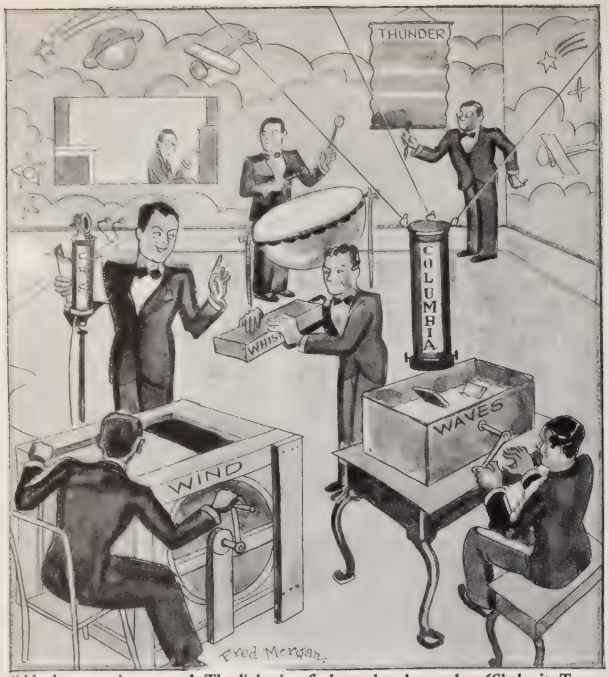
We've a radio fan so erratic
We are sure he has bats in his attic;
When nothing comes in
But a horrible din
He sits down and listens to Static!

The above is a lim' from the "limerick tree" of a radio widow.

—G. D. Stockton, 57 Maple St., Hudson Falls, N. Y.

* * *

Two of our best Indi-Scribes finding themselves within a day's mail of each other got together postally and composed the following "colyum" of verse and prose for us. We had to hold it until we got the additional space we were howling for.



"Ah the storm is upon us! The lightning flashes—thunder crashes (Shake it, Tony, shake that thunder sheet). The screeching wind and the merciless waves. We're lost! We're lost!"

Lay of a Might-Have-Been Minstrel

Breathes there a fan with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my favorite station,
My favorite artist in all the nation!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burned
As others his opinion spurned;
Who hasn't argued pro and con
With battle cry: "I'm right—you're
wrong!"
If such there be, go mark him well,
He has no place in V. O. L.
High tho his titles, proud his name,
He's a looker-on at the listening game;
Who tunes and gets not the radio craze,
Who "fans" no program in all his days;
Living shall forfeit the right to know
The thrill of this aerial age, altho
He tunes his set, and lends his ears. . .
Boy! . . . what he misses!! . . . eh,
old dears?

* * *

WHEN MIKE FEELS FUNNY!

What IS funny? What induces people to crinkle up their faces in defiance of beauty advisers—stretch their lips to the cracking point and indulge in a long, loud, spontaneous, inelegant and youth-restoring guffaw?

This sad, weepy old world NEEDS to laugh—it WANTS to laugh—it's CRYING to laugh! But what makes one half of it emit cackles of purest glee leaves the other half staring blankly into space, wondering what the joke is all about!

It's amusing to note the effect of what you may consider a good joke upon a gathering of festive spirits. Have you ever told a funny story in your best comedy manner and had the carefully worked-up climax greeted with an anti-climactic silence, and a woeful lack of comprehension upon the part of the solemn souls present? And then you suddenly wish that you had spent the evening at home, reading Les Miserables! How would our best radio humorists feel if they could but see the reception accorded some of their choice bits! Fortunately they cannot. Altho the listeners' reaction is conveyed to them thru the medium of "fan" mail, the shock of the Dear Public's insusceptibility is mercifully modified by the delay attendant upon its disclosure via the mail route.

East and Dumke, twin editions of avoirdupois and good spirits present "Sisters of the Skillet"—the grandest fixit firm ever permitted to operate without a license! What they don't know about housekeeping is plenty, but this minor detail doesn't prevent them from giving advice cheerfully if not helpfully! This SOS service is occasionally extended to a brother of a Sister of the Skillet in distress, and it proves the efficiency of this flourishing concern when the Brothers horn in! A lively and refreshing departure from our sob-sisters of the love-lorn "colyums" and other popular forms of rescue-the-perishing service. Here's to them. . .

WHILE THE TOAST IS BURNING!

East and Dumke,
Skillet Sisters,
Full of pep
These polly misters!

Problem solvers,
Nothing vexes,
None can stump them
Naught perplexes!

What lovers, too,
Of "pome-tree"—
The dishwater
Variety!

Hearty laughter,
Lilting song. . .
Whoops! what fun
When they are on!!

WE HAVE yet to hear anyone say that these boys are not really funny, but doubtless someone, somewhere, is saying just that! As in the case of the radio listener who grimly elected Roy Atwell, CBS funster, to the Pet Peeve records—a sort of listeners' lament conducted by Nick Kenny for the relief of those long-suffering critters afflicted with pet radio abominations. Mr. Atwell crosses his fingers, ties his tongue, and achieves truly marvelous concoctions. Adulterated doses of historical episodes tumble apologetically out of one's loudspeaker, motivated by so obvious a desire to edify and please that one is glued to the spot! If you are an apt scholar, you will soon be unable to ask your dinner-partner to pass the sugar, please, without becoming involved in your pronunciation. Most diverting—especially if you are really in earnest about wanting that sugar! Try this on your chauffeur. . .

TONGUE MAGIC

Gicky, streasy, garry tum
Mannot cake the motors hum;
Unnatural history laid in mortar—
No—unnatural history made to order;
Tidewater Inn as seen by a knight.
I mean Tidewater Inn, the scene—
(that's right!)
The host Oil Ratwell—Rat Oilwell. . .
no! no!
Well Royat—oh, let it go! let it go!
English as she is spoke (and how!)
In the better garbled circles now.

Only three in a long list of clever comedians—practiced in the amiable art of beguiling a nation into good humor. And at the present time of general business depression their services are of inestimable value to the country at large. If we couldn't laugh, we might have to cry—so long may they ether-wave! . . . these rib-tickling heroes!

* * *

Sorry I haven't had a chance to sort out those fresh limericks hot off the limerick tree cause I just got a long thick envelope from Don Higgins. I'm handing it to you without comment. And if Bob Triggerfinger of CBS doesn't step on it you'll never know what Mort Downey and those other expert whistlers of Columbia have to say on this burning subject.

* * *

They're All Whistlin'!

By Don Higgins

CALVIN COOLIDGE came out for Hoover, England went off the gold standard, the Lindy's flew over flood-swept China, and it remained only for Professor Charles Gray Shaw of New York University to announce that "whistling is an unmistakable sign of the moron." Then the world shook.

Professor Shaw, deep in the study of the road to culture, proclaimed through the morning press that all whistlers were morons and that world leaders were non-whistlers. His words went 'round the world and back again.

Friends of Premier Mussolini snickered and admitted Il Duce had whistled. Chairman Borah of the senate Foreign Relations Committee said that of course he whistled. The White House remained silent. And S. L. (Roxy) Rothafel, off in distant, censored Russia in search of art and music for radio, was unreachable.

Thousands wrote the professor and the papers in protest and the news finally reached the ears of Robert Hunter MacGimsey, by summer a Louisiana attorney, and by winter and permission of the copyright owners, the world's champion three-toned "harmony whistler," heard over National Broadcasting Company networks.

Mr. MacGimsey's ear burned red. Discovered whistling in his bath, he admitted, "Yes, I whistle. I also chew gum and the ends of pencils in moments of thought. Professor Shaw must be spoofing. But if you're asking me, it's hardly fair to say that whistling has any more to do with a man's mentality than playing the bass viol—probably not as much. If so, what about the yodlers and Swiss bell ringers?"

He tried to reach the professor by telephone in a challenge to prove it. "Forget it," replied the professor, "I meant only lip whistlers."

"But I am a lip whistler," MacGimsey said. The professor hung up while MacGimsey, desperate, recalled three fellow faculty members of Shaw, had examined his whistle and found his mentality A-1. "One of them did some very nice whistling himself, in fact," Whistling Bob added.

Radio rallied to the whistlers' defense. Stars of NBC spoke boldly. Said Jesse Crawford, Poet of the Organ and amateur whistler:

"People who like to whistle and can carry a tune, do so as a natural reaction depending upon their contentment. Of course, a moron may whistle but all whistlers are not morons. I don't believe an unhappy moron can whistle. Whistlers are to be envied."

"Whenever a play or motion picture presents a person happy or well-pleased, the character usually breaks into a whistle. Most of us are not gifted enough to burst into song, nor is it natural in public places. I am very inclined to whistle personally, but then, of course, I might be a moron."

The controversy caused Vaughn de Leath, contralto and occasional whistler, to revert to Shakespeare: "The man who has no music in his soul is fit for treason, strategems and spoils." Whistling indicates a happy disposition and a certain exuberance or gaiety. I suggest that the professor try a little whistling himself.

B. A. ROLFE, whose orchestra sets a happy tempo for the nation, denied whistlers were morons, including himself, and added: "Inasmuch as I interspersed whistling in vaudeville acts and found it got the applause spot, I concluded it has a financial and entertainment value." He does object to whistlers off key.

Ray Perkins, The Old Topper and NBC wit, avered: "It (the professor's comment) sounds a great deal like our old friend, George Bernard Shaw. If it's not one Shaw it's another! He might put a P in front of his name. Personally, I confine my own whistling to a few bars a day and I have my whistle whetted twice a week."

Lewis James, tenor of the famous Revelers Quartet: "I whistle often and, being a singer, that may make it doubly bad. I disagree in self-defense."

Leslie Joy, baritone and announcer: "I whistle for my dog, and he's a very intelligent dog. I figure that if my dog will come when I whistle that neither he nor I am a moron."

Breen and De Rose, noted harmony and song-writing team, issued jointly: "Many song writers whistle while making their arrangements. True, some can't do any more than whistle their tunes, but they compose them. Anyway, whistling airs your thoughts." Peter De Rose recalled his song "Whistling Willie" (adv.) as a bright piece.

Several days later, Raymond Knight, "Cuckoo" commentator who hides behind the name of Ambrose J. Weems, boldly cast aside anonymity and came out with a statement. He came out a bit confused, but nevertheless he came out. And he settled the matter.

INTERVIEWED by the press of Australia, Letvia and New Jersey, Mr. Knight spoke his mind (taken off the shelf with the advent of winter).

"I have been asked," asserted Mr. Knight, "to state my views on the Whistle-Moron situation. I want to apologize to my public at this time for not coming forward sooner with a statement.

"The delay has been due to a misapprehension on my part. When first informed that Professor Shaw stated that only Morons whistled, I immediately went out among my Irish friends and collected statistics to prove that the Moriartys, the Finnegans, the Murphys and the Flannigans whistled just as often as the Morans."

"This set me back about forty-eight hours and in the meantime the market has been flooded with thousands of replies to Professor Shaw.

"However, in order to whistle it is necessary to pucker up the lips, and since lemons and pickles cause a puckering of the lips, I have been asked by the National Citrus and Pickle Growers Association (whose coat of arms bears a little figure of Puck on a field of tulips) to answer the professor.

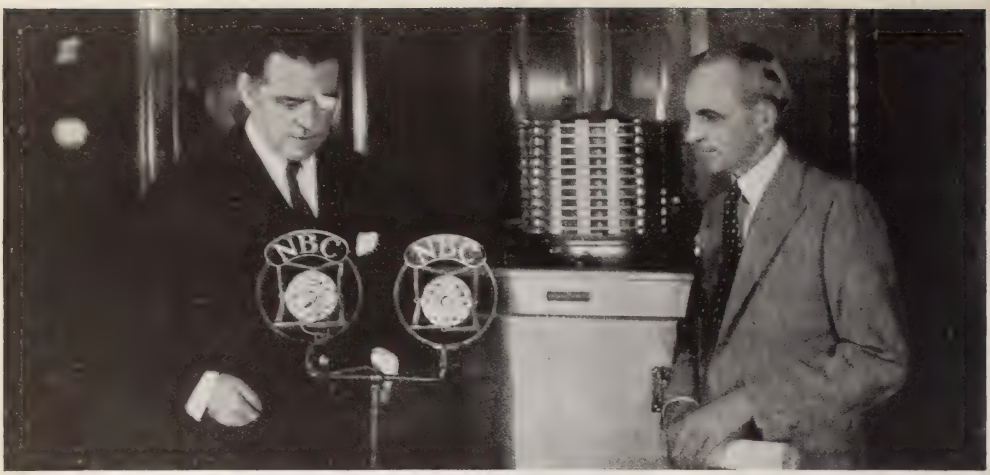
"This can be done in one withering blast. I shall waste no time on recriminations. I shall waste no time on detailed statistics. I shall waste no time on homely women—

"I merely ask Professor Shaw, with a slight smile of scorn playing around the corners of my lips and in my moustache—'Professor, is it or is it not true that one of the greatest artists of all times was a Whistler!'

"A fig for your hypotheses Prof! You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool some of the people some of the time!"

Just as Mr. Knight finished, MacGinsey stepped forward triumphantly and revealed that Dr. Prescott Lecky, professor of psychology at Columbia University, had found him to have an intelligence quotient greater than seven ty-six per cent of the public. MacGimsey's rating was an I. Q. of 109, compared with a grade of 20 to 50 for imbeciles and from 70 on down for morons.

The world is safe for whistlers, or vice versa.



"TALK about pick-up and speed, do you know, Mr. Ford, that this little two cylinder doo-hickey can put my voice down from here to New Zealand as quickly as you can hear it across the room?"

Henry Ford



Floyd Gibbons

THESE postures show Henry Ford at the time he made his personal debut in Radio. Note the concentration revealed by his face.

Tuneful Topics

By RUDY VALLEE

You Didn't Know the Music, and I Didn't Know the Words

IT WON'T be another *Just One More Chance,* though it is entirely written by Sam Coslow, who wrote the words of that composition which has achieved such a popularity due mainly, no doubt, to the wonderful phonograph record made by Bing Crosby, which seems to be in every home. I believe Coslow outdid himself in this particular new song, one of the torchiest of torch ballads, a song which has as its unhappy story "what might have been."

It lends itself more to the feel of a beautiful ballad than to the dance type of song, though if played expressively, with the right instrumentation and the proper speed it becomes an admirable stimulus to the enjoyment of a public on the dance floor.

There is one little difficulty in singing the song, and that lies in the pronunciation of the word "music." The "ic" syllable in "music" has always made it a difficult word to pronounce when singing; only one who sings considerably can appreciate these little difficulties, which, after all, are not insurmountable if one only exerts the diction producing factors to his or her aid.

Larry Spier, of Famous Music, believes that when he carries the lyrics of any particular song around with him for weeks, that the song must have something. That was the case with *Just One More Chance,* and is likewise the case here, with his latest bid to the hall of musical fame.

We take about a minute and ten seconds to play the chorus, and as I have already said, it is published by Famous Music, Inc.

I Love a Parade

HAROLD ARLEN, writer of *Get Happy, Hittin' the Bottle, One Love,* etc., pianist par excellence, with a most excellent voice, was formerly featured with Arnold Johnson, but lately he has written the material for several more or less successful shows. Incidentally, his *Get Happy* was perhaps the greatest material ever provided for one of the cleverest girls on the stage, who was lost to musical comedy and dancing when she became the wife of Roger Wolfe Kahn—Hannah Williams.

This same Harold Arlen, turns extremely sentimental and classical in the writing of a little gem called *I Love a Parade.* Its radio attractiveness may have been enhanced by a little brainstorm that came to me as I considered its presentation, my idea was to follow my vocal chorus with a chorus played by two trumpets and a trombone, with the stirring beat of the drums, as they briefly touched on six or seven standard march compositions, such as *Stars and Stripes, Spirit of Independence, Anchors Aweigh, Stein Song,* in fact, any march which, as children, we have come to associate with parades, the beating of



drums, the blare of flashing trumpets.

I Love a Parade will probably never mean very much as a best seller for Harms, Inc., but it is certainly one of the most stirring tunes it has been our pleasure to present in a long time. Naturally we play it in march time.

My Sweetheart Tis of Thee

I SPENT last Sunday at a rehearsal with Johnny Green, the young Westchester County society boy who was practically disowned by his father for his resolve to go into the field of music and composition in preference to his dad's seat on the exchange, but who subsequently showed his father that he knew better than Dad wherein his talents lay, after his writing of *Body and Soul,* and *I'm Yours.*

Together with Eddie Heyman he has been writing material for various Paramount short subjects out in Astoria, and he has directed many of the orchestras for the incidental music which was cued in on many of the very fine Paramount pictures where incidental music has contributed to your enjoyment.

Due to his cultural nature and background, Johnny writes not so much for the masses as for the classes, though in the writing of this new musical comedy which Peter Arno has sponsored, in several cases he has written an approach to the commercial type of tune. Heyman, I believe, deserves even more credit than Green for his titles and his exceedingly clever lyrics. Even Lew Brown might well look to his laurels as one reads over the score of *Here Goes the Bride,* the inspiration for which probably came to Arno shortly after his own trip to Reno.

Perhaps I have an unusual interest in the show due to the fact that the singing star is none other than my little Florida protege, Frances Langford, who has been sustaining on WOR. The two songs she sings are both excellently suited to her, and I believe if the show is anything at all of a success little Frances will create a great deal of Broadway talk about her.

The Sunday I caught the show in rehearsal the cast had been at it for many hours on end, and they were all extremely fatigued; yet even at that there was a very apparent quality about the show which leads me to believe that, given a fair chance, it should be a success. Edward C. Lilley is directing, and the very efficient manner in which he handled things that afternoon leads me to believe that my protege is in very good hands. But to get to the songs themselves.

First, the outstanding song in the show is unquestionably the theme song. It would not have been the theme song had they not expected it to be the outstanding song; that, of course, is quite self-evident. Cleverly enough, Heyman selected as his title *My Sweetheart Tis of Thee,* which is, of course, a pun on the composition which in England is *God Save the King,* and which in America has been *America,* and which, for many years preceding the final triumph of the *Star Spangled Banner* was

the reason for many a very disgruntled theatre audience clambering to its feet and standing at attention. It still is, for that matter, as there are still many bands and orchestras, as well as audiences, who are not so very sure of the ascendency of the *Star Spangled Banner,* and the strains of *America* bring many of them instantly to their feet, while others, with a sheepish and foolish expression on their faces half sit and half stand, not quite knowing what to do.

The gist of the song, *My Sweetheart Tis of Thee,* is simply that the song the individual is singing at this time is, as the title implies, of that person. It has nothing to do with Tennessee mammies, moonlight and roses, or any of the things with which songs deal. Rather is it expressly a song to her—to him, and it is an extremely lovely one.

There is a direct change of key in the sixth measure, very typical of the desire on the part of Johnny Green to be different—musically different. However, the change is a lovely one; though a little difficult to assimilate, once learned it will cause no trouble.

Unless the song is restricted I am sure that it will bombard you from your radio quite a bit as soon as the show makes its debut in New York, which is to say two weeks from the time we write this article, though of course as you read it the show will have already opened here, and either be on its way to prosperity for its producers, or maybe, heaven forbid, have gone the way of so many shows. I sincerely hope, not alone for Frances Langford, but for my old school-mate, Peter Arno, Mr. Lilley, and all the hard-working members of the cast, that it enjoys a real success.

"Here Goes the Bride" Three Rhythm Numbers

THERE are three fine rhythm songs in the show. When I say "fine," I mean fine. They are just the sort of thing we have been looking for for our dance programs, both on the air and at the Penn. People like fox trots, brisk tunes to which they may walk around, keeping in perfect step with the beat of the rhythm. These are tunes which any band may play as fast as they desire with no subsequent damage to melody or lyrics, as they are written for fast dancing choruses. You will probably hear these tunes often as the various bands play on into the wee hours of the morning over your favorite station.

Quite the cleverest of the lot, in my opinion, is the song which Frances Langford sings later on in the show. It is called *Music in My Fingers,* and what a clever song it is, too!

Then there is another which the boys have called *OHHH! AHHH!* and still another which will be interpreted by some radio stations as rather risque and doubtful of broadcast permission, though in the show it will be perfect for the chorus girls in one of their dances—*Shake Well Before Using.*

There are several other songs in the show, one especially which Frances sings called *Hello, My Lover, Goodbye,* a lovely thing though one which will never be commercial due to its intricate construction and its most non-commercial make-up. Still even this may occasionally find its way to you; it certainly will through the medium of our programs, as it is the type of song that I enjoy doing best.

These are all published by Famous Music, for whom Johnny Green writes almost exclusively, and the three rhythm tunes may all be played extremely brightly, though the irony of it is that some bands that usually tear the heart out of composers by playing some of their ballads *extremely fast,* will probably play these tunes *extremely slowly.*

I Don't Know Why

I AM a little late in discussing this tune, mainly because I was late in hearing it. It remained for the aforesaid Crosby to really popularize it, as it fits him admirably.

It was written by Messrs. Turk and Ahlert, of whom I have said reams in past issues of *Tuneful Topics,* two of the cleverest writers in Tin Pan Alley. Its construction is that of the very short chorus, half the usual length, or sixteen measures, and it lends itself admirably well to the slow, schottische tempo for which the Lombardos especially are famous.

My good friend, Rocco Vocco, of Feist, may take the bow for this one, and it is probably the saving grace of that particular firm in these dark days of great overhead and little or no profit.

We play the chorus at about 35 seconds, and, as I have said, it is published by Leo Feist, Inc. *(Continued on page 93)*



Marion Brinm the soap box crooner who has been taking part in both television and chain hook-ups over the Columbia system

GABALOGUE

By Nellie Revell

The Voice of RADIO DIGEST

HOWDY, friends. Two of the most attractive and interesting radio artists are those delightful Ponce Sisters, Ethel and Dorothea. These talented young ladies were both born in Boston, but raised in New York and were both graduated from Brentwood Academy.

They have been on the air five years. You've heard them on Eveready, Valspar and Camel programs . . . and at the Roxy and Palace theatres. They've made phonograph records and some motion picture shorts. These are about the homiest . . . (no, not homeliest . . . far from that) . . . I should say, home-grownest girls I've met in many a day. Healthy, happy, talented, devoted to each other and to their Dad. Their mother having died a few years ago . . . these motherless girls succeeded in keeping the home fires burning by keeping house for their father . . . who is an executive in the NBC Artists Service Bureau. Not the kind of housekeeping that's done with a can-opener and a delicatessen store. Dorothea does the marketing and Ethel does the cooking. Then they both wash the dishes . . . and make a lark of it. And refer to the washing of the dishes as pearl diving . . . and the drying of them is called polishing pearls. Excepting for the traditional washwoman one day a week, they have no outside help in the management of their home. And when the house is tidied and vegetables prepared for dinner . . . they practice their songs for the next day. Ethel, the pianist, is the older . . . but Dorothea, the comedienne, is the taller. She is five feet seven. Ethel is only five feet five. Each weighs 125 pounds. Dorothea has dark hair and gray eyes. Ethel has light hair and is dying to be a blonde . . . but is afraid of Dad. Neither uses make-up of any kind. Don't require it. Neither of the girls are married. Are waiting, they say, to find men like their Dad (that will be some chore). The family spirit in the Ponce home is beautiful. And as Mr. Ponce is very prepossessing in appearance and manner, the trio forms a pretty picture when they appear together in public.

EVERY Wednesday night at 11 o'clock Miss Revell takes her WEAF mike in hand and rattles off a good old fashioned chinfest about the great and near-great of Radio and stage circles. On this page you will read some of the things she broadcast in case you did not hear her on the NBC network.

When President M. H. Aylesworth, of the National Broadcasting Company, entertained Amos 'n' Andy at the Lotus Club, New York, there was great speculation as to what artists he would select. Of all the splendid singers and musicians at his call, Mr. Aylesworth picked the Southernaires Quartet for that occasion. The Southernaires are four talented colored men who have been a popular NBC feature for many months. They appear on Major Bowes Capitol Family program . . . are frequently heard on the RKO Theatre of the air . . . and on the Mobiloil and Great Northern programs . . . and, of course, "Southland Sketches." Three of the quartet are college graduates . . . and the fourth is a high school graduate. William Edmondson, the manager of the group, hails from Spokane, Washington. Homer Smith is a native of Florence, Alabama. James S. Toney was born at Columbia, Tenn., and Lowell Peters, the fourth member of the quartet comes from Cleveland, Tenn. The four youths met and formed their quartet two years ago in New York's famous Harlem. In addition to frequent radio appearances, the Southernaires Quartet sing at many Church entertainments.

When Gene and Glenn go fishing, they don't always get fish, (without they buy them), but on their last vacation, they did create a splendid opportunity for two young men who knew how to meet opportunity when she knocked. And that's Lum and Abner. . . who through pinch hitting for Gene and Glenn, have become regular features on the NBC network . . . and are soon to make a personal appearance tour for Quaker Oats Company. Lum and Abner's right names are Norris Goff, who is Abner, and Chester



Nellie Revell at the Fairbanks Studio in Hollywood, Calif. Left to right: Mary Pickford, Ina Claire, Nellie Revell and Douglas Fairbanks

(Continued on page 92)

Silhouettes

By CRAIG B. CRAIG

THE author of this series which Radio Digest has christened "Silhouettes" has been closely identified with the growth of radio broadcasting for a number of years. Mr. Craig's acquaintance with radio notables has been more than casual. He gives you an intimate profile of each one, as one friend sees another. We are looking forward to a book on the romance of the growth of radio which Mr. Craig has written and which soon will be issued from the press. Craig B. Craig is known in the financial district as managing editor of the Financial Digest.

Helen Nugent

PRIDES herself in being an old fashioned girl in a modern setting. Contralto—twenty-seven years old. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on January 6, 1904. Attended Mount Notre Dame Academy in Reading, Ohio, and the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Studied at the latter for four years. Winning a scholarship each year.

Easy on your eyes, Irish descent. Beautiful pink and white skin. Five feet five and one-half inches tall. Weighs 125. Large hazel eyes. Lovely dark brown hair. Sometimes it looks black.—Would make a swell health "ad."

Taught school for a couple of years before doing anything professionally with her voice. Put in six seasons with the Cincinnati Opera Company. Soloist. Then joined a mixed quartet in her home town. This brought the opportunity for a radio audition. This at station WSAI in Cincinnati.—Made it. Scared pink. So began her broadcasting career. Her voice registered so well through the "mike" that she was made a staff soloist of that station.

DECIDED to conquer New York. Arrived here September, 1928. Joined Columbia in January, 1929. Soon featured on more than a dozen programs.

Fond of the movies. Likes Garbo and Shearer, also John Gilbert. Movies that are chock-ful of romance are the kind that thrill her.

Gets lots of fan mail. Answers most of it herself. Particularly interested in letters from the sick confined in hospitals and from soldiers stationed in remote places.—Mushy letters don't appeal.

Superstitious—Oh, very!—Believes in 'em all. Thirteen at a table—under ladders—black cats—spilling of salt and all the rest.

Likes to read popular fiction. Chinese stories particularly. Fond of all sports. Swimming and tennis her favorites. Never gets her head wet when swimming. If it happens—the day is spoiled. She plays an exceptionally good game of tennis. Good for the wind. Good for the form.



Helen Nugent

Relishes all kinds of shell food. Boiled lobster her favorite. Eats lots of spaghetti, and she says that she herself prepares the best stuffed pepper ever tasted.

She likes big men. Ideal type must be six feet or over. Also must be plenty good looking. (Likes to show 'em off.) He should have lots of character in his face. Personality plus. She thinks man's best quality is sincerity.

Woman's greatest charm, according to Helen, lies in a crown of glorious hair. She must be fairly good looking too, but to be particularly appealing, she must have that crown of glory.

She hates to go to bed and she hates to get up.—When she finally does retire, she dons silk nighties. Particular about this. They must be silk and they must be beautiful.—Sleeps on her left side all night. Vividly remembers her dreams.

VERY prim. Everything must be just so. She takes great pride in her home. Has a great habit of frequently shifting the furniture from place to place. Loves her piano and a canary bird that sings incessantly. The bird was a gift from Harriet Lee, her closest friend.

Terribly temperamental. Moody on the least provocation.

Twilight and the fall of the year sadden her. Things are dying. Thunder and lightning storms frighten her nearly to death. Hides her head under the covers if they occur while she's in bed.

Plays piano. Accomplished. Likes violin best.

She can't whistle. She tries and tries. Not a peep—this annoys her and she tries again. Says she'll do it yet. Snaps her fingers with a loud crack, but has to use the fourth finger to do it.

Originally Helen had ambitions of becoming a dancer. She found she could manage her vocal cords better than she could her feet. Consequently—

Rehearses every day. Spends as much as eight hours a day with her music. Rehearsing and broadcasting. When



Connie Boswell

she finishes she goes to a musical comedy for relaxation.

Still nervous every time she sings. Loves radio work. Says the future of it is unlimited, especially with television in the offing. Likes to listen to the radio plays. Believes that better scripts would improve them some, although they're pretty good as is.

Once made a slip of the tongue into the mike.—Bumped into someone in the studio—forgot she was on the air—apologized saying "I'm sorry." Listeners wondered why she was sorry.

Missed a performance once. She failed to appear for "Manhattan Moods" at scheduled time. A substitute served. The studio phoned and found her in bed. She had completely forgotten that the broadcast had been switched from Tuesday to Monday night. It will never happen again.

Has an elaborate wardrobe. Most of her clothes are black. Likes sport clothes best. Wears them a lot. These are mostly blues and browns.

Uses little make-up. Lipstick and powder, with a touch of mascara at night.

Unmarried, but not sour on it. Believes it would be swell IF you could find the right one.

Her pet aversion is people who affect an unnatural manner of speaking. Nothing more irritating than that throaty tone of the would-be ritz.

Helen got her big thrill back in Cincinnati. It was an Atwater Kent radio contest. Seventy-five contestants. She was fiftieth on the list. She had some real competition.—She won.

Dislikes jewelry. Very seldom wears any.

Speaks French excellently. Sings in five languages. Loves stories. Never forgets a good one.

Terrific yen for sweets. A box of candy and all kinds of desserts are seventh heaven.

She has traveled quite a bit. Been all over the States. Likes the coast best. Particularly San Francisco. No special reason—just does. Some day is going to buy a big home out there.

New York night life is too strenuous. Besides that she thinks it is very much over-rated. You can't take part and still stay in condition. Consequently she doesn't play at it at all.

She's lucky. She once won a Chrysler in a raffle. Although she likes to ride she doesn't drive, so she sold the car. Had a hard time doing it too—even at a price.

Been in a plane once.—An unhappy experience. She flew steadily for eight hours. From New York back to Cincinnati. Her mother was ill. She arrived just in time to say good-bye to her mother, who was leaving on a longer journey.

And yet she sings to make other people happy.

Connie Boswell

COLLECTS hanks of her friend's hair. Ties the hanks with little ribbons. Has been doing this as long as she can remember. Has a suitcase full. Carries a pair of scissors in her hand bag just for this purpose. Maybe she'll make a mattress some day.

Constance—her real name. Nicknamed "Tony" when she was a kid. Changed to "Connie" when dignity set in.

She's the middle sister of the Three Boswells—Connie, Martha and Vet, (Helvetia—phew!) originators of the now famous Boswell Rhythm. Syncopated harmony that gets right under your skin.

Connie is the little girl with the big voice. The one that sings the deep contralto.—Four feet eleven. Tips the scales at 105. Great big light brown eyes. Raven black hair. Very proud of her hair. Olive skin, just 22, and single.

She hails from New Orleans, Louisiana—a locale where close harmony is second nature. Connie has heard the southern negroes sing at their Spiritual meetings and in the fields or at work on the wharves loading cotton, where they sing as long as they have strength to work. When the singing stops—so does the work. Theirs is a real natural harmony. Once in a great while the white folks get this natural gift of harmony. The Boswells have it—yea!

Connie started her musical career at the age of five.—Mastered one of the most difficult of all instruments—the 'cello. It is one of the smallest 'cellos in captivity. Her mother has it tucked away in a closet down home in New Orleans.—Vet learned the violin before she was seven and Martha played the piano even before she started her schooling.

First appeared as a trio when but kids. Used to play at all sorts of school affairs and church socials. Classical music, then. In addition to being an accomplished 'celloist, Connie plays piano, guitar and that beloved of all instruments—the saxophone.

Loves the profession. If she or the other girls had it to do over again they'd follow the same line.

Regular youngsters. Father used to drive them to school down home. When he'd let them out, Connie and Martha would go into a huddle and decide on the movies in preference to school. Vet being the youngest would tag along. She'd invariably spill the beans about them playing hookey. Not that she

(Continued on page 82)

Station Parade

Pageant of Personalities and Programs as they Appear Across the Continent for the Biggest Show on Earth

THERE are about 600 radio broadcasting stations in the United States. There are 96 pages and cover in Radio Digest. Obviously we cannot give a full page to each station and have any space left in which to tell about the popular radio folk who are heard alike over all parts of the country.

Station Parade aims to give highlights from the individual stations as they are scattered across the continent. All stations are invited to supply us with information that would be of interest to Radio Digest readers—especially those readers who reside in the vicinity of the station contributing the station notes.

Sometimes we hear that material has been sent and we do not use it. Where special material is prepared for Radio Digest that has not been sent to the daily newspapers special consideration will be given. We publish syndicated material with great reluctance because it cannot be used until long after the newspapers have had a chance to use it. Radio Digest comes out only once a month. Our editorial contents are sent to the printer from six to eight weeks in advance of the date of publication. Mere program listings of local stations require too much space and are uninteresting to the great majority of our readers. But brief notes about personalities and programs are sure to find their way into Station Parade. Station managers should not depend on our buying "write-ups" about their stations from free-lance contributors. Authentic information should come directly from the station representatives.

—Editor.

Maybe Harry Can't Get a Girl?

ALAS for the Three Bachelors of WAAM, Newark. They were so sure they were girl-proof they locked arms in front of an open mike and sang a challenge to all femininity at large. They became known to the listeners as Norman, Harry and Sonny. Gay, happy and free they sang ballads and taunted every girl who listened. Now this couldn't go on forever for all three of the young men were really very nice, good to look at and most excellent material on which to operate to design a first class husband. Sonny was the youngest. More than once he felt feverish impulses as a pair of luscious eyes were leveled at him. Girl proof? Ha! Ha! A little moonlight, a gentle touch on the hand, murmuring leaves, whispering wavelets—a *kiss*—and they scattered rice over Sonny's departed bachelorhood. In the meantime Norman had begun to feel the effect of irreparable crevases in his armor. Dan Cupid's darts wedged through. Presto! Off to the church walked Norman with wedding bells tolling a knell to his bachelor days. And now only Harry remains.



"Yer-r-rrp! Yerp! I'm yerping from WNAC, Boston, where I'm a gift artist. Nancy Howe is my girl friend. Yerrrp!"

Perhaps Harry is a bit cynical. He is the type of man in appearance that artists love to portray as vigorous hemen, a clean cut square jaw, keen gray eyes, dark wavy hair and altogether presentable. He smiles and says he still can sing. He does sing bravely and sincerely. He declares he will carry on. But there is a certain box of fudge that keeps coming to him through the mail. He's come to look for it with some show of eagerness. After all there's an old saying about the way to a man's heart is through his gastronomic system. And, Harry, you may be a marked man.

A Prolific Radio Script Grinder

HOWARD REED, script writer for the Buffalo Broadcasting Company, has probably written more dramatic material in the past seven years than the average author does in a lifetime.

Reed began his radio career with WOR with a radio play which showed a natural flair for air productions. He wrote "Black Fear" which went over WGY and the New York State chain in 1926, and continued writing serials for the Schenectady station.

At present Reed has written more than three hundred scripts for stations WGR, WKBW and WMAK of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation, and he is still going strong with new ideas.

Reed has heard his stories over the air from a dozen different stations from coast to coast. He has written scripts for WTIC in Hartford, KOA in Denver, WHAM in Rochester, and WJR in Detroit.

His one bit of advice to those who would be writers for the radio is "write the script, cut out the parts you think are good, and you'll have a show."

Governor Ely Appoints Official Radio Advisor

GOVERNOR JOSEPH B. ELY of Massachusetts has taken active recognition of the census report that Massachusetts ranks as one of the first states in the country in the percentage families owning receiving sets. Something should be done about it. So he officially appointed George A. Harder of WBZ-WBZA as Radio Adviser to

the Administration. It will be Mr. Harder's duty to supervise and arrange all broadcasts in which the governor is to participate.

Regarding the appointment, Governor Ely said: "In these times when 52 per cent of Massachusetts families own radio sets, the governor must do his part in discussing with the people matters vital to them. I believe that next to the press, the radio is the most powerful force in moulding public opinion.

"No governor can devote the time to informing himself fully on the new wrinkles of a science so complex as broadcasting, or to the arrangements incidental to his radio engagements. It is for that reason that I have entrusted this work to Mr. Harder who has had a wide experience in the field."

Governor Ely is widely-known to the broadcasting fraternity as the original "Radio Governor". His belief in radio as a great democratic institution prompted him at the outset of his administration to have a special microphone installed in the Executive Chamber.

Almost overnight the hitherto unknown practice of a governor sitting at his desk and addressing a message to the people from one end of the state to the other was adopted by the chief executives of other New England states, New York and Pennsylvania.

The governor's use of the radio has proved itself an effective means of stirring widespread public interest in current problems of the Administration. Governor Ely knows its effectiveness and by dint of a forceful radio personality and able treatment of his subject always commands statewide attention while he is on the air. The special messages he broadcasts to the people inevitably bring a flood of complimentary telephone messages, telegrams and letters.

It is believed that the Governor's appointment of a personal adviser on matters of radio is strong evidence that he intends to intensify his use of the microphone during the remainder of his administration. It is likewise argued that Governor Ely's acceptance of radio as a primary means of moulding public opinion will point the way to its general adoption by other state governments.

Harder is one of the pioneer officials in the New England broadcasting field, entering radio after several years in newspaper work. He is a graduate of Harvard and saw action in France during the war with an ambulance outfit. Besides his special work for Governor Ely, Harder will continue in charge of public relations and program and editorial features for the New England Westinghouse stations.

Boston Director Also Composer

CHARLES R. HECTOR, director of the Yankee Network orchestra, seems to have scored a hit with his song, *When I Whispered Sweetheart,* which had its premiere in Boston a few weeks ago. It was sung for the first time by Lee Le Mieux, former mill girl, who now is widely known as the popular girl baritone of the Yankee Network.

The initial effort of Mr. Hector in writing music was accepted by one of the largest music publishing concerns in America, the House of Kornheiser.

American, International and Mechanical rights have been obtained by the composer.

Mr. Hector who started out in life to become a medical man, turned to music after three years study in a Berlin medical school, still retains his ambition to become a symphony director, regardless of his initial success as a composer. In fact he viewed the acceptance of his writing efforts as another step toward his announced goal.

At present he is working on another musical number which has been accepted by the House of Feist, and will appear in printed form in the early future.



When Uncle Wip of WIP-WFAN says "monkey business is goin' on" over his program he means monkey. Only this happens to be Mona the chimp on Uncle Wip's knee

Quick Success for Mill Girl at Microphone

LEE LE MIEUX, latest addition to the Yankee Network's staff of artists, possesses a voice the quality and clarity of which strongly resembles that of Kate Smith, radio's big mamma, who tips and breaks the scales at 204 pounds.

The petite Lee Le Mieux differs from Kate in several respects, the greatest difference being in weight which is 82 pounds less than that of her more illustrious contemporary. Her voice, too, is lower. Lee is really a mezzo-contralto, sometimes referred to in speaking of singers of popular songs, as a "girl baritone."

Her debut over the Yankee Network, which took place only a few weeks ago, was an unheralded event that has already accumulated a large mail response. Several sponsors of programs now in preparation for late fall broadcasts are angling for her services.

How Miss Le Mieux stepped from the whirling spindles of a woolen mill to the microphones of WNAC is an Horatio Alger story from true life. Forced to give up mill work because she was not constitutionally suited for such strenuous labor, Lee sought other employment. Her friends suggested she make something of her voice via the radio and she clicked into the WPAW staff via the audition route. Naturally big hearted and realizing that the Yankee Network offered larger possibilities for this unusual artist than his own station, Paul Oury, manager of WPAW, brought her to Boston for an audition which was promptly arranged during one of Big Brother Bob Emery's "audition days" at WNAC. Immediately she became a full-fledged member of the Yankee Network artist staff.

Miss Le Mieux is 24, was born in Taunton, lives with her mother in Pawtucket, and has three sisters and four brothers.

Kay-Dee Did Kall Kiddies Klub at KDKA

By Dorothy Davidson

MANY parties and other fun are in store for children who are members of the KDKA Kiddies' Klub recently organized by Uncle Kay-Dee who is heard daily through Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA at Pittsburgh.

Uncle Kay-Dee, in real life C. A. "Tony" Wakeman, broadcasts at 5:30 o'clock each week-day. Each of the young members of the KDKA Kiddies' Klub is presented with an attractive membership card. No restrictions are required regarding residence, children of cities and towns distant from Pittsburgh being eligible the same as those residing within the Pittsburgh district.

Within a week 2,500 members were enrolled in this new "klub" for children. Many are from far distant states and communities.

Fred Goerner is Real Pioneer Broadcaster

A PIONEER in radio broadcasting, Fred F. Goerner, cellist, has been appearing in musical programs from Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA since the inception of broadcasting. In fact, Mr. Goerner even broadcast in experimental programs from the original KDKA transmitter before the first program for public reception was sent out in November 1920.

Mr. Goerner is a native of Pittsburgh. He received his elementary education in the city's public schools after which he attended the Oberlin Conservatory from which he was graduated in 1916. He is a resident of Ingram.

During the World War he was graduated from the United States Naval School at Harvard University. From 1918 to 1920 he studied at Dresden, Germany.



Max Vinsonhaler, new dramatic director of KOIL

The manner in which Mr. Goerner entered radio broadcasting is rather unique. During the experimental work which preceded the first broadcast he was a service engineer with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co. and it was due to his connection with the company that he succeeded in playing over the station during the days when early radio history was being made.

WNBO Boy Announcer to be "Big Shot"

RALPH SHAFFER, the youthful announcer at WNBO, Washington, Pa., has a style suggestive of the dynamic Floyd Gibbons. His versatility may be compared to that of Ted Husing. Whether it's a football game or a "soup and fish" affair with the "highbrows" Ralph just seems to blend right in with the occasion and his followers are legion in number. He is Warner Bros. representative with the station and directs their policies followed in broadcasting. When the Warners "hook-up" is completed in Pittsburgh, Ralph will be the "big shot." It is his privilege to introduce the various talking picture stars to his audience and as a result he is an authority on those bits of news concerning them in private life that the radio listeners delight in hearing about. His position as Governor Gifford Pinchot's announcer did not require a larger hat or affect his radio personality other that to increase his friends.

WCAU Plans $350,000 Studios

EXPANSION plans for WCAU in Philadelphia involve the proposed expenditure of $350,000. Three floors will be added to the Franklin Trust Building* for studios which will be designed as the last word in studio equipment. Special reservations are being made for Dr. Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who will supervise the construction of studios he will use according to plans he has worked out since he has entered into broadcasting. He has spent two years of constant experimentation in the study of the science of broadcasting as it particularly embraces the transmission of orchestral music.

In addition to the general administrative offices and studios, there will be an experimental laboratory especially constructed for Dr. Stokowski where this noted musical authority will continue his studies and experiments in the transmission of music with the assistance of a radio engineer, assigned exclusively to him for this particular work.

The broadcasting facilities will include seven studios of various sizes to accommodate every known type of program. Each of these studios will be as sound proof as modern science can make it—constructed with a floating floor, walls on springs and suspended ceiling. Each is to be a room within a room, with partitions of double glass of two different thicknesses to prevent transmission of vibration. A special flexible accoustical treatment will enable the period of absorption and reverberation to be changed according to the size of orchestra or number of people in the room.

Every studio will be air conditioned automatically thereby maintaining a normal temperature and humidity throughout the entire year.



Betty Lee Taylor, organist at WGY, Schenectady, is taking up piano lessons. You'd be surprised what this infant grand does with its electrical connections with the big pipes

Another exclusive innovation of station WCAU'S new quarters is the separate room outside of the main studio for the conductor. Here, within a glass enclosed accoustically treated room, the conductor will hear the program—not as it sounds in the studio, but through loud speakers as it sounds when it reaches millions of listeners everywhere.

Through a double curved glass, embracing this enclosure, the conductor will be on a platform flooded with spot lights, whereby every move of his baton will be clearly visible to every musician in the orchestra.

Another feature shows there will be with each studio, a separate control room, whereby the program may be properly blended before it is sent through the main control room to the transmitting plant, and then broadcast to the listening audience.

Provisions also are being made for observation galleries, whereby the many thousands of visitors coming to Philadelphia, who have never seen a large broadcasting station, may observe all of the movements used in sending programs of national importance over the air. There will be visitors lounge rooms, separate rooms for artists and announcers, an extensive music library, special audition rooms and the general offices of the company.

Arthur M. Clark, nationally known engineer, with a reputation for sound proofing and accoustical engineering, will be in direct charge of the entire installation of the new station.

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*Late dispatch states the Packard or some other near-by building may be used instead of Franklin Trust.

These plans anticipate the broadcasting of television programs, by providing for a television transmitter, necessary lighting equipment and dressing rooms.

WUPETYFUF REVUE

"Here we are again
On the air again,
Wu-Pe-Ty-Fuf!
Here to play for you
And be gay for you
Wu-Pe-Ty-Fuf!
We hope you like it
For we are doing it just for you
And if you're happy, then we'll be happy,
So here's to another Revue!"

WITH this jolly song and a rollicking tune each Thursday morning at eleven o'clock (EST) the "Wupetyfuf Revue" goes on the air from WPTF, in Raleigh, North Carolina. The name of the Revue is easily discernible from the call letters of the Station—W-P-T-F—and the entire half hour keeps up the informal spirit of fun and happy harmonies introduced in the little song at the first.

Kingham Scott, staff wit, is master of ceremonies for the Revue—and hilarity and sparkling tunes certainly take over the air when this jovial master reigns supreme for thirty minutes.

One of his favorite "acts" for the Revue is to present original parodies on programs regularly broadcast from the station. For instance—Kingham Scott presents the "Poets' Corner"—With voice quivering with suppressed emotion and a background of heart-breaking music such as *Hearts and Flowers* for accompaniment Kingham reads:

"I lay me down neath a chestnut vine,
I dream of thee, sweetheart of mine.
Pine scented flowers swinging high
Thou art mine—I know not why.
Don't shrink as the buttercup
That pallors in the morning dew,
Seek the hope of the evening star
With breath of life anew.
All hopeless lies the mark of time
With fretted brow and fevered lips;
Calm as the waning moon
The heated day to cooling night slips.
Ah, no! A million nays!
Come from the mocking brow—
But unswaying and dismayed
We dash the spray from off the bow."

Kingham follows this plaintive poetic outburst with sparkling bits of music either by himself or by some other member of the staff—for the master of ceremonies is as versatile as he is entertaining, holding a place as organist and pianist on the staff entertainers.

Perhaps turning from such levity Mr. Scott will select to read the account of "The Coquette" as written by himself: "I found myself staring rudely at her.



"Gully-gee, how'm I gonna git 'at Jawbreaker in my mouth?" asks Little Elmer at KOMO, Seattle.

She turned her head the other way—perhaps a bit embarrassed, perhaps a bit abashed, then she nodded her head in the direction of a man standing next to me. A surge of jealousy ran through my veins, but I said nothing. Just as she turned her head in my direction a man came within sight and she dashed off to meet him. . . My opinion of her was quite correct. She won first prize over thirty other horses."

Dramatics are introduced into the Revue with quite a touching version of *My Buddy*—"They had been pals ever since they met many months ago at a training camp. They had shared their meagre possessions together and fought through thick and thin side by side. They had become separated for a long time, and suddenly one day they met! Crowds of humanity surged past them as they met. With a fond embrace they greeted each other.

"Harry, old man, it's you!"

"Yes, Tom—it's me! Oh! I'm so glad to see you once more before I go—before I go!"

"Harry, you can't leave me like this—just when we've found each other again! Harry!"

"It's no use, Buddy, they've got me—I'm going west—west!"

And he caught the train bound for Leavenworth!"

Well, as Kingham would appropriately say—"Drop in on WPTF sometime on Thursday morning at eleven o'clock through the medium of your dial set! The Revue will enjoy having you tune in, just as much as you will enjoy the Revue!"

Carolinas Add Two Links to Eastern NBC Chain

TWO Carolina links were added to the NBC chain within the last few days (October 10) with ceremonies that brought Governor O. Max Gardner of North Carolina on the same program with Governor I. C. Blackwood of South Carolina. The two new NBC stations are WWNC of Asheville, N. C. and WIS of Columbia, S. C.

A studio party with many headliners was held in honor of the event in the NBC studios in New York. Erno Rapee directed. On the list of guests who entertained were Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees, Jesse Crawford, Russ Columbo, Vaughn de Leath, Little Jack Little, Ramblers Quartet, Amy Goldsmith, Fred Hufsmith, Gladys Rice, Theodore Webb, Veronica Wiggins, Henry M. Neely, Mexican Typica Orchestra, and Rapee's Concert Orchestra.

Station WWNC is owned by the Asheville Citizen and the Asheville Times. It operates on a frequency of 570 kilocycles or 526 meters. WIS is owned by the Liberty Life Insurance Company and operates on a frequency of 1010 kilocycles or 296.9 meters. Each station has a power of 1000 watts.

The addition of the two stations brings the total number of NBC outlets to eighty-two, including WEAF and WJZ of New York.

"Scandalous Past" of Dumb Major is Exposed Here

"HULLOOOOO PEEPUL!!" This is the noon time signal from WGAR, ushering in the Song Parade. The perpetrator of this unholy yell is none other than the Dumb Major of this parade of WGAR crooners—Rocky Austin—nee Rockwell Hughes Austin. He is by no means as diminutive as the automobile that was named after him. Anyhow, to get on with the mysterious life history that now arises to confront our hero at the above Cleveland station.

He was born March 25th, 1900, in Catskill, New York. Jumping over those years when Rocky as a little boy was the bane of existence of a number of neighbors on account of the large number of broken windows, we find our young man just on the threshold of

manhood, entering the Albany Military Academy at Albany, New York. During his senior year he became major of the school battalion, which probably accounts for the ease with which he assumes command of the Song Parade. Major Austin, just to show what a versatile young man he was, became president of the student council, chairman of the debating team—where he received plenty of practice for future announcing—and ended up by collecting nine letters in all—for football, basketball and baseball.

Upon graduating he honored Cleveland with his residence, where in the course of a prolonged career he has been automobile mechanic, buyer of men's furnishing departments, file clerk, has peddled handbills and at various other times he has sold automobiles, vacuum cleaners, kitchen utensils, aluminum wear and fire extinguishers. He has never yet gone in for bootlegging. He says he has also painted, though he refuses to state what.

Rocky entered radio work in 1926, which makes him a veteran in this comparatively young business. After three years with a local station, filling various spots on the bill, he went to New York where he played six months at famous "Barney Gallant's" night club down in the "village"—and also had numerous other engagements in other places of nightly frolic. He knows personally a number of the night club stars of New York, including the well known Texas Guinan.

The lure of radio and especially radio in Cleveland was too strong, however, and Rocky returned to continue over another Cleveland station. During this time he also coached a girls' basketball team that won the State Championship for two years.

On February 20th, of this year, Rocky became a permanent fixture in the WGAR studios—and does just all sorts of things in addition to being the Dumb Major. He has programs called "Rock Gardens"—"Memories"—"The Minute Man"—"Rocky's Review," and also is constantly called upon for personal appearances in front of various organizations.

He describes himself as "Single—sound in wind and limb—has five teeth out"—and we add that his smile is his greatest asset!

World's Youngest M. C. At WJAY, Cleveland

CHILD radio artists are certainly not a novelty anywhere, and are usually tolerated merely because they are children. But WJAY in Cleveland claims a young master of ceremonies, who would be a star on any radio program, regardless of age or experience.

He is little Jackie Hughes, 8 year old announcer and singer. WJAY for over a year has been claiming for him the honor of being the youngest radio master of ceremonies. In all that time there have been no others to challenge this claim.

Jackie takes full charge of his weekly program, listed as "Jackie Hughes and His Gang," and the program itself has become most popular with children in the Cleveland station's territory. It is put on each Saturday morning between 11:15 and 12 noon, so that all school children may hear it, and the amount of mail that Jackie gets would enlarge many an older performer's head.

Jackie Hughes has been performing before the microphone for three years starting in the ranks of child entertainers when he was only five, rapidly rising to the top because of his inherent and unusual ability. For some time now he has been featured in WJAY's weekly program utilizing child artists of 12 years and under.

Little Jackie has also broadcast over stations WHK, and WGAR of Cleveland, WKBN, Youngstown, and WADC, Akron, Ohio. He is in the third grade in Lakewood School and is active in all boys' sports and playtime gatherings.



Dorothy Churchill of KQW, San Jose, California. Miss Churchill is soprano soloist at this pioneer station

WLW Presents Ohio School of the Air

EDUCATION by radio is not a new thing in Ohio where the Ohio School of the Air entered into its fourth consecutive year October 12th. Quite different from the little hand bell with which the teacher summoned the children from the schoolhouse door of old was the great peal of silver-toned bells of the WLW organ. Nearly 400,000 students answered the call. Some of the students in the back row sat 2,500 miles away from their teacher.

More than 120,000 children were registered as pupils of the Ohio School of the Air from the Buckeye state alone, last year, with over 3,000 school-rooms throughout the state reporting a regular use of the Ohio air school courses. B. H. Darrow, director of this unique school which is a division of the Ohio Department of Education, estimates that approximately 10,000 schoolrooms throughout the country made use of this Ohio educational feature during the 1930-31 term.

"Through the Ohio School of the Air school children of our state and of the entire country have the opportunity of receiving training directly under the nation's foremost educators," says Dr. Darrow in pointing out that his faculty is recruited from the ranks of leading university and public school pedagogues.

No classes were held during the initial session of the WLW air school, the time being taken up with exercises marking the opening of the fourth fall term of this pioneer radio school.

George White, Governor of Ohio; Frank E. Reynolds, secretary of the Ohio Education Association; B. D. Skinner, Director of the Ohio Department of Education; and Powel Crosley, Jr., president of the Crosley Radio Corporation, were among the notables to gather at the studios of WLW to attend the opening exercises and to deliver brief talks to the school children of the air.

WGN Studio Notes

THE return of Wayne King and his orchestra to WGN was the signal for a home coming celebration that took the form of a tremendous amount of welcoming mail. King was recipient of 200 telegrams, and nearly a thousand letters on his opening night. The letters came from all parts of the continent and one letter came from Mexico City, Mexico. Another came from Quebec, Canada.

* * *

Votes on the most popular radio program have been coming into WGN by

the thousands during the last week. Scanning of the piles of returned ballots indicates plenty of admirers for the dance orchestras of Earl Burtnett, Ted Weems, and Jan Garber. With Wayne King back on the air, there is added another popular band to garner votes.

The radio sketches, Orphan Annie, Harold Teen, Uncle Walt and Skeezix, the Gumps, Louie's Hungry Five, and Painted Dreams have fared well in the balloting.

* * *

Easy Aces, a comedy of bridge errors, satirizing the great American pastime as it is usually played, is now heard three times a week on WGN at 7:15 p. m. and are booked for this same period on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights.

Easy Aces comes to WGN from Station KMBC of Kansas City where for over a year it was one of the most popular features in the Missouri Valley states. The feature is written and produced by Goodman and Jane Ace. Ace is a newspaper man who for a year wrote a column on the Kansas City Journal-Post called "Lobbying."

* * *

FROM the theatre box office originates the title *Fifth Row Center* the name for the new theatre review which WGN listed for each Sunday at 5:15 o'clock, immediately preceding the music of Wayne King and his Aragon Ballroom orchestra. *Fifth Row Center* will present an intimate chat about some one of the outstanding plays appearing in Chicago and will be followed by the personal appearance of the star of the production.

In presenting *Fifth Row Center,* WGN is enlarging it's already successful policy of presenting stage stars of prominence to its vast audience of radio listeners. In the past year WGN has brought to radio such famous people of the theatre as Otis Skinner, Grace George, De Wolf Hopper, Tom Powers, Oscar Shaw, Blanche Ring, Lillian Kemble Cooper and Minnie Maddern Fiske.

Some of the coming stage attractions for review and presentation of principal stars are: Lionel Atwell in *Silent Witness, The Third Little Show* with Beatrice Lillie and Ernest Truex, *Girl Crazy, Crazy Quilt* with Fannie Brice, Phil Baker and Ted Healy, *Private Lives* with Edith Taliferro and Donald Brian, *The Venetian, Surf* with Walker Whiteside, *Against the Wind* with Minnie Maddern Fiske, *The Admiral Crichton* with Walter Hampton and Fay Bainter, *Earl Carroll's Vanities,* and the Theatre Guild's *Tomorrow and Tomorrow.*



Miss Irma Hall at WJSN had the contest judges worried when they saw this photo and were deciding on the new Radio Queen. However, friends say this photo never did the real beauty of Miss Hall justice

"LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE," radio dramatization of the popular Tribune cartoon strip, has returned to the network, to an estimated audience of five million children. Twenty-nine stations now carry Annie's adventures.

Annie's return to the NBC chain is

the result of her continued popularity in and around Chicago, where she has been presented nightly from WGN, The Chicago Tribune station on the Drake Hotel, coupled with her satisfying "test" of last spring, when she was heard over an experimental network of six stations. So successful were her adventures, and so instantaneous the listeners' response, that immediately upon conclusion of the series, plans were made for the broader network.

* * *

The five greatest dance bands in the Middlewest will be presented to WGN listeners nightly this fall—Wayne King's, Ted Weems', Earl Burtnett's, Art Kassel's and Tweet Hogan's.

Earl Burtnett, "the toast of the coast," and his band from the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco, touched off the winter's dancing season at the Blackhawk restaurant, and Art Kassel and his "Kassels in the Air" served up their grand inaugural at the Bismarck hotel.

Earl Burtnett's aggregation will take up the work of Coon-Sanders' orchestra of other years, in specializing in programs for the collegiate crowd at the Blackhawk. As soloists he will have Jess Kirkpatrick, former stellar halfback at the University of Illinois in 1921 and 1922, Arthur Jarrett, Gene Conklin and Harry Robinson. Between dance groups a specially picked lineup of entertainers will assume the spotlight.

Burtnett's band was the favorite orchestra of the movie colony on the Pacific coast during its stay of five years. They appeared in many talking pictures, including *Broadway Melody, Coquette, Gold Diggers of Broadway, Reaching for the Moon, Puttin' on the Ritz,* and *Viennese Nights.* Among his own compositions are *Sing Another Chorus, Please, Leave Me with a Smile, Mandalay,* and *Do You Ever Think of Me.*

Art Kassel is a Chicagoan who has played his way into national fame as a radio and recording orchestra leader in the old home town. Back in 1923, he had aspirations to become a commercial artist, but he couldn't keep his hands off a saxophone and clarinet. So he decided to devote his entire time to music. He also is a composer, with a number of hits to his credit, the most popular being the sensation of two years ago, *Around the Corner.*

Tweet Hogan's peppy crowd of musical youths will hold forth at the Drake Hotel, while Wayne King, "the waltz king," and Ted Weems will continue to play for thousands of dancing feet at the Aragon and Trianon ballrooms respectively.

* * *

HOTTEST program ever sold in Michigan was at Marquette. Bob Kaufman had rushed a portable to a fire and was telling the WBEO listeners all about it when Al Loomis of the advertising staff saw the owner of the store in the crowd. There would have to be a fire sale, of course. He sold the startled store keeper the idea on the spot and Bob told the listeners to come in for bargains the next day.

* * *

Station WTMJ at Milwaukee has one of the fastest nut programs on the air. It is called the Three Flying Filberts. They fly from one subject to another without stopping. They are Bob De Haven, Dave Willock and Julanne Pelletier. De Haven is a member of the Haresfoot club at the University of Wisconsin, and has written several plays and revues for that organization.

* * *

Green Bay, Wis., merchants have sponsored a program over WHBY which will be for the benefit of disabled World War veterans. Every Tuesday night at 7:15 some authorized representative will tell the veterans how to file their applications for compensation and answer such queries as may be sent to the station. The information will be applicable to all veterans of the United States.

* * *

In answer to a demand for detailed information as to its advance program listings Station KSTP, St. Paul, Minn., is issuing a weekly bulletin or "tiny tabloid." In the issue before us is an attractive picture of Marc Williams, Cowboy Crooner, singing to a bright faced baby in the hands of a nurse.

* * *

A LETTER from York, Nebraska, states that Jerome DeBord and Henry Peters, "The Yodeling Twins," who received the Radio Digest award for being the most popular team in the West have moved from KGBZ to KFEQ at St. Joseph, Mo. DeBord has been a radio entertainer for the past nine years, and Henry Peters for five years. They have been yodeling together for the past three years. They were scheduled to make their first broadcast from St. Joseph September 15 and the deal calls for a daily broadcast.

* * *

WE do not hear often from KOA, Denver, of late. A picture received which we were unable to publish shows a group of international educators around the microphone. It was taken during the convention of the World Federation of Education Associations.

* * *

STATION KABC of San Antonio sends a clipping from the San Antonio Light which reads in part: "While WOAI is broadcasting (the World Series) in English, KABC will be putting the play-by-play report of the contest on the ether in Spanish for the benefit of the large Mexican population of Southwest Texas. . . This will be the first time in history that the pellet will be called a 'pelota' in anything but a slang sense."

* * *

OUR old friend Bill Ellsworth, formerly of WIL, St. Louis, we are glad to learn has been made manager of KUOA, owned and operated by the University of Arkansas. It was Bill Ellsworth who gave WIL the title of "the friendly station." To bring KUOA



This is the WTMJ Little Symphony Concert Orchestra which has made such a stir within the radio horizon of the Milwaukee station

up to par the university has decided to put on a few commercials to help carry the cost. To be identified with a university station has given Mr. Ellsworth a great thrill. He has a yen for altruistic broadcasting even if he does have to sell a little time to get along. He has a knack of creating an atmosphere of cordiality. He wants to feel that he can do a whole lot more for some other fellow than the fellow can do for him. The sincerity of the man has earned him strong attachments with those who have been identified with him in the past. So it happens he has been able to bring many of his former associates to the Arkansas station. Radio Digest wishes Mr. Ellsworth the best of luck and hopes he will keep notes coming here about the activities at the Fayetteville station.

* * *

Kansas City Campfire Girls are intensely enthusiastic over the programs being conducted for them by Mondane Phillips over KMBC. She comes to them every Saturday morning at 9:45 as Mary Ann. She plays the role both of mother and daughter. A mid-week program is presented Thursdays at 4:45 in the afternoon.

* * *

John Henry has been made station director of KOIL at Council Bluffs and Omaha. Mr. Henry leaves a radio editorial job to take command in place of Hal Shubert who resigned to enter another field of radio activity. For several years Mr. Henry was managing editor of the Daily Nonpareil of Council Bluffs, a powerful publication covering southwestern Iowa.

Pacific Coast Notes

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

BILL RAY, energetic assistant manager at KFWB, Hollywood, resurrects his Ragtime Revue for Sunday night patrons. It had been carefully stored away for more than a year. "Not good, but loud," softly whispers Bill between station announcements and the band begins to thump away with "Alexander's Ragtime Band" or some other tune of years gone by.

* * *

Robert Bowman, KHJ's technician-announcer, who in a pinch can also strum away on the fiddle, has wandered to other fields. Now the young man is at San Diego as KGB's program manager.

* * *

Twenty-five years ago Roy Leffingwell wrote his first song, "Every Girl's a Flirt" . . . and women wore puff sleeves, bustles and derby hats. Now he dashes off his latest, *I'm Afraid That I'm Falling in Love"* and the cycle swings around to where all these accoutrements for milady are back in style again. Leffingwell is KECA's music-philosopher and a well known composer with more than 200 tunes to his credit.

* * *

Liborius Hauptmann, former music director at KGW, joins up with the KTM staff as leader of the concert ensemble and pianist for the little symphony at Los Angeles. His colleagues dub him "What a Man" Hauptmann, since all the other members of the symphony are of the fair sex.

* * *

KMTR's debonair organist, Harold Curtis, has gone Hollywood in a big way these days. His family chariot is equipped with a French top, looks sporty and chic.

* * *

Dean Metcalf teams up both as a staff baritone and announcer for KFWI, San Francisco, and once in awhile he even essays the role of pianist. Although he took an education course at the University of Southern California, he later became interested in radio work and started his career at KFI five years or so ago.

* * *

Dave Ward, KELW's chief announcer, gets another job. But he keeps 'em both. He now directs a ballroom orchestra in a nearby town and moves the group bodily from studio to dance hall and back again a couple of times a day. And in between, without any provocation at all Dave lustily lifts his voice in song as a solo performer.

* * *

L. Scott Perkins, NBC continuity scribe, is a son-in-law of Roy Leffingwell, western pianist-composer. Scott lives down the peninsula at Redwood City and both he and his wife drive the car along the smooth highway . . . not all at once of course, but at different times for each has a personal conveyance.

* * *

Roy Ringwald, versatile young man in his teens, comes back from the east a sadder and wiser boy. He started out to conquer the world with a vocal trio. Now he sings, plays the piano and organ over at KECA, Los Angeles, and enrolls in the state university to finish his education. Roy didn't begin to lift his tonsils in song while in the bathtub as so many tenors do. Not a bit of it. He began to sing while wringing out suits in the Santa Monica bath house where he was an attendant.

* * *

Dr. Wade Forrester, "singing chiropractor," has closed up his Los Angeles shop because he says Angelenos don't respond to night treatment. He goes back to Oakland and sings over KROW. He had been heard over KELW, Burbank, for a number of months with a program.

* * *

Carl T. Nunan, KPO's publicity impressario, is a son of the coast's oldest radio-music critic. Numan, Sr., has for twenty-five years been in succession music, drama and radio editor for the Los Angeles Examiner.

* * *

Lee S. Roberts, California composer, who gives the Sperry Smiles program over NBC, has two sons . . . one twenty-one and the other fifteen.

* * *

Sydney Dixon's robust tenor voice isn't being heard much from KYA studios of San Francisco these days. He has been busy in the commercial and executive departments.

* * *

Clarence Muse, colored star who was discovered by Bill Sharples at KNX a couple of years ago, is one of the characters in the new Sky Dwellers Sunday program at KTM. For twenty years the Sky Dwellers, stage players, have met on both sides of the Atlantic. Now all of them are in Los Angeles in the talkies and they again meet in informal mood and entertain.

* * *

Julius Brunton's voice is once more ringing around the KJBS (San Francisco) studios where he is owner-manager. He went to Honolulu on a honeymoon jaunt.

* * *

When KFRC opened up for business nearly ten years ago Harrison Holloway was on the job as engineer. He is still there but is now the station maestro. A short time later Monroe Upton joined the group and he's still there . . . with a dozen radio aliases ranging from Lord Bilgewater and Simpy Fitts to sundry other nomenclatures.

* * *

Glenhall Taylor says he would rather be a pianist and staff member than a station manager. And he ought to know because he has managed two or three stations since he was KFRC accompanist six years ago, later directing KTAB and KTM. Now he is pianist at KTAB once more.

* * *

Dick Dixon believes in spreading honors around. First at KGER, Long Beach, he is now across the street at KFOX in the same city where he does a midnight organ hour from one of the picture palaces. Small, wiry and energetic, Dick always had a sneaking ambition to own a string of hot dog stands.

Though KQW, San Jose, has been taken over by the Pacific Agricultural

(Continued on page 87)



If your table can't look like this for Thanksgiving—
Photo Courtesy of Macy's, Inc.

Economy

They can be just as elaborate holiday —and you can have what you can get

By Ida

THIS year when the President issues his Thanksgiving proclamation, he will doubtless have to scratch his head—if Presidents scratch their heads ever—and think hard to find anything to be thankful for; of course we can always be thankful we aren't as badly off as other people.

But such a hymn of praise seems to be rather negative. And I have decided, entirely without word from the White House, to assist President Hoover in his task of digging up something to be thankful for. I should begin with the depression. And when the loud chorus of *raspberries* or perhaps *cranberries,* in this instance, had died away, I should repeat: Yes, the depression.

Why shouldn't we be thankful for it? It has furnished a topic of conversation for over a year now; it has given twenty million husbands an excuse for not buying a car or not presenting the wife with pearls for her birthday. It has permitted us to escape every social duty, every patriotic duty, every religious duty we didn't wish to face. And it has furnished us with the most amusing comedy in two theatrical seasons: A study of a whole world so afraid of its own shadow that it won't move. The natural resources of the world haven't grown less, certainly; the population hasn't decreased, when you consider the whole, to any appreciable extent. Machines have freed us for higher things than the mere business of living. Then what in the world is the matter with us?

Nothing; except that we have frightened ourselves into a kind of paralysis. We have all been so afraid our incomes would cease that we have stopped buying; and thus, with true brilliance, we have cut off our incomes at the source. Commerce isn't a stream with a beginning and an end. It's a circle; and if you break it anywhere, it can't function. During a year now we have not purchased the things we needed because we trembled lest next year we shouldn't be able to buy them. Next year is here almost, and we are beginning to discover that certain things we must have, whether we can afford them or not. The day we all become convinced of that fact and rush down to the stores and start buying again, the depression will end; and we shall suddenly find that we can afford what we need.

THE depression has been a blessing in many ways, you see; I never had much interest in finance before, but now I can almost understand people who chatter about international exchange, credits, and so forth. I am getting back to first principles; I have never before appreciated people, just plain, everyday people, so much as I do now although they have always been the most important element in my life.

And when I face a problem, no matter how big it is, I try to put it in terms of people and of the existence I know best. Primarily I am a housewife, even if I happen to keep house over the radio and have about one million neighbors, close neighbors, who train their ears on me and catch me in any slip I make. And so my contribution to the depression literature is a depression dinner for Thanksgiving. The prime essential, of course, is a grateful heart and a smiling face. The depression is a huge joke; if you don't agree with me, observe what a lark our depression dinner is going to be.

First of all, nobody is going to have to bear the whole cost of it; every person invited could well afford to pay for it, because it isn't going to be a bit expensive, but we are like a crowd of children playing a game. The game is depression. We imagine ourselves low in funds; and then we try to see how good a time we can have without much money. I know before we start that we shall learn only an ancient truth: Happiness doesn't depend upon wealth.

But the rule of the game is to consider ourselves poor. Therefore, every guest must contribute something toward the meal. Eight of us will share the food—and the entertainment; we shall assign the various items to people who can best supply them.

However, my recently acquired politico-economic knowledge intrudes at this point, and I lay down another rule. Because we have a surplus of certain products in this country, at our depression dinner we are going to substitute

A Thanksgiving Dinner

Tomato Juice Cocktails
Egg and Pimiento Canapes
Chopped Onion Broth
Celery Olives
Roast Fresh Ham with Bread Stuffing
Gravy
Mashed Turnips Riced Potatoes
String Beans
Cranberry Jelly Cubes
Harvest Cole Slaw
Little Pumpkin Custard Pies
Cider Pop-corn Fruit

Tomato Juice Cocktail

2 large cans of tomatoes and juice
2 medium-sized green peppers
1 chopped onion—3 tablespoons sugar
Cleaned outer stalks of one bunch of celery
2 teaspoons salt—¼ teaspoon pepper
2 bay leaves, 6 whole cloves, 4 peppercorns

Cook these ingredients together for ten minutes. Strain them through a fine sieve or cheesecloth and chill. Serve in small glasses with the egg and pimiento canapes.

Dinners

appetizing as those meals of yesteryear lots of fun in seeing out of very little.

Bailey Allen



—You can still enjoy your dinner on a setting like this
Courtesy of Dennison Mfg. Co.

for some of the traditional and none too plentiful dishes those things of which we own a superabundance. It's amusing to consider that a surplus may cause a lack; we continue the paradox and declare that the way to end the lack is to eat it.

If you don't think depression tastes good, just examine the menu given in this article and let your mouth water.

Note how much wheat that dinner requires! Yet it is a well balanced, appetizing meal; the charm results from using a little thought in preparing the food and from converting a simple repast into a party.

IN THE recipes, we have included ingredients of which there seems to be a surplus in the food markets. Nevertheless, we mustn't neglect the wheat crop; and here's how to concoct the bread stuffing. Melt four tablespoonsful of butter; add one medium-sized onion—I guess we have plenty of onions, too—and this medium-sized onion you should mince, not to make it different but to make it more effective. With it put one-half minced green pepper; and saute until the onion is yellow. Add next two and one-half cups soft bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and enough water to moisten. Mix the whole thoroughly and use as a stuffing for the roast fresh ham.

I haven't heard whether there is also an overproduction of cabbage, but I next display a recipe for a salad that's good whether we have a depression or not. To achieve the harvest cole slaw, shred very fine enough white cabbage to make three cups; and combine with one cup of fine-chopped, unpeeled red apple and one-half cup of halved seeded raisins. Season with salt and pepper, and moisten with one-half cup of mild-flavored boiled salad dressing. Arrange in nests of lettuce; and garnish with a dash of paprika.

THE dessert, always a climax in the meal, is a triumph because it now gives us a chance to dispose of a lot of over-blessings. To prepare the pumpkin custard pie, combine two cups cooked, sieved pumpkin, one cup of light brown sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of ground ginger, one-half teaspoonful of allspice, and two cups of rich or top milk; let these ingredients stand for five minutes, to ripen the seasonings. Slightly beat two eggs; and add them to the pumpkin mixture. Transfer the pumpkin custard filling to two pie pans or to little patty pans lined with plain pastry, the edges having been built up. Bake in a very hot oven —400 degrees Fahrenheit—and continue baking until the pie filling is firm and brown on top.

But we are not going to deliver three or four blows at the depression and stop; we shan't forget the South. The tablecloth and napkins for our depression dinner are to be of cotton. If possible, the lady guests will wear cotton clothes; and, in areas where the raw cotton itself is available, the centerpiece for the table might be a heap of cotton-boles with apples and yellow persimmons or wild grapes or autumn leaves. Those who live where apples are much in evidence, may provide a centerpiece to consist of a pewter or wooden bowl filled with autumn leaves, apples, and any other fruit they can obtain easily.

AND—oh, we were overlooking the pop-corn industry! Somebody must do something to relieve the depression in the pop-corn industry. Nothing is more depressed than depressed pop-corn. Well, our favors are to be of pop-corn, but booming. We construct little cylinders of celophane packed with pop-corn, the ends of the containers being twisted tight, so that the cylinder will be almost rigid. Then we wrap every cylinder in yellow crepe paper, again twisting the ends; and about three-quarters of the way around the yellow paper, we put green, securing the ends again, but leaving some of the yellow showing thru along one side and at the ends. Thus we have an artificial ear of corn that is nevertheless real and that is in perfect harmony with our depression dinner, the most lightsome affair of the season!

And How to Make It

Egg and Pimiento Canapes

With a medium-sized biscuit cutter, shape eight slices of bread in rounds. Brush them with one-half cup of melted butter and brown them in a hot oven. Cut three hard-cooked eggs in three even slices to make three rings each. Mash the yolks; combine with two tablespoons of minced pimiento, two tablespoons of mayonnaise, one-eighth teaspoon of dry mustard, with salt and pepper according to your taste. Thoroughly blend these ingredients. Spread the prepared canapes with the egg-yolk mixture; place a slice of egg-white on each canape, and sprinkle with minced parsley.

Onion Soup

Caramelize in a heavy frying pan one teaspoon of sugar; add three tablespoons butter and twelve small fine-minced onions. Cook these all slowly until the onions are brown. Add two quarts of meat stock or eight bouillon cubes dissolved in two quarts of hot water; salt and pepper as you wish. Cook this mixture slowly together for thirty minutes; serve in bouillon cups and sprinkle the top of every serving with grated Parmesan cheese.



Evelyn Hoey, wistful and charming actress who was guest star on a chain program recently

For Pity's Sake!

Thumbs are down on Purveyors of Sympathy. They are foes to happiness and progress

By

FRANCES INGRAM
Consultant on Care of the Skin, Heard on NBC Every Tuesday Morning

TODAY I had luncheon with an old friend—a girl who was graduated in my class and who went on to become a doctor. In the course of our conversation, Dr. Evelyn mentioned a serious disease which she characterized as "pernicious pity." "The plague of pernicious pity" she called it.

"I've seen too many of my patients retarded in their recoveries by the overzealousness of these chronic pityers. I've finally decided that people who play the part of Job's comforter to hospital patients should either be barred from the doors or operated on for their malady—pernicious pity. The idea of visiting patients and attempting to drown them in pity! It's criminal. Why one of my patients told me just the other day that she was sending out cards to her friends with this hint—'For pity's sake, please omit pity.' I don't blame her, either. I've heard some of her friends—I've seen them in action—cheering up a patient with stories of an aunt or an uncle or a niece or a nephew who died from exactly the same trouble for which my patient is receiving treatment! How they pitied her! Pity—it's a plague, and one of us will have to devise a cure for it sooner or later."

A diatribe against pity was somewhat of a novelty to me, but somehow or other I'm inclined to agree with Dr. Evelyn. I've met some of these chronic pityers and I've seen some of the damage they do. For instance, take the case of Margery. After two years in New York, she was finally able to furnish a tiny one room apartment. It was a charming place and Margery was naturally very proud of it. Then her mother came to town. It so happened that I was present when Mrs. Winters saw the apartment for the first time.

"OH, my dear child, if I had only *known* you were living like *this!* Margery, you must come home. You can't go on living cooped up this way. I can't have my only daughter living in one room. You poor child!"

You're right—Margery never enjoyed her charming little apartment again. From that day to this, cobwebs of pity have marred the decorative scheme which Margery worked so hard and so happily to achieve.

I saw pity at work in the Waldorf last week, too. At the table next to me were two young girls. From their conversation, it appeared that one of them was wearing a new fur coat.

"It's terribly smart, of course," said her companion, "but you'll never get any wear out of it, you know. Sue had one just like yours two years ago and it was being repaired all the time. It's a shame. I'm sorry you didn't let me know you were buying a fur coat."

PITY, I'm afraid, is often a cloak for less commendable emotions. Envy, malice, covetousness, all of these are sometimes seen in the mask of pity. It isn't always the pitied who suffer from this plague, either. Pernicious pity can be a boomerang to the chronic pityer as well. Slowly, but surely, the state of mind hammers the tissues of the face into a mold which reflects the thoughts. Inevitably one's customary mental state shows itself to the casual passerby. When we say to a child, "Don't make a face like that! It might freeze that way" we are saying something that really has an element of truth in it. So beware of pity—pernicious pity—pity which is not compassion, not sympathy, but a destructive disease which in time devours the pitied and the pityers.

Free booklets on the Care of the Skin by Frances Ingram, will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. *Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of* RADIO DIGEST, *420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor.*

Social Life in the Gay Nineties

By

Marguerite Richardson-Wood



Marguerite Richardson-Wood

The author of this article recently broadcast on the Woman's Radio Review Hour over NBC. Mrs. Wood is thoroughly familiar with every phase of social life both here and abroad. Her main interest lies in collecting antique furniture, textiles, glass and china. As a woman of great culture, her talks should be an inspiration to the radio audience.—Editor.

THE phrase "Naughty Nineties" or even "The Gay Nineties" as these years are called by the present generation, carries with it a strong element of ridicule. The emphasis is put on the negative side, along with the repressions, until our grandchildren believe we led most terrible, cheerless and unhappy lives. This is far from the truth.

Then there was a standard of living, which had dignity and charm. Our manners had to be good. We were not tolerated if rude or inconsiderate of the older generation. Invitations did not



In Grandmother's Day

come our way, no matter what names our family held, nor what figure our father's bank account showed, unless our training was correct.

I was the youngest of three girls, and a most adventurous youngster. The training for social life of my older sisters occupied much of my waking hours, and although I was told to sit quietly in the corner and not speak a word, still when there both ears were kept well forward and eyes wide open! All the talk sank deep into my untutored mind.

Unusual entertainments were most welcome even in those days. This dinner of twenty was to be a progressive affair. Every second course the men took their napkins and wine glass and moved to the right two places. Think what a flip-up this gave to conversation! No sticking with people who would not say a word until they had finished the fish! And so it was planned.

The great night arrived and as the guests came down the stair the butler handed each gentleman a tiny envelope with their names on the outside, while inside was written the name of the lady they were to take into dinner.

I witnessed this pageant from behind a curtain in the hall closet!

THRILLED to the tip of fingers and toes, I rushed down the back stairs, tore through the kitchen, where I heard Mary-Ann exclaim, "Glory be! look at that child! There's some *diviltry* brewing in that tousled head, all right, all right!" There was indeed, for I longed to hear how "grown ups" talked at play. What could they possibly talk about when they had such good food in front of them. I dived right under the dining table! There I made myself as comfortable as possible on my Mother's foot-stool, just as the guests were taking their seats. The talk did not register for some time in my child's mind; not until the second course had made an impression on the gaiety of the company. What they said seemed very silly to me but what they *did* intrigued me tremendously!

One man, a great beau of my oldest sister's loved olives—that was the day before stoned olives were in existence—so as not to appear too greedy he put these stones under the table! I counted them carefully for future reference. When he teased me the next time or pulled my curls unmercifully, I would have something to say that might make him consider me in a different light!

SOON I noticed another man kick off his patent leather pumps, and there was a hole in the toe of his silk sock! That sock harbored the foot of a most debonair young lawyer, brilliant and witty, who had just been made a Judge in our District Court. I fear I put those pumps as far away as possible from those august toes! Yes, he found them again, but not until he had gotten down on his knees and reached long and hesitatingly under that table!

Later when the gentlemen had joined the ladies in the drawing room and the proper pumps were on the proper feet, I emerged from under the table to see what was left to eat.

My recollection of the front stairs was very dream-like and very long! My nurse found me sound asleep across the doorway to my nursery. Her exclamation was forcible—"We entirely forgot to put the poor child to bed, we did!"

Years passed and my own "coming

(Continued on page 87)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of America's Great Key Stations

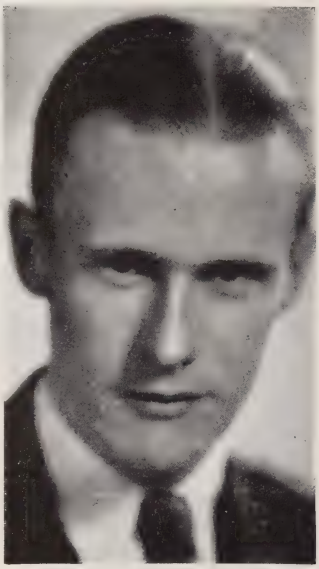
Peter Van Steeden

By Wallace B. Liverance

INNUMERABLE stories, both real and fancied, have been written of those who have risen from the humble obscurity of the farm or the small rural community to positions of prominence in the large city or in the affairs of the nation. This, however, is not concerned with the farm boy who made good in a big way in the big city and returned to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead. Rather it is of one, reared in the hurly-burly of a great city and under the handicaps which confront the city boy from a family of modest means, who, through his own efforts and at the early age of twenty-eight, has attained eminence in his chosen profession, not only in New York, the city which from early infancy has been his home, but throughout the nation.

Whyte's Restaurant, famous old Fulton Street eating house but recently moved from the downtown financial section up into the Forties on Fifth Avenue, is crowded to capacity at the dinner hour. The hum of voices of patrons seemingly fills the large room to overflowing. Suddenly the strains of soft sweet music are heard through the din of voices. Conversations are hushed and cease altogether as the diners one by one become conscious of the perfect orchestral harmony. Nor are they resumed until the last note of the selection has been sounded, and then only to discuss the exceptional technique of the orchestra supplying the music, and the slender graceful young man in evening clothes who directs it.

But the patrons of Whyte's Restaurant are not the only ones who are privileged to hear this music. Even as they are enjoying it, so is a countless mass of people from coast to coast, up into Canada and down into Cuba and Mexico, in farm house, cottage and mansion, wherever a radio is to be found. Peter Van Steeden and his orchestra are before a microphone and the harmonies which they produce are being carried out into space over the great network of the National Broadcasting Company. It is of this cultured versatile young orchestra director, composer and arranger that this article is concerned.



Peter Van Steeden

Destiny may not shape our ends but surely there is some great force which supplies that divine spark that enables a certain favored few to accomplish the seemingly impossible; handicaps do not deter these from their purpose. As one of the many thousands of boys taking advantage of the public school system of New York City, the outstanding traits of Peter were a quiet determination, a meticulous thoroughness and an eagerness to learn which were foreign to the great majority of his playmates.

THESE characteristics, together with judgment beyond his years, placed him in a position of leadership among his associates which he did not seek but which he did not evade. We who knew him at that time appreciated the latent possibilities within the boy but felt that, because of the lack of available funds in the family exchequer to develop them, they might never be realized.

But young Van Steeden was one to be reckoned with; his was a heritage handed down through generations of Dutch ancestors. He early determined on a college education and matriculated, without funds, at the close of his high school career in the Engineering Department of New York University. The element of luck, which favors those who work, was somewhat kind to him at the outset. He applied for a scholarship and with that quiet determination, which is and always will be associated with him, persisted until it was granted him. This partially solved his financial problem. However, there were many expenses to be met, but young Peter characteristically met them by earning the necessary money himself.

As a boy, Peter was a student of the violin. With an inherent love for music, he continued his studies and became proficient on that instrument. A natural leader, he organized while still in high school, an orchestra composed of boys of his acquaintance who had received some musical training. While that orchestra did not persist, memories of it evolved the idea whereby he was to secure funds to put himself through college.

HE organized and directed a college orchestra popularly known as "Van and His Collegians," which acquired a wide and most favorable reputation, and with it as a source of revenue he did not want for sufficient wherewithal to meet the expenses incident to his college training. Without funds at the beginning of his college career, he finished with money in his pockets.

Through college, Van Steeden the young industrial engineer, at once secured a position in keeping with his university training. However, two factors diverted him—his love for music and the young lady who had been his inspiration since grammar school days. His soul cried for a musical career and his practical nature demanded that he earn more money than could be obtained through his profession for a great many years in order that he and the young lady in question might realize the dream

that long had been theirs. His natural inclination toward music won out and from that time his progress has not only been meteoric but constant. The dream came true and in the Van Steeden home now can be found two additional members of the family of the younger generation.

Reviving his college orchestra, which for some time continued to be known as "Van and His Collegians," Peter spent two summers at the socially famous Adirondack resort, Paul Smith's. As "Van and His Orchestra," he then opened the season at the Half Moon Hotel in Coney Island furnishing dance and concert orchestration there for a year. Throughout this time and even while in college, he and his orchestras had been heard frequently over both WEAF and WJZ, which then were totally separate units and not a part of a great broadcasting system, although he personally was given no publicity. It was while substituting for B. A. Rolfe, famed leader of the Lucky Strike Orchestra, at the Palais D'Or Restaurant during the summer of 1928, that his unusual ability and musical proficiency won for him the interest of the National Broadcasting Company. At that time, they contracted with him for the exclusive use of his services.

UNDER the auspices of the National Broadcasting Company, and through the kind offices of Edwin W. Scheuing of the NBC Artists' Service, Peter managed the transcontinental tour of the Ipana Troubadours, and for ten months he conducted the Cliquot Club Eskimos on a coast to coast tour. While he was given no official recognition on the latter trip, readers of this article who danced to the music of the Cliquot Club Eskimos at the Tulsa Club in Oklahoma, the Playmore Ballroom in Kansas City, Missouri, the Broadview Hotel in Wichita, Kansas, the Graystone Ballroom in Cincinnati, Ohio, the State College Commencement Hop in East Lansing, Michigan the McGill University Convocation Dance, Montreal, and the thousand and one other points where the Eskimos were heard will now know that the young leader who wielded the baton so effectively was none other than the subject of this sketch, Peter Van Steeden.

Upon his return to New York, Van Steeden and His Orchestra, for six months prior to the opening of the New Yorker Hotel, broadcast as the New Yorker Hotel Orchestra three times weekly over a nation-wide hookup. He was made musical director of the Johnson and Johnson musical melodrama and has been closely associated with the Nat Shilkret Victor Dance Orchestra and the Florence Richardson Orchestra. His exceptionally well chosen and beautifully rendered programs are now being broadcast daily from Whyte's Restaurant over WJZ and its associated stations.

It is related that on one of his transcontinental tours, Van Steeden had been booked to appear in Rockford, Illinois, and the next night in a small Pennsylvania mining town. He knew that it was impossible to reach the second town at the scheduled 8 o'clock period, but he boarded trains here and there and arrived at midnight.

THOSE Pennsylvanians, like most people, take their parties seriously, and growls and subdued mutterings ushered him in. The chairman of the committee on arrangements started rather menacingly toward the trembling Peter, who retreated a step and raised his hand.

"Gentlemen," he said, swallowing, "I'd intended to open this program with *Moonlight and Roses,* but now it looks like *Just Before the Battle, Mother.*"

The miners laughed; the chairman grinned; and they danced until morning.

Peter's life ambition is to be able to conduct a symphony orchestra. Those who know him well are confident that he will succeed in this as he has in all the other things that he has undertaken.

BARBARA MAUREL

ONE must be familiar with the true essence of life and must know and appreciate art to be a great singer. That's Barbara Maurel's philosophy and she holds to it.

When she was in France not so very long ago her press agent gave out the story that Miss Maurel was gathering some interesting material, and not vicariously either, for a series of lectures on —of all things—love! That she was interviewing all of the Parisian men famous for their propensities at fencing with Cupid's darts—and that American women would at last get the authentic recipe on how to receive the attentions of men.

Every member of the feminine persuasion in this country from the flapper to the high-heeled grandmother were eagerly awaiting the return of Miss Maurel so that they could make reservations for these lectures. True, they realized, she herself was not married—but after all are not the most noted authorities on child training, themselves childless?

The situation was quite tense here in America—everyone was fairly bursting with expectation of this French revelation on *les affaires de coeur.* In the meantime, all manner of stories, and strange enough, with no element of scandal, were being circulated about Miss Maurel. Could the expert French gentlemen who knew so much about *l'amour* talk coldly on this engrossing subject without giving appropriate illustrations?

And now for the climax—Miss Maurel's own story. While newspapers flashed the dizzy headlines of her research in love, Barbara Maurel, Columbia contralto, claims that she was busy and quietly studying voice and piano. And she is such an accomplished artist that it is hard for anyone to believe that she spent her time as assistant to Cupid—a story made of whole cloth by her very efficient press representative.

Miss Maurel's background is rich and diversified and her culture has been absorbed from both sides of the Atlantic. She not only sings in five languages but is also on speaking

(Continued on page 96)



Barbara Maurel

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her about the Stars You Admire

A VERY breezy letter from Uncle Jack toppled in this morning—you know, Jack Shannon, of the Gossipers. He and Marie Stoddard have been broadcasting over the Yankee network and in Uncle Jack's own words, they have been "hitting like a rolling pin in the hand of a jealous wife on the head of a magnetic husband." Translating that into pure English, they have been going over with a wow and a bang. There isn't a radio listener in sight, I don't believe, that hasn't heard the chatter of the Gossipers, but if there should be such a solitary figure, he ought to make haste and listen in through the doorcracks on these two entertaining characters.

Which recalls an incident—it almost turned out to be an accident—that happened last summer. Toddles, Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, was struck on the cranium with an idea. We should have an automobile to do things and places. Uncle Jack had a perambulator of the vintage of '28 and one balmy day was instructing my pigeon pardner and myself on how to make the roads. Toddles' fingers couldn't wait until they had the wheel and before we knew it she had us almost hitting the side of a passing machine. Uncle Jack snatched the wheel from Toddles' grasp and thereby preserved us for the noble calling of writing this column.

Our Women's Feature Editor had finished her broadcast over CBS on Front Page Personalities. In the studio were Emory Deutsch, Paul LePorte and Fred Utall. Fred, by the way, is guilty of having destroyed nine hundred feet of good film for D. W. Griffith in the picture, *America*. Fred's feet were very much in evidence, too much so for the benefit of the picture. If you remember having seen a handsome face in any mob scene or crowd in a big-sized production, parenthesis, not *America*—it probably belonged to Fred Utall, now announcer on CBS. It was suggested to Emory Deutsch to search his memory for a few interesting incidents to be incorporated in an article, and this came from Fred, "He might be called M'Emory Deutsch." Now let me explain.

ELLIOTT SHAW leaves the Revelers Quartet and the next day my desk is bent under the weight of letters asking why, when and wherefore. Well, if you really want to know, Mr. Shaw has joined the ranks of the Cavaliers who are with Cities Service.



James Melton

* * *

And talking about the Revelers Quartet, maybe you have heard of James Melton. There's a story about how he joined Roxy's gang. He went to the theatre for an audition, but was told by doorkeepers, attendants, secretaries and assistants that neither Mr. Rothafel nor Mr. Rapee could see him. "I don't want to be seen—I want to be heard," and with this he broke out into his best tenor voice which resounded all over the place. The entire staff of the theatre including Mr. Rapee, rushed to the scene to put the brakes to this vocal explosion—and Melton got the job. A note of warning to aspiring tenors—this mode of applying for a job may not always work. Mr. Melton is tall, has sparkling mischievous eyes, lives in a penthouse in a fashionable section of New York and owns a yacht. In 1929 Miss Marjorie Louise McLure became Mrs. Melton. James was born in Moultrie, Ga.—November 1904, studied at the University of Florida, University of Georgia and obtained his A. B. degree at Vanderbilt University.

* * *

EDMUND B. RUFFNER, formerly of the National Broadcasting Company, from latest reports, is with the Judson Radio Bureau. They nicknamed him "Tiny" because he reaches an altitude of 6 feet five and a half inches. Ever since he was a youngster he outlined for himself a musical career, and at an early age left home to take up any job that would give him sufficient time on the outside for study. He tried his hand at everything from fisheries in Alaska to work in a department store. But it was all for the benefit of his career, and he undertook these tasks cheerfully, even the driving of a bread wagon in New York city during which period he saw every sunrise for five years, all of which proves that the road to the microphone is not paved with roses.



Ed. B. Ruffner

* * *

JESSE BUTCHER, Director of Publicity, told a story about a member of the Big Brotherhood of Editors who had met every celebrity in the world—from Shaw to Gandhi. One day as he was seated before the solemn little microphone at the CBS studios, just starting an oration about something or other Mr. Editor threw up his hands in despair and cried, "Oh, I can't go on with this any longer." That statement went over the entire network, but Jesse Butcher, equal to the emergency, picked up the pages, and whispered, "Don't look at the microphone, just talk to me," and the delivery continued without any further interruption. Someone ought to come along and take the scare out of this black-faced, inanimate purveyor of programs—and then perhaps we would hear from many important people who are afflicted with this thing called mike-fright.



Ford Bond

* * *

FORD BOND is an imposing figure in the NBC studios, so imposing, in fact that his friends constantly advise him to diet, and strangers call him Milton Cross when he is viewed from the rear. Not that it is anything but a compliment to be called after that august personage. Both Ford and Milton are authorities on food, but Ford has taken more than an academic interest in starting a campaign to discontinue the practice of attacking salads without the aid of a fork. He says, "The slipperiest thing on the table is the salad, and I certainly should be allowed to hold it with a fork while bringing up the heavy artillery in the way of a knife. Also I would discon-

tinue the habit of cradling it in a lettuce leaf. When it's just one of those things where I don't want the lettuce wasted, and when the salad is particularly good, I feel robbed of the parts which could only be obtained from the fevered clutch of the lettuce leaf by taking it in my hands and applying the all-day-sucker touch of my tongue." It may be that others who suffer miserably when they have to leave the choicest part of the salad on the plate, will want to enroll in Ford's worthy "Greater and Freer Salads Club." Get in touch with him at NBC or with Toddles who has been made secretary of this new organization. Personally, I don't like salads, and my platform in this coming election will be for the complete abolition of them—so Ford and I are in opposing camps. And frankly, I don't think chewing lettuce leaves dripping with French or Russian dressing would be an aesthetic gesture on the part of any announcer, especially the imposing Mr. Bond. All those in favor, say "aye"—opposed, "aye."

* * *

HARRY SALTER, orchestra leader on the Coty program over CBS, and on the Real Folks program over NBC, is a Roumanian by birth. As a youngster he would rebel strenuously against appearances before company where fond Ma and Pa would have the genius of their son displayed. One can easily visualize curly-haired little Harry protesting vigorously against the cajolings of his doting parents, for he was always minimizing his own talents—that is until he began to make professional appearances. He misses audiences terribly on his radio programs and he enjoys nothing better than to have lots and lots of guests present in the studio.



Harry Salter

Enric Madriguera, who is responsible for Cuban melodies which are broadcast over CBS from the Biltmore Hotel in New York, is closely related to Spanish Royalty.

"Just a word from an itinerant announcer in the middlewest," writes Howard Butler, husband of Edith Thayer (the Jane McGrew of Hank Simmons Show Boat). "I am now with WXYZ, Detroit." Although Howard doesn't claim that his family came over on the Mayflower, they were among the early settlers of this, our great land—for the first Butler found a haven here as far back as 1627. Howard has been with many musical shows, and met his diminutive wife while he was connected with the Viennese Operetta Company.

Al Llewelyn is married, but his wife is not a professional woman. For the benefit of Chas Linch and Kansan of Parsons, Kans., Ben Bernie is married. Emory Deutsch still stands among the bachelors and so does Art Gillham whose sentimental philosophy is like unguentine to fellow sufferers. Ben Bernie is one of six or seven brothers. Born on the East Side of New York, loves to bet on horses, and carries half a dozen cigars with him. Came by the name of Old Maestro at a dazzling party where Toscanini and others of equal fame were gathered. They were all maestro-ing one another, and not to be outdone, Ben broke in with "Well, I'm a Maestro myself—*I've* got an orchestra," whereat he was hailed with great ado as one of them. May Stewart of Charleroi, Pa. also wants to be included with the Bernie Boosters.

* * *

KHJ Shorts: Ted White is single, comes from an old Virginia family, is 32, slightly over six feet in height and has dark complexion; Kenneth Niles was married a few months ago to Nadja Vladnova, the beautiful KNX violinist; is 24 years old and is almost six feet tall; Lindsay MacHarrie is 30; Robert Sawn is 30, and comes from an old New England family. Robert Bradford is married to Jeanette Rogers (KHJ flutist), is 24, and is mixture of Scotch and Irish.

Franklyn Bauer, who used to be the Voice of Firestone, has forsaken broadcasting and is now living in Brooklyn. The Slumber Hour has been on the air since November, 1927—and the Black and Gold Room Orchestra since June 1, 1929.

* * *

TO everyone the dictionary is like an old friend—something to have around when you need it. It was not until I met Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, who is Managing Editor of Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary that I even began to realize the monumental work and research that lie behind this unpretentious-looking volume. In order to get the ancestral strain of even a single word, Dr. Vizetelly corresponds with every nation which he suspects had anything to do with moulding it to its present state of development. If it's the history of a kiss or a cootie, Dr. Vizetelly can always produce a fascinating and engaging story. He is the father of some very important words himself, among them being myobism. Myobism is a good word for the curious—of course, not the professionally curious, like myself—for it means the act of minding one's own business. Now, knowing the personality behind Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary, isn't that book more than an endless alphabetically listed series of words with definitions and instructions for pronunciation? Speaking of pronunciation, Dr. Vizetelly's occupation is to teach the radio announcers over Columbia's way how to pronounce their tomatoes and vases. If one announcer calls that luscious vegetable *to-mah-to*, and another *to-may-to*, how is the poor public to know what to say to the greengrocer? There should be a uniform pronounciation for announcers, believes our noted lexicographer—considering their influence, direct or otherwise, upon the speech of radio listeners who form so great a part of our population.



Dr. Vizetelly



Leonard Cox

* * *

GUESS who's back in town after a three years' absence from New York? None other than the man, Leonard Cox, originator of *Main Street Sketches* over WOR. Had him over to the World's Radio Show to be featured on the giant television screen—and Count Von Lueckner, Leonard, and a few other such notables waited around for a few hours while the stage was being set. Carveth Wells was master of ceremonies, Hal Stein the Photographer-Elect was mixing around as usual with famous personages, and we were all having one grand time—just waiting around, you know and being told that the program would go on any minute. Well Leonard told me all about his exploits down south. There's a quiet magnetic charm about Leonard that attracts people to him. If he's having a tire fixed, he'll be invited by the repairman to his home for dinner, and if he's sipping an ice cream soda, he'll be knowing the soda dispenser's family probably before the evening is over. It is known in radio circles that Leonard is a genius—and that he has enough ideas to keep half a dozen radio chains in full operation. But like all brilliant people he needs a practical person to manage his affairs for him—and the person in this case is Mary Olds who harnesses his ideas as they are flung through space and drives them to a suitable sponsor.

* * *

I AM deeply moved, and grieved, Mrs. Miller—and Toddles has just doffed her Empress Eugenie chapeau for a monk's cowl—just because Henry Edward Warner prefers to remain impersonal in dispensing substantial beads of wisdom to his host of admirers. Mr. Warner, just read this—and it is only one of the many letters addressed to Toddles

and myself, blaming *us*, if you please, for not digging to the roots of your ancestry and sending forth your biography. Writes Mrs. Miller—"The paragraph you have in the June issue about Mr. Warner doesn't tell me anything. I want to know the story of this man's life with a front page picture. I have listened to his programs of original verses, songs and philosophy for three years over WBAL and WCAO and they are the best on the air. There is an appealing and irresistible charm of manner. He is sympathetic and persuasive in his philosophy that touches the hearts of all people. Just why this artist should be so modest about his broadcasting I can't understand. Why he should prefer to stay on a small station as WCAO when he could reach the hearts of so many people over a network, I cannot understand. Edgar Guest has never written anything to compare with Mr. Warner's style." Read this, Mr. Warner and weep. Then adds Mrs. Miller, on second thought, "Enclosed find check for a year's subscription for Radio Digest. Can't get along without this periodical." So that's that. As soon as Mr. Warner has a change of heart, you may be sure that our columns will be the first to bear witness to his story.

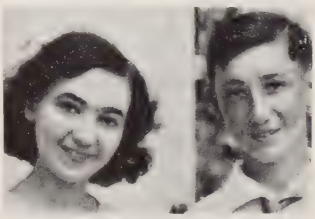
* * *

PHILLIPS H. LORD and his cast of NBC actors are making a tour of the states and those along the road who may want to meet these radio folks from the stage will be interested in their schedule. No. 1, Chicago; Nov. 2, Davenport; Nov. 3, Des Moines; Nov. 4 and 5, Kansas City; Nov. 7, Omaha; Nov. 8, Denver; Nov. 10, Salt Lake City; Nov. 12, Portland, Ore.; No. 13, New Westminster, B. C.; Nov. 15, Seattle; Nov. 18, Oakland; Nov. 19, San Francisco; Nov. 22, Los Angeles; No. 23, San Diego; Nov. 26, Phoenix; Nov. 28 and 30, Houston; Dec. 1, San Antonio; Dec. 2, Oklahoma City; Dec. 3, Tulsa; Dec. 8, Louisville; Dec. 9, Nashville; Dec. 11, Atlanta; Dec. 13 and 14, Miami. Those who are accompanying Mr. Lord are: "Mother Parker," Effie Palmer; "Lizzie Peters," Agnes Moorehead; "Cefus Peters," Bennett Kilpack; "Captain Bang," Raymond Hunter; "Laith Pettingal," Carlton Bowman; "John," Norman Price; "Jane," Ruth Bodell; "Mrs. Hooper," Gertrude Forster; and "Fred," James Black. Despite this very ambitious tour, not one program will be missed, and fans will continue to hear their program each Sunday night at 10:45 p. m. E.S.T.

* * *

HAVE you heard of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?* Well, Helene Handin and Marcella Shields, the Troupers of NBC, are working on a book that will make Anita Loos' volume read like a funeral sermon. Helene has the duckiest little apartment on the —steenth floor of the Dixie Hotel in New York, but the only drawback is that it's too small to hold all of her fur coats. Helene, by the way, is an animated fashion plate —she gives a certain little twist to a ribbon on a dress or hat that makes it look like the latest expensive import from Paris.

When a boy walks away with a medal from every contest he enters whether it is for music, athletics, or photography, and is only fifteen, he deserves more than the few passing remarks that can be given in this column. This habit of winning every contest in which he becomes a participant is so chronic—that I believe the family moved from their comfortable little apartment on Central Park South just to get larger quarters for these trophies. He holds the championship of Greater New York as the best violinist of his age. And it is remarkable to watch this young boy, instrument tucked under freckled face (he even has a medal for having the greatest number of these golden blemishes) play the classics with the same vigor and eagerness as if he were in a football game. Toscha Seidel, violin virtuouso, under whose tutelage young Julian



Sylvia and Julian Altman
(©INR Photo)

is unfolding his great gift, has said that the boy has more than talent—he has genius. And with all of this, he's just a real boy, as handy around the house with tools as he is with his violin. Mother Altman called me up just yesterday to tell me that he won a fellowship in the Juillard School of Music. The announcement came right at the moment when Julian was scrambled under the kitchen sink doing a plumbing job and retarding a persistent and powerful spout of water which threatened to flood the whole apartment. Sylvia, his seventeen-year old sister, is the youngest graduate of New York University with a Bachelor of Science degree. She is a concert pianist and has appeared in vaudeville with her brother. Both have been frequently heard on Columbia and National programs. Sylvia is a very vivacious young girl with a smiling voice. She and her brother are sometimes engaged in what would appear to be endless repartee to the hearty amusement of those who happen to be around. Sylvia is a master of the piano keyboard and is studying under Ernest Hutcheson. Both youngsters have attracted national attention and have been the guests at the White House of both former President Coolidge and of President Hoover. Elmer, the younger boy, is also a fine radio actor and is studying the 'cello. He's the business man of the family and when he goes to market, Mother Altman is assured of getting the finest head of cabbage and the choicest cut of meat.



C. Dickerman

* * *

IF any of the boys around WEEI, Boston ever get the toothache, they don't have to go very far to have it doctored up, for Carlton H. Dickerman, senior announcer of WEEI was trained for the profession of dentistry. In his own words, he has forsaken "the laughing gas of the dentist chair for broadcasting ether. It was a mighty struggle, though in the beginning—with his mother planning a music career for him, and his dad laying the groundwork for a professional career as a dentist. He did not take to either and compromised by often running away to the Taunton Insane Asylum gate and bribing the attendant to allow him to visit the playground for the inmates. Here he received his early training as an announcer in umpiring baseball games among the more rational of the inmates. After attending for a time Tufts Dental College in Boston, he became an electric appliance salesman, and Bostonians who bought vacuum cleaners from a cheerful, sprightly salesman, can now say that they knew Carlton Dickerman "when."

* * *

WHEN you hear John M. Davis over WCAU, you are listening to a potential winner of matrimonial, real estate and other lawsuits —for John is a lawyer, having graduated with honors from the University of Pennsylvania in 1929. He was born in the coal regions of Pennsylvania but shortly after his arrival the family moved to Reading.



John M. Davis

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind.

New Programs

Thumb Nail Comment on the Features now Bidding for the Listener's Favor

On the NBC Waves

Silent Cal of our days of prosperity is demonstrating that he has vocal powers over an NBC-WJZ hook-up on Tuesday nights. Mr. Coolidge is a director of the New York Life Insurance Company which sponsors the broadcasts.

Ohman and Arden, WEAF, pioneers on the double pianos, are back Mondays with "radio finds" for guest artists. Well worth hearing.

Welcome back to the McKesson Musical Magazine featuring Fred Hufsmith, tenor, and a concert orchestra. WEAF Tuesdays.

"What I Would Do With the World," with H. G. Wells, famous British author, as the first of many noted speakers is good solid stuff for the thinker and the whiners who say radio is all jazz and raspberries. It's WEAF, Mondays.

NBC adds one million dollars worth of new talent to the October budget.

Good plug for Uncle Sam and his House by the Sentinels of the Republic program over WJZ net Sundays.

You should become acquainted with George Barrerre and his Symphony Orchestra in Melodies de France Sundays at 4 p. m. on WJZ circuit.

Devotees of the opera are informed the Chicago Civic Opera is due back for its sixth season beginning Nov. 7. Booked WJZ for thirteen Saturday nights.

Atwater Kent programs are scheduled WEAFward November 15, 29 and December 13. The last program will present winners of current Atwater Kent National Auditions.

Buick Hall of Fame, dramatizing lives of famous persons, makes premier November 8, 9:45 p. m. E.S.T. WEAF-with. Concert orchestra background.

Barbasol with hymns begins Sunday series November 22.

Parade of the States described in detail elsewhere in this issue started over the WEAF tour with Erno Rapee as grand marshal. It's a General Motors new program with a broad gesture that should win many friends.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, inaugurated a new educational program series under the direction of the National Advisory Council on Education by Radio. Two fifteen minute lectures by world's greatest educators every Saturday night from 8:30 to 9:00. Another slap at the gang organized to break up the American Plan of Broadcasting.

Joe Moss comes on regular as a new feature through the opening of the Waldorf-Astoria. Joe's dance orchestra is the current social pet.

Up-to-the-minute stuff in the way of true life drama is presented weekly by D. Thomas Curtin, World War correspondent, who narrates thriller experiences with aid of characters in flashes of drama. Listen Tuesday night WEAF 9 o'clock.

Raymond Knight, NBC comedian, is in a new comic series called the Breyer Leaf Boys. The Landt Trio and White also are on this program. Thursdays and Saturdays 6:30 p. m. via WEAF.

Richard Gordon is playing the part of the famous detective Sherlock Holmes while Leigh Lovell plays the part of Dr. Watson. The longer and more comprehensive Conan Doyle mystery stories are listed on the new series.

The CBS Circuit

Alice Brady and other stage notables are helping to put over the new Sea Romance stories in a grand way. If you have love for the mystery of the waves and odd tales that come therefrom you'll be entranced by this series which comes Sundays and Tuesdays from 9:30 to 10 p. m. Symphony orchestra background.

Regal Reproductions with impersonations of famous stars of the stage and past and present with a twelve piece band for back drop due Fridays 9 p. m.

November 1 inaugurates the new Carborundum program with a pickup of the roar of Niagara Falls (in person not a sound-effect). Dramatization of Iroquois Indian legends. Musical setting. Ought to be good.

Major and Minor another piano duologue with the Roundtowners Quartet singing the interludes. Comes Mondays 10:45 a. m.

Station PME is a new one on the CBS travels. It's just a stage station operated by Charlie and Oscar and affords listeners amusement. Great possibilities. Tuesdays at 6:30 p. m. Sundays at 7:30 p. m.

Bob Haring and His Pilots now come Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6:45 p. m. Tubby Weyant, Scrappy Lambert, Lem Stokes, and Bob Moody supplement Haring's band. Program is sponsored by Goodyear.

Drama, special music, celebrities and other divertisements are featured in the Blue Coal program which is heard Sunday at 5:30 p. m.

"Your Child" is the name of a program conducted by the famous writer in child subjects, Angelo Patri. It is instructive and of special interest to parents. Thursdays and Sundays at 8:45.

Are you air minded? Then you will be especially interested in the new series by Casey Jones who keeps you posted on the flying news of the week. He's on Fridays at 9:45 p. m.

Eight Sons of Eli are heard Sundays from 9 to 9:15. It's a double quartet from the Yale Glee Club and we'd like to see them get more than a quarter hour.

Walter Winchell has received such a glamorous fame he always is tuned in with special interest. He interviews stage and screen celebrities Tuesdays at 8:45 p. m.

While CBS has cut down its periods more and more to the quarter-hour lengths it sure did let out all the notches for Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra which have recently come with a Philco program that takes an hour and three-quarters. A wonderful program of music.

Another great orchestra for the Columbiads is the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra every Sunday from 3 to 5 p. m.

Oldest of America's symphonic orchestras, and yet the first to go on the air in a regular series of full-length concerts broadcast over a nationwide network, the New York Philharmonic Symphony will be heard in twenty-nine concerts during its second season. Until November 15 the baton will be wielded by Erich Kleiber, famous for the many new works he introduces.

Voice of the

HE'S AN UNBELIEVER

I ENJOY Radio Digest, but I fail to see my letters in the Voice of the Listeners. It seems like it's a fake. Some of the people write in saying they got 127 stations in one night. Some people believe it, but I don't. I could say I got 150. I wish you would publish a real photo of the orchestras as I requested before. What's the matter? Are you cheap? You deserve a lot of credit putting in such topics as *Are American Women Happy?* and *Temper*. These topics are awful. They should be cut altogether. I wish you would give information about stations in Cuba, Mexico, Bermuda, Hawaii, Alaska, Nova Scotia, etc. The programs on the stations in N. A. are just about the same. I wish you would publish this letter.—Jack Keefe, Parkview Avenue, Lincoln Place, Pa.

BUT HERE'S A LIBERAL

YOU can please all of the people some of the time. You can please some of the people all of the time. But you can't please all of the people all of the time. But you should kick in the pants all of the time the guy who knocks another chap who is trying to please some of the people over the air, on the screen or behind the footlights, any time. Society has laid down the Golden Rule; but not caring particularly for it, I have formulated one for MYSELF (and am not imposing it on anyone else); namely, Do unto others what you would like others do unto you, which is to praise and encourage you when the going is hardest and when you can scarcely make the grade. After you have made the grade, well, you can tell the others to Hi, de dum, so if someone comes on the air, I either listen and try to find out their redeeming feature or shut them off and let someone whom they appeal to find out their virtues and then when I hear about it I too learn to see that phase of their game. I honestly do not think it fair to print criticism—it is d—n poor psychology. Print the praises and the ones who are not so good will be impressed by the absence of their names and it will be a spur to better their technique; but a downright out and out slam knocks the backbone out of a fellow who, while not a finished artist, is nevertheless doing his best to win the approval of the public. Personally, I like sketches, continuities, astrology and philosophy; but my husband and oldest daughter nearly pass out when these are on and go for Rudy, Jack Little, Morton Downey, Lew Conrad and other dance orchestras.—Nora W. McGinnity, Clinton, Conn.

ATTENTION CONRAD MUSKETEERS!

See Pages 10 and 11

I AGREE with Musketeer No. 1. You haven't published enough stories about Lew Conrad. He's a fine gentleman and a good entertainer and we want to know more about him. And in the future Lew Conrad and his Hotel Statler Orchestra is going to be the drawing card of the air. Let us have a new picture of him, and a BIG writeup. That writeup by Marcella wasn't enough. Here's to Lew Conrad and his success.—Musketeer, No. 2, Chicago, Ill.

A GRAND RAPIDAN LOCATES JACK TURNER

HAVE read your magazine for almost a year now, and surely do enjoy it. More success to you. Always read your latest reports of radio stations which are listed alphabetically. I noticed a few mistakes in it which I would like to have you correct in your next issue. WKZO is now at Kalamazoo and WHBD is at Bellefontaine. Certainly like to hear Miss Revell each Wednesday. She has the most original way of saying things. Do wish that she could be on earlier in the evening though. Also, for your information, Jack Turner, the crooner-pianist, is no longer at WHAS but over the NBC from WTAM, Cleveland, Ohio, sponsored by some coffee concern. He is heard every evening except Saturday and Sunday.—Miss T. J. Benkema, 308 W. Burton St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

ZEAL FOR OSBORNE

OH, I've just read the current issue of Radio Digest. Everything was nice but one thing—not once did you publish my letters or requests from fans writing in about Will Osborne. Lots of space seems to be devoted to Rudy Vallee, but nothing to Will Osborne. Won't you please publish the following paragraph in a future issue of Radio Digest. Any Will Osborne fan wishing to join the Will Osborne Radio Club may write to the name given below for all information and their membership blanks. Thank you kindly and I shall look forward to the next issue of Radio Digest for that announcement in the Voice of the Listener Department.—Jean Anderson, 623 East 141st Street, Bronx, N. Y.

SHE SEEMS TO LIKE US

THIS is my lucky day! I've discovered Radio Digest. After reading my copy from cover to cover, I'm ready to stand or fall by this grand magazine! Long life to you! I do hope some time soon you'll have some news and pictures of the grandest orchestra leader of them all, Paul Tremaine! I think he and his unusual "Band from Lonely Acres" are quite the finest thing on the air! And how about this new and charming personality, Bing Crosby? His voice is rich, deep, and beautiful and here's a vote of thanks to him for bringing the vogue of baritones to the fore. They are such a treat after these crooners and high tenors. Three cheers for the baritones, and the heartiest of them for Bing! Just a last word—can't John Mayo, that perfectly swell announcer, resurrect a fairy godmother from somewhere—so he will get the "breaks" he deserves? Surely CBS could give him a few evening programs. Perhaps you'll start the good work by printing a nice big picture of him! Best of luck—and all due congratulations for your splendid magazine!—Elaine Melhuich, 44 Sickles Street, New York, N. Y.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST

IT SEEMS that most of the readers who contribute to this Voice of the Listener are from eastern or midwestern cities. They are listening mostly to New York and Chicago orchestras, such as Paul Whiteman, Coon-Sanders, Duke Ellington, Guy Lombardo, Wayne King, and hundreds of others. But I am a westerner and I'll stick up for the western orchestra. In my estimation, Gus Arnheim at the Cocoanut Grove has the best orchestra in the country. He has an uncanny rhythm which sends a thrill into one. Loyce Whiteman, who sings with the orchestra, is my choice of the queen of all singers. You can have your Jessica Dragonette, Ginger Rogers, and others, but I think Loyce beats them all. Please try to publish a picture of Gus and his band in your magazine, and put in more write-ups about western orchestras and singers.—John Lucas, 209 E. 10th Street, Olympia, Wash.

GOSSIP—NOT SCANDAL

RADIO DIGEST is a very popular magazine at our house. We all enjoy it and especially do I, for I read it from cover to cover. It is more interesting to listen to the announcers and artists when one knows a little about them and what they look like. Please don't spoil the magazine by printing scandal about artists or announcers. We get enough of that in the daily papers. I think your idea of a Magazine of the Air is splendid, especially if Floyd Gibbons is editor-in-chief. We could then be sure of a good program every night, instead of only several evenings a week. Floyd is a favorite of ours, and we know anything he had in charge would be made interesting. Here's hoping your Magazine of the Air becomes a reality and Radio Digest continues to be as fine a magazine as it now is.—Mrs. C. L. Riege, 538 Cedar Street, Platteville, Wis.

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JINNY—WE APOLOGIZE!

I HAVE received several letters from people who read my letter in the September Radio Digest, and they wondered why I didn't have Coon-Sanders' name with the other orchestras. I said quite a bit about them in my letter but you left them out. Now, I think Coon-Sanders' Original Nighthawks are perfect and their music is the best ever. This is my favorite orchestra—always has been and always will be. So you see, it is more important to have their names in my letter than the names of all the other orchestras put together. I'm afraid that you made a very sad mistake—but I'll forgive you. I still think Radio Digest is the best ever.—Virginia "Jinny" Peters, 3021 Fairfield Ave., No. 14, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

DO'S AND DON'TS FOR ANNOUNCERS

I THINK it would be interesting to have a discussion upon "The Kind of Radio Announcer I Like Best." We each have favorites and there are many good ones whom we cannot criticize but if we analyze them and actually get down to the reasons for our likes and dislikes we shall probably agree upon a few strong or weak points which may be summed up as follows: He must have a clear, strong, easily understood voice with no effort to call attention to himself in any way. Extra "niceness" or affection never works. He must have a good education so that he will be equal to any occasion which may fall to his lot. If there is anything which grates

Listener

upon us it is to hear unpardonable mistakes by those who should know better. You'd be surprised at what I find by listening carefully and at the people who make the mistakes! Some of the "higher ups" are as guilty as the little fellow, but I do not mean to say that the blunders are all made by the announcer, far from it! There are some who I may say are comparatively free from criticism and who measure up to the standard set by the audience whether they may know exactly the reason or not. The announcer should have a pleasing personality—but not too pleasing, for if he tries that, perhaps husbands may object to their wives listening in to certain ones. Have heard of that happening and quarrels follow sometimes even becoming serious. I heard a young fellow speak of a certain man who is most popular with some and most unpopular with others, say, when asked if he liked that particular fellow, "No!" When asked why, he said quickly, "Why nobody likes him but the girls!" The announcers or the talent have no idea how we size them up pro and con and what we do about it! But thanks to the fine competition in this broad land, if we choose we may "take it or leave it" for there are many programs to suit any and all of us. So those over there who speak to us out here, STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN! He who runs may read! If the shoe fits, wear it, if not, well, it's just too bad!—Mrs. H. P. Cook, 412 West 11th Street, Anderson, Ind.

* * *

DID YOU SEE OCTOBER, HELENE?

FOR some time now, I have been an interested reader of your one and only magazine devoted to radio and its stars. But looking through the September issue I looked in vain for any mention of that new star of the air who has blazed a spectacular and shining path from the West Coast—Russ Columbo. His delightfully mellow baritone voice I am sure, has thrilled more than just me. Please devote a big space regarding him in your publication. Here's one for CBS and NBC too. Just listen in to the announcer at WAAF, Chicago. John Tyson is his name. Can't figure out why he hasn't been snatched up by a more prominent station—long before this. Tune in and see if I'm not right! Just want to add that I particularly enjoy Marcella's articles. Real entertainment, I say. —Helene L. Lee, 1812 Central Avenue, Whiting, Ind.

* * *

ADVERTISING BETTER THAN POLITICS IN PROGRAMS

THE question of whether advertising shall be taken off the air is being brought up rather often lately. We say leave advertising on the air. First, because we hear of interesting developments in manufacturing and science on the advertising programs much sooner than we otherwise would, if ever. Second, because we believe we receive a better class of entertainment with each advertiser trying to present a little better or more unique program to the public than his rival. Third, because we believe we, the listeners, have more to say about who shall entertain us, with advertising in the air. All we have to do is write letters of praise to our favorites and they will be kept on the air because in that way the advertisers know we are interested in their program and consequently listening to their advertising. If advertising is taken off the air we will have to pay for our programs by a direct tax. And a chosen few will say what we shall listen to. We can take it or leave it. Nine chances out of ten politics will creep in and it would take pull instead of nerit to put artists on the air and keep them there. We think the VOL is one of the most interesting features of Radio Digest. Also it gives the listeners a chance to express their opinion on questions concerning the ruling of the radio world. Best wishes from your friends.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jennings, Caro, Mich.

* * *

I HAVE been reading Radio Digest for two years and enjoy it immensely! I think Guy Lombardo, Jack Denny and Wayne King have the best jazz orchestras on the air. I would like to hear from Lombardo fans. I also like the Landt Trio & White. Won't you have an article about them some time? Keep up the good work on the best magazine on the newsstand!—Miss M. R. Ballard, 1738 Kalamazoo Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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RUDY'S RANK AND FILE

AFTER "running round" this entire "town" I finally "landed" a Digest. Notice in your "Coming and Going" there'll be no scandal printed. That's fine. Leave that to "Old Petticoats" Winchell. Your readers are a little beyond Walter (thank goodness). There are many popular artists I do not like but on the other hand I like many others do not like—so why should I or anybody else "raspberry?" Missed a picture of Rudy—surely you could have found one and a little space to put it. Other magazines print such good ones. Time you looked up one worth while. Yes, and as one writer tells you—a good one of his band—wonderful Ray Toland, Cliff Burwell—what a pianist; Joe Miller, Chas. Peterson—and I would like to get acquainted with his violinists. They are new, I think. That's some "personality" band—via air and stage—never miss a program or performance if I can get to it. Lew Conrad is a fairly good Vallee imitator and there are dozens of lesser ones—but who wants to listen to an imitator. Enjoy so much your Voice of the Listener. I say with one of the writers, "Three Cheers for Smith Ballew"—and for those who have not seen him—he's as grand as he looks. I like him—next to Rudy. Then there's Lanny Ross—another nice boy—and good singer. Well, here's looking for "Connecticut" Yankees—and don't be stingy. Let's have a line about each one of them. Yours for every success.—Sally Oneall, Absecon, N. J.—Everywhere the hue and cry has been "Bigger and Better Vallee writeups!" And now we Vallee fans are beginning to realize that in the shuffle the Connecticut Yankees have been forgotten where the press is concerned. Won't you as the leader of all radio publications do your bit and give these Yankee boys a break?—M. B., 7012 S. Rockwell, Chicago, Ill.—Being one that never has missed a month's Radio Digest I would like to ask you to please have a writeup of Rudy Vallee's boys. Also a nice picture of them because they deserve a lot of credit.—Katherine Von Krebs, R. F. D. No. 4, New Brunswick, N. J.—Rudy Vallee is and always will be my favorite over the radio. I left Montreal on an auto trip and visited New York and Atlantic City. It was at George White's Scandals that I saw my favorite. I had been told that I would change my mind when I saw him, but instead I found him more charming than he was on the radio. I enjoy Radio Digest from cover to cover.—Mrs. A. L. Brown, 2205 Florian Street, Montreal, Canada.—You have a great magazine and I for one, wish it were published twice monthly. The first article I read is Rudy Vallee's, "Tuneful Topics" then V.O.L. then Marcella, and I enjoy Radiographs. Hope you keep Rudy writing for you for months, and months. Rudy's the very best on the air and Radio Digest seems to bring him closer to us. Wishing you success.—Agnes Gearhart, 1746 Arlington Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

DX DIVISION

I HAVE a three-tube home-made radio using only 45 volts of B. Battery and it operates a loud speaker fine. I am very much interested in getting distant stations. I have heard Cuba, Mexico, California, Nebraska, Manitoba, Porto Rico and nearly all other parts of the United States. I would like to hear from any listeners interested in DX. My favorite stations are WCKY, WJSV, WRVA, WLS and KWKH. I promise to answer all letters received.—Anthony Aisenault, Summerside, P. O. B. 444, Prince Edward Island, Canada.—I am writing in reference to organizing a correspondence radio club through V.O.L. column. Any radio fan who would want to help start the ball rolling could either write me in care of V.O.L. or to my address. I think Radio Digest is the best radio guide published.—Vic O'Connor, 69-27 Burchell Avenue, Arverne, L. I.

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WHERE THE VEST BEGINS

PLEASE don't think I am criticizing your magazine, because I am not. I think it is the best ever. What I am speaking of is the article about Carveth Wells. You say, "Ever since Carveth Wells was frost-bitten on the equator he has been a skeptic." What part is his equator? I don't blame you if you don't print this, but the devil in me makes me send it. Please believe me when I say, "I like Radio Digest" —Gladys Slate, 2436 S. 3rd Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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SUNSHINE CLASS ON WHDL

WHILE pastor of a Mohawk Valley Church it was the writer's custom to take his turn with other pastors in ministering to the sick and shut-ins. Upon being transferred to Newcomb he was followed by many who missed the services. Upon their request to "get on the air" he now conducts the Sunshine class on Station WHDL.—Rev. Frederick B. Grim, Pastor, First Methodist Episcopal Church, Newcomb, N. Y.

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 79

Throughout the Week

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 a. m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds. (Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WJAR	WEEI	WTAQ
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WRVA	WPTF	CKGW	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	CFCF
WBEN			

CHEERIO—(Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WCKY	WRC
WCSH	WWJ	WHO	WOC
WDAF	WAPI	KPRC	WFI
WSB	WSM	WJAX	WPTF
WTAG	WOAI	WBEN	WRVA
CKGW	WIOD	WHAS	WFLA
WSUN	WTAM	WJDX	WJAR
WGY	WOW	WCAE	WGN
WKY			

THE OLD DUTCH GIL E— (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45	5:45	4:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WBT	WGST	WXYZ
WSPD	WREC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WOWO	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KLZ	KDYL
CFHB	WAAB	WBBM	CKAC
WJAS			

THE COMMUTERS—Emery Deutsch. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WDRC
WPG	WIP	WFAN	WHP
WMAL	WWNC	WSPD	WRVA
WDOD	WBBM	WMT	KMOX
KOIL	KFH	CFRB	WOKO

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 a. m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WKBN	WSPD	WREC
WTAQ	WBBM	KMOX	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	CFRB		

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radio Home Makers. (Mon., Wed. & Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WWNC	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WISN	WBBM	WXYZ
WTAQ	KMOX	KFH	

RAY PERKINS—Libby, McNeil and Libby Program. (Thurs. and Friday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WIBO	WLW	KDKA	WSB
WREN	KWK	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WAPI	WJDX	WSMB
WJR	WGAR		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(Daily except Friday and Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9	8:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH‖
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WWJ‖
WTAM	KDKA	WTAM	WSTP‖
WEBC	WEEI	WGY	WMC
WHEN	WSAI	KYW	WOC
WHO	CFCF	CKGW	

DON BIGELOW'S ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:00 noon	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKBN	WLAC	WBRC	WSM
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	KOIL	KFJF	KLZ
KOL	WTAQ		

COLUMBIA REVIEW — (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:30p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WADC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
WLBA	WDAY	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	WGR		

HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:00 p.m.	12:00	11:00	10:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WAAB	WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WKBN	WWNC	WQAM	WDBO
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
KMBC	KOIL	KFJF	WACO
KFPY	KFRC	KDYL	KLZ
WGR	WDRC	WHP	WJAS
WADC	WHK	WXYZ	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WMT	KMOX
KOH	KVOR	KVI	WLAP

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—(Mon. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WREC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WCCO	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KFJF		

MEYER DAVIS SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WHP	WIP-WFAN	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WOWO	CFRB	

ATLANTIC CITY MUSICALE—(Wed. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:3^	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN	WJAS	WLBW
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WOWO	CFRB		

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—(Tues. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WJAS
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKBN
WBT	WCAU	WDBO	WLAP
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KOIL
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KOL
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—(Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKBN
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KTRH	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KGB	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—(Thur. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WHK	WKBN
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WISN	WTAQ	WGL
WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KLRA	KOIL	KFH
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KTSA	WACO	KVOR
KGB	KOIL	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB	KOH	

THE THREE DOCTORS—(Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WMAL	WJAS	WTAQ
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKBN	WBT	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—(Mon. and Wed.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WCAO	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WISN	WTAQ	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KOIL
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KOL
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	CFRB

FRANK WINEGAR'S ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—(Wed. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WJAS
WHP	WIP-WFAN	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKBN
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WDSU	WTAQ	WGL	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBC	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTRH	KOH	KVOR	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

SALTY SAM, THE SAILOR—(Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WABC	W2XE	WCAO	WAAB
WGR	WHK	WXYZ	KMBC
WCAU	W3XAU	WFBL	WSPD
WCCO			

DON BIGELOW AND HIS YOENG'S RESTAURANT ORCHESTRA—(Mon. and Wed.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:15 p.m.	5:15	4:15	3:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WHP	WIP-WFAN	WLBW	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDAE	WBCM
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WTAQ
WGL	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KOH	KVOR	KDYL	KLZ

THE BON BONS. Negro Quartette—(Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WDRC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WBT	WQAM	WDAE
WDOD	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WBRC	WTAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KLZ			

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p. m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
WBAL	KDKA	WRVA	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WLW	WFLA
WSUN			

THE GOLDBERGS — (Daily except Sunday.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 p.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45
WEAF	WTIC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	WENR

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Pepsodent. (Daily except Sunday).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WBZ
WBZA	WCKY	CKGW	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WCKY
WFLA	WSUN	WLW	WJR
WGAR	CFCF		

11:00 p.m. on following stations:

WMAQ	KWK	WREN	WDAF
WTMJ	KECA	KSL	WHAS
WSM	WSB	WSMB	WENR
WSTP	WSMB	WJDX	KTHS
KPRC	WEBC	KGO	KHQ
KOMO	KFOA	WFBD	WAAM
WMC	KAO	KFAB	WBAP

BING CROSBY—(Daily)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:00	6:00	5:00	4:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WDBJ	WADC
WBT	WQAM	WDBO	WDOD
WDAE	WBCM	WLAP	WDOD
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WGL	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	WACO
KOH	KVOR	KGB	KFBK
KFPY	KLZ	CFRB	

LINIT ORCHESTRA—(Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WDRC	WAAB	WORC
WNAC	WORC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WKRC	WSPD	WBBM	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KTRH			

TASTYEAST JESTERS — (Monday Thurs., Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p. m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WJZ	WCKY	WHAM	WBZ
WBZA	WREN	KDKA	WRC
WGAR	WRVA	WFTF	WJAX
WIOD			

STERLING PRODUCTS PROGRAM—(Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WABC	WFBL	WGR	WEAN
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WKRC	WSPD	WOWO	WMAQ
KOIL	WDRC	WNAC	WCAO
WADC	KMOX	KMBC	

PHIL COOK — The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p. m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WOAI
KPRC	WJDX	KTHS	WPTF
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WHAM	KDKA	WREN
KWK	WTMJ	WEBC	KOA
KSL	WRC	WGAR	CFCF

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—(Tues. and Thurs.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KMOX	KOIL		

THE CAMEL QUARTER HOUR—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7:45 p. m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WKRC
WCAH	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WQBC	WSPD	WMAQ	WMAQ

11:30 p. m. on following stations:

KOIL	WGST	WBRC	WDOD
KTBS	WFBM	KLRA	WCCO
WISN	WREC	WNOX	WLAC
WDSU	KFJF	KSCJ	KTSA
WIBW	KFH	KOIN	KFRC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	KLZ
KDYL			

JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT — Hackensack Plantation. (Tues.) (Thurs. at 9:00 on WJZ)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WHO	WDAF	WOW	WEBC
KSTP	Thurs. network:		WJZ
WHAS	WJZ	WBAL	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY		

ARTHUR PRYOR'S CREMO MILITARY BAND—(Daily except Sun.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WEAN	WDRC	WPG
WWNC	WLBZ	WBT	WCAO
WDBJ	WORC	WQAM	WDBO
WTOC	WDAE		

11:00 p.m. on following stations:

WFBL	WKBW	WJAS	WLBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WCAH
WKBN	WCST	WXYZ	WMAQ
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WNAX	KOIL
KFH	WIBW	KFJF	WKRC
KTRH	KTSA	WACO	KLZ
KDYL	KOH	KOL	KFPY
KOIN	KFBK-WOKO		

RUDY VALLEE—Fleischmann Hour. (Thursday)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAX
WJDX	WJAR	WCSH	WFI
WRC	WGY	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WWJ	WHAS	WTAR
WMC	WSAI	WSB	WSMB
WEBC	KOA	WRVA	KSL
KOMO	WOAI	WSM	WCCO
WAPI	KGO	KHQ	KECA
KSD	CKGW	WTAM	KGW
KSTP	KPRC	CFCF	WFLA
WSUN	KWK	WTMJ	KTHS
WIOD	WHAP	WKY, Okl 8:30)	

Sunday 7:00 p.m. on following stations:

WJZ	WREN	WSB	WSM
KFAB	WJR	KWK	

SINGIN' SAM — (Mon., Wed. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p. m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WISN	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL

KATE SMITH LA PALINA PROGRAM (Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WCAU
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

TASTYEAST GLOOM CHASERS — (Mon., Wed. and Sat.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WORC
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORO
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WCAZ
WADC	WAIU	WGST	WXYM
WSPD	WMAL	WOWO	WFBC
WBBM	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET— Eddie and Ralph. (Tues., Thurs. and Fri.)

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	KDKA
WDAY	WGAR	WJR	WLS
KFAB	KSTP	KPRC	WEBC
KVOO	WHAM	WLW	WIBA
WTMJ	KWK	WREN	KFYR
WOAI			

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ANGELO PATRI—Your Child. (Sun. and Thurs.)
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC WHAS WKBW WCAU
WADC WNAC WEAN WDRC
WBRM KMOX KOIL KMBC
WJSV WJAS WMAL WCAO
WHK WKRC WXYZ WSPD
WOWO

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA — (Tues., Thurs. and Sat.)
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WCAE
WWJ WSAI KSD WOC
WHO WTMG WEBC WRVA
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM KMOX WSB
WSMB WJDX WOAI KOA
KGO WKY KECA KGW
KHQ KOMO KTAR KSFD
WIBO WDAF WTAM WAPI
WBEN WOW

Thurs. same as Tues. except following are off:
WAPI KECA WIBO
Thurs. add WGY
Saturday stations as follows:
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WCAE WFI WRC WGY
WRVA WWJ WSAI KSTP
WHO WTAM WBEN WOC
KGO KFKX WIOD KFI
KGW KOMO WSM WEBC

CLARA, LU AND EM—(Daily except Sun. and Mon.)
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WJR WLW WSAI KMOX
WGAR WBZ WBZA WGN

THE STREET SINGER—(Mon. Wed. and Fri.)
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WOKO KLBZ
WDRC WAAB WORC WHP
WIP-WFAN WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WBT WJAX WIOD WJAX
WDAE WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WSFA WSMB WJDX
WMT KLRA WNAX KOIL
WIBW KFH KEJF KTRH
KTSA WOAI KOH KVOR
KDYL KLZ CFRB KFPY

RUSS COLUMBO—(Daily)
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM WGAR
WJR WEEI WLW WREN
WRC KFYR WIBA

NOCTURNE—Ann Leaf at Organ—(Daily)
12:30 a.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WJSV WKBW
WEAN WNAC WMAL WCAO
WTAR WKBN WREC WBRC
WDSU WSM WSMB WCCO
WMT KMBC KOIL KFH
KFJF KTRH KLZ

Sunday

LAND O' MAKE BELIEVE—Children's Playlet.
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WLBZ WAAB WORC WTAR
WDBJ WJAS WCSH WHP
WQAM WDBO WDAE WBCM
WIOD WREC WLAC WDSU
WBSM WSFA WSMB WMT
KMBC KOIL KFH KFJF
KRLD KTRH KDYL WPG
WMAL WCAO WBBM

QUIET HARMONIES—
Emery Deutsch, Conductor.
10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WLBZ
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WPG WMAL WCAU WNAC
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WKBN WBT WTOC WDBO
WDAE WBCM WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WDSU WISN
WTAQ KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KLRA KOIL WIBW
KFH KEJF KTRH KTSA
KVOR KDYL KLZ WMAQ

JULIA MAHONEY AND CHARLES CARLISLE—Duets.
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WOKO WDRC WORC WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WADC
WTOC WDBO WDAE WBCM
WDOD WREC WLAC WDSU
WISN KSCJ WMT WIBW
KMBC KLRA KOIL WIBW
KFJF KTRH KTSA KVOR
KOL KDYL KLZ

NEAPOLITAN DAYS—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WJAR WRC WOC
WHO WFAA KSTP WEBC
WMC WAPI WTIC WSTAM
WTMJ WKY WFBR WWJ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

EDNA THOMAS—The Lady from Louisiana
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WOKO WEEI WFI WDRC
WHP WJAS WMAL WDBO
WQAM WDBO WBCM WSPD
WLAC WJDX WISN WJAG
KMOX WNAX KOIL KFAB
KDYL KLZ WORC WPG
WHEC WFBL WJAX WDAE
WBRC WREC WSFA WSMB
KSCJ WMT KTRH KVOR

VOICE OF ST. LOUIS
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WOKO WDRC WORC WPG
WJAS WMAL WCAO WADC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WBRC
WREC WLAC WNOX WMBR
WDSU WISN WIAQ WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX WSB
KLRA WIBW KEJF KRLD
KTRH KTSA KVOR KOIL
KDYL KLZ

NOON SPARKLETS—
12:00 noon 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00
WEAF WTIC WCAE WTAM
WOC WHO WDAF WCKY
WCSH WRC WJAR WLIT

TROIKA BELLS—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30
WJZ WBAL KWK WGAR
KDKA WLW KFAB KEYR
KOMO KFSD WHAM WTMJ
KSTP WTIC WLIA WSYR
WSM WAPI WKY KOA
KECA KTAR KPO WHAS
WSMB KGO

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WDRC WORC WPG
WRP WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WWNC
WBT WBCM WSPD WDOD
WISN WOWO KSCJ WIBW
WMT KMBC KLRA WDAY
KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY

CATHEDRAL HOUR
1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 a.m. 10:00
WABC WJSV W2XE WOKO WHEC
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WIRP WJAS WLBW
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WJAX
WKBN WBT WTOC WQAM
WDBO WDAE WBCM WSPD
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WTAQ
WGL WFBM KSCJ KMBC
KLRA KOIL WIBW KFH
KEJF KTRH KOH KVOR
KFPY KDYL KLZ CFRB

POP CONCERT—
1:15 p.m. 12:15 11:15 a.m. 10:15
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
KLCA KGO WHAS WDAY
WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI
WHO WDAG WTMJ KSL
WSMB WOD KOMO WBEN
KPO WOW KSTP WOC
WAPI KPRC KFSD KFYR
KOA

OLD COMPANY'S ANTHRACITE PROGRAM—
1:45 p.m. 12:45 11:45 10:45
WJAR WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WRC WGY WBEN
WTAM WDAF WHAS WSM
KOA KGO KGW KFI
KLCA KOMO KSL KFI
WFAA WDAY WSH

SONS OF ELI—Spirituals—
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WEBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJAX WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WBK WKRC WBT
WDSU WOWO WMAQ WCCO
KMOX KMBC KOIL KRLD

SUNDAY BRIGHT SPOT—
2:15 p.m. 1:15 12:15 11:15
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WTAM WWJ WSAI
KYW KSD WOW WOC
WHO WBEN CFCF CKGW
KSTP WHK WDAY KSTP
WRVA WPTF WJAX WIOD
WFLA WHAS WSM WSB
WAPI WSMB WJDX WBRC
WFAA WKY KOA KSL
KPO KGW KHQ KTAR
KESD KUOA KPRC WMC
WAAE WDAF WMC KVOO
WOAI

COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR—
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WABC WJSV W2XE WOKO WHEC
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
W3XAU WHP WJAS WMAL
WADC WKBN WBT WTOC
WDBO WXYZ WBCM WSPD
WREC WLAC WDSU WISN
KSCJ WMT KMBC KOIL
KOH KVI KFPY KDYL
WHEC WKBW WPG WCAU
WCAO WDBJ WTOC WQAM
WLAP WDOD WTAQ WCCO
KFJF K**RH KTSA KLZ
CFRB

YEAST FOAMERS—
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30 a.m.
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WGAR KDKA KYW KWK
WREN KFAB WTMJ KSTP
WLBC WRVA WPTF WIOD
WFLA WSUN WSM WSB
WJAX WHAS WAPI WJDX
WSMB KTHS KVOO KOMO
WFAA WKY WOAI KOA
KSL KPO KECA KGW
KHQ KTAR KFSD WHAM

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

FRIENDLY HOUR—Rev. Frederick E Stamm.
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WJZ WBAL KDKA KWK
WREN KFAB WRVA WGN
WOOD WSUN KVOO WHB
WFBA KOA KSTP WDZ
KGO KHQ KFI KGW
WSMB WSAI KSTP WSB
WDAY WMC WFAA WBZA
WOAI WJBA

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC WJSV WOKO WHEC
WJAS WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJAX WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WKBN WBT WTOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WTAQ WGL WFBM WMAQ
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KLRA KOIL WIBW
KFH KEJF KTRH WACO
KOH WOAI KOL KFPY
KDYL KLZ CFRB

NATIONAL SUNDAY FORUM
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WJAR WEEI WJAR WSH
WJAG KOA WWJ WKY
WOAI WSAI WJAX WHAS
WDAF WMC KPRC WBAP
WDAE WHO WFLA WSM
KOMO WOC WRC KGW
WOD WHAS KEYR WJAX
WREN WRVA WPTF KPO
WTIC WDAY WSMB WLIT
WGY KHQ

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN GEMS—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WTIC WCAE WTAG
WEEI WJAR WFGR
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WCSH WRC WGY WTAM
WWJ WSAI WOW WOC
WHO WDAF WFI WBEN

SABBATH REVERIES
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WJZ WBAL WHAM KWK
WJR WLW WDJX KOMO
KTAR WTLA WSUN KGO
KHQ WLW WREN CKGW
KSW WOAI WJZ WBZA
WGAR WSMB WDAY WRVA
KFAB WSM WMC WBAP
WKY KDKA WEBC WIBA
KPRC

REVEREND DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WLBZ WJAX WDRC WNAC
WORC WHP WJAS WMAL
WMAL WTAR WDBJ WADC
WHK WKBN WBT WTOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WTAQ
WBBM KSCJ WMBC KOH
WIBW KEJF KRLD KOH
KVOR KOL KDYL KLZ
CFRB

WORLD BUSINESS—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WLBZ WJAX WDRC WNAC
WHP WIP-WFAN WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WKBN WBT WTOC
WQAM WDBO WBCM WSPD
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WTAQ
WOWO WBBM WMAQ WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KLRA WNAX WIBW KFH
KOH KEJF KRLD KTRH
KOH KVOR KOL KFPY
KDYL KLZ

CHARLIE AND OSCAR—
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WLBZ WJAX WDRC WNAC
WAAB WHP WIP-WFAN WORC
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WDBJ WTAR WDBO
WBT WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WOWO
WBBM WMAQ WCCO KSCJ
KMBC KLRA WNAX KOIL
KOH WIBW KFH KEJF
KRLD KTRH KOH KVOR
KOL KFPY KDYL KLZ

THE THREE BAKERS
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WBAL WJZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WLW KPRC WJAX WDBJ
WREN WJBA WTMJ KSTP
WFBC WDAY KEYR WRVA
WPTF WOAI WKY WIOD
WFLA WSUN WHAS WSM
WMC WSB WSMB WDAY
KVOO WJAG KSL KOIN
KFI KGW KOMO KHQ
KESD KTAR KOA

IODENT CLUB OF THE AIR
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WDAF WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WTAM WCAE WWJ
WHO WBEN WCAE WSAI
WSAI WLS WTAM WOC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
KDKA WJR WTMJ WLW
WREN WSAI KSD WSAI
WHAS WSB WSMB KSTP
WOAI WDAF WOW KSL
WOD WTLA WSUN KHQ
LEE KTAR WDAY ——
WEAF WTIC WCAE WRVA
KPO KFOB WFAA WJAX
KVOO KPRC KTHS KFYR
CFCF WBAY WMAQ ——
KFAB WPTI WOAI KGW

CHASE AND SANBORN—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WTAR WTAG WCSH
WJAR WFI WRC WGY
KSD WOW WIOD WHAS
KSTP WHO WOC WSMB
WJAX WMC WSB WOAI
WKY KTHS KPRC WFLA
WTMJ WDAF WJDX WPTF
WWJ WSAI WTIC WEAA
WREN WLIT WRC WRVA
WTIC CFCF WLS KVOO

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR—
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WJZ WBAL WJZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJW
KYW KWK WREN KOA
KSL KOIN KFI KGW
KOMO KHQ

THE DUTCH MASTERS
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WHEC WGR WFAN WDRC
WNAC WOAC WINAU WMAL
WADC WKBN WBT WBCM
WCAH WXYZ WSPD WOWO
WFBM WBBM WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL

OUR GOVERNMENT—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WCSH WGY KSD
WSAI WJAR WJDX WOW
WTIA WOC WHO WRC
KVOO WOAE WJAR WJSV
WJAX WFI WOAI WDAF
WPTF WAPI KTHS WHK
WOAI

BAYUK STAG PARTY—
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WJZ WBAL WLW KWK
WREN KSD KDKA WBZ
WBZA KWR

ROMANCE OF THE SEA—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC WOKO WEBL WHEC
WKBW WAAB WORC WNAC
WORC WCAU WNAC WHP
WJAS WLBW WCAO WDBJ
WKBN WJAX WDRC WSNC
WBT WTOC WQAM WDBO
WNXZ WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WDSU
WISN WOWO WFBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
WIBW KEJF KRLD KOH
KTRH KTSA KOH KVOR
KFJ KLZ KFPY KPRC KDYL
CFRB

ERNEST HUTCHESON, PIANIST, AND CONCERT ORCHESTRA
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WLBZ WJAX WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU WNAXAC
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WBT WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WSPD WLAP WDOD
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WOWO WFBM WMAQ WCCO
WMT KMOX WNAX KOIL
KOH WIBW KFH KEJF
KRLD KTRH KTSA KOH
KOL KFPY KDYL KLZ
CFRB

BEST SELLERS—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WJZ WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WFI WRC
WGY WLIT WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI KYW WOC
WHO WOW WDAF WMJ
KSTP WEBC WHAS WSM
WNAC WSB WAPI WSMB
WJDX WOAI WKY KOA
WDAY KFAB KGW KFSD
KOMO KHQ KTAR KFSD
KFI WBAP KSL KPRC

THE GAUCHOS—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC WJSV WOKO WHEC
WLBZ WFAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WNAXAC WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WIAR WDBJ WADC WKBN
WBT WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU
WISN WTAQ WOWO WBBM
WMT KMBC KLRA WNAX
KOIL WIBW KFH KEJF
KOH KVOR KOL KFPY
KDYL KLZ CFRB

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJZ WBAL WJZ WBZA
WAPI WGY WCSH WDAF
CKGW WWJ KSTP WSAI
WJAG WHO WDAY WHAS
KYW WJAX WSMB
WIOD WHAS KOA WJDX
WREN KSD WBAP KSL
KGW WSB WFI KTSD
WRVA KUCA WOC WFLA
KFI KGW KOMO KHQ WSM
WMC WPTF WOAI WFAA
KSL WSAI

RALPH KIRBERY
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WEAF WFI WRC WGY
WWJ WOW WDAF KSD
KYW WSB KOA WEBR
WOC WHO WHAS KTHS
WAPI KPRC WKY

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—

12:00 p.m.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WHEC
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKBN	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WSJU	WISN
WGL	WFBM	WCCO	WMT
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KOH	KVOR	KOL	KFPY
KDYL			

Monday

THE COMMUTERS, Emery Deutsch, Conductor—Monday.

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WDBJ	WHK
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WLAC	WBRC	WDSU
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
CFRB			

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—

9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WTAQ	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KTRH
KTSA	WACO	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

MELODY MUSKETEERS—Male Trio

9:45 a.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WAAB	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WDSU
WOWO	KSCJ	KMOX	KOIL
KFJF	KDYL		

CHATTING WITH IDA ALLEN—

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WKBW
WEAN	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WDSU	WISN	WGL
KSCJ	KOIL	KFJF	WACO
KVOR			

HARMONIES AND CONTRASTS—

10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WLBW	WMAL
WDBJ	WADC	WBT	WGST
WDRC	WAAB	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KVOR	KDYL	

SALICON PROGRAM—

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	W2XE	WJBL	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WTAR	WXYZ
WSPD	WOWO	WBBM	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL		

MELODY PARADE—Emery Deutsch Conductor.

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WOKO	WMAK	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WISN	WOWO	WFBM
KSCJ	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR

THE MADISON S NGERS—Musical Program by Mixed Quartet.

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WOWO	KSCJ
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA			

ANNE LAZAR, "Front Page Personalities."

11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WADC
WWNC	WBT	WTOC	WDBO
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WLAC	WISN	WTAQ	WOWO
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	KMBC
KFH	KFJF	KTRH	KTSA
KVOR	CFRB		

Blue Ribbon Chain

Throughout the Week

8:00 a.m.—WEAF—Gene and Glenn. Quaker Early Birds burst into mirth and melody. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:15 a.m.—WABC—Something for Everyone with Ernie Naftzger, jovial master of ceremonies, disseminating crumbs of wisdom. (Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

8:30 a.m. — WEAF — Cheerio — inspirational talk and music directed by J. Harrison Isles. (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:45 a.m.—WABC—The Old Dutch Girl in amusing, appealing melodies. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

10:00 a.m.—WABC—Ida Bailey Allen elevates housework to a scientific level and educates housewives in puddings and politics, sauces and sociology. (Mon., Wed. & Fri.)

10:00 a.m.—WJZ—Ray Perkins, Disciple of Satire, just drips with drolleries. (Libby, McNeil & Libby) (Thurs. & Fri.)

3:30 p.m.—WABC—The Three Doctors, Pratt, Sherman and Rudolph, prescribe split sides and chuckles for that "sallow complexion." (Daily ex. Sun.)

6:30 p.m.—WJZ—Breyer Leaf Boys. Raymond Knight, Landt Trio and White in music snappy and comedy light. (Thurs. & Sat.)

6:45 p.m.—WJZ—Lowell Thomas—Literary Digest's herald trumpets daily news through your loud speaker. (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n Andy those black-faced, high-powered business eggsecutives. (Pepsodent) (Daily ex. Sun.)

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook, the Quaker Man—a whole radio show rolled up in him. (Quaker Oats Co.) (Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

7:45 p.m.—WEAF—The Goldbergs give true cross-section of Jewish life. (Pepsodent) (Daily ex. Sun.)

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Kate Smith and her Swanee Music. Enjoyable program with Queen of Crooners. (Congress Cigar Company) (Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat.)

11:00 p.m.—WABC—The Street Singer and Jack Miller rapidly climbing to fame on music scale. (Daily ex. Sun.)

11:00 p.m.—WJZ—Slumber Music. No other fitting close to an evening's radio entertainment than this program of semi-classical music directed by Ludwig Laurier. (Daily ex. Sun.)

Sunday

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast spans the measureless seas to enlighten you on world's affairs.

3:00 p.m.—WABC—New York Philharmonic Orchestra offers full-length concert for the jazz-worn.

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—Gilbert and Sullivan Gems—and pol-ished up so care-fully by an able cast.

7:15 p.m.—WABC—Fray and Braggiotti illustrate harmony of French and Italian temperament in piano performances.

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—The Three Bakers featuring: Billy Artz's dance orchestra; Men about Town; Frank Luther, Jack Parker, Darrell Woodyard and Will Donaldson — Master of Ceremonies — Ray Perkins!

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Chase and Sanborn with Dynamic Dave Rubinoff's Orchestra, not forgetting Eddie Cantor's campaign to tread the stepping stones to the White House.

8:15 p.m.—WJZ—Collier's Radio Hour offers the best of everything in entertainment with John B. Kennedy, M. C.

10:30 p.m.—WJZ—Harbor Lights—Tales of the briny deep dramatized from stories which were told by old salts.

Monday

3.45 p.m.—WABC—Ben and Helen, a pair of music-ers in delightful duets.

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Pompeian Program —Jazz orchestra under Milton Retternberg and beauty talk by Jeanette de Cordet.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—A. & P. Gypsies with Harry Horlick's Orchestra, Veronica Wiggins and Frank Parker.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—General Motors—Martha Attwood, soprano; male quartet, Frank Black's orchestra.

9:30 p.m. — WJZ — Chesebrough Real Folks. Entertaining rural sketch drawn from real life—with George Frame Brown the guiding spirit.

Tuesday

5:30 p.m. — WABC — Salty Sam, the Sailor, and the theme of his melodies is the storm-tossed sea.

6:45 p.m.—WEAF—Swift Program, with Parker Fennelley and Arthur Allen as the Stebbins Boys in a comedy act.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Mid-Week Federation Hymn Sing. The Mixed Quartet: Muriel Savage, Helen Janke, Richard Maxwell, Arthur Billings Hunt, and George Vause at the piano.

8:45 p.m. — WABC — Walter Winchell, celebrated columnist and Broadway news digger.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—McKesson Musical Magazine, whose pages unfold a concert orchestra, guest artists and soloists.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE AMBASSADORS—

11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	W2XE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WISN
KSCJ	WMT	KOIL	WIBW
KFJF	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR			

GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRAM—
(Daily except Sunday)

12:00	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WEEI

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WJAR	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	WENR	KSD
WDAF	WIBA	WDAY	KFYR
WRVA	WFTF	WJAX	WIOD
WFLA	WSUN	WMC	WSB
WAPI	WJDX	KPRC	WKY
KOA	WTMJ	WSMB	

Features

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—The Fuller Man. Don Voorhees' orchestra in snappy tunes—and two soloists, Mabel Jackson, soprano, and Earl Spicer, baritone.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Arabesque. Who would think that the desert could yield as flourishing and blooming a program as this?

Wednesday

6:00 p.m.—WABC—Bill Schudt's Going to Press. For benefit of fourth estate. Of the, by the, for the, and to the—spoken word.

7:15 p.m.—WEAF—Boscul Moments are pleasant but fleeting with the famous prima donna, Mme. Alda, and Frank La-Forge at the piano.

8:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mobiloil Concert—always a brilliant performance—Nat Shilkret as director, John Holbrook, M. C., a guest artist, male chorus, Gladys Rice and Doug. Stanbury.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour is a real treat for music lovers. Erno Rapee's orchestra, the Revelers Quartet, Oliver Palmer, and Paul Oliver, et al.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Dutch Masters Program provides a good bag of laughs—and Marcella Shields is the feminine portion of the comedy trio.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Vitality Personalities. An energizing program featuring a guest artist and the newest from Tin Pan Alley.

10:15 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Concerts Corporation brings to mike celebrated stars of the concert stage.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Nellie Revell, Voice of Radio Digest, one of the foremost personalities on air today gives thimble biogs of your favorite radio stars.

Thursday

11:30 a.m.—WEAF—Hugo Mariani and his Morning Serenaders—a thirteen piece band, but their program is a lucky break for listeners.

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Angelo Patri. Noted authority on child training educates parents on how to rear children.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Arco Dramatic Musicale—interesting dramatic sketch—with music by Jaffrey Harris' orchestra, the Rondoliers Quartet and sundry soloists.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Love Story Magazine aircasts stories of love and romance.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble—an invigorating feature with Don Voorhees' orchestra and a guest soloist.

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST *program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)*

Friday

4:15 p.m.—WJZ—Radio Guild dramatizes the plays you have always wanted to see. Vernon Radcliffe is director.

7:00 p.m.—WEAF—Major Bowes' Family, happy and musical. With Yasha Bunchuk director of orchestra.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service is a rare dish—with Jessica Dragonette and the Cavaliers.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—The March of Time, one of the most ambitious programs to be heard, in its vivid dramatization of world's stirring news.

9:30 p.m. — WJZ — Armour Program serves delightful tunes via baton of Josef Koestner.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Pillsbury Pageant with world famous virtuoso—Toscha Seidel, at the violin.

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Paul Whiteman's Paint Men and Mildred Bailey, blues singer. (Allied Quality Groups.)

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air—always a brilliant array of talent.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Football Coaches discuss ins and outs of gridiron season.

Saturday

11:30 a.m.—WEAF—Keys to Happiness, with Sigmund Spaeth in role of maestro. Piano lessons everyone can afford to take.

5:45 p.m.—WABC—Football Scores. Bill Fagan discusses gridiron games of the day.

6:30 p.m.—WEAF—Mr. Bones and Company with Paul Dumont, who steps out of his announcerial capacity to take you for a trip to a minstrel show.

7:15 p.m.—WABC—Frederic William Wile—in his illuminating discussions of "the political situation in Washington."

**8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Corse Payton's Ten-Twent'-Thirt melodramatic sketches.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Careless Love—a dramatic sketch of Negro life.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Club Valspar with Norman Sweetser, M. C., Aileen Clark, soprano, and William Wirges' orchestra.

10:00 p.m. — WABC — Hank Simmons' Show Boat. Harry Browne directing these hair-raising melodramas aboard the "Maybelle."

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR			
12:30	11:30	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WRVA	WHAS	WEBC
WSB	WAPI	WOW	WMC
KPRC	WGAR	KVOO	WKY
WRC	WLW	WHO	WDAF
WIDX	WBAL	KTHS	WSMB
KWK	KOA	WBZ	WBZA
WSM	WFLA	WSUN	KEAR
KDKA	WBAY	KEYR	KYW
WREN	KSTP	WOC	WJAX
WFAA	WTMJ	WIBA	WIOD
KPRC	WHAM	WJR	WPTF

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
COLUMBIA REVUE, Emery Deutsch Conductor.			
12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	WXYZ	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WBRN
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ
WSPD	WFAP	WDOD	WFLA
WMAC	WBSF	WSN	WTAQ
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KSD
KOH	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KDYL	KLZ	CFRB	
HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA			
1:00	12:00	11:00	10:00
WABC	WXYZ	WOKO	WFBL
WDRC	WAAB	WORC	WCAE
WNAC	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WTAR	WADC	WHK
WBT	WGST	WWNC	WSPD
WDOD	WDSU	WOWO	
HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY ORCHESTRA			
1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	WXYZ	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WWNC	WQAM	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WRC	WFAA
WBRC	WDSU	WSM	WTAQ
WOWO	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KSBC	KOH	KFJF
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KDYL	KLZ
BEN AND HELEN—			
2:00	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	WXYZ	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WAAB
WPG	WCAU	WJAXAC	WHP
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WWNC	WBT
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WBRC	WIAC	WMC	WDSU
WISN	WDAG	WFBM	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KOH
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KOH	KVOR	KVI
KFPY	KFRC	KLZ	CFRB
ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—			
2:00	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	WXYZ	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WIP-WFAN	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WKRN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WNYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KOH	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KVI	KLZ		
RHYTHM KINGS—Nat Brusiloff—			
2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	WXYZ	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WKRN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WNYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KOH	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KVI	KDYL	KLZ
COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Emery Deutsch, Conductor.			
3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	WXYZ	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WKRN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WNYZ	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KOH	WHW	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KVI	KDYL	KLZ
THE THREE DOCTORS—Pratt, Sherman and Rudolph.			
3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	WXYZ	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WKRN
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WNYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WDSU	WISN
WGL	WMAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KSD	KOH	KFJF
KRLD	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KDYL	KLZ		
BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA			
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	WXYZ	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	WJAXAC
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WWVA	WADC	WHK
WBT	WGST	WTOC	WQAM
WDBO	WDAE	WNYZ	WSPD
WSPD	WLAP	WDOD	WDSU
WISN	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KOH	WHW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KVI	KDYL	KLZ
COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—			
4:30 p.m.	3:30	2:30	1:30
WABC	WXYZ	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WIP-WFAN	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WNYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WDOD	WDSU	WISN	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KOH	WHW
KFJF	KRLD	WACO	KOH
KVOR	KVI	KDYL	KLZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

CAFE DEWITT ORCHESTRA—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WDRC WAAB WORC
WPG WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WKBN WBT WGST
WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WNYC WRCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WDSU WGL WICO
KSCJ WMT KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF KRLD TSA
KOH KVOR KDYL KLZ

KATHRYN PARSONS—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WAAB WORC WPG
WCAU WJAS WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WKBN WBT WGST WTOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WBCM WLAP WDOD WDSU
WGL KSCJ WMT KMOX
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD
KTSA KOH KVOR KDYL
KLZ

NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS PROGRAM—
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WKBW WEAN
WAAB WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WHK WKRC WBT WGST
WLAC WDSU WOWO WBBM
WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL
KRLD KTRH KOL KVI
KFPY KO1N KFRC WHEC
KDYL KLZ

REIS AND DUNN—
6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WORC WORC
WCAU W3XAU WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WWNC WBT
WTOC WDBO WDOD WLAC
WDSU KTRH

SWIFT PROGRAM—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WCAE WTIC WTAG
WEEI WJAR WCSH WFI
WRC WGY WBEN WDAF
WTAM WSAI WWS

BING CROSBY
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WDRC WAAB
WORC WCAU W3XAU WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WDBJ
WWNC WBT WTOC WQAM
WDBO WBCM WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WDSU WTAQ
WCCO KSCJ WMT KOIL
KFH KFJF KRLD KTRH
KTSA KOH KVOR KDYL
KLZ CFRB

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00
WEAF WJAR WTAG WGY
WBEN WTIC WCSH WEEI

VOICE OF FIRESTONE
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WGN WTIC WTAG
WEEI WJAR WCSH WLIT
WRC WGY WBEN WCAE
WTAM WWJ WSAI KYW
KSD WOC WHO WRVA
WDAF CKGW CFCF WFLA
WPTF WJAX WIOD WFLA
WSAI WMC WSB WDJX
WSMB KTHS KVOO KPRC
WOAI WFBR WHAS WFAA
WKY

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WGAR WLS
WREN KWK KEAB KOA
KSL WEBC KOIN WTMJ
KFYR WIBA KGO KFI
KGW KOMO KHQ KTAR
KFSD

A. & P. GYPSIES—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAR
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WWJ WFI
WGN KSD WOC WDAF
WTAM WOW WHO WBEN

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK WREN
KSTP WEBC WKY WOAI
KOA KSL KGO WTMJ
KGW KSQ KOMO KVOO
WLW WFAA KFRC WGAR
KFYR WSAI WMAQ WBAL
KYW WDAY WTMJ WLS

GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WTAG WLIT WGY WCAE
WTAM WWJ WGN KSD
WOC WOW KSL WDAF
WHAS WSM KOMO WSB
KFRC WEEN KOA WMC
KGO KGW KFI WSAI
KHQ WTIC WBIO KFYR
WTMJ WOAI WFAA KTAR
WJAX WGY WRVA

GOLD MEDAL EXPRESS—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
WGAR WJR WLW WREN
WKY KYW KWK WRVA
KOA KSL KTAR KFI
KGW KOMO KFSD WBAL
KSTP KHQ WSM WMC
WEBC WTHA WSB KGO
WHAM WPTF WFAH

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TRUE STORY—Cecil Secrest and Nora Sterling—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WCSH WBEN WSAI
WJAR WLIT WCAE WENR
WEEI WRC WTAM WOC
WTAG WGY WWJ KSD
WHO WFBR

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—Robert Burns Panatela Program.
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WFBM WMAQ
WCCO KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTRH KTSA
KLZ KDYL KOL KFPY
KOIN KHJ* KFRC

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KFI KOMO KDKA WIW
KWK KYW WREN CKGW
WJR WGAR WIOD WFLA
WBAL WRVA KFYR WDAY
WSUN WHAS WEBC WTMJ
KTBS KTHS KSL KGO
CKGW WJAX KPRC KOA
KHQ KFSD KTAR WBAP
WAPI

SAVINO TONE PICTURES—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WDBJ WADC WBT
WTOC WQAM WDBO WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WOWO WFBM WMT WNAX
KOIL WIBW KMBC KFJF
KRLD KTRH KTSA KOH
KOL KVI KFPY KFRC
KDYL CFRB KVOR

THE SIMONIZ GUARDSMEN—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WCSH WLIT WWJ WRC
WGY WBEN WSAI WCAE
KSD WTAM WOC WENR
WHO WDAF CFCF WTAG
KFBR

RED NICHOLS AND HIS PARK CENTRAL ORCHESTRA—
11:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WLBZ WDRC
WAAB WORC WCAU WJAS
WHP WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WWVA WADC
WKBN WBT WTOC WDBO
WXYZ WBCM WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WGL WFBM WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMBC WNAX WIBW
KRLD KTRH KTSA WACO
KOH KOL KDYL KLZ

PAUL WHITEMAN—
12 mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WEAF WRC KFYR WSB
WOW WHAS WSM WIBA
WJW WDAY WGY WJZ
WMC KSTP WFBR KSD

BOBBY MEEKER AND HIS ORCHESTRA FROM CHICAGO—
12:00 Mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WEAN WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WLBW WMAL
WTAR WDBJ WWVA WKBN
WBT WTOC WDBO WDAE
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU
WISN WGL WCCO KSCJ
WMT WNAX KOIL KFJF
KTSA KOH KDYL KLZ

Tuesday

DR. COPELAND'S HEALTH HOUR—
9:45 a.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WDRC WAAB WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WMAL WCAO WHK WIBG
WKBN WWNC WBT WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WNOX WDSU
WTAQ WCCO KSCJ KMOX
KMBC KFH KFJF KRLD
KTRH KTSA KDYL KLZ
CFRB

MORNING MINSTRELS—
9:45 a.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WTAR
WADC WHK WKRC WBT
WGST WDBJ WWVA WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD
KTSA KDYL KLZ CFRB
CKAC WOWO WBBM WCCO
KMOX KMBC

GRANT GRAHAM AND COUGHLIN—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WLBZ WEAN WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WHK WADC
WBT WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WISN WTAQ WGL WBBM
WCCO KSCJ KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD
KTRH KVOR KDYL
KOH KVOR KDYL
KLZ CFRB

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COLUMBIA MIXED QUARTET—
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WEAN WORC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WDBJ WADC WWNC
WTOC WQAM WDBO WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WNOX WDSU
KSCJ KMBC KOIL KFJF
KRLD KTRH KDYL CFRB

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES—
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WHP WJAS
WMAL WCAO WWNC WDBJ
WADC WBT WTOC WQAM
WDBO WDAE WBCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WOWO
WBBM KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFH KFJF
KTSA WACO KOH
KVOR KOL KFPY

SWEETHEART HOUR—
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WKBW WDRC WNAC WCAU
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WDBJ WWVA WTOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WDSU WISN WTAQ
WMT KMBC KLRA KFH
KFJF KTSA WACO KOH
KVOR KOL KFPY KDYL
CFRB

STAGE AND SCREEN STARS—
11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WAAB
WORC WIP-WFAN
WHP WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WDBJ WTOC WQAM
WDBO WBCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WISN
KMBC KLRA KOIL KFH
KFJF KTSA WACO KOH
KVOR KOL KFPY CFRB

COLUMBIA REVUE—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
WPG WIP-WFAN WHP
WJAS WMAL WCAO WMAQ
WTAR WADC WHK WQAM
WDBO WDAE WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WOWO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL WIBW KFJF WACO
KOH KVOR KOL KFPY
KDYL KLZ CFRB

COLUMBIA FARM COMMUNITY NETWORK—
1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 a.m. 10:00
WLBZ WEAN WBBM WTOC
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
WIBW KFH KFJF KTRH
KOH KVOR KDYL

COLUMBIA ARTISTS RECITAL—
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WCAU W3XAU
WHP WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WKBN
WBT WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WISN WFBM WMT
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KLRA KFH KFJF
KTRH KTSA KOH KVOR
KFPY KLZ CFRB

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WEAN
WDRC WNAC WPG WHP
WIP-WFAN WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WHK WKBN WBT WTOC
WQAM WDAE WBCM WSPD
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WTAQ WGL WFBM KSCJ
KMBC KLRA KFH KFJF
KTRH KTSA KOH KVOR
KFPY KLZ CFRB

THE CAPTIVATORS—
3:45 p.m. 2:45 1:45 12:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WHEC
WNAC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WKBN
WBT WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WGL
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMBC
KLRA WIBW KFJF WACO
KRLD KTRH WACO KOH
KVOR KOL KVI KFPY
KDYL KLZ CFRB

FOUR CLUBMEN—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WDRC
WNAC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WBT
WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU
WISN WTAQ WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC KOIL
WIBW KFJF KTRH WACO
KOH KVOR KOL KFPY
KDYL KLZ CFRB KRLD

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PHIL FISHER AND HIS TEN EYCK HOTEL ORCHESTRA—
4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WEAN
WDRC WNAC WIP-WFAN
WHP WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WBT WTOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WLAC WBRC WDSU WISN
WTAQ WCCO KSCJ WMT
WIBW KFH KFJF KRLD
KRLD KTRH WACO KOH
KVOR KOL KFPY KDYL
KLZ

FRANK ROSS—Songs.
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WDRC WAAB WORC WPG
WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WKBN WBT
WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WBRC WDSU
WTAQ WGL WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC KOIL
WIBW KFH KFJF KRLD
KTRH TSA KOH KVOR
KOL KFPY KDYL KLZ
CFRB

RAISING JUNIOR—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WJZ WCAR WHAM KYW
WBAL

NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE BROADCAST SERIES—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WDRC WAAB WIP-WFAN
WHP WMAL WCAO
WTAR WBT WTOC WDAE
WDBO WDAE WBT WQAM
WDOD WREC WBCM WLAP
WDSU WISN WLAC WBRC
WCCO KSCJ WTAQ WGL
WIBW KFH KOH KLRA
KTRH KTSA KFJF KRLD
KDYL KLZ KOH KVOR
W2XE WOKO

SWIFT PROGRAM—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WFI WRC
WBEN WDAF WCAE

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WTIC WTAG WFI
KSD WJDX WGO KECA
KGW WEEI WBEN WCAE
WSAI WIBO WTPF WJAX
WFLA WSUN WSB WAPI
WKY WSM

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
WJR KWK WHAM WREN
WBAL WLW WLS KFAB

RED GOOSE ADVENTURES—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC WGR WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WKBW WWNC WAAH
WKBN WNYC WBT WIS
WGST WTOC WQAM WBBD
WDAE WSYR WBCM WSPD
WLAP WDOD WREC WLAC
WNOX WBRC WDSU WISN
WTAQ WOWO KMOX WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KLRA WNAX KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF WRR KTRH
KTSA WACO KOH KGB
KOL KVI KFPY KOIN
KFRC KHJ KDYL KLZ
WMBG

WALTER WINCHELL—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC WFBL WGR WEAN
WDRC WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WADC
WXYZ WOWO KMOX KOIL

HOUSEHOLD FINANCE PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WGN KWK
WREN

BEN BERNIE AND HIS BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WMAL
WCAO WADC WHK WKRC
WBT WTOC WQAM KMOX
WFBM WBBM WCCO
KMBC KOIL KFH

McKESSON MUSICAL MAGAZINE—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH WFI WRC
WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WSAI WLS KSD
WOC WHO WOW WDAF
WTMJ WEBC WDAY KFYR
WRVA WJAX WIOD WFLA
WSUN WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WSMB WJDX KTHS
KPRC WTHA WFRC WOAI
KOA KSL KGO KTAR
KFSD KGW KHQ KFI
KOMO

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FULLER MAN—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WLAE WEEI WJAR WTAG
WSH WFI WRC WTIC
WHEN WHO WHAP KSTP
WTMJ KOA WWJ WSAI
WOC KGW WOW WDAF
WKY KSD KSL KGO
KLZA KOMO KRQ WTIC
WORI WEHC WSB WTAM
WOAI KYOO

MODERN MALE CHORUS—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WEAN
WCAU WXMU WJAS WMAL
WHK WKBN WBT WXYZ
WLAC WBRC WDSU WOWO
KMBC KOIL KFH KFJF
KOL KVI KFPY KOIN
WDRC WNAC WCAO WADC
WKRC WSPD WBBM WCCO
KRLD KTSA KNJ KFRC
KHJ KDYL KLZ

B. A. ROLFE—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR
WTAG WCSH WFI WRC
WCAE WWJ WSAI KSD
WOC WHO WTMJ WEBC
WRVA WJAX WDAF WFLA
WSUN WHAS WSM WMC
WSB KSD WSMB WOAI
KOA KGO WKY KGW
KHQ KOMO KTAR KFSD
WDAF KVOO WTAM WBEN
WOW WDAY KFI KSL
KFYR KSTP WENR KPRC
WPTF WFAA WBAP WOAI

STAR BRAND SHOE MAKERS
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC WKBW WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WJAR WDEL
WTAR WJMJ WAIR WHK
WKRC WCAH WKBN WWNC
WBT WIS WGST WTSV
WQAM WSOC WDAE WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WNOX WRBC
WDSU WSJS WOWO WFBM
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC WNAX KOIL WIBW
KFH KFEQ KRLD KTRH
WACO KOH KGB KOL
KEPY KOIN KFRC KHJ
KDYL KLZ WMBG

ARABESQUE—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC WHEC WLBZ WEAN
WDRC WKRC WPG WJAS
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WJSV WBT WDBJ
WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WLAC WNOX WRBC
WDSU WFBM WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC KLRA
WNAX KOIL KFEQ KFH
KWK KRLD KTRH WACO
KOH KVOR KFPY KDYL
KLZ CFRB

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—
11:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WMAL WGST WDOD WREC
WLAC WNAX WJSV WBT
WISN WOWO WFBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT KLRA WSAX
KOIL WIBW KFJF KOH
KTRH KTSA WACO KFPY
KMJ KFBK KOL KEPY
KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL
KLZ

ROMANELLI AND HIS KING EDWARD ORCHESTRA FROM TORONTO—
12:00 p.m. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WLBZ
WEAN WNAC WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WMAL WTAR WDBJ WKBN
WBT WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WISN WGL WFBM
WCCO WMT WNAX WNAX
KOIL WIBW KFJF KTRH
WACO KOH KDYL KLZ
CFRB

Wednesday

THE COMMUTERS—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WIP-WFAN WJAS WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WBCM WLAP WDOD WREC
WLAC WRRC WDSU WTAQ
KSCJ WMT KOIL WNAX
KOIL WIBW KFJF KTRH
WACO KOH KDYL KLZ
CFRB

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD PERDO—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBAL KDKA KWK
WREN WJIM WSMB KFAB
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WBZA WLW WGAR WHAM
WAPI KSTP WJR WEBC
WLS WBZ

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—
10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WOKO WDBZ
WEAN WJAR WORC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WLBW WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHK
WBT WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WSJS WTAQ WGL
KSCJ KNOX KMBC KLRA
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD
KTRH KVOR KDYL CFRB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THREE MEN IN A TUB Musical Program by Male Trio.
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WOKO WTIC
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WBT WTOC
WXYZ WBCM WDOD WREC
WISN WBBM KSCJ WMT
KFH KFJF KTRH KDYL
WHEC WKBW WORC WPG
WDBJ WWVA WAMM WDBO
WLAC WBRC KMOX KMBC
KOIL CFRB

MUSICAL ALPHABET—
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WPG WHP WJAS
WLBW WCAO WDBJ WKBN
WQAM WDBO WBCM WSPD
WDOD WREC WLAC WISN
WTAQ WOWO KSCJ WMT
KMBC KLRA KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF KTSA WACO
KOH KVOR KGB KOL
KFPY KDYL CFRB

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER
1:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WEEI
WDRC WNAC WORC WFEA
WJAS WMAL WCAO WTAG
WDBJ WADC WHK WRVA
WCAH WHP WBT WNYC
WSPD WDOD WREC WJAC
WWVA WBBM WCCO WMAS
WOWO WFBM WIBW WCCO
KSCJ KMOX KMBC KLRA
KFH KOIN KFRC KHJ
KDYL KLZ CFRB CKAC
WLBZ

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA
3:15 p.m. 2:15 1:15 12:15
WABC W2XE WOKO WHEC
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WHP
WIP-WFAN WJAS WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WWVA
WADC WHK WKBN WBT
WGST WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WNYZ WSPD WLAP
WDOD WDSU WISN WGL
WFBM WCAO WMT KSCJ
KMBC KOIL WIBW KLH
KRLD KTSA WACO KOH
KVOR KGB KOL KVI
KFPY KDYL KLZ CFRB

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

	Kc.		Kc.
CFCF	1030	WENR	870
CKGW	960	WFAA	800
KDKA	980	WFI	560
KECA	1340	WFLA	620
KFAB	770	WGAR	1450
KFI	640	WGN	720
KFKX	1020	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KFYR	550	WHAS	820
KGB	1330	WHO	1000
KGO	790	WIBO	560
KGW	1000	WIBU	1280
KHQ	590	WJAR	890
KOA	830	WJAX	900
KOMO	920	WJDX	1270
KPO	680	WJR	750
KPRC	920	WJZ	760
KSD	550	WKY	900
KSL	1130	WLIT	560
KSTP	1460	WLS	870
KTAR	620	WLW	700
KTHS	1040	WMC	780
KVOO	1140	WOAI	1190
KYW	1020	WOC	1000
WAPI	1140	WOW	590
WBAL	1060	WPTF	680
WBAP	800	WRC	950
WBEN	900	WREN	1220
WBZ	990	WRVA	1110
WBZA	990	WSAI	1330
WCAE	1220	WSB	740
WCFL	970	WSM	650
WCKY	1480	WSMB	1320
WCSH	940	WSUN	620
WDAF	610	WTAG	580
WDAY	940	WTAM	1070
WEAF	660	WTIC	1060
WEBC	1290	WTMJ	620
WEEI	590	WWJ	920

Columbia Broadcasting System

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WFBL	1360
CKAC	730	WFBM	1230
KDYL	1290	WGL	1370
KFH	1300	WGR	550
KFJF	1480	WGST	890
KFPY	1340	WHEC	1440
KFRC	910	WHK	1090
KHJ	900	WHP	1430
KLRA	1390	WIBW	580
KLZ	560	WIP	610
KMBC	950	WIS	1010
KMOX	1090	WISN	1120
KOH	1380	WJAS	1290
KOIL	1260	WJJD	1130
KOIN	940	WKBN	570
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLAP	1200
KTSA	1290	WLBW	1260
KVI	760	WLBZ	620
WAAB	1410	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WACO	1240	WMAQ	670
WADC	1320	WMT	600
WAIU	640	WNAC	1230
WBBM	770	WORC	580
WBCM	1410	WOKO	1440
WBRC	930	WORC	1200
WBT	1080	WOWO	1160
WCAH	1430	WPG	1100
WCAO	600	WQAM	560
WCAU	1170	WREC	600
WCCO	810	WRR	1280
WDAE	1220	WSPD	1340
WDBJ	930	WTAQ	1330
WDBO	1120	WTAR	780
WDOD	1280	WTOC	1260
WDRC	1330	WWNC	570
WDSU	1250	WWVA	1160
WEAN	780	WXYZ	1240
WFAN	610	WXZE	6120

W3XAU 6060—9590

COLUMBIA REVUE—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WEAN
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WIP-WFAN WHP WJAS
WLBW WCAO WTAR WQAM
WDBO WDAE WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WISN WTAQ WOWO
KSCJ WMT KOIL KFH
KOH KVOR KGB KFPY KDYL
KLZ CFRB

COLUMBIA FARM COMMUNITY NETWORK PROGRAM—
1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 a.m. 10:00
WLAP WTAQ WBBM WCCO
KSCJ WMT KNBC WIBW
KFH KFJF KTRH WACO
KOH KVOR KDYL

RHYTHM KINGS—
2:15 p.m. 1:15 12:15 11:15
WABC W2XE WOKO WTBL
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WWVA WADC WBRS
WBT WQSE WTOC WQAM
WDAE WXYZ WSPD WDOD
WDSU WISN WGL WFBM
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMBC
KOIL WIBW KFH KLH
KTSA KOH KVOR KRLD
KVI KFPY KHJ KLZ
CFRB

THE THREE DOCTORS. Pratt, Sherman and Rudolph.
3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WEBL
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WWVA
WADC WHK WKBN WBT
WGST WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WNYZ WSPD WDOD
WDSU WISN WGL KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC WNAX
KOIL KFJF KRLD WACO
KOH KVOR KGB KOL
KFPY KHJ KDYL KLZ

CAFE DEWITT ORCHESTRA—
3:45 p.m. 2:45 1:45 12:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WTBL
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WWVA
WADC WKBN WBT WBRC
WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WNYZ WSPD WLAP WDOD
WDSU WISN WGL WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL WIBW KFH KVOR
WACO KOH KGB KOL
KFPY KDYL KVI KLZ
CFRB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WGR
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WIP-WFAN WJAS WCAU
W3XAU WHP WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WWVA
WADC WHK WKBN WBT
WGST WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WNYZ WSPD WDOD
WDSU WISN WGL KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC WNAX
KOIL KFJF KRLD WACO
KOH KVOR KDYL KLZ
CFRB

JOLLY JUGGLERS—
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WTBL
WKBW WLBZ WDRC WAAB
WORC WCAU WJAS WHP
WJAS WLBW WCAO WTAR
WKBN WBT WGST WTOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WLAP
WDOD WDSU WGL WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMBC KOIL
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD
KTSA KOH KVOR KLZ
CFRB

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WDRC WEAN
WHP WLBW WMAL WTAR
WDBJ WADC WHK WBT
WBCM WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WGL WCCO KSCJ
KLRA WDAY KFJF KRLD
KTSA KLZ KDYL KVI
KOL KFPY

THE BON BONS. Negro Quartette.
6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
WABC W2XE WJAS WHHL
WKBW WLBZ WDRC WORC
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WLBR WKBN WGST
WTOC WQAM WDAE WNYZ
WLAP WDOD WDSU WISN
WGST KSCJ KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFH KLH
KRLD KOH KVOR KLZ

BOSCUL MOMENTS WITH MME. ALDA—Frank LaForge, pianist.
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WEAF WLIT WCAE WSAI
WRC WTAM WGY WEEI
WCSH WFI WBEN WTIC

COLLEGE MEMORIES—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WGAR WHAS WCKY
WBAL WJR KYW KWK
WJAY WTIC WDAY KTVR
WSAI WMC WSB WSMB
WJDX WFAA KPRC WOAI
KOA KGO KHQ KGW
KOMO KHQ KFSD KTAR
WTMJ WBAL WHAM WREN

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WGAR WJR WLW WLS

MOBILOIL CONCERT—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WLIT WAIR WCSH
KYW WTAG WLIT WRC
WSAI WIBA KSD WOW
WTMJ WOC KWCR WHAS
WOAI WKY WTIC WDAF
WCAE WGY WEBC WWJ
WHAS WHO WHAM WDAF
KFYR KSTP WTMJ

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC WOKO WEBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WLBZ
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WDBJ WADC WHK WBRC
WNYC WJSV WFBM WNAQ
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFH

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WLIT WJAR WTAG
WCSH WLIT WRC WGY
WCAE CKGW WRVA WJAX
KOA KSL KPO KGW
KOMO KHQ WSAI KSD
WOC WHO WOW WWJ
WSMB WMC WSAI WOAI
KSTP WTMJ KYW WHAS
WSM WMC WSB KFI
WBEN WTAM

ENO CRIME CLUB—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR
WENR KWK WREN

PALMOLIVE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WCAE WSAI WTIC
KSD WOC WOW WSMB
WTMJ CKGW KSTP WHAS
WSM WMC WMAQ KWK
WSB WOAI KOA KSL
KGO KGW KOMO KHQ
KPRC WFAA WBAP WDEN
KFRC KVOO WIBA WDAF

VITALITY PERSONALITIES—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC WOKO WEBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WJAS
WJAR WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WKRC WCAH WBT
WGST WXYZ WSPD WLAP
WBRC WLAC WJBK WDSU
WISN WWVO WFBM WBBM
WCCO KMOX KSCJ WOAI
KFH KOIL KVI KRLD
KTSA KOL KVI KFPY
KOIN KFRC KHJ KDYL
KLZ WHIS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

HERNANDEZ BROTHERS—Spanish Instrumental Soloists.

10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC WOKO WFBL WKBW
WDRC WNAC WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WDBJ
WWNC WBT WTOC WQAM
WDBO WBCM WSPD WNAX
WDAE WREC WLAC WBRC
WDSU WISN WOWO WFBM
WCCO KSCJ KMBC WNAX
WOIL KFH KFJF KRLD
KTRH KTSA KOH KVOR
KVI KFPY KFRC KDYL
KLZ CFRB

COCA COLA PROGRAM—

10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
CFCF WEAF WEI WTIC
KTAR WTAG WCSH WLIT
WRC WSAI WOC WEBC
WGR KSW KSD WBAA
KSTP WJAX WIOD WSM
WSMB WSUN WQAI KOA
KSL KGO KGW KHQ
KOMO KVOO WDAF WHAS
WTAM WHO WOW WMC
WSB WSJS WAPI WBRC
KPRC WGY WTMJ WFLA
WCAE KFSD WHAS KPRC
WFAA WFFF WJAR KSTP

"THE VOICE OF RADIO DIGEST"—Nellie Revell.

11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WOC WHO WRC
WIBO WJAR WCSH WIOD
KSD WOW WTAM

ST. MORITZ ORCHESTRA—

11:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WLBZ WDRC WAAB
WORC WPG WCAU WHP
W3XAU WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WWVA WADC
WKBN WBT WGST WTOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WSPD WLAP WDOD WDSU
WISN WGL WFBM WCCO
WMT KMBC WNAX KOIL
WIBW KFH KFJF KTSA
WAGM KOH KVOR KOL
KFPY KLZ

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—

12:00 Mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WLBZ WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WHP WLBW
WMAL WTAR WDBJ WWVA
WBT WGST WTOC WADC
WBZ WBZA WDAE WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WJSV WGL WFBM WCCO
WMT KMBC WNAX KOIL
WIBW KFH KFJF KTSA
WAGM KOH KVOR KOL
KFPY KLZ

Thursday

MELODY MUSKETEERS—

9:45 a.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WJAR WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WCAO
WDBJ WWVA WADC WHEC
WBT WGST WTOC WQAM
WDBO WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WDSU WOWO KSCJ KMOX
KMBC KOIL KFJF KRLD
KDYL CFRB

BARBARA GOULD BEAUTY TALK—

10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WNAC WAAB
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WBT
WGST WXYZ WSPD WDAE
WOWO WBHM WCCO KMOX
KMBC KOIL KRLD

THE SINGING VAGABOND. Artells Dickson.

2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WLBZ WEAN WJAR
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WWVA WADC
WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WBCM WSPD WLAP
WGL WFBM WMAQ WCCO
WMT KMOX KLRA KOIL
KOIL KFH KFJF KTSA
KOH KVOR KGB KVI
KFPY KLZ CFRB

RHYTHM KINGS—

2:15 p.m. 1:15 12:15 11:15 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WAAB
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WWVA WADC
WHK WKBN WBT WGST
WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WBCM WSPD WLAP
WGL WFBM WMAQ WCCO
WMT KMBC KLRA KOIL
WIBW KFH KFJF KRLD
KTSA KOH KVOR KGB
KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL
KLZ CFRB

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Vincent Sorey, Conductor.

2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30 a.m.
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WMAQ WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WWVA WADC WHK WKBN
WBT WGST WTOC WQAM
WDBO WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WDSU
WISN WGL WFBM KTSA
WCCO KSCJ WMT KMOX
KMBC KLRA KOIL WIBW
KFH KFJF KRLD KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR KGB
KOL KVI KFPY KDYL
KLZ CFRB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

VIRGINIA ARNOLD—

3:45 p.m. 2:45 1:45 12:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WWVA WADC WHEC
WBT WGST WTOC WQAM
WDBO WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WDSU WISN WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC KOIL
WIBW KFH KFJF KRLD
KOH KVOR KGB KOL
KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL
KLZ CFRB

MELODY MAGIC— Vincent Sorey's Orchestra with Female Trio.

4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WWVA WADC WHEC
WBT WGST WTOC WQAM
WDBO WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WDSU WISN WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC KOIL
WIBW KFH KFJF KRLD
KOH KVOR KGB KOL
KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL
KLZ CFRB

HOTEL TAFT ORCHESTRA—

4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WORC WPG-WFAN WCAO
WHP WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WWVA WADC
WHK WKBN WBT WGST
WDBO WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WDSU WISN WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMBC KOIL WIBW
KFJF KRLD WACO KOH
KDYL BGSB KOL KVI
KFPY KDYL KLZ CFRB

ASBURY PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA

5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WGR
WDRC WAAB WJAS WHP
WIP-WFAN WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WWVA WKBN WBT WGST
WQAM WDBO WDAE WBCM
WSPD WLAP WDOD WREC
WDSU WISN WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC KOIL
WIBW KFH KFJF KRLD
KTSA KOH KVOR KOL
KFPY KDYL KLZ CFRB

"MEET THE ARTIST"—Bob Taplinger.

5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WAAB WORC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WDBJ WNC
WBT WTOC WQAM WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WDAE WBHC WISN
KSCJ WMT KMBC KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTRH KTSA
WACO KOH KVOR KFEY
KFRC KDYL CFRB WDSU

FRANK ROSS—Songs.

6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WDRC WAAB WORC WHP
WIP-WFAN WLBW WMAL
WTAR WDBJ WADC WHEC
WBT WGST WTOC WQAM
WDBO WDAE WBCM WLAP
WDOD WREC WDSU WISN
KCCO KSCJ WMT KLRA
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD
KTSA KOH KVOR KDYL
KLZ CFRB

HOTEL BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—

6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WLBZ WEAN WAAB
WORC WHP WLBW WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WWVA
WADC WHK WKBN WBT
WQAM WDBO WDAE WBCM
WDOD WREC WDSU WISN
WCCO KSCJ WMT KLRA
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD
KTSA KOH KVOR KDYL
KLZ CFRB

PICKARD FAMILY—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WHAM WLS KWK
WJR

ARCO DRAMATIC MUSICALE—

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI CKGW WRC
WGY WTIC WHAS WTOD
WJAX WOAI KOA KSL
KSD WBAP WKYA WSAI
WEBC WDAF WFAA WCAE
WOC WOW WHO WJDX
KECA WMC KHQ KGO
WAPI KOMO WCCO KGW
KFSD WTAM WKY KTAR
WWJ WHAC WEBC KTAR
KSTP WSH WEBC

TOSCHA SEIDEL— Violinist with Concert Orchestra.

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC WOKO WFBL WKBW
WGR WLBZ WEAN WNAC
WORC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WWVA WADC WHEC
WBT WGST WTOC WQAM
WDBO WDAE WXYZ WBCM
WSPD WDOD WREC WDSU
WISN WOWO WFBM KSCJ
WMT KMOX KMBC WNAX
KOIL WIBW KFH KVOR
KTSA KOH KVOR KGB
KVI KFPY KHJ KDYL
KLZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

LOVE STORY MAGAZINE HOUR—

9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC WFBL WKBW WEAN
WDRC WNAC WCAU WJAS
W3XAU WMAL WCAO WADC
WHK WKRC WXYZ WSPD
WOWO WBBM KMOX KMBC
KOIL

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—

9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WTIC WTAG WJAR
WCSH WEI WRC WGY
WGY WCAE WWJ WSAI
WENR CFCF

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—

9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WGY WTMJ WSAI WHAS
WSM WJAX KPRC KOA
WSB KYW KECA KGW
KOMO KHQ WAPI WMC
WHAM KDKA KSL KGO
WJDX WSUN WFLA KTAR
KFSD WRC KSTP WOAI
WRVA WBAP WREN KWK
WIOD WJR WSMB

B. A. ROLFE—and his Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra.

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
KSD WOW WTIC WEEI
WJAR WTAG WCSH WFI
WRC WGY WCAE WSAI
WHEN WJAR KTHS WOW
WKY WOAI KOA KSL
WTMJ WIOD WHAS WMC
WSAI WJAX WDAF WJAX
KPRC WTAM WEBC WRVA
WFLA WSUN WSB WPTF
KVOO WJDX KGW WOC
WHO KFI KOMO KHQ
KFSD WIBA KSTP WHAS
KPRC WSM WFAA WWJ

PETERS PARADE—

10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WKBW WFBL WHP WJAS
WLBW WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WADC WHK WKRC WKBN
WWVA WBT WGST WTOC
WQAM WDBO WDAE WXYZ
WBCM WSPD WLAP WDOD
WREC WJAC WBHC WISN
WDSU WISN WCCO KSCJ
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL WIBW KFJF KRLD
KTRH KTSA KLZ KDYL KOH
KVI KOL KFPY KOIN
KHJ KFRC WNOX

RADIO ROUNDUP—

11:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WHEC WKBW WAAB WORC
WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WCAO WDBJ
WADC WWNC WBT WTOC
WQAM WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WJAC WBHC WISN
WDSU WISN WCCO KSCJ
WMT KMBC WNAX KOIL
KFJF KRLD KTRH KTSA
KOH KVOR KFPY KDYL

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—

12:00 p.m. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WEAN WNAC WCAU WORC
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WADC WHK WKBN WBT
WWVA WCKY WSPD WDOD
WBRC WDSU WISN WFBM
KMOX KMBC WNAX KOIL
KRLD KTRH KTSA KOH
WKBW WLBZ W3XAU WHP
WDBJ WWVA WTOC WDBO
WREC WJAC WBHC WMT
WIBW KFH KFJF KFPY
KDYL KLZ

HECKER SURPRISE PARTY—

1:00 a.m. 12:00 p.m. 11:00 10:00
WFBL WGR WDRC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WHK WKRC WWNC WBT
WWVA WSPD WISN WOWO

Friday

OLD DUTCH GIRL—Newsy Jingles in Rhyme and Song.

8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WAAB WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WMAL WCAO WTAR
WADC WHK WKRC WBT
WGST WXYZ WSPD WREC
WJAC WBHC WDSU WISN
WOWO WBBM WCCO KMBC
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD
KLZ CFRB CKAC KTSA
KDYL

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—

10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRC WNAC
WORC WCAU W3XAU WMAL
WCAO WTAR WADC WHK
WADC WWVA WSPD WDSU
WFBM KMOX KMBC KOIL
KFH KFJF

DON AND BETTY—

10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WORC WHEC
WGR WLBZ WAAB WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WDBJ WHK
WKRC WCAH WXYZ WREC
WOWO WBBM WCCO KSCJ
KMOX KMBC KFH

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

BLUE MOON CHEESE—

Conductor.

11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WSPD WOWO WBBM WCCO
KMOX KMBC KOIL

MELODY PARADE—Vincent Sorey, Conductor.

11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WLBZ WEAN WDRC
WNAC WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WTAR WDBJ WWVA WGST
WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WBCM WSPD WLAP
WDOD WREC WDSU WISN
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFH KFJF KTRH
KTSA KOH KVOR KLZ
CFRB

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—

3:45 p.m. 2:45 1:45 12:45
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WDRC WAAB WORC WPG
WCAU W3XAU WHP WMAL
WCAO WTAR WHK WKBN
WWVA WBT WGST WTOC
WFBM WBBM WMT KMBC
KOIL KFH KFJF KTRH
KTSA KLZ CFRB

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—

4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WDRC WAAB WPG WCAU
WHAS W3XAU WWVA WTAR
WKBN WBT WTOC WQAM
WDBO WDAE WXYZ WBEC
WSPD WISN WCCO KSCJ
WIBW KFJF KRLD KTRH
KOH KOL KVI KFPY
WJAR WDAY WHP WLBW
WADC WHK WDBO WXYZ
WLAC WBRC KMBC KOIL
KTSA CCO KDYL KLZ
CFRB KHJ

JEWISH ART PROGRAM—

5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WDRC WAAB WORC
WPG W-WFAN WHP WCAO
WJAS WLBW WCAO WTAR
WHK WKBW WBT WGST
WTOC WQAM WDBO WDAE
WXYZ WBCM WLAP WDOD
WREC WDSU WGL WCCO
KSCJ WMT KMOX KMBC
KOIL KFH KFJF KRLD
KTSA KOH KDYL KLZ

FOOTBALL FORECASTS—

5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WLBZ WAAB WORC
WCAU W3XAU WHP WLBW
WCAO WTAR WKBN WBT
WGST WTOC WDAE WBCM
WDOD WREC WDSU WGL
KCCO KSCJ WMT KOIL
KFH KFJF KRLD KTSA
KOH KVOR KLZ CFRB

DAVE ABRAMS' BARN ORCHESTRA

6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WGR WLBZ WDRC WAAB
WIP-WFAN WHP WLBW
WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
WWVA WADC WKBN WBT
WGST WTOC WQAM WDBO
WDAE WBCM WDOD WREC
WDSU WISN WCCO KSCJ
WMT KLRA KOIL KFH
KFJF KRLD KTSA KOH
KVOR KLZ CFRB

THE BON BONS—Negro Quartette.

6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
WABC W2XE WOKO WFBL
WKBW WLBZ WDRC WCAU
WJAS WMAL WLBW WADC
WDBJ WGST WTOC WQAM
WDAE WDBO WBCM WLAP
WDOD WREC WISN WGL
WFBM KSCJ KMOX KMBC
KLRA KOIL KFH KFJF
KRLD KOH KVOR KLZ

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WJAR WTAG WOW
WOC WCAE WENR WHO
KOA KSD WDAF WCSH
WSNB KFYR

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Jessica Dragonette

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WLIT
WRC WCAE WJAR WCSH
WGY KYW KSD WDAF
KSTP WTMJ WKY WOC
WEBC KOA WOAI KOMO
KGO KHQ WTAG KSL
WTAM WBEN WWJ WSAI
KGW CCO WCAU WFAA
KTAR KPRC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WLW	WREN	KFAB
WBAL	WLS	KDKA	WGAR
WJR	WHZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	WCKY		

MARCH OF TIME—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	WFBL	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WADC	WHK
WKBW	WBT	WNXT	WSPD
WLAC	WDSU	WOWO	WCCO
KMBC	KOIL	KOL	KVI
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ	KMOX	WGR

LIBERTY MAGAZINE HOUR—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WWNY	WSPD
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

INTERWOVEN PAIR—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WHAM	WMC	KDKA
WJAX	WKY	WREN	KPRC
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	KGW
WSMB	WIOD	WFAA	WJR
KSTP	WHAS	KYW	WEBC
WKEY	WOAI	WTIC	WSB
WAPI	KGW	KOA	KSL
KGO	KTAR	KOMO	KHQ
KFSD	WHZ	WAD	KFI
WBAL	KSTP	WTMJ	WRVA
WSM	WFAA	KTAR	

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WWJ	WCAE	WGAR	WJW
KSD	WWJ	WDAF	WOC
WHO	WGY	WBEN	

ARMOUR PROGRAM—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WJR
KYW	WREN	KSTP	WEBC
WRVA	WMC	WSB	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	WKY
WHAS	KGW	KHQ	KOMO
WGAR	KDKA	WSAI	WSM
WBAL	WJAX	WAPI	WJDX
WIAM	WSMB	KPRC	KWK
KFI	WTMJ	WFAA	WAPI
WIOD			

POND'S DANCE PROGRAM—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WTAG	WJAR	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WCAE	WENR
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WGY	WBEN	WTAM	WWJ

FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES—
"Casey" Jones, Aviation News Flashes.

9:45 p.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WNAC	WCAU	WJAS	
WMAL	WCAO	WHK	WKRC
WBT	WXYZ	WLAP	WREC
WLAC	WNOX	WDSU	WFBM
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KRLD	KLZ	

PAUL WHITEMAN'S PAINT MEN—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WGAR
KYW	WWJ	WSAI	WCSH
WEBC	WDAY	KFYR	WRVA
WPTF	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WHAS	WSM	WSB	WSMB
WSMB	WJDX	WJAA	WOAI
KOA	WKY	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
WLW	KFSD	WJAX	KTAR
WTMJ			

PILLSBURY PAGEANT—Featuring Tascha Seidel, Violinist.

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WKBW
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WSAI	WWNY
WSPD	WREC	WOWO	WMAQ
WCCO	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KVI
KFPY	KOIN	KFRC	KHJ
KDYL	KLZ		

TALK BY FOOTBALL COACHES—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WADC	WWNC
WBT	WTOC	WXYZ	WGST
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WOWO
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMBC
WNAX	KOIL	KFH	KFJF
KTRH	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KFRC	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB	KMOX	WDBO	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WLIT	WGY	WCAE	WWJ
WBEN	WSMB	WOC	WJDX
KGO	KTHS	WOAI	WKY
WRC	WCSH	KOA	WBAP
KFI	KHQ	KOMO	KTAR
KPSD	WHO	WOW	WTAM
WTIC	WPTF	WTMJ	WDAY
KFYR	WAPI	WENR	WHAS
WSIX	KSL	WFLA	

FRAY & BRAGGIOTTI—With Augmented Symphony Orchestra.

10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	WNAC
WHP	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WADC	WWNC
WBT	WTOC	WQAM	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WLAC	WBRC	WDSU	WOWO
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	WNAX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTRH	KTSA	KOH
KVOR	KFPY	KRLD	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB	WDBO	

STREET SINGER

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	WZXE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WHP-WFEA		WPG
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA	WADC
WRNY	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WXYZ
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WISN	WGL	WCCO	WMT
KLRA	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
KOH	KVOR	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

ENRIC MADRIGUERA'S CUBAN BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—

11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	WZXE	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WORC	WHP-WFEA	
WJAS	WHP	WCAO	WDBJ
WDAE	WDOD	WREC	WDSU

EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	WZXE	WLBZ	WDRC
WORC	WCAU	WNAC	WDBJ
WBT	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WDOD	WREC	WDSU	

Saturday

THE AMBASSADORS WITH VIRGINIA ARNOLD, Pianist.

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WZXE	WOKO	WFBL
WKBW	WLBZ	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ
WWVA	WADC	WHK	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WDSU	WISN
WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KOIL	WIBW	KFJF	KRLD
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KFPY	KDYL	KLZ
CFRB			

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	WZXE	WFBL	WEAN
WDRC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WHK
WWNC	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WISN	WTAQ	WFMB	KOIL
KRLD	KVI	CFRB	WOKO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

NEW WORLD SALON ORCHESTRA
Vincent Sorey, Conductor.

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	WZXE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WWNC	WBT	WTOC
WDBO	WXYZ	WSPD	WIAP
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WDSU
WTAQ	WBBM	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KDYL	CFRB	WJAS	

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY Children's Program.

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	WZXE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WKBW	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WAIU	WWNC
WBT	WTOC	WDBO	WNXZ
WLAP	WDOD	WLAC	WISN
WTAQ	WFBM	WBBM	WCCO
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KFJF	KVOR	KDYL	CFRB

ATLANTIC CITY MUSICALE—

1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30 a.m.	10:30
WABC	WZXE	WOKO	WFBL
WHEC	WGR	WDRC	WAAB
WORC	WCAE	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WWVA	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WBT	WDBO
WXYZ	WSPD	WLAP	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WISN
WTAQ	WOWO	WBBM	WCCO
WMT	KMBC	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	WACO	KOH	KVOR
KVI	KFPY	KFRC	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

THE FOUR CLUBMEN—

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	WZXE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAE
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WDSU
WISN	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

MADISON SINGERS—

3:45 p.m.	2:45	1:45	12:45
WABC	WZXE	WOKO	WFBL
WGR	WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WWVA
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WTOC	WQAM	WDBO
WDAE	WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD
WLAP	WDOD	WREC	WDSU
WISN	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KLRA	KOIL
WIBW	KFJF	KRLD	KTSA
WACO	KOH	KVOR	KGB
KOL	KVI	KFPY	KDYL
KLZ	CFRB		

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

EDDIE RUDIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WABC	WZXE	WFBL	WHEC
WKBW	WORC	WAAB	WHP
WPG	WIP-WFAN	WHP	WJAS
WADC	WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ
WTOC	WBT	WLAP	WBAP
WIAP	WDBO	WNXZ	WSPD
WDSU	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WEEI	WISN	WBBM	KOIL
WACO	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KFRC	KOH	KVOR	KVI
WOAI	KOL	KLZ	CFRB
WCAO	KFPY		

CARBORUNDUM HOUR

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	WOKO	WFBL	WORC
WJAS	WDRC	WNAC	WSAI
WORC	WPG	WCAE	WHP
W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WKBN	WBT	WGST	WTOC
WQAM	WDBO	WDAE	WNXZ
WBCM	WSPD	WIAP	WDOD
WREC	WDSU	WISN	WFBM
WCCO	WMT	KMBC	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTSA	KOH	KVOR
KFPY	KHJ	KDYL	KLZ

STEELCOTE COLOR HARMONIZERS—Brooks and Ross.

9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WABC	WFBL	WKBW	WEAN
WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WMAL	WCAO	WXYZ	WOWO
WBAM	KMOX	KMBC	KOIL
KLZ			

NATIONAL RADIO FORUM from Washington, D. C.

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	WOKO	WIBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WORC	WPG
WJAS	WCAU	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WTAR	WDBJ
WADC	WKBN	WBT	WGST
WTOC	WQAM	WDBO	WDAE
WNXZ	WRCM	WSPD	WDOD
WDSU	WISN	WFBM	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KMBC	WNAX	KOIL	WIBW
KTSA	KOH	KFH	KVOR
KFPY	KDYL	KLZ	WCAO

CLUB VALSPAR—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJAR	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WMC	WSB	WIOC
WHO	WDAF	WOW	CKGW
CFCF	WTI		

VALSPAR SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WTIC	WJAR	WTAG
WRC	WGY	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WSAI	KSD	WIOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WFI
WWJ	WLS	WCSH	CKGW
CFCF	WTI		

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WZXE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WEAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKRC
WRBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WFBM
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WIBW	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KHJ

B. A. ROLFE—And his Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra.

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WFI	WRC
WGY	WBEN	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOC
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WRVA
WJAX	WIOD	WIAA	WSUN
WHAS	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	WPTF	WAPI	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KGO	KPO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	WDAY	KFYR	WIBA
WHO	WHB	WOS	WLS
KFSD	KTHS		

ST. MORITZ ORCHESTRA

11:45 p.m.	10:45	9:45	8:45
WABC	WZXE	WFBL	WHEC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WADC	WHK	WWNC
WNYZ	WSPD	WDOD	WBT
WTAQ	WFBM	WCCO	WMT
KOIL	KFH	KRLD	KVI
KFRC	CFRB		

FOR many months Radio Digest has published regularly a comprehensive list of stations throughout the United States, Canada, Cuba and Mexico arranged, for the convenience of our readers, alphabetically and according to states and cities and meters. Important changes in allocations are pending, which may be effected before this issue comes from the printer. We are therefore planning to have in your December number of Radio Digest the most authentic State and City Index yet produced.—Editor

Radio Digest Publishing Corp.,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

To make sure of every forthcoming issue of RADIO DIGEST I wish to become a regular subscriber. Enclosed find $2.00 in payment for my subscription for one year. Canadian and Foreign subscriptions $4.00.

Name..... Date.....

Street.....City, State.....

Silhouettes

(Continued from page 53)

meant to tattle—but kids will be heard.

Later attended art school. Won many prizes in competition. When doing art posters, they'd merge their talents.—Martha would get the idea and lay out the copy, Vet would do the black and white pen and letter work and Connie was a whiz at coloring. Result a swell job. In union there is strength.

First stage appearance at ten, during the thrift stamp drive, just after the war. Played a week's engagement for $400 and bought thrift stamps with the money. Later made Victor records in New Orleans—this led to a radio audition. Made their first broadcast over WSMB in their home town. Not a bit nervous. Gloried in it.

Connie's favorite radio star is—Connie Boswell, with Kate Smith a close second.—The girls do all their own musical arranging. No outsider could get that individual touch. Funny how they do it, too. They put the cart before the horse. They never start at the beginning of a song and arrange. They take the last eight bars first, and after they have the effect they want, they take the next eight bars, and so on until the introduction is reached.

Plenty of time devoted to rehearsal. In fact all available between performances. They never sing a song as it is written. Always improvise their own interpretation of the song, composing what's called a counter-melody.

Fan mail plays an important part in their lives. They get loads of it and read eagerly for constructive criticism.—Many proposals for all of them.—Serious proposals. Many letters from college professors. One young man writes every time they broadcast—never misses. Another thing—they get just as many letters from girls as they do from the men. The girls' letters are sincere—too.

Connie is superstitious about one thing only.—She never brags about any forthcoming contract or performance.—If you do, it's ten to one it'll flop.

She's traveled all over the States. Likes her home town best. New York next best. Too busy to see much of the night life. Went up to Harlem once. Disappointed.—Not so hot. The revues are not what they're cracked up to be.

Fond of all sports. Particularly fights. Whenever she gets the chance, you'll find her in the front row at some arena. Likes rowboats. She herself pulls a mean oar.

For relaxation, she reads when the opportunity presents itself. Heavy stuff. Likes to listen to others broadcast to hear how good they are.

More talents.—She draws exceptionally well and is a sculptress of no mean ability. Does heads mostly.

She prefers her career to marriage. Happiness in marriage is possible, if you can find the right one, but what a chance you take.

Cracked up in a car once. Out for a little ride. A collision turned her car over several times. No one was hurt. Connie landed on her head. Says that's what saved her. She likes planes too—done quite a bit of flying as a passenger.

Hard work. No time for vacations. Maybe a week-end now and then. A recent one spent at Saratoga, but even then an engagement at a private affair. A party given by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Their appearance a surprise for Mr. Whitney, a rabid radio fan, numbering the Boswells among his favorites.

Took a flyer on the horses when up there. A four horse race. Each girl bet on a different horse. The fourth horse won.—Connie was the only one to have any luck at it. Another race, Connie took a chance on a horse named "Indigo." A hunch because she was to make a recording the following day of a song called "Mood Indigo." The hunch won.

AMONG the most prized possessions of the girls are the documents they received from the State of Louisiana. These documents, with the gold seal of the State affixed and signed by Huey P. Long, Governor of Louisiana, appoint, officially, Connie, Martha and Vet an Ambassador of Harmony from Louisiana to the radio audiences of the world. This was supplemented by an official proclamation of the New Orleans Association of Commerce with a similar appointment, which charges them with the bounden duty of spreading continually over the air and over the land the good cheer of the city of New Orleans.

The girls are just two years apart in their ages. Martha is twenty-four. Connie next at twenty-two and Vet just twenty. All of them born, bred and buttered in New Orleans.

Connie likes great contrasts in her clothes. Wears black and white a lot. Wears trick hats that look well on her.

Goes to bed sometime between twelve and three in the morning and gets up about ten or eleven—sleeps in pajamas—always. Flat on her back for forty-five minutes or so and then all up in a knot until morning. Loves to dream.

Eats anything as long as it's food. Especially fond of raw meat. Prepares potato soup like nobody's business.

Always puts on her left stocking first.

Likes big men best. Six feet or over, weighing about 175. Believes truthfulness is their best quality. But it's darn hard to find a man with any of it. Has no particular ideal. They just must be big he-men who can take it on the chin.

Loves to talk. If she ever gets you over in the corner, she'll bend your ear off. Funny part of it is—you like it.

Connie uses very little make-up for street wear. Powder and lipstick. Once in a while a touch of brown eyeshade.

The light brown eyes turn green when she's mad, which is seldom.

Doesn't like candy and never eats any dessert. Plain food and plenty of it.

Always on the go.—Broadcasts—vaudeville—Brunswick recording artist. Whistles with her little fingers stuck in her mouth. Plenty loud.—Not so good, but plenty loud.

And sing—shout—sister—shout.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at New York, for Oct. 2, 1931. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymond Bill, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO DIGEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor—Raymond Bill, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Managers—Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Radio Digest Pub. Corp., Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward L. Bill, C. L. Bill, Randolph Brown, I. Spillane, B. Titman and Chas. R. Tighe, all located at 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.) R. Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1931. Wm. A. Low, Notary Public. N. Y. Co., No. 753. Reg. No. 3L487. My commission expires March 30, 1933. [Seal.]

Make It Snappy

(Continued from page 15)

Grove, in his hotel. That was in 1921. I stayed there until 1926, which isn't a bad run.

When I look back at those years at the Cocoanut Grove I recall many interesting incidents concerning persons who since have become famous. For instance, I remember:

Lending $20 to a young, good-looking foreigner, who had been unable to break into pictures, so that he could take out a girl. He was the late Rudolph Valentino, who, a short time later, was catapulted to fame and fortune after his tango in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Helping Paul Whiteman hire musicians for his first dance orchestra job in the Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles, where he had been playing the violin for tea with a 6-piece string ensemble.

Taking Ricardo Cortez to the Lasky studios and getting him a screen test, which landed him his first picture job. Watching Norma Shearer and Billie Dove take their first screen tests.

Cashing a pay check every Saturday for a young girl who was working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot for $75 a week and who was going with one of my saxophone players. It was Joan Crawford.

Blanche Sweet's chauffeur, who used to drive her to the studios every day and to the Cocoanut Grove at night. It was Marshall "Micky" Neilan, now Blanche's husband and one of this country's best-known motion picture directors.

Giving saxophone lessons to a 15-year-old boy who asked to be allowed to sit on the band platform for an hour each evening to listen to the music. . . Howard Hughes, now head of Caddo and producer of *Hell's Angels.*

Allowing another young fellow to sit on the band platform several nights a week . . . Carl Laemmle, Jr., who now is head of Universal Pictures at the age of 24.

Receiving a telegram from a chap who wanted to play the banjo in my orchestra. . . Hearing six months later that he had been hired to take the leading role in *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

In 1923 we made our first record. It was *No, No, Nora* and *Sweet Little You,* and it sold more than 400,000 discs. Since then we have made more than 250 different discs.

After leaving the Cocoanut Grove I took my band to Chicago, and we played there for seventy-two weeks in *Good News,* in which Jack Haley, Mildred Brown and Dorothy McNulty were starred. Then came the talkies, and we played in the talkie-singie version of *Good News.* Other pictures in which we were seen or heard were *Hold Everything, Paramount on Parade, Pardon My Gun, Madame Satan,* six *Merry Melody* shorts, *Young As You Feel, Just Imagine, Transatlantic, Big Business Girl, Chances, Five Star Final* and a few short features.

In January, 1929, I accepted an offer to take my band to London for an engagement of four weeks at the Kit Kat Club and at the Palladium Theatre. Instead of staying four weeks we remained seven months, going from London to Paris and playing in the French capital at the Moulin Rouge and at the Perroquet.

Among those who came to the Kit Kat Club quite frequently to dance to our music were the Prince of Wales, Prince George, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lord Brougham, Lady Ashly, Lord and Lady Portarlington, Lord Donagle and others of the nobility.

NO, I never gave the Prince of Wales drum lessons, nor did I meet him socially. I did, however, play a command performance before him and some of his friends.

After taking a pleasure trip all through Europe I returned to this country and, after playing at the Pavillon Royal, the Club Richman and other well-known night resorts, I began an extended engagement in a motion picture theatre in Los Angeles, doubling on the movie sets in Hollywood.

I believe I was one of the first dance orchestra leaders to broadcast, for I began playing over the air as far back as 1919. By the way, it might be of interest to some to know how I was signed for my broadcasts over the Columbia chain for Phillips Dental Magnesia. While I was still playing on the Pacific Coast, the sponsors heard my record of *Milenberg Joys* and liked it so much they entered into negotiations which led to my coming East.

In between theatrical, motion picture and night club engagements I have found time to write a few songs. Perhaps you will remember them. They are still played over the air. The best-known were *Mary Lou, Mandalay, What Can I Say, Dear, After I Say I'm Sorry, I Cried For You* and *You Told Me to Go.*

People always ask me to what I attribute whatever success I have attained. When they ask that, I tell them "by giving the public what it wants, by eating pears, chewing cigars and working eighteen hours a day."

In playing for radio, for the theatre or for night clubs, my theory has always been "give them what they want." I try to please the public, not the musicians. If I am working in a new hotel or cafe, after my first few numbers I ask the dancers what they want, and from their requests I am able to tell their favorite type of music.

I always have found that most of the bands that are boosted by the musicians are the bands that seldom make good for dancing. That's usually because they are over-arranged. I'm always happy when a musician pans me, for I know then that I'm going over with the public.

In playing over the air I try to give radio listeners something they understand. I think of the folks at home who aren't familiar with trick arrangements. I try to think of the mothers and fathers as well as the young people who like the so-called "hot stuff."

In short, I strive to present well-balanced programs, each of which contains some number that will please someone. I strive for melody at all times, with a rhythm background.

The essence of my whole theory is, "Don't try to educate the public to something new which they may not understand. Give them what they know and like."

As for the pears, sometimes I don't eat anything but pears for three or four days at a time when I am working hard. They are easy to eat, they don t take my mind from my work, they taste good and they make me feel like a million dollars.

And the cigar—well, I smoke one all the time. In the broadcasting studios, on the orchestra platform, wherever I'm rehearsing, I always chew on a cigar. Just another thing I enjoy because it helps me keep my mind on what I'm doing.

That business of working eighteen hours a day is a serious one. I mean, you've got to work hard if you expect to get anywhere. Which reminds me that I've got to get to work on my next program right now.

This is Abe Lyman signing off, ladies and gentlemen. I hope you've liked this little autobiography, and I hope you'll tune in on "The World's Biggest Fifteen-Minute Program" which is presented every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday from 8:15 to 8:30 P. M., EST., over the WABC-Columbia network.

Stop! Hold that Pose!

Now turn to page 6 Please



Ruth Etting

THIS smart young woman is known now as a stage star come to radio. As a matter of fact she was a radio star first and before she became the feature of the current Ziegfeld Follies. But she has not deserted her radio public and you are liable to hear her NBC one time and CBS the next. Her latest was on the Nestle program over the NBC.

CHOOSE YOUR BRANCH OF RADIO

Seek advancement...adventure in Aircraft Radio ...Broadcast Station or Studio...Direction Finder and Radio Compass...Disc and Film Recording... Talking Pictures...Servicing of Home Entertainment Equipment... Television...and other new developments.



LOOK! HERE'S a thrill! Short wave operation between ground and airplane!

HERE is a list of 7 thrilling branches of radio. Choose the one you like...learn it and fit yourself for radio's future! Remember, it's only the well-trained men who will get ahead in radio. So prepare yourself. Develop your talent by study at America's oldest radio school —RCA Institutes, which offers the most modern training courses.

These four complete resident schools . . . in New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia . . . are the only schools associated with the largest, most complete research laboratory in the radio industry. Founded 22 years ago, the RCA Institutes' purpose is to train men who seek to advance themselves in radio.



RADIO ENGINEER controlling volume of a broadcast.



MAIN CONTROL ROOM of a great broadcasting studio . . . where the programs start that entertain millions.

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Gentlemen: Please send me your General Catalog. I am checking below the phase of radio in which I am particularly interested.

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Occupation _____ Age _____

Hitting It on the Nose

(Continued from page 35)

liant in tone, or he might have one that is soft and rich.

Orchestra leaders with little radio experience are apt to be afraid of brass, when, as a matter of fact, all stringed instruments are more troublesome to place properly. One of the commonest faults in orchestral production is the strident fiddle, and the instrument that has to be set most carefully of all is, strangely enough, the cello. On certain tones, particularly in the middle register, the cello will often create what is known as a "woof"—really an overtone, and in the case of the cello it has the unique faculty of distorting the tones of all other instruments.

Another difficult instrument to place properly is the piccolo, because of its high range and shrill quality. It is an instrument that is used principally for brilliant figures and cannot be played softly.

An experienced and musically capable production man does not have much trouble in arranging the position of instruments for good reception. His big worry is with the men. Few realize how much actual body movement is necessary for musicians. The saxophonist may have three or four saxophones on the rack alongside him; the horn player has his mutes and other paraphernalia. Above all, they must not be uncomfortably crowded for the sake of tricky arrangements.

Individual singers do not present so much of a problem, although the sanity of production men was threatened for a time with the advent of the "crooner" and the "whispering" baritone. The technique of "crooning" consists of lowering the voice level almost to a whisper, at the same time crowding the microphone. The effect is a fairly pleasant one, and it's easy to do. And that's the trouble with it. One doesn't have to have an excellent voice to be able to hum or whisper with a sentimental lilt. But unfortunately *good* crooning is not so easy. True enough, it covers a multitude of defects that would be apparent with the use of the full voice, but it also requires considerable voice control. Most of the good crooners were good straight singers in the first place, and only a few poor singers get away with it. Crooning is "phoney" singing, and the average production man would rather work with a temperamental opera star; but for awhile every dance orchestra had a crooner, and no matter how lacking in vitality or naturalness they were, they had to be handled.

Of course, opera and concert singers without broadcasting experience are sometimes difficult, as the same amount of voice used on the stage or auditorium is not necessary in the studio. But singers can develop microphone technique in a short time, and the production man attaches more importance to the accompaniment than to the soloist. A solo can be spoiled utterly by careless arrangement of the accompaniment. Even simple piano accompaniment must receive careful attention.

The thing that is apt to rattle a production man quickest is the timing of a program, and that's the one thing he must not allow to rattle him. Nine times out of ten when some slight thing goes wrong to spoil the perfect quality of reception. Nobody notices it, but let a program run more than a few seconds short or over, and somebody is going to raise a howl. And the howl, of course, is justified, for nothing can spoil a program more easily than obviously dragging it out or rushing it to a close. The word "obviously" is important, because frequently even the most carefully rehearsed programs must be stalled or hurried. The trick is to do it without being obvious.

Listeners take the timing of programs pretty much for granted. They set their kitchen clocks by the beginning or close of a program that might include two or three dramatic sketches, a dozen dance numbers and solos and a monologue, and not be more than two or three seconds off. But they do not share with the production man his satisfaction when he "hits it on the nose."

"Hitting it on the nose" means exactly on the second, and that is balm for the harried production man. He is usually satisfied if his show ends within a few seconds of the dot; he is disgraced if it is more than that, and is thrilled when it is "on the nose."

CONVINCING proof of the value of radio broadcasting as a public attention-getter is evidenced by a contest being conducted over the Columbia Broadcasting System by the Cudahy Packing Company, sponsors of the Old Dutch Girl program.

Shortly before August 1, the Old Dutch Girl announced that until further notice over the air, a beautiful perfect white diamond, mounted in the very latest square-prong setting 18-karat white gold ring, would be awarded each broadcast for the best letter of not more than 100 words on the subject: "Why Old Dutch Cleanser is the only cleanser I need in my home."

As a result of similar announcements being made by the Old Dutch Girl during her three-a-week programs, letters are literally pouring in to the Old Dutch Cleanser offices in Chicago by the thousands. By actual count, 33,057 communications have been received in sixty days from experienced housewives in all sections of the country.

The name of the diamond ring winner is announced and the winning letter read during each Old Dutch Girl program, which is broadcast over thirty-six stations every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7:45 a. m. Central Standard Time.

The competition is open to everyone except employes of the Cudahy Packing Company and their families.

CHRISTMAS GIFT CERTIFICATE

RADIO DIGEST,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Herewith is remittance for $2.00 to cover GIFT CERTIFICATE to Radio Digest for one year starting with the.....issue. Send to (Name).....

(Street).....(City, State).....

I would like an autographed photograph of (Name of Artist).....

See Pages 6-7 for details

(Name).....(Street).....(City, State).....

Even the most ordinary program requires patient rehearsing and re-working for the proper timing. And no matter how perfect the final rehearsal, it is never a certainty that the show will end on the dot when it eventually is put on the air. For that reason a production man must be able to adjust a program at almost any time, and do it so skillfully that it will not be noticeable. In the middle of any musical number he must be able to tell, without consulting his watch, the correct time within a few seconds.

Of course, he does consult his watch and his continuity sheets constantly. He usually makes any necessary adjustments after the station break, and never makes up a discrepancy in time on one number. By a system of signals through the control room window he tells the orchestra leader to make his timing a shade slower on the next number, making up perhaps five to ten seconds. Ten seconds doesn't sound like much, but slowing down any more than that on a single number would make it obviously dragged out. Slowing down three pieces in the same way would make up half a minute, which is about as much as a well rehearsed program ever falls behind. If it should be any more than that, the production man, instead of signaling for a carefully spread out slowing down of two or three numbers, will signal for an extra chorus of the final number.

Production men are hard-worked people, and a twelve or fourteen-hour day is their lot. It is the hundreds of little details that the production man is responsible for that make for the excellent quality and smoothness of a radio program. It is the patient and painstaking consideration of these small details that mean the difference between a good and a bad program, but small credit ever falls to the production man.

He might be likened to the stage manager of a theatrical production, but then, who ever heard of a stage manager?

Gay Nineties

(Continued from page 65)

out" drew near. My excitement was intense. My white satin gown was perfect, but no confidence reigned in my fluttering heart, although I thought I knew how to mind my manners. My old nurse, now turned personal maid and was to accompany me in my mother's closed carriage, with our old coachman on the box.

Would my host and hostess really think I did my family credit? Were there any men who would really like to talk to me? And if they did, how long could I hold them in conversation without appearing to monopolize their time? Oh, dear, Oh dear, would anybody really like me? These thoughts milled around in my poor young head, until I was almost in tears from fright.

Presently I spied a most fascinating looking man coming towards me. His look held just the right interest as he said, "Miss Richardson, I have the great pleasure of taking you into dinner."

"Thank you," I replied, in a trembling voice, pitched very low in the hope he would not hear the quaver.

"Your sisters, I know of course, but where, oh where have they kept you all these years?" he asked.

"Well, Judge," I answered, "I feel that I have known you for years and years and years; in fact, I know you from the feet up!"

My cheeks flamed red as I realized I had allowed childish memories to catch me out!

"Why," he gasped, "how is that?"

"We met first *under* my Mother's dining room table, and you were particularly witty that night, for I remember all you said even to this day."

That first formal dinner of mine in New York Society was a thriller. At the witching hour of two in the morning, my sleepy old nurse and fat grumbling old coachman, brought me home, much to my disgust—for I couldn't see how it was they had so soon forgotten what it felt like to be eighteen!

Station Parade

(Continued from page 61)

Foundation, Ltd., its former owner, Fred J. Hart still conducts his Sunday school class over its transmitter.

* * *

Walter Ferner, NBC 'cellist at its coast studio, was formerly a member of the famed Luboviski instrumental trio at KNX.

* * *

Ken Niles, KHJ announcer, comes back with his Hallelujah hour after a cessation for three months. Ken is a youthful optimist who is glad he's alive . . . even at eight o'clock in the morning when the frolic starts. The Niles pet farm (rabbits) has lately been increased by some ducks. The boy is figuring on calling their offsprings "dubbits," and thus go down to posterity, as breeding a brand new kind of animal. But he doesn't know whether they will look like a rabbit and swim, or like a duck and jump.

* * *

When KTM held their inaugural new-studio program fans had never before witnessed on the same program Governor James Rolph, Aimee Semple McPherson (Hutton) and Major John C. Porter.

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Name.....

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City and State.....

Kate Smith

(Continued from page 25)

They got in the saxophones and on the piano keys. I missed a couple of beats and needed a Murad."

After her engagement with Keith had terminated, she worked all the summer and fall of 1929 with Fox, and then, Warner. In the fall, however, Kate decided to do something definite about her tonsils. They were constantly giving her colds and sore throats. So she went home, and spent two weeks in a hospital. Having lost those bothersome appendages, she went off to Havana to recuperate.

"It was just marvelous there," she says, "I took my car along with me, and we drove all over those beautiful white roads. It was like going away from America to some entirely foreign country."

When she returned, Kate was immediately signed as a leading feminine role in *Flying High*. That musical comedy, which ran for one year on Broadway was one of *the* things to see, and Kate's numbers therein were wonderfully successful. After it closed in New York, however, she decided not to go on the road with it. It went on the road without her—and closed in six weeks.

During *Flying High* Kate had begun to be interested in radio. Quietly she decided to have a finger in the pie. Destined for success, apparently, in anything she undertook, Kate in due time was given fifteen minutes nightly of Swanee Music over the WABC network. Fan mail began to pour in. It increased steadily in volume. One began to hear about this big stout girl with the pastel blue eyes, and the tortoise shell "specks" who sang with enthusiasm and charm.

She is accompanied on her programs by one Nat Brusiloff, director of the Rhythm Kings—and it is a curious coincidence that they knew each other when they were children, down in Washington. One of Kate's favorite stories, recounted with a malicious little twist, is the time Nat borrowed her ukelele and finally returned it a year later with the initials of his family, relatives and friends, engraved permanently in its prodigal varnish.

There is something enchanting about Kate's music that so far, no one has been able to exactly define. At any rate, she has an uncanny genius for making people remember. She gets bags of fan letters daily, and some of them are filled with stories that would furnish inspiration for a novelist.

For instance, there was a young man who had had an automobile accident. He had been very active: the sort of a person to play tennis fast, dance fast, and drive fast. Too fast. He suffered an accident. Doctors said he would always be crippled. The young man, with that glum verdict ringing in his ears suddenly had no desire to live. He was literally pining away. One evening his despairing mother installed a radio in his room, thinking that he would enjoy some music. By the merest chance she dialed Kate Smith, and from the first strains of her music he lay quietly listening. Suddenly a strange smile broke across his young face. "Why," he said quietly, "It is worth living—to hear a voice like that." He conquered his melancholia then and there.

Then there was the pathetic letter begging Kate to sing *Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight* and to ask a certain young man to come home to his mother again. He had been gone many weeks and she had had never a word from him. The mother was certain that, inasmuch as he had never to her knowledge missed a Kate Smith program, the message would reach him. Kate complied, and read the boy's initials over the radio.

No word came from the unfortunate mother who had first written her, but as an aftermath she did receive a letter from another mother. It greeted her with a fervent "God bless you, Kate Smith," and explained that she had a young daughter, seventeen, who had run away with a "girl friend" having found home too small and dull. In a small Newark rooming-house the daughter heard Kate's program, absorbed the full sentiment of the song, the message to come home, and decided that what was good for the goose was good for the gander—or, vice versa.

And so, Kate has actually played an intricate part in many people's lives, mending broken hearts, and stimulating romance, soothing tired, resentful souls behind prison bars, teasing them into temporary forgetfulness.

Last Fourth of July, Kate stood before her microphone and sang *The Rose of No Man's Land*. Following that piece, which hearkens back to war days, she received letters from soldiers, and veterans all over the country. They were deeply thankful, they said, that in the midst of all the flag-waving, there was one who remembered the soldiers who had given their lives in the Great War. One letter explained, tremulously, that they had all stood up during the rendition of the song and that those who were too crippled to stand, had sat and saluted. They had lain awake that night, the letters explained, talking about old times. Affectionately these men address Kate as "Our Lady Song Bird."

It is a strange thing how when one's life hangs on a narrow string, some inexplicable force saves the situation. Kate has had two distinctly narrow escapes—or, as the lady briefly classes them herself, "close shaves."

"The first time I almost signed off from this happy life," says Kate, "was when I was about sixteen, and visiting some friends of mine near Chesapeake Bay. One morning I wakened up early and decided that it would be fun to borrow their canoe and do some paddling before breakfast. Well, I paddled out farther than I realized, and the waves suddenly became very rough. I got a little frightened trying to keep the boat from capsizing—then a large wave turned it completely over. I was dumped out, of course with all my clothes on. Lordy, was that water cold! There wasn't a soul in sight. I kicked off my sneakers and got out of my dress. Then, like a crazy kid I not only swam myself back, but dragged the canoe along too. It wasn't mine, and I didn't want anything to happen to it. Well, let me tell you I'm glad the shore came along when it did, because by that time I was pretty well exhausted."

Another accident occurred shortly before Kate's first attempt at professional theatricals. She and a young and exhilarated escort were driving home from a dance. There was a smooth white road and a big orange moon. They did the only human thing, turned out the headlights and went just as fast as they could by the light of the moon. It was thrilling, going around the curves at about sixty-five miles an hour and Kate was emitting one delighted squeak after another when the road suddenly dropped into space. Where the road was a second before, there was a big black chasm. Then there were noises, a dull pain, and fleeting terrible thoughts like random parts of a nightmare. When Kate woke up she was upside-down.

"I am up-side-down!" she exclaimed to her escort, "Are you?"

"Of course," replied her escort in a weird voice, "The car is up-side-down."

"Well, let's do something about it," suggested Kate weakly, "I know my arm is hurt—I'm not sure about anything else."

Eventually, and with many groans, Kate and her young gentleman emerged from the debris. She had been right. Her arm was broken, but there was nothing else amiss, besides a few bruises and an altered idea about speeding with one's lights out.

K-k-k-Katie, while we're on the sub-

ject, is always getting herself into scrapes. Even now the young lady who has sung everything but grand opera —and sung it well—does things that are, as she puts it herself "just crazy." Not long ago, in the Columbia studios, she had an embarrassing experience that would probably have dashed cold water on the spirits of an average person. But Kate's good spirits are intact, so her only reaction was a subdued giggle. Being possessor of one of those nasty summer colds that go the rounds, she was sucking a cough drop pending her date with Mr. Mike. She forgot to remove it, and stood, with the orchestra playing and the announcer giving his preliminary few words, with the pesky cough drop in her mouth. She began to sing and had to perform a great many mouthy acrobatics to keep the cough drop in either side of her mouth, while she endeavored to sing naturally.

Suddenly, on striking a high note, the unfortunate cough drop slid down her throat.

"I went gulp-gulp," says Kate, "just like a frog."

After her program, her mother called up from Washington.

"Darling," demanded Mrs. Smith, anxiously, "What *was* the matter with you tonight?"

Mrs. Smith often calls up her daughter, Katherine, from Washington, and they discuss for half an hour at a time ships and shoes and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings.

"And is she my critic!" says Kate.

Here are a few things about this Smith lady. She's mad about circuses. She has a strenuous aversion to shopping, venturing out on orgies just twice a year, in which times she buys twenty-five dresses at a throw, a dozen hats, breathes a sigh of relief, and forgets about it for another half year.

Kate's favorite hobby is collecting perfume. She has over 600 bottles of it. Six of them are in circulation at one time.

"No matter how many I have," Kate smiles, "I am always lured into buying another bottle."

We asked Kate how she liked the longer and more feminine type of dresses.

"I adore them," Kate answered with spirit, "And I think they are much more becoming than the straight, shortish ones. I think the way women are wearing their hair now is a great improvement too—softly around their faces, you know."

"There are just two kinds of women I don't approve of," continued Kate, "One is the kind who talk baby talk—Oh Lordy, I can't *bear* those kind! The other is the kind who have cigarettes perpetually drooping from the corners of their mouths. I think it is dreadful. I don't mind smoking you know—I just mind the girls that smoke that way. It looks too masculine."

Kate is quite a sporty person. She likes summer sports particularly, because she is especially fond of swimming. She likes tennis, bowling (yes, really!) and is an ardent baseball fan.

"Do you cheer?"

"Do I cheer! I cheer so hard and loud that I had to deprive myself of baseball last season. I would have been continually hoarse!"

There are two places Kate wants to go: Switzerland and Hawaii—Switzerland for its mountains, Hawaii for its black sands.

Then there is something we may as well tell you about Kate. She has what she calls "a secret inspiration." Nothing we said would coax it out of her. What *can* it be!

There is a curious thing about her voice. It covers three octaves. There have been many arguments, among musical people, as to just what she is—contralto, mezzo-soprano—or what?

Kate has often been advised to study for grand opera.

"I'll tell you why I haven't," she says, "It is my personal opinion that Grand Opera should be sung in whatever native language it was written, and in order to sing it as it should be sung, you would have to spend years of study. I am perfectly happy singing everything outside that particular field, light opera, ballads—and all sorts of musical compositions."

And, as a parting shot about this big Southern girl—who is adored wherever strains of her music travel over the far-reaching fingers of the Columbia System—it is our personal opinion that, with her complete lack of affectation, social climbing, et al, combined with the utter simplicity of her genuine self she will not only remain perfectly happy, but will continue to communicate some of it to other people.

Television Ghost

(Continued from page 30)

ercises for some time, appeared as our guest artist. The lookers-in were enabled to visualize exactly the various exercises . . . a big improvement over a broadcast description of the movements.

These studio experiments prove one thing conclusively: The day will soon be here when the demands for talent will be immeasurably expanded. Entertainers who are able to do an entirely new act each week without the aid of continuity will be in demand. Stars will be drawn from the legitimate stage, from the movies, from vaudeville and from the concert stage. New faces and new voices will go out over the ether to be reborn in the homes of lookers-in and many of those who are at the height of their popularity now will slip back into obscurity.

Radio Digest will carry on its experiments and will keep its readers informed of the progress being made. That television is ready to take its place in the home as a new medium of entertainment it is foolish and futile to deny. It is far from perfected but so was radio broadcasting a few years ago. Television is on a par with radio eight years ago. And if the images leave something to be desired the shortwave set that goes with the televisor brings in the sound part of the program in excellent fashion. Then, too, several enterprising manufacturers are making combination sets: that is an ordinary radio receiver, a short wave set and a televisor combined.

See America First

(Continued from page 21)

"Two great forces bind the people of North America together," said Graham McNamee, regular announcer for The Parade of States, in introducing the new radio feature. "They are transportation and communication. Of these the automobile typifies the first; radio the second."

Thus the new General Motors program, employing a good dozen arrangers and producers headed by Rapee, will use radio to bring the country closer together, to go even further towards proving that radio can, and does, break down sectional barriers and laugh at distances.

As Rapee's programs travel from state to state he will portray, in music, Indian, Spanish and Mexican influence in Arizona. Life is a mushroom town in the silver district will be faithfully reproduced by one of radio's best known symphony orchestras. Passing to Connecticut there will be the trek of religious rebels from Massachusetts to the "nutmeg state." And such homely scenes in the Connecticut hills as barn dances — *Moonеymusk* and *Harvest Moon* numbers—with a special group of fiddlers to fit this type program. And finally, as tribute to Connecticut's patriotism a large symphonic number, scored especially from patriotic airs. Later Alabama, with musical representation of the old French influence, deep shadows and pools and the plantation scenes. With, of course, some negro voices for this particular state's program.

Those who work with Rapee will tell you that his whole being is wrapped up in this new radio presentation.

"It brings us one step nearer solution of the problem of giving a real theatrical performance on the air instead of a straight musical program," he

said recently in speaking of "The Parade of the States."

It is estimated that several hundred people will participate in the various programs, as different units composed of singers, string quartets, and specialists are heard according to the musical backgrounds of each state. Special male quartets, sopranos, blues singers, negro spiritual singers and many other types of musicians will be called in from a supplemental group of artists included in the program plans.

There is much of an educational nature in the tributes prepared each week to the various states. But it is education presented in so romantic a way as to be entertainment as well. For example, in the tribute to Virginia we find:

"Side by side the old state and the new state go their way together. Each has its visions of splendor to show you; and over them all is an all-enveloping, unforgetable charm.

"Said Captain John Smith, 'Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation.' General Motors borrows his words and uses them as its tribute. To the Old Dominion, Mother of Presidents, we pay our grateful homage."

In announcing the new program, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President of General Motors, said that a program of national interest had been sought in preliminary plans for "The Parade of the States." "The new program," said Mr. Sloan's statement, "contemplates extensive research into the states' industrial, commercial and agricultural activities, historical and artistic features."

That the program is in excellent hands is quite evident when one talks about it to Erno Rapee. He believes in the idea and he has a deep respect for the audience he will reach. His first consideration, or his yardstick if you will, for measuring the quality of each presentation is the fan response to it. In this connection he speaks of the greatest thrill he has derived from conducting a two hundred-piece symphony at the Roxy Theatre.

"The big thrill to me—there is no question about it," Rapee muses. "It is the fact that regardless of the composition—if the same orchestra plays the same number and the same conductor conducts it time after time, some day it is a huge success with the public and another day it is not. This has convinced me of the sympathetic assimilation of our music on the part of the American public. It is because of this quality of sympathetic assimilation that the radio public, as well as the visible audience at a symphony, can differentiate between a good and a mediocre performance. In a word my big thrill, after more than twelve thousand symphony concerts, is the fact that I can appreciate their appreciation."

Television

(Continued from page 28)

visitors were not permitted to occupy seats at nearer vantage points in the gallery. They probably were kept at a distance to let space tone down the flicker of the scanning lines.

However, criticism was mild. Credit was given for the courage to make the attempt although it was felt that preliminary technical preparation had been neglected. It was explained by Mr. Sanabria's manager to Radio Digest that the apparatus used at the Radio-Electric World's Fair would be shown in theatres across the country. The audience will see the studio and televisee on one side of the stage and the projected image on the other side. In this way it is expected hundreds of thousands will become further interested in the advent of television.

The Federal Radio Commission is swamped with applicants who are anxious to install television stations throughout the country. One of the most pretentious projects is that of William L. Foss who announced to the Commission that his plan contemplated the expenditure of $200,000 for a television station at Portland, Maine. Mr. Foss is chief engineer for Station WCSH in that city. He placed his tentative order after viewing the R.C.A. —Victor television development at Camden, N. J. "That," he said, speaking for his backers, "is the Rines company's bond of confidence in the imminent future of television."

Manufacture of parlor receivers by Jenkins, Hollis Baird and Sanabria is progressing along lines similar to the audio receivers. Jenkins, being first in the field, apparantly holds the lead in production. At the CBS studios the Jenkins has replaced others for the reception from the Columbia television station W2XAB. Illumination is good through use of the DeForest crater neon lamp. The receiver also contains a dynamic speaker.

Vis-a-Vis

(Continued from page 29)

left to right and from top to bottom.

Photo Electric Cell—This is a vacuum tube device containing chemically treated elements which have the capacity to alter the flow of an electric current in a circuit to which it is attached in accordance with, and in direct response to, the amount of illumination which falls upon it. In other words, its action is that of a "valve," permitting a varying light source to directly control an electrical circuit in exact accordance with the fluctuations of the light source.

Neon Lamp—This is also a vacuum tube device used to reconvert the electrical energy flowing in an amplifier back into light. Its response is very rapid, and it can be satisfactorily controlled by the energy flowing into the audio amplifier of a receiving set. This therefore permits the conversion of the received electrical energy into light in direct response to the light energy originally picked up by the photo-electric cells, and previously converted into electrical energy.

The individuals to be televised are placed in an appropriate darkened studio in front of a bank of photo-electric cells. An intense light passing through a scanning disk and suitable lens is concentrated upon the object. The intense light travels rapidly (20 times a second) across the area being scanned so that, while to all appearances the entire object is illuminated (this due to the persistency of vision of the human eye), actually at any given instant only a very minute portion of the entire area is being illuminated.

In the case of W2XAB, the scanning is what is known as "60-line scanning." In this case, the televisor is scanning the object 60 times horizontally by 72 times vertically for each revolution of the scanning disk, which, when multiplied, gives us 4,320 elements. Since this scanning is repeated 20 times per second, we actually have 86,400 elements transmitted within this short period of time.

As the scanning light passes over the object more or less light will be reflected on the photo-electric cells, depending upon the natural lights and shadows of the object. These the photo-electric cells interpret in terms of electrical energy and thus, by amplifying this energy and impressing it upon a radio transmitter, we are able electrically to transmit the lights and shadows reflected from the object.

At the receiving end it is necessary to have a radio receiver which is capable of picking up the television transmitted energy, a suitable audio amplifier with sufficient energy to actuate a neon lamp and scanning disk connected to a synchronous motor revolving at the same speed as, and in step with, the scanning motor at the transmitter. With this equipment, the radio receiving set picks up and amplifies the received electrical energy, which, in turn, actuates the neon lamp in exact accordance with the fluctuations of the transmitted energy. The scanning disk in the receiving set, revolving between the neon lamp and the eye, breaks the light fluctuations of the lamp into elements identical with those at the transmitter, but all this happens so much more rapidly than the human eye is able to perceive, that the impression one gets is that of a complete picture rather than a rapid

series of dots of light.

With the coming of colder weather lookers-in have reported much clearer television images, and at much more distant points. The black snow fall of television, which is caused by bursts of static on the screen, has practically disappeared and fading likewise is less than in the summer months when W2XAB got under way.

We have had almost continuous daily operation with W2XAB since July. No technical difficulties were encountered and the station only went off the air once, and that was a precaution taken during a particularly dangerous electric storm which was hitting close to the antenna.

For one thing, this shows the stability of television, now only in its swaddling clothes, or should we say the experimental state?

Studio technique is being continuously studied by our engineers and production men. New ideas are resulting day after day. Screens, scenery and lighting effects are all being worked out simultaneously while you look at our programs. In the background behind that colorful screen, or piano, you see, engineers are tirelessly toiling—toiling to perfect a new technique.

My time is up, and I'll just say: "You'll be seeing me!"

The Voice of Firestone

(Continued from page 31)

where you want to go in comfort and safety.

"We are so accustomed to this wonderful modern convenience that we seldom give it a thought; and yet, it has woven itself so inseparably into our modern life and activities that it has become almost completely indispensable. It has added so immeasurably to our convenience and our practical service, to our pleasure and our day by day happiness, that it would be almost impossible to measure its value. It has become a part of us, and we of this generation would have to re-mold our lives without it.

"The Firestone Organization, great and far-flung as it is, has labored unceasingly to deserve the confidence and good-will of you, the individual tire user. We have a just pride in the contributions that we have been able to make to so fundamental an industry, and we have profound satisfaction in the improvements that we have pioneered and in the achievements that we have wrought in bringing the pneumatic tire so close to perfection. It is Firestone's duty to serve you well. It is our privilege to strive earnestly and always to be worthy of your friendship."

And that was all the advertising there was to it. Mr. Firestone has a good mikable voice and there's a promise that stirs your interest.

Adventure Notables

(Continued from page 14)

Torrence traveled 18,000 miles across Africa to study sleeping sickness. Wells, an Englishman by birth spent six years in Malaya as a railroad engineer and is a recognized authority of the habits of animals. He has trailed lions in Uganda and contends that wild animals are wild only when shot at by big game hunters. He made the first successful study of the Mountains of the Moon in Central Africa and endured terrific cold and privations while exploring there on the Equator.

F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, lecturer on Central America which he describes as the "land of wonder and fear," will soon head an expedition under the auspices of the British Museum of the American Indian to study the vanished cities of a "lost race."

The two remaining lecturers are Count Felix von Luckner, whose exploits during the War as buccaneering Captain of a German raider are told in his book of exciting adventure and Sir Hubert Wilkins, explorer and journalist who is now in the Arctic on a scientific expedition in the submarine Nautilus. Both have lectured throughout the country under NBC auspices.

Lew Conrad

(Continued from page 11)

I weep to think that others must be writing you the same loving lines. . ."

"Everything I have in the world is yours. . ."

"I wait until the children have gone to school and my husband has started for the city. Then I turn on the radio, sit and listen, and dream. I lock the front and back doors so no one can disturb my thoughts. . . But I must remember my family. . ."

A woman writer wrote that she was weaving the love scenes of her latest novel around Conrad, "because I know we can never meet except in my thoughts, but the ending of the book will be just as we both might honestly wish."

Some radio singers are said to suffer a falling off in fan mail when they send photographs to their admirers, but with Lew it is quite the opposite. The lovesick maidens get one look at his face and then write more voluminously than ever.

The postal department ought to be mighty grateful to Lew. He sells a lot of stamps for them. But wait until they see his picture in this issue of Radio Digest and we'll see what happens.

1000 Radios
in
1000 Rooms



When you come to New York, and you stop at THE VICTORIA, all your home comforts—and then some—are transplanted in your room. Such luxuries as RADIO, PRIVATE BATH, SHOWER, CIRCULATING ICE WATER, SERVIDOR, MIRRORED DOORS, READING BED LAMP, are taken for granted.

ONE SHORT BLOCK FROM THE NEW $350,000,000 RADIO CITY CENTER

and near the prominent broadcasting studios. The amusement, shopping and business centers are all a matter of a few minutes from the hotel.

RATES ARE MODERATE

Single from $2.50 a day
Double from $4.00 a day

HOTEL VICTORIA

7th Ave. at 51st St., New York

Harry B. Kurzrok, *Resident Manager*
Wm. B. Cravis, *Managing Director*

Realism Adds Zest

(Continued from page 17)

as the time estimated to make the trip. Little did we know then where two months really was going to bring us or how important a part them rations was going to play in our lives.

"One morning after we had been out only a few weeks, I came up for my turn at watch. We wasn't moving. No wind. Sails empty. We was drifting. To make a long story short, we had drifted out of the ship lanes. Currents got hold of us and no wind come up to help us fight our way back. Strict watch was set at all times for passing ships. And at night we sent up flares. But nobody saw them. We was out of the shipping lane and getting further out every hour. Farther and farther away from any fellow travelers of the sea, and helpless to stop the drifting because the wind wouldn't stir even a flicker of a breeze.

"Then we began to realize we was in the doldrums or that place around the equator where there's hardly ever any wind. We drifted in this way for over five months! And we had shipped for a voyage of only seventy days. There wasn't much to do—wasn't nothing—except keep watch and pray for wind. We lay around deck. We swapped yarns. It got monotonous. We'd try to sing. But pretty soon we had sung all the songs we knew so often they got on our nerves.

"Well, to cut this short, on May 8, six months since we sailed, the captain called us together and told us he thought we should take the few remaining rations and set out in the two small boats for the Galapagos Islands. Nine of us went in one boat, with the captain, and the others went with the mate in the other boat.

"We rowed in two-hour shifts for twelve days, suffering terrible hardships until we finally sighted land. Just as we were nearing shore our boat upset and we had to swim for it. We lost what provisions and water we had.

"For days we had been drinking salt water and our throats were parched. As soon as we had regained our strength we split up and went looking for a spring or a lake from which we could drink. We all got together back of the shore a bit an hour or so later. There wasn't any water. Everybody had the same story. No water anywhere.

"We never did see the mate's boat. Later we found out that he and the others in that boat had been picked up the following day. They reported that we were missing and ships were sent out to look for us. I guess they gave us up for lost.

"The hardships we endured in the months that followed would take hours in the telling. Nothing to eat but lizards' tails and raw turtle meat. Nothing to drink but turtle blood and salt water, until, after several months on the island, we finally found a spring. But before that we lost two of the men.

"After months and months of torture, we all but gave up hope. And then one day, as I was stretched out on the beach with my arms under my head, I heard a young Dane who had climbed a jagged cliff yelling 'Ship! Ship!' He was young and didn't seem to realize how we was all fixed. He'd done that a couple of times before, thinking he was funny. So this time, when he done it, one of the men jumped up and give him a belt over the head that knocked him flat. Then the old cook yelled out 'Ship! Ship!'

"We all looked up. There coming around the east point was a sail. For a minute we just sat there. Then a rush to the beach. We shouted. We screamed. We waved our arms frantically. We expected the sloop would come about and into the bay. But she kept on going past. Say, we nearly went crazy!

"WE ran up and down, screamed and cried, but she kept right on and went out of sight behind that island in the middle of the bay. It sure looked like we was lost. But the captain knew his job. Just as he almost passed the western point, she came about and made a long tack into the bay. Then she came around on the other tack, and, before she could make the third one, we were in the water swimming to her.

"That night they took us off and in less than a week we was landed at Guayaquil, Ecuador. Years later, after I had come to America, I ran into the mate, who was in command of the other boat that took off from the 'Alexander.' He was in charge of a building gang, and I went to work for him. A few years ago I heard from the sister of one of the boys who died. Now I've lost track of all of them."

This is only part of the story of adventure that was acted over the Columbia chain on this program sponsored by the Harold F. Ritchie Company, a thrilling story, so realistic that the listeners shuddered at the tales of some of the harrowing adventures and actually rejoiced at the rescue.

Charles Previn, who was heard over the air for many months when he directed the orchestra on "The Camel Pleasure Hour," is responsible for the musical background used on "Romances of the Sea."

"The principle that is being used in the 'Romances of the Sea' programs is that same that was used in scoring motion pictures when they were silent," Previn explained recently. "Music is used as a background to bring out the dramatic intent of the spoken word. By associating a musical theme with a character, you can bring out that character or stress an emotion.

"In short," he concluded, "we are using music to take the place of scenery that is used in stage productions. What radio does not supply universally as yet is vision, and the music is being used in our productions to take its place."

A sterling cast of fifteen actors and actresses was used in the opening presentation, which was the dramatization of the legend of *The Flying Dutchman.* The part of the Dutchman was taken by John Anthony.

Gabalogue

(Continued from page 51)

Lauck, who plays Lum. Lum was born in 1902 in Allene, Kansas, and was educated at Arkansas University. Was editor of the college humorous magazine. Was later a free-lance advertising man. Worked in a bank . . . and is a member of Sigma Chi Fraternity. Is a Shriner and a member of the Lions Club . . . and is Past Exalted Ruler of the Elks. He now lives in Chicago and has a hobby of collecting statues of elephants.

Norris Goff, that's Abner, was born in Cove, Arkansas. Also educated at Arkansas University and played football, baseball and was a member of the track team. Started work for his father in his wholesale grocery store at Mena, Arkansas. Later he conducted a jazz orchestra known as Goff's Melody Makers. He, too, is a member of Sigma Chi, an Elk, a Mason and a member of the Lions Club. And is also a Deacon in the Presbyterian Church.

Al and Pete have acquired a library of more than 10,000 old-time songs, most of them contributed by listeners. Al spends his spare time writing short stories . . . and (whisper) . . . at the moment, he is working on the Great American Drama. Pete is an inveterate solver of newspaper cross-word puzzles . . . and he also devises those brain teasers. Both have written songs . . . among their most successful is "Needin' You Like I Do," which they wrote during a period of financial distress.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 50)

You Call It Madness But I Call It Love

PERHAPS one of the most unusual situations in radio has come about through the appearance of two individuals, both presenting a rich, throaty, low baritone type of singing, namely Messrs. Bing Crosby and Russ Colombo. Colombo has seen fit, for publicity reasons no doubt, to change his name to Columbo.

Both styles are dangerously close to a crazy style in which Louis Armstrong, colored trumpet player, orchestra leader, and singer, has been bellowing his songs for years. The identical qualities of *various parts* of their *lyrics* would unquestionably show, to any thinking mind, that one must have originated the expression. For instance, "ah—but is one both use often." While I have my own opinion as to which came first, the egg or the hen, in this particular case it behooves me to say nothing more than that both gentlemen are extremely pleasant to listen to, and both are doing big things for the respective chains they are associated with, and big things to the hearts of our younger college and high school set, who are ever eager to seize upon a new style and fad.

Mr. Columbo's choice of theme song was an extremely wise one, as half his battle is won before he has finished his theme song. A lovely song which, sung with expression by anyone, would win the listener who gives his attention at the outset of the program. In fact, when he is on in the late hours, around 11:30, nothing is more lovely than to hear this particular song come stealing across the air waves to you in that husky, throaty quality, with the exaggerated *glissando*, which is the same effect as produced on a steel guitar, only much lower.

Again, I say, the most laughable effect of both gentlemen's broadcast is the constant repetition of the expression "ah—but," and since no such expression would be likely to occur in two minds simultaneously, that, to me, as an amateur Sherlock Holmes in such matters, would lead me to a conclusion.

It is a lovely song, and is published by Harms, Inc. In order that its full beauty be appreciated, it must be played and sung at a speed of not less than one minute and ten seconds for the chorus.

Guilty

THOSE of you who have any ability for remembering songs after hearing them will, upon seeing Eddie Cantor's picture *Palmy Days*, be struck by a similarity between the melody of the feature song of the picture, "There's Nothing Too Good For My Baby," and the song under discussion, *Guilty*.

There have been many odd, fantastic, and almost impossible things happen in the music industry, but few of them have been quite as unusual as the case of these two songs. The same man had a share in the writing of both of them, and the tragedy of the song from the picture is that Robbins, Inc., is reputed to have paid $5,000 for the publishing rights on it, whereas Feist had already published *Guilty* and had started the song to a great etherization of it.

Just how this writer could have written two songs so almost identical and given them to two separate publishers will always remain a bit of a mystery which he alone, I suppose, could clear up.

The three writers of *There's Nothing Too Good For My Baby*, upon realizing the conflict of the two songs, were magnanimous enough to return the advance given them by Robbins, though I suppose the song must still stay in the picture, since the picture is already being shown, and to substitute another song would mean thousands of dollars and the return of Eddie Cantor to Hollywood to remake the scenes.

However, *Guilty* itself is certainly written in the popular trend, with an outstanding title and an unusually high range. In the key of "C" it goes to high "F" which strains the voice for that particular measure. The song, however, is certainly pleasing the radio public, as one hears it everywhere and of course band leaders usually play request numbers.

No less than Gus Kahn and Richard Whiting collaborated with Harry Akst in the writing of *Guilty*. Kahn and Whiting are already well known to my readers without any elaboration of their respective abilities. Harry Akst has been writing for years—a very clever pianist, having made a record with my ideal Rudy Wiedoeft years ago, which brought his name to my attention, and unforgetably so. Akst's name appears on both songs, and it is he who probably can account for the similarity of the two songs.

Guilty is published by Leo Feist, and we play it at about one minute and fifteen seconds for the chorus.

Fate Introduced You to Me

NOT since Popular Songs of the Day, an organization in which Gene Austin Music Publishing firm fig-

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ured quite disastrously, though with every good intention, has there been any attempt to utilize the thousands of newsstands in railroad stations and on street corners as a means of distributing sheet music. These newsstands have been selling the paper composition "Hit-of-the-Week" records for the past year or so, but even these have failed to be the great success that they started out to be. Some time ago an organization —Popular Songs of the Day—was formed, and was reputed to have had so many thousands of the newsstands at their command, and not since has there been another attempt.

Now comes forth another organization—Song Hit Guild—which really has affected a contract with every organized newsstand throughout the country, which gives them a terrific selling agency running into millions, if the public will but buy. There is an arrangement with the newsstands which would stimulate them to return as few copies as possible, which actively means that the newsstands will be expected to really push the songs, and not passively place them on the stands and wait for the public to ask about them. More records and more sheet music unquestionably could be sold if the public were informed of them. This takes good salesmanship, which one rarely finds at a newsstand, or even in a phonograph store, because good salesmen soon discover their talents and migrate to more lucrative fields.

This is one of the first songs of this new organization, and one of the best. We program it this Thursday. It has the unusual title of *Fate Introduced Me to You,* and the melody has a slight similarity to *I Found a Million Dollar Baby 'In a Five and Ten Cent Store,* which augers well for this new song, as the latter song was a big success.

We play it at one minute and ten seconds for the chorus.

When You Were Only Seventeen

ARCHIE FLETCHER, the guiding shepherd of the Joe Morris Music Co., holders of several hundred copyrights of some of the best hits of the past twenty years, is responsible for some of the big waltz hits of the past few years. It was he who published *Carolina Moon* for Joe Morris and made the mint of money that song must have made. It was he, also, who dictated to Peter de Rose and Charlie Tobias the type of song they should write, which resulted in *When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver.* He has suggested that they pattern their song along the lines of *When You and I Were Young, Maggie,* and he makes no excuses for the similarities of the melodies.

While I don't think that *When You and I Were Seventeen* will achieve the same sensational popularity that did "Silver," yet it is one of the homely, old-fashioned type of waltzes that, by dint of constant repetition, eventually charms "plain" folks all over our forty-eight United States, and after all, these are the people who finally go to the music store and ask for that song and keep it as an heirloom.

It is a simple waltz, and we play it as such, with no elaborate arrangement, or confusing harmonies. As I have said before, it is published by Joe Morris.

Can't You See?

IT seems almost impossible to compile a list of ten popular songs without bringing in Roy Turk and Fred Ahlert. Not since *Walking My Baby Back Home* have these boys had a big hit. Their *Why Dance* and *There's a Time and Place for Everything,* and a new one which they have placed with Abe Olman, are good songs, and are doing well, still that spark of *something* which the unusual song must have to crash through seems to be lacking in all of these compositions. Neither does it seem to be here, in one of their latest and best efforts, *Can't You See?*

While the song has a melodic tinge of *My Fate Is In Your Hands,* it still seems to lack that final little bit of perfection which really shoves the song to the top places. The song will be done a lot, be very popular, and probably sell well.

I am still rooting for the boys to give us another real hit like *I'll Get By,* or *Mean to Me,* or *Walking My Baby Back Home,* and I know they will do it.

Can't You see? is published by Davis Coots & Engle, and is one of the best in their catalogue at the present time. We take one minute and ten seconds for the chorus, and I would suggest that to save your voice you get the lowest key, although its range is quite human.

News, Views, Comment

(Continued from page 4)

Broadcasting Company, was the proud papa of a son born that noon, she scored her second scoop. It was just a few weeks ago that Miss Revell announced the birth of a baby to Aline Berry, (Mrs. Peter Dixon) the mother in the Raising Junior sketch. That announcement was made over the air exactly eight minutes after the baby was born. And that's reporting! Ask any newspaperman.

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India on the Air

(Continued from page 27)

capable of independent thought.

The third point and the one which endeared Gandhi to my heart even deeper, was the fact that during his entire broadcast he never condemned the country against which he is struggling. How many of us who felt that we were victims of centuries of oppression and domination by a foreign power, would be able to prevent our resentment from developing into bitter antagonism and hatred? How many of us can avoid such feelings arising when we have differences in our personal relationships with other people? Gandhi who has upset all traditions by substituting truth for force and non-cooperation for violence, considers the English people as his friend. His fight is against the Government policy, not against the individuals who compose that Government. He never uses malicious words against any individual anywhere. His patient courage and supreme understanding have won a place of deepest affection in the hearts of the Indian masses, and gained for him the title of the Mahatma, which means The Great Soul. Tagore on a visit to Gandhi's home quoted this:

"He is the one Luminous, Creator of all, Mahatma
Always in the hearts of people enshrined
Revealed through Love, Intuition and Thought,
Whoever knows Him, Immortal becomes. . ."

Chaos!

(Continued from page 18)

1926, after the collapse of the Radio Law of 1912 as applied to broadcasting and before the enactment of the Radio Law of 1927.

Congress in the forthcoming session will have to make up its mind whether it wants a return of this chaos or not. The moment it begins to allocate frequencies by special legislation, no matter how worthy or how politically important the beneficiaries may be, it will destroy the entire structure which it so carefully set up in 1927. It will put an end, probably for all time, to the orderly allocation of radio facilities, and will utterly destroy the entire organization which it built up for the express purpose of handling this work.

The real issue is not to determine who shall be licensed to broadcast; it is to determine who shall do the licensing. Congress has said that the work shall be done by a special body, created by legislation and strengthened by experience and by competent technical advice. Individual broadcasters may feel bitterly about certain specific actions of the Federal Radio Commission. As a whole, however, they stand solidly for an orderly administration of the Radio Act of 1927, as against any attempt to break down the provisions of that act through special legislation. They see in the insistent demands for such legislation only the imminent risk of a return to chaos.

Does Congress want to undo its own work, and destroy its own administrative agency, in order that broadcasting facilities may become political prizes?

Lavender and Stardust

(Continued from page 33)

hoods in New York for the Harrigan and Hart pieces—'Paddy Duffy's Cart,' 'My Dad's Dinner Pail,' 'The Market on Saturday Night' and many others.

"I received one letter—" and she dimpled prettily — "from an old Irish bar-tender. He took me severely to task for singing 'Maggie Murphy's Home' in too fast a tempo. The song, he explained, should be sung in time to the swinging of beer mugs, and would I please, please sing it slower for I was ruining the disposition of his old cronies from the corner.

"Never do I sing such a song now without a picture in my mind's eye of that speakeasy audience—bless their rugged, old hearts! . . ."

Miss Parsons has found that her audience, however, is more easily moved to tears than to laughter. She is invariably deluged with letters after a particularly sad rendering of such old ballads as "The Baggage Coach Ahead," "Put My Little Shoes Away," or "Why Did They Dig Ma's Grave So Deep!"

She was a close and devoted friend of the late Charles K. Harris, to whom she recently dedicated an entire program during her Columbia system broadcast.

"After the broadcast," Miss Parsons told me, "Mrs. Harris telephoned to me. She was crying, and she told me that surely her Charley had been close to me as I sang."

"After the Ball," is, incidentally, one of Miss Parsons' most asked-for selections.

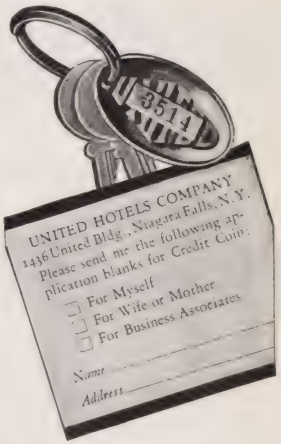
Mrs. Mary F. Brennan, a sister of the late Paul Dresser, who wrote "The Banks of the Wabash," "My Gal, Sal," "The Letter That Never Came," and many others, also writes to Miss Par-

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sons frequently, as does Mrs. Addie Witt Goodstein, the sister of Max S. Witt, who wrote "The Moth and the Flame," "While the Convent Bells Were Ringing," and many others. Paul Dresser, incidentally, was a brother of Theodore Dreiser, the famous novelist, who wrote his biography.

Up in New Haven, in comparative retirement, lives another famous one of another day, and she, too, has thrilled to the songs of the Girl O' Yesterday—so much so that she wrote for her the theme song she now uses: "Sweet Girl O' Yesterday." She is Anita Owen, author and composer of all the old "Daisy songs"—"Sweet Bunch of Daisies," "Daisies Won't Tell" and others. The two women are fast friends and boon companions, each drawing inspiration from the other.

"You have made me live again," wrote Anita Owen to her friend. . . .

Miss Parsons answers every letter sent to her, and keeps a file of all letters and requests. Recently an old couple in New Jersey were amazed on their Golden Wedding day to receive a note from Miss Parsons asking them to tune her in that afternoon. They heard, dedicated to them, "Love's Old Sweet Song," a selection they had requested more than six months before.

Once, too, she nursed via radio two little sick children back to health. One had diphtheria; the other scarlet fever. Their mothers are now devoted followers of yesterday's girl.

Miss Parsons told me of a touching episode, which worked itself out during the recent radio exposition in Madison Square Garden, New York.

"I was standing in a booth, autographing photographs," she said, "when, suddenly, I felt a tugging at my arm. I looked around and there was the loveliest, little old woman imaginable. She gazed up at me, smiling, and said: 'I'm Mrs. B—,' and she smiled again.

"I searched my memory for a moment, and then it came to me—she had been writing to me for months, and I had been answering her, and she had sent me string after string of beautiful beads, all strung while she was on her back in a hospital.

"I had made her well, she said, and, despite her seventy-four years, she had made up her mind she was going to the radio show to see me after reading in the papers that I would be there. . . . It was the first time in six months, she added, that she had been out of the house, and the first time she had ever been in the garden.

"Never was I so touched, and, believe you me, I tried to show her the best time she ever had. . . . I hope I succeeded. . . ."

There was much more we talked about in the quietness of Miss Parsons' New York apartment, and I could not help but let my memory stray back to the lovely cottage where I had spent so happy a summer, and to that dear, little old aunt of mine, who, it seemed to me, had summed up all of Miss Parsons' efforts in—

"She has made me young again. . . ."

Radiographs

(Continued from page 67)

terms with them.

She was born near Strassbourg, in Alsace-Lorraine and the conflicting national influences in that troublous strip of land left their marks on her character before she moved with her family, when still a child, to the United States. She received the balance of her early schooling in Philadelphia. Here she showed marks of real talent and when this was discovered her parents sent her back to Europe.

She went to Germany to study piano with Mannheim masters, but at the same time she grew into the realization that her voice had possibilities for development. Returning to Philadelphia she confessed to vocal ambitions and receiving encouragement from her parents and friends, once again set out for Europe, this time to study with the noted Jean de Reszke.

Under this master's aegis she made her debut three years later at Covent Garden, London. It was evident that the singer's gifts were of the highest calibre, for her success was immediate and emphatic.

Returning to the United States, Miss Maurel made her American debut with the Boston Opera Company as leading contralto. In spite of her youth her repertoire was extremely varied. It included such operas as Tales of Hoffman, Rigoletto, Samson and Delilah, Carmen, Martha and Madame Butterfly.

Concert tours took her to forty-seven of the forty-eight states. Her tremendous energy as well as the strength of her subtly controlled voice enabled her to give fifty to sixty concerts yearly in addition to the making of phonograph records.

Public appreciation of the radio turned Miss Maurel to broadcasting. Her success in that field was also immediate and she has been a featured singer on some of the many programs.

Because of the great demand for popular music, Miss Maurel has stepped out of her so-called high-brow song repertoire and is giving to her radio listeners the melodies they love so well. And that's a concession for any great artist. One of the programs on which she is featured is the Blue Coal Program, every Sunday evening on CBS.

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